

SPECIAL RAZOR FOR THEM.

Barbers Sometimes Keep Certain Tools for Customers Who Are Unpopular.

"Here Charlie," said the barber at the third chair from the door, "use this razor on that chap. If it don't pull his whiskers out by the roots try a pair of shears."

The barber at the second chair took the proffered weapon and smiled. A long, lean individual who had just entered the shop sat down in the second chair, says the Washington Star.

"That's the meanest man in Washington," continued the barber at the third chair, as he splashed some soap-water on the face of another customer.

"The name in here three or four times and made himself so disagreeable that I finally had to fix his business. I took an old razor—the same one I just gave Charlie—but a couple of nicks in it and I dashed the edge on a piece of brick. Then I dashed his face up a bit and began to pull. The old fellow ripped and snorted and complained, while I pulled out every other whisker, roots and all. When I got through my right arm was tired out, and he was sore, mentally and physically."

He growled some more, paid his 15 cents, and as a compliment to me declared he never would sit in my chair again. He never has, and I have the joke on the rest of the boys in the shop. Charlie don't like him, either, and so I let him have the razor."

The man in the third chair moved uneasily at the thought of such a barbarous treatment, while from the second chair came a sound not unlike the click of a typewriter.

"Say," suggested the man in the third chair, "hadn't you better try another razor?"

"Certainly, sir," responded the smiling Charlie. "Is this one dull?"

"It pulls like the mischief," asserted the man in the third chair, and the barber laid the bum razor down, put some more lather on the man's face, and picked up the same old razor again. There was more clicking and snapping and gnashing of teeth.

"That ain't much better," said the man in the third chair.

"Best we've got in the house," said Charlie, and the man in the third chair laughed a hearty, whole-souled laugh.

The barber at the third chair sat down behind a screen and also laughed. The other barbers craned their necks, and the customers began to sit up and take notice. The man in the third chair, and everybody else laughed. Finally Charlie finished his job, the man paid up his cost, paid his 15 cents, snorted and sneezed and passed out into the weather.

"Do you treat many of your customers that way?" ventured the man in the third chair.

"No, but we keep that razor in stock for men we don't like. If you ever encounter a barber who pulls your whiskers out put it down in your notebook that he don't like you."

WITH DISTRESSING RESULT

Arrival of a Comedian Invents Lachrymose Reception on His Opening Night.

Many and elaborate are the practical jokes which have been played upon helpless victims by a well-known actor, but the following is surely one of his best, relates Cassell's Journal.

OUR KELTIC STOCK.

INFLUENCE OF WESTERN EUROPEANS ON AMERICAN NATION.

Proportion in the Make-Up of Our Nationally Probably One-Half—Some Racial Estimates.

It would be interesting if the amount of the Keltic or Celtic stock that enters into the composition of the American people could be determined, approximately at least, says the Boston Herald.

If a fair estimate of the Keltic element in the English people could be made, together with what is due to Scotch, Welsh and Cornish blood, as well as to Irish immigration—not to mention the Keltic element that enters into many peoples of continental Europe—perhaps it might be found that the Keltic proportion in the American make-up would be at least 50 per cent.

Yet in the Irish people several strongly contrasting racial types are represented so markedly that it might be difficult to tell which predominates. It might be said that one type characterizes one county or district, another another. Outside the elements known as distinctively Keltic there is the English immigration of Cromwell's time and later, which in certain districts has blended with the native races.

The racial or rather national temperament is another quality that differs very materially. The Irish nature is proverbially light-hearted, volatile, quick-witted and deliciously humorous. These traits in great part ally it to the French, although what in the French we know as Gaelic wit is quite other than the Irish. Possibly it may be an expression of the same native impulses under a different environment.

The comedians on the stage struggled gamely with this woe, but his witticisms were unavailing, for the funnier he became the more frequent were the sobs of the sorrowing 20.

Only when he left the footlights did the weeping cease, and the handkerchief disappear.

New Metal in Watches.

The new alloy called Invar, consisting of steel mixed with about 36 per cent of nickel, which is practically invariable in volume with ordinary changes of temperature, has recently been adopted by Swiss watchmakers for making balances in the majority of their best timepieces.

Fine Board.

Bacon—It is said that sawdust is now used by some Paris restaurants as a dressing for cutlets, instead of bread crumbs.

NOTABLE EATING CONTEST

When General Vaughan Upheld His Title as Champion of Barbecue.

"One of the most amusing contests I ever saw," said the man who is fond of a story, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "was at a barbecue in Shelby county, Tennessee, some years ago, an occasion which had been arranged because of a fierce political contest which was being waged in that county at the time. Barbecues are great factors in campaigns in these days. They count for much in Tennessee as they do elsewhere.

It was an event of this sort that developed the amusing contest I have in mind, and the contest was between two old confederate soldiers, each of who had left a leg on a battlefield of the '60's. One of them was Gen. A. J. Vaughan, as gallant a soldier and as true a civilian as God's sun ever shone upon.

"The thing was on, I never saw such eating in my life. The waters kept coming. A crowd gathered around the veterans. 'Stand back, boys,' said Gen. Vaughan, good-naturedly, 'and make room for the bones. Besides, Mac will need air directly.' The bones kept piling up. The waters kept running from the pit to the contestants. 'Anybody here got an extra cork leg?' said McLendon banteringly.

McLendon was getting tired. The pit was about up with him. About that time a waiter rushed up with a whole leg of mutton.

'T'WAS REALLY UNEXPECTED

He Had Overlooked So Many Chances To Propose She Thought He Hadn't the Nerve.

When he proposed marriage she asked for time to think it over, relates London Tit-Bits.

"This is unexpected," she said. He gave her the necessary time, and she finally decided that he fulfilled all the requirements of the situation. Then they reached a point where they could discuss matters calmly.

In Japanese Hospitals.

The greatest difference between the work of Japanese hospitals and those of our country is the former's simplicity of equipment and economy of management. We are apt to surround ourselves with so many "labor-saving devices" that the mere care of them becomes a burden, and in our hospitals there is generally a liberal use of supplies.

Not a Safe Criterion.

Mr. Bliggins thinks he has the brightest, most promising boy in the world.

Sympathy That Was Wasted.

INCREASING IN COST.

PRICES OF FOODS IN UNITED STATES ARE GOING UP.

Various Articles of Daily Consumption That Have Grown Beyond the Purse of Poor Folks.

Most exasperating of all in the increased cost of living is the increase in the cost of food. When it is considered that the average American family whose income does not exceed \$1,200 spends (as has been ascertained by government investigators) nearly 45 per cent of its entire income on food, it is easily seen, says Pearson's Magazine, how a great difference is made by a rise in prices of ten to twenty-five cents on every dollar's worth of edible supplies.

"In these happy days choice 'chuck' cost... a pound, now it costs nine cents; Prime-roast beef was 15 1/2 cents, now it is 17 1/2 cents; Soup meat came at 8 1/2 cents, now it is 11 cents; Pot-roast beef was 21 cents, now it is 25 cents; Sirloin steak was 17 cents, now it is 20 cents; Round steak was 16 cents, now it is 19 cents.

MIRRORS COVERED WALLS.

Means Adopted by Man of Money to Teach Gracefulness in His Family.

A rich man has the walls of his house covered with mirrors instead of pictures. In every room he can see himself in profile from the rear, from the left, from the right—in twenty different ways. He says—Washington Star.

AN OLD-TIME FRENCH FORT

Canadian Landmark Which Passed Into the Hands of the English.

The interior of Fort Chambly is only a mass of ruins. Fortunately, writes Mary Catherine Crowley in Four-Track News, the hand of the restorer has drawn a protecting line around them and thus the hidden-covered remains of the powder house, the kitchen, the chapel, have lost their picturesqueness.

Turned Round by the Sun.

A large granite ball, weighing two tons, in a cemetery in Ohio is slowly turning on its axis. During the last five years the ball has turned 15 1/2 inches. When the ball was placed in position an unpolished spot six inches in diameter was left in the socket of the pedestal on which it rested. A year ago it was noticed that the unpolished spot was turning upward on the south side of the pedestal. The revolution of the huge polished ball, which it would require a derrick to lift, is supposed to be due to the sun's heating one side of it, the south, and causing it to expand, while the north side, which rests most in the shade, does not expand to the same extent, and thus the ball gradually shifts its position by turning.

WHERE CONVICTS GAMBLE.

In a Western Prison They Are Allowed to Play for Stakes on Sundays.

A few weeks ago while sojourning in Carson City, the capital of Nevada, I witnessed a scene that struck me as exceedingly curious, and which probably was never duplicated anywhere in this country," said T. B. Gardner, of Chicago, states the Washington Post.

"A friend of mine who was on good terms with the warden of the state penitentiary took me to that institution on a Sunday afternoon, and there I saw all the convicts, numbering several hundred, assembled in the long dining-room of the structure, playing poker, seven-up, monte, faro and nearly all the gambling games known to western sports. Don't think for a moment that these men were merely playing for fun; they were betting chips which stood for sure-enough money and the play was just as serious and as much on the level as though it were taking place in a regular gambling establishment.

MIRRORS COVERED WALLS.

Means Adopted by Man of Money to Teach Gracefulness in His Family.

A rich man has the walls of his house covered with mirrors instead of pictures. In every room he can see himself in profile from the rear, from the left, from the right—in twenty different ways. He says—Washington Star.

Too Much Money.

Years ago Mr. Gladstone was one of the guests at a dinner in England where the oldest member of the Vanderbilt family was also present. Somewhat whippersnapper to the English premier, Mr. Gladstone had the rich American had \$100,000,000, and Mr. Gladstone commented, after looking curiously at Mr. Vanderbilt: "Then I should say that he constitutes a peril to the American republic."

Bankruptcy Romance.

Having received a legacy of £1,500 a Dover tourist has announced to his creditors, under a nine-year-old bankruptcy, that they will now be paid in full, with four per cent. interest to date. Only 1s. 11d. in the pound was paid under the bankruptcy. The payments will practically swallow up the legacy.

Vary Much Library.

A colored man in Indianapolis, though over 100 years old, has started in to leave his a-b-c's. The literary instinct in Indiana cannot be quelled.—Washington Star.

CURIOS OF A DESERT.

SHELLS AND STONES STREWN OVER YUHA'S PLAINS.

Oddly Shaped Formations to Be Seen Which Are a Source of Wonderment to the Desert Traveler.

There is a section of the Colorado desert where nature has left some remarkable records. She has visited the region, alternately, with fire and water, and has left it with neither. It is the most desolate, wild, barren, forbidding part of the desert, says the Los Angeles Times, and it is shrouded alike by man and beast. That there is good and sufficient reason for avoiding the locality is attested by numbers of graves—nameless, for the most part—found in the terrible region.

As recently as December 13, 1904 the bones of a third victim were laid in one of these lonely, flowerless graves on the plains of Yuba.

For instance one passes through a region which he at one times the appearance of a field of some vegetable, which have been turned to stone. The waves have worn the rocks into round bowlders about the size of the vegetable which they so much resemble and have cut into the globes, laminating them in perfect imitation of the leafy layers of the garden vegetable.

Another locality is devoted almost exclusively to dinner plates. Thousands of round thin disks are scattered over the plain or are piled scores deep in singular piles, each piece shaped exactly like the crockery which adorns our tables, and quite as thin and symmetrical.

Another section of this truly wonderful region is given almost wholly to dumb-bells. These vary in size from pieces weighing one or two pounds, up to those seemingly calculated for exercising the muscles of a giant, and weighing 30 or 40 pounds each. In almost every instance these natural dumb-bells are well balanced, the balls at either end of the connecting piece being of the same size and weight.

There is in this plain an arsenal, also. While guns and swords and bayonets and powder were not there to be found, there are thousands of cannon balls varying in size from two to three-inch balls to those of for the big 13-inch guns of modern warfare. And all are of stone, all formed in nature's workshop.

There are other objects innumerable. There are stone fishes, stone flies, stone animals, stone quilts, stone ornaments in varied and unique designs, stone cases—in fact almost everything conceivable in nature or art imitated in stone on the plain of Yuba.

In one portion of Yuba rise two hills, or small mountains. One might mistake them in the distance for ancient craters, but when he approaches the evidences he discovers them to be monuments to an ancient life—the scordis of species now extinct. They are shell mountains, great beds of prehistoric bivalves which were left stranded when that ancient sea swept back from the region and left a dry and desolate land.

One of these mountains, the large one, is composed wholly of large rough shells, much larger, but less elongated than the shells of the modern oyster, which in some respects they so much resemble as to lead to the supposition that they are the remains of the ancestors of our much-prized bivalve.

Acknowledging His Crime.

Proportions.

Common Acceptation.