

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, makes a practice of devoting three hours every day to reading, and no matter where he may be he has never neglected this for the past 20 years.

Al Hutchinson (Kan.) may have a mortgage on his farm he wants to pay off, and the loan company refuses to accept the money. The farmer has begun suit to compel the company to accept his money.

Sir Thomas Lipton did not neglect his business while in this country for the yacht races. He was in constant communication with his London agents, and it is said that his bill for this from the cable company employed was enormous.

The first five cadets in order of merit at West Point are all southern boys. They hail from Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Maryland. Mississippi bears off the palm with two of her sons, one of whom is the head of the class.

The late Lord Morris did not gain a very favorable impression of the house of lords when he made his first speech there. When asked how he had got on he replied: "Well, I made a mistake. I should have practiced speaking to a lot of graveyards before I addressed their lordships."

When luncheon time comes the president glances around his office at the white house and says: "Well, let's all go and have some luncheon," and marches in at the head of the company that happens to be with him, whether it is one man or a dozen. The number he has had at luncheon will average three a day, and there have been a dozen guests at breakfast at various times.

For the twenty-seventh time W. J. Soulsby has been made private secretary of the lord mayor of London, as the lord mayor elect, Sir J. Dimsdale, has appointed him to that office for the coming year. Although Mr. Soulsby has been secretary to London's lord mayors for over a quarter of a century, he is not yet 50 years old. His task is no light one; every day he has to handle 600 or 700 letters and to attend to the wants of some 200 callers who seek his advice upon every sort of subject from long lost relatives to taxation and bicycles.

THREE GALLONS A DAY.

Large Capacity of the Brewery's Employees Who Secm Immune from Drunkenness.

"Did anyone ever see a brewery employe drunk when he left his work at night?"

The question was asked in the course of a sidewalk discussion on temperance, says the Chicago Tribune. An agitator had gathered a crowd by standing on a keg and attacking the saloon as the foe of the home and the body politic. Then he attacked beer. A jolly-faced Teuton who was passing by heard him. At once the lecture became a debate. The agitator drew a thrilling picture of the results of beer drinking. The Teuton turned the vials of sarcasm on the illustration. Beer was the milk he had been raised upon, and he defended it stoutly.

"Let me tell you," he said, "I drink beer every day, many times a day. All the evening I drink my beer while I talk and think. It does me good. Beer? Say, my friend, look at the men who make it. Honest, sober, industrious men. Yet every one of them drinks enough beer in a day to drown little fellows like you. How much beer do they drink? I'll tell you. I worked once in a brewery where we were allowed for each man four gallons of beer a day. That was 32 glasses. That was not enough for me, then, so I used to drink three or four more in the evening when with my wife I went to some concert saloon.

"Then the company, thinking to fire the men out, took off the restriction, thinking the men would drink so much they would get sick and quit it. Some drank 40 or more glasses in a day. Many only drank 25. There was no way to judge of it. Each man was near the tap, and when he wanted a drink he took it.

"But did those men get tired of it or get drunk? Never. I never saw a brewery workman drunk. The beer didn't hurt them. To-day they still drink their 25, 30, 35 glasses a day."

What was true in the old Teuton's brewery days is still true in many Chicago breweries, where the men are allowed all the beer they want. No one keeps tab on them, and there is a reluctance among them to admit the amount they consume. It is said to average better than three gallons a day per man.

It Would Be Troublesome.

"Now, you ought not to complain," said the prosecuting attorney to the sheriff. "Of course, it's no great pleasure to have to hang people, but it might be worse. Suppose we were made like cats."

The sheriff gave a start. "Nine lives!" he cried. "Great mackerel! I'd throw up my job. By gum! a fellow doesn't know how much he has to be thankful for till he stops to think, does he?"—Chicago Post.

We Eat Nearly Seven Pounds Daily. The average adult in exercise requires as a day's ration about six pounds and thirteen ounces. Of this amount about five pounds will be water found in the common foods and taken as beverage. Of the remaining part, one-fourth will be nitrogenous matter, three-fourths carbonaceous, with about 200 grains mineral matter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Note or Checkmate.

When a man marries he thinks he is getting a mate, but often the supposed mate turns out to be captain.—Chicago Daily News.

AN ANCIENT SPORT.

Something About the Merry Game of Football and Its Many Centuries History.

"The Merry Game of Football from Ancient Times Till Now" is the title of an illustrated article in St. Nicholas from the pen of N. O. Messenger. The Greeks invented the sport, and through the Romans it reached the Britons. In the time of Queen Elizabeth football was in high favor. It was played in the city streets, on the commons, and in the country lanes. There was not much rule or order to the game, the object being merely to put the ball into the enemy's goal, by fair means or by foul. The goals might be a mile apart, with ditches and hedges and highroads between. The players struggled in earnest, and broken bones were no rarity in the rush that followed.

This was probably the roughest and most brutal period in football's history. The accounts of the times speak frequently of accidents, and too often there were fatal incidents in the playing of the game.

Shrove Tuesday was football day in those times, and then the whole populace went football mad. Everyone turned out to kick the ball. There was one grand scramble to reach it as it was punted down the streets, over house-tops and across commons. The merchants barred shop windows and doors as the merry crowds surged through the streets, for scant heed was given to any obstacle that stood in the way of the pursuit of the ball. Sometimes two or more crowds, in chase of the flying pigskin, fell foul of one another's course, and then there was a to-do, and the strongest held the right of way, perhaps carrying off both balls, and causing the other crowd to join in their pursuit.

With the year 1800 the game began to be adopted by English schools and universities as the leading sport. In 1853 an association was formed, and it was made a scientific sport. At this time the game was played differently by different universities. Rugby permitted carrying the ball, holding runners, charging and tackling, while Harrow and Winchester only allowed kicking. In 1871 the Rugby union was formed, and rules laid down. Prior to 1875 American universities had paid little attention to football. It was Harvard that brought the game to the United States, and in order to have a form worthy of its steel taught it to Yale. "Old Eli" took gracefully to the drabbing that was involved in learning the first lesson, which was learned so well that for many years thereafter Harvard had no more victories.

The Rugby game has been developed in America mainly along the lines of interference and tackling. The Yankees were quick to perceive advantages which could be gained in this direction and put them into play. In 1886 Princeton introduced the "wedge," using it against Harvard, who in turn took it up against Yale next year. Then Harvard went one better and brought out the "flying wedge," which with the "V," the "push" and the "plow" are permanent features of football work.

In the perfection of football playing into a scientific sport from the old rough-and-tumble games of the past an involved system of signals has come into use. The signals are made by calling out numbers. There seems to be no lessening of interest in the sport. There may be as many as 20,000 spectators, and the great game of football, which began with the Greeks, was carried on by the Romans, developed by the British and perfected by the Americans, seems to be indeed the king of autumn sports.

BATHED IN GOLD.

European Celebrities Who Showed Their Love of Money in Careless Fashion.

On the occasion of giving a concert Mme. Sala engaged Paganini at a fee of 50 guineas, says the Golden Penny. The next day she repaired to the violinist's house, and handed him the sum in gold, the sight of which filled the great player with such violent emotion that he plunged his fingers among the bright pieces, which he poured over his arms and hands as though they were water. Despite this display of avarice, however, he returned the fee to Mme. Sala.

When he received £1,000 in gold as the price of some shares, the late Littleton Holt, the proprietor of the Iron Times, hastened to his hotel in the West end, and, retiring to his bedroom, emptied the money bags into his bed. Thither he promptly followed the sovereigns, among which, having for a time rolled and tumbled, he ultimately fell asleep.

For his novel, "Les Memoires du Diable," Frederic Soulie received from his publishers 10,000 francs in gold. Overjoyed at his good fortune he hurried home, and pouring the louis d'or into a bathtub plunged his feet into the glittering treasure, where he kept them for over half an hour, smoking the whole a Gargantuan cigar and building castles in the air.

Mme. du Barry, when at the zenith of her power, had a bath constructed that on touching a tap a cascade of golden lous from a reservoir that was always kept well filled, mingled with the flow of scented water. This device was fashioned, it is said, to represent the legend of Danae.

The Right Age.

Sarah-She's worth a million, and just the right age for you. Jerry—Any girl worth a million is the right age for me.—London Tit-Bits.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"What troubles you, my lady?" "I was just thinkin' how near I comes to bein' an orphan. I ain't got but one ma and pa."—Chicago American.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that gives a man with a paint-pot the right of way through a crowd.—Chicago Daily News.

Johnnie—"Paw, did you ever hear uv the missin' link?" Father (absent-ly)—"You mean the missing ball. No, and that makes the fifteenth I've lost this season."—Boston Post.

Mrs. Stalemate—"I had my fortune told by Prof. Ketchum yesterday and, only think, he tells me I shall live to be 50 years of age." Mrs. Sharpe—"What, again?"—Boston Transcript.

"After all, you'll find the man who always tells the truth is the most successful in business." "Huh! He isn't in it with the man who is believed in everything he says."—Philadelphia Press.

Parental Cruelty.—Mr. Snail—"My son, I want to see if you can't climb to the top of this grass-blade and back inside of two weeks." Mrs. Snail (interposing)—"Husband, dear, I think it's wrong to hurry the child so."—Ohio State Journal.

The story is told of a colored man in Alabama who, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped and, looking toward the skies, said: "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard and the sun am so hot dat I believe dis darky am called to preach!"—From Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

An Opportune Moment.—"Will you marry me, and preside over my household as queen?" he asked. She was inclined to laugh his proposal to scorn. "You may never have such another chance," he continued, "for I know of a really excellent servant girl who is about to leave her present place, and whom I could engage at once." Thereupon she fell upon his bosom.—Philadelphia Press.

A STRONG PEOPLE.

Alaska Indians Who Are Extremely Tall and Possessed of Great Physical Power.

It now seems probable that not all the Innuits of Alaska are so small as has been supposed. Indeed, if one is to believe the tales of travelers who visited an island south of Behring sea, these Indians must be classified among the tallest people in the world. The travelers' story is given in Popular Science News.

On King's island Indians were found who by their physical characteristics belong to the Innuitt or Eskimo family, having small black eyes, high cheekbones and full brown beards which conceal their lips. The majority of the men are over six feet high, and the women are usually as tall as and often taller than the men.

These women are also wonderfully slender. One of them carried off in her birch-bark canoe an 800-pound stone, for use as an anchor to a whale-boat. When it reached the deck of the vessel it required two strong men to lift it, but the Innuitt woman had managed it alone. Another woman carried on her head a box containing 280 pounds of lead.

Both men and women are also endowed with remarkable agility. They will outrun and outjump competitors of any other race who may be pitted against them.

Their strength is gained from very poor food, and they frequently travel 30 or 40 miles without eating anything. They live on caribou fish and seal oil. The fish, generally salmon, are buried when caught, to be kept through the winter and dug up as consumption requires. When brought to the air they have the appearance of sound fish, but the stench from them is unbearable.

In the matter of dwellings these Eskimos are peculiar. Their houses are excavated in the sides of a hill, the chambers being pierced some feet into the rise, and walled up with stones on three sides. Across the top of the stone walls poles of driftwood are laid, and covered with hides and grass, and lastly with a layer of earth. These odd dwellings rise one above another, the highest overlooking perhaps 40 lower ones. Two hundred people live in the village.

The Bulgarians.

The Bulgarians are the equals in modern civilization of any nation of eastern Europe. They are not savages, as some of the most excited of our people seem to imagine. They are a Christian folk, whose good will toward Americans in general and American missionaries in particular has been too often displayed to leave room for any doubt of its existence. Although the Greek church is the national religion of Bulgaria, many Bulgarian public men are graduates of or have been students at Robert college, in Constantinople, an institution affiliated with our missionary enterprises. Indeed, Bulgaria's political and social development has been in no small degree stimulated by the culture spread by our missionary efforts. There is not the slightest ground for the many slurs and sneers at Bulgaria which have appeared in the American press since Miss Stone was taken captive. It may be added that the Bulgarians have what many persons well deem the national virtue of hating the Turks intensely.—Boston Transcript.

The Realistic School.

"This," said the Eminent Artist, "is my famous study of the 'Cows in Clover.'"

"But where is the clover?" was asked, not seeing any of it in the picture.

"Oh, the cows have eaten it; you know."—Baltimore American.

HISTORIC GUNS SAVED.

Four of the Cannons Used in Battle of New Orleans Rescued from Total Decay.

Four of the guns used at the battle of New Orleans, the last land engagement of the war of 1812, and which served as accessories to the Clark Mills equestrian statue in the center of Lafayette square, just opposite the white house, having undergone repairs that stopped their falling to pieces. The statue is cast from some of the old bronze guns used in the engagement at New Orleans, when Jackson, with a small body of men, repulsed 12,000 veterans who had served under Wellington and drove them from the city. This conflict took place on January 8, 1815, and, while the British loss was 700 killed, 1,400 wounded, and 500 taken prisoners in a conflict lasting only 23 minutes, Jackson lost only eight men and 13 were wounded.

Jackson came to the white house as president of the United States in 1823, and 20 years after the guns used in the New Orleans engagement were gathered together, and on the anniversary of the great battle, January 8, 1833, the unveiling of the statue took place with great ceremony. The guns that stand at the four corners of the statue have stood upon the carriages upon which were first placed, and until the last few months showed few traces of time and weather.

Lately, however, Col. Bingham noticed that the old woodwork was fast rotting away, and the guns were likely to fall from their carriages at any time, and he at once ordered the necessary repairs. With a regard for the historic value of the carriages, as well as the guns themselves, Col. Bingham left the old ones intact, using new material only where necessary, and stopping the decay with fresh paint.

MUSTN'T MENTION TOLSTOI.

Russian Government Issues Very Strict Orders to Editors and Publishers.

The Russian government has peculiar ways of doing certain things. For instance, shortly after Count Tolstoi was pronounced heretical by the holy synod, the Russian Red Cross society placed postal cards adorned with Tolstoi's likeness on the market. This society is under the patronage of the dowager empress, and is an arm of the government.

Recently the railroad ministry offered Count Tolstoi a special car in which to travel to the Crimea. The other day the correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean received a copy of the following secret circular:

"Ministry of the Interior, Chief Board of Press, Aug. 24, 1901.—In addition to the communication of March last prohibiting the publication of any telegrams or communications expressing sympathy with Count L. Tolstoi, the chief board of presidents, by order of the minister of the interior, by authority of article 140 of the statute of censorship and press, proposes to the editors of periodicals, not submitted to previous censorship, that they shall not publish any information about the journey of Count Tolstoi to the South of Russia or about the greetings directed to this writer on the part of his admirers.

Nearly every week this board issues secret circulars prohibiting the discussion or publication of information about some question or other. These circulars are also sent to provincial censors. The board's proposals are usually considered commands. It is not advisable to ignore them.

COLORADO COLLEGE ENRICHED.

An Unknown But Generous Donor Contributes \$100,000 to the Hall of Science.

President W. F. Slocum, who has just returned from a summer spent in the east, has announced to the trustees of Colorado college the receipt of \$100,000 cash toward the erection of a hall of science. The generous donor withholds his name at present. The college has received numerous gifts from Massachusetts benefactors.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has given the institution \$100,000, half of the amount to be applied on the proposed building. The latter was given January 1 last. The building then was projected to cost \$100,000. The plans have since proved too inadequate. With the aid of the last donation a building to cost \$300,000 will be designed.

It is rumored that Dr. Pearsons, who has always expressed a partiality for the college, is the anonymous donor. He spent some time here last winter and inspected the plans for future buildings to cost \$2,500,000, and expressed his approval of the plans. Recently Millionaire W. S. Stratton bought a \$50,000 natural history collection to place in the hall. It is the most valuable west of the Field museum of Chicago.

Music to Cure Anarchism.

A convention of choir-masters and music teachers was held at Birmingham, England, the other day. The president prophesied that anarchism would die a sweet natural death. He went on to say:

"The softening influence of music is so delightful that the time will come when the inability to sing from solfa will be as extraordinary as the inability to read or write. When the spread of music has reached the required degree anarchism will cease."

Exports of Swiss Watches.—Switzerland exported last year 4,086,777 silver watches, 2,366,426 nickel and \$90,239 gold watches.

WAR ON THE SPIDERS.

Effort Made to Clear Out the Insects at the White House.

Infest the Portico Fronting the Executive Mansion and Are Hard to Dislodge—Fire Hose Used Upon Them.

One of the curious preparations made for the advent of Mrs. Roosevelt at the white house was the cleaning out of the spiders which infest the portico. Those who are familiar with the executive mansion are aware that the great portico, which is such a pronounced architectural feature of the building, is extremely high, running up to the roof, the cornice of the portico being on a line with that of the roof itself. The spiders and the hornets long ago discovered that the nook and crannies about the capitals of the great columns that support the portico were quite beyond the reach of the ordinary stepladder and dust broom.

During the absence of the President and Mrs. McKinley this summer the ceilings of the portico and the tops of the columns were fairly taken possession of by spiders. The white house attendants, knowing that the historic mansion was to have at its head, for the first time in many years, a young and energetic house-keeper, determined to get rid of the spiders before she came. Therefore, they rigged up a section of fire hose and made an extraordinary effort to wash down the spiders and their webs. The deluge of water cleared out the webs pretty well, but the old attendants say the white house spider cannot be dispossessed by anything short of a personal encounter with dust pan and broom.

Hence the old officials predict that before Mrs. Roosevelt has become fairly accustomed to her surroundings she will step out on the portico and demand that "Old Jerry," the ancient African who looks after such things, shall "drive out those horrid spiders." At most every mistress of the white house for a quarter of a century, they say, has issued the same command, but the spiders know as well as anyone else it takes a scaffolding to get Old Jerry or anyone else up to the roof of the portico.

OLD KNOB AND HINGES.

Taken from Doors of the White House They Are Priced as Valuable Relics by Old Servants.

The iron hinges on the door of the cabinet room, which have turned to admit into the presence of the president scores of cabinet ministers and many thousands of official visitors during half a century, have been removed. Brass hinges of the latest pattern have replaced them. The old hinges are now in the possession of the venerable Capt. Charles Joffner, who has been the president's door-keeper for eight or nine administrations, and since through his faithful service in opening and closing the door during all these years the hinges were worn out, no one will deny his right to possess them. He will keep the discarded hinges as valuable relics and hand them down to his children.

A more conspicuous object has recently been discarded after a long term of service. That is the massive lock and brass knob formerly attached to the great door of the white house opening from the north porch. Shortly before the funeral of President McKinley the old door knob was replaced by a massive gilt knob attached to a lock of improved design. Superficially it is handsomer than the old one, but it is not quite as large, and was not manufactured to order. The knob and shield are gold plated and cost, with the lock, \$55.

The old knob bore on its face a spread eagle surrounded by 13 stars, representing the original states. No body seems to know just how many years it had been in use, and although the uniformed guards usually opened the door for visitors, the doorkeepers assert that this door-knob has probably been grasped by more distinguished hands than that of any other portal in the world.

Paid a Debt 27 Years Old.

After having run for 27 years, a debt has been paid to Sprengin, Buck & Co., of Hopkins place, by J. J. Hobbittell, of Myersdale, Pa. Twenty-seven years ago the latter failed and was unable to pay a large number of creditors, including the Baltimore firm, to whom he owed \$300.

"Give me time," he then said, "and I will pay every cent that I owe." And faithfully has the Pennsylvania merchant kept his promise. Year after year he has toiled, paying off the obligations that he had contracted in former years, and canceling debts with firms that had forgotten all about them. None was more surprised than the Baltimore firm when he walked into the office and announced that he had come to pay the long overdue bill. Besides the \$300 he also paid another sum to cover the lawyer's fees which his creditors contracted when he failed.

An Old Sailor.

Capt. R. G. F. Candage, one of the most prominent men in maritime circles in England, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday at his home in Brookline, Mass., recently. In his seafaring days Capt. Candage sailed over 500,000 miles of salt water, doubling Cape Horn 13 times both ways.

Foreigners in Japan.

At the end of the year 1891 there were 9,549 foreigners in Japan. At the same period of 1899 the number had increased to 10,019. Most of these are Chinese, namely, 5,297. Next in number come the British, with 1,763.

THE MAN FROM MISSOURI.

Met Several Wise Persons Who Wanted to Be Shown and He "Showed" Them.

A typical farmer from "Up-on-the-Elkhorn" reached Omaha on a recent Saturday and registered at the Merchants' hotel. Sunday morning, after breakfast, he inquired concerning the location of a certain church, saying he wanted to attend the service and listen to some good music. After dinner he asked the clerk for a sheet of writing paper, ventering the information that he wanted to write his wife and tell her about the fine singing and the splendid music. After getting the paper he took a seat at one of the desks and commenced his letter. After he had written eight or ten lines he had walked up to the clerk's desk and asked a question, relates John Dicks Howe, in Judge.

"Beg pardon; I didn't catch that," remarked the polite clerk.

"How do you spell 'choir'—church choir, you know?"

"Ch-oir," responded a traveling man, who was waiting for his mail.

"Well, now, maybe you're right," said the man from Up-on-the-Elkhorn, somewhat puzzled; "but it seems to me that q-u-i-r-r-e is about the proper thing."

Three or four bystanders commenced laughing, which caused the man with the pen to become indignant.

"Perhaps you city people think because I'm a plain farmer I don't know how to spell," he said, his face as red as a ripe tomato.

"Well, I should say not! Q-u-i-r-r-e spell choir? Not where I come from," remarked a St. Louis traveling man.

"They may spell it that way out in Nebraska, but it wouldn't pass in Boston," remarked another pilgrim from 'way down east.

"I wasn't talkin' about St. Louis, Boston, or any other place; I was goin' 'ordin' to old Dan Webster, that's all. Now, when I was teachin' school up near Long Pine—"

"How would you like to make a little bet that you're right," remarked a man who had remained silent up to that time.

"Well, I ain't got no money to throw to the birds, but I wouldn't mind bettin' a five-dollar bill that I'm—"

"Put up another with me, won't you?" interrupted the drummer from St. Louis, anxious to be "showed."

"I'd like to chip in a V on that, too," remarked the man from Boston.

The clerk wanted a slice of the pie, and so did eight or ten others, who had been attracted by the discussion. The farmer was about to declare the betting closed when the office stenographer looked up from her typewriting and asked to be admitted, saying that, while it was against her principles to bet on a Sunday, she couldn't think of letting a snap like that pass.

After the bets had been recorded, the man from Missouri called for a dictionary. The ancient tome which the hotel proprietor had inherited from his father, was handed him. After turning the leaves rapidly he ran his finger down one of the pages. Finally he paused, and a look of concentration spread over his countenance.

"Read it, read it!" was the cry. And so he read: "Quire—A body of singers; a chorus. The part of a church allotted to the chorists; the choir."

For a minute there was a silence so intense that one could have heard a clap of thunder in far-away Boston; then the clerk broke the silence by handing the "quire pot" to the farmer, saying, as he did so: "Let's step into yonder room—I'm gettin' dizzy."

They filed into the room, the man with the hoe and the pen bringing up the rear. When he came out, half an hour later, he finished his letter, to which he added a postscript, which read:

"Think I'll stay in Omaha a day or two longer than I expected. Just found \$70 under the door-mat."

Chatterbox of Fruit.

Put a cupful of washed rice in a double boiler and cover with milk; add half a teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful of granulated sugar. Cover and steam until rice is tender and milk absorbed. You may have to add more hot milk, some rice being very hard, but three pints should be enough. Line bottom and sides of a wet dish with any kind of cooked fruit except berries; then carefully put in enough rice to make a thick wall, at least one inch in thickness, packing it smoothly. Fill the center with more fruit, drained well. Then cover with a smooth layer of rice. Set in a cold place, when set, turn out on a cloth; and completely cover with white cream to which you have previously added the juice drained from the fruit.—Washington Star.

Beef Tea.

In cases of severe sickness, where the greatest nourishment must be compressed into the smallest quantity of broth, by far the best method of preparing beef tea is by pounding the beef with cold water. To one pound of beef, with every particle of fat and skin cut away, use one pint of water. Mince the beef very fine with a chopping knife or pass it through a meat chopper; then pound it up with the water thoroughly, using a wooden potato masher, and strain off the tea. The residuum of the meat should be gray when all the juice has been pounded out, and it is quite worthless. The tea should be heated well when prepared for use, but not boiled. A pint of this tea has more nourishment than twice the quantity made in the usual manner.—Good Housekeeping.