

HAVE NO CHANCE FOR GOSSIP.

One Argument in Defense of Reserve of City Life.

There is much to be said of the custom prevailing in large cities, the indifference with which families regard each other. They may live with only a thin wall as a separation, and never know their neighbors by sight. It is heartless, in a way, to have no knowledge of misfortune which one might relieve, but it is rather agreeable to be able to live as one pleases with the certainty that prying eyes are not taking stock of economies and habits. It is almost impossible to begin a system of retrenchment in a town or neighborhood where there are keen eyes to inspect every movement and sharp tongues to discuss each discovery. So we have families always living beyond their means because they have not the moral courage to advertise their true financial condition. It is not wise to take the public into one's confidence. When it becomes necessary to give up a home it lessens the chances of recovering from pecuniary losses to allow the neighborhood to discuss the matter with certain knowledge. A graceful retreat can generally be managed save in gossiping places, and even there silence is much better than confession.

HE WAS FACING A "DRY" DAY.

Thirsty Man, True to Promise, Really in Desperate Straits.

Charles M. Schwab, at the reception that he gave to the American Boiler-Makers during their convention in Detroit, said that among his many millionaire friends all were honest, and that he did not know of a single American millionaire who had made his money dishonestly.

"But the millionaire looms big," said Mr. Schwab, "and everybody wants to find fault with him. We are as anxious to find flaws in our millionaires as old Bill Lush of Loreto was to find special occasions."

"Yes, sir," said Bill one night. "I faithfully promised my wife 37 years ago never to take more than three drinks except on special occasions. Friday was my birthday, Saturday was Decoration day, Sunday my brother-in-law concluded a visit to us, Monday we had fine weather after a long wet spell, to-morrow my oldest girl's new director's dress comes home, only to-day, darn it, I can't think of anything special."

Irish Postage.

On a recently received letter were two postage stamps, one the familiar red stamp, the other an unfamiliar stamp of a dull green, both canceled by the post office at which the mistake had been made. The green stamp carried in the oval a figure in flowing robes discoursing sweet music upon a harp. In the top panel was the legend "Eirne," on each of the two side panels was the inscription "Blind Pein," all the lettering being in the Irish character. The bottom panel displayed a couchant hound. On small shields in the four corners were the heraldic blasons of the kingdoms of Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught. This Irish postage will not carry a letter far unless re-enforced by stamps of more solid collateral value, but it serves as a vent for national enthusiasm and contributes a little to the cause.

Swallows Lack Nesting Places.

The most important factor in the multiplication of bird life is the sufficiency of nesting sites, and every year the swallow's range of choice is circumscribed. He used to be the "chimney swallow," and it must have been a severe blow to the prospects of the race when instead of the wide, ledged chimneys we began to build straight, narrow flues, with no lodgings for the birds at any point.

In many other ways houses and even farm buildings are being rendered more and more unsuitable for swallow guests, while the overmultiplying sparrow annexes most of the best sites which remain. The swallow, with his little soft beak and tiny feet, is no fighter.—Country Queries and Notes.

Unexpected Ally.

Truth was at the bottom of her well, but the Cost of Print Paper, by shouting very loud, made her hear. "I'm going to help you!" declared the Cost of Print Paper.

Of course, Truth hurried right up—the way things were going, she was mighty glad to be helped. "Easy enough" the Cost of Print Paper went on, in a breezy, confident way. "I'm making it so the newspapers would rather take the trouble to get things right in the first place, than give up so much space to denials the day after."

"Dear me, this is very gratifying!" exclaimed Truth, rubbing her hands and beaming cordially.

Had the Symptom.

Solled Samuel—Wot's dis disease day cati hydrophobia? Rumpled Robert—It comes from bein' bit by a dog, an' de symptom is fear o' water. Solled Samuel—Youse sure o' dat? Rumpled Robert—Course I am. Wot you turain pale for? Solled Samuel—I'm tryin' ter think when I was bit by a dog.

Done in Style.

"What is that fearful din?" "That is a duel between Count Fucabali and Prince de Brass. Being prevented by social engagements from attending in person they have sent photographers."

BUCHANAN AND THE COWBELL.

Incident of President's Early Life Caused Political Feud.

Rev. Dr. Frederick Gast, professor emeritus of Hobrow in the Reformed Theological seminary at Lancaster, Pa., is one of the very few persons living who were intimately acquainted with President Buchanan, and he has a large stock of stories about the Pennsylvanian that have never appeared in print.

Buchanan was born in a sparsely settled part of Bedford county, and in his youth his mother was accustomed to place around his neck a cow bell so that its tinkling announced his whereabouts whenever he wandered into the woods surrounding the farm. Neighbors' children, nearly all of whom were of German parentage, of whom were thereafter called him invariably "Chimmy mit de bells on," a nickname which later in life led him into one of the fiercest political feuds that ever existed in the Keystone state.

Thaddeus Stevens and Buchanan were practicing lawyers in Lancaster, and were intimate friends until one day, opposed to each other in the trial of a suit, Stevens banteringly referred to his friend as "Chimmy mit de bells on."

Buchanan made no reply in court, but as soon as the trial was ended he hurled his insult into an alleyway and gave him a drubbing which Stevens had reason to never forget. Thereafter the two were implacable enemies.

MORAL VALUE OF THE SWORD.

Weapon Purely Ornamental, But Cannot Be Discarded.

Officers of the German army are to be ordered to resume their swords, discarded after the Boer war. The fact is of interest as showing a recognition by the army authorities of the moral value of a weapon now become purely ornamental. With the enemy's firing line miles away, the sword has come to be regarded as a military toy merely. One of the minor lessons of the Japanese war was the demonstration of its usefulness as a distinguishing mark of the officer.

To do away with the sword would be to effect a military economy at the expense of the spirit of the service, of a kind with the silencing of the drum in the French army. In the sword lies half the poetry of war. Where else on canvas is martial glory so vividly as in Meissonier's "Friedland," with the cuirassiers galloping before Napoleon, their swords raised on high? Sober fact makes it true that the long-range rifle no less than the pen is mightier than the sword. States can be saved without it, and peaceful nations will continue to beat their swords into plowshares.

Must Not Smoke in the Theater.

Paul Mounet appeared at Havre recently at the Missionary Bishop in "Le Duel," which we saw in New York last year with Eben Plympton and Otis Skinner. As he lighted a cigar at the wings an officer of the fire brigade informed him that he must not smoke in the theater.

"But it is in the play," explained M. Mounet; "I am smoking as I go on and then I throw my cigar on the stage." "Very well," replied the officer. So M. Mounet made his entrance as usual, but following him were two firemen: one with a bucket of water and the other with a huge sponge. The audience, appreciating the situation, roared and applauded with delight, and M. Mounet carefully deposited his cigar in the bucket and wiped his fingers on the sponge before proceeding with the dialogue. They enforce the regulations against theater fires in France.—Sports of the Times.

Fancy Dress Nuptials.

Each season sees the wedding ceremony becoming more and more of a theatrical pageant, until nowadays the only one of the protagonists who appears in "the character of an English gentleman" is the bridegroom. Bride and bridesmaids run riot in medieval robes, director's wreaths, and chignons of ancient Hellas, while the unfortunate small boys who officiate are dressed in any fearful and degrading fashion that may happen to please their maternal parents. Needless to say, these unfortunates feel their position acutely, and will possibly take their revenge later on by eschewing matrimony altogether, or by forcing their brides to be married—from a taxicab—at a registrar's office.—London Sketch.

Got Kipling's Autograph.

Rudyard Kipling, on his last homeward voyage from South Africa, not so long ago, was watched carefully by a lady autograph hunter who longed to approach him, album in hand, but did not dare to do so. One morning she saw him scribble on one of the little cards which are used when passengers order any drinks they may require. These cards are collected into little bundles at the end of the week and then redeemed. The fair huntress darted after the steward who had the card, and begged to be allowed to keep it and pay for the order, which read: "Two sodas and one whisky," and the signature was "R. Kipling."

Undismayed.

"No," said the passerby, "I cannot give you any money. For charity's sake?" persisted the beggar. "Not to-day. Charity begins at home, with me."

"Right you are, sir. What's your address?"

BIMPLY A DEMAND FOR PROOF.

Philadelphia Journal's Summing Up of Betsy Ross Incident.

The Betsy Ross legend is quite harmless. Anybody may believe it who will. It is like the story of Washington and the cherry tree. Nobody can prove that the youthful Washington did not chop a cherry tree. Very probably he did, and quite as probably he did not lie about it. But if it were proposed to erect a public monument to mark the spot where the cherry tree stood, we should ask for some more certain evidence of the accuracy of the story than Parson Weems' long subsequent narrative. That is all that the historians appear to be asking about the Betsy Ross legend. They are not attacking the memory of that estimable woman, nor the veracity of her descendants. Family tradition is to be respected. But family tradition that is not supported by contemporary records or other historical evidence is an insufficient basis for an official indorsement that is supposed to be authoritative and conclusive. Nobody wishes to spoil a good story, but those who are satisfied with family traditions ought not to ask anything more.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IRRITABLE MAN HAS A "KICK."

Misuse of Apostrophe and Quotation Marks, Not to Mention "Kindly."

"There are two things that are misused a great deal," said the irritable man. "and the misbanding of them annoys me a lot. For one thing, some persons haven't the vaguest idea of the proper use of the apostrophe. I've seen a word written this way, 'auto', which is meant only to indicate the plural of auto. Now, there isn't the very slightest excuse for that and it makes me sore every time I see it. Then again, other folks don't know what to do with quotation marks. I have seen a sign on an elevated station reading, 'Keys' with the 'agent.' Now, what earthly use are those quotation marks about the words keys and agent? None, none at all. There isn't any rhyme or reason in it."

Women as Chemists.

"It is inexpedient publicly to encourage women to adopt chemistry as a professional pursuit."

In this concise way is expressed the view of those members of the Chemical society of Great Britain who disapprove of the proposal to allow women to become members.

Out of 3,400 papers read on personal researches during the last 35 years, only 23 have been contributed by women alone. There is a growing desire, however, on the part of many of our leading scientists to admit women chemists to membership, and, as the wish has met with the strongest opposition from other members, the question is being put to a ballot.

Mme. Curie is at present the only woman member, and she has been made merely an "honorary fellow," with neither voting power nor eligibility for office on the council.

Indiana's Big Catch of Salmon.

The catch of Quinault salmon this season was the greatest ever known. Seventy-five thousand fish were delivered at Hoquiam, valued at \$35,000. This is 27,000 more fish than have ever been caught in any previous season. The Quinault Indians used advanced methods this season in fishing, going out beyond the breakers in their frail canoes and then setting their nets. Hundreds of fish were caught in the lagoons where they had been left by the receding tides.

This enormous catch was made by 30 Indians and the entire tribe enjoyed the prosperity. They were paid in full at Hoquiam one day this week.—Tacoma Correspondent San Francisco Chronicle.

An Apt Reply.

Senator LaFollette, discussing the currency bill, said of a certain passage: "That needs delicate handling. It is like the position of the young man on his honeymoon. This young man's honeymoon was peculiar because, while still in mourning, he had married his deceased wife's sister. A friend of his, a chap he had not seen for years, accosted him on the honeymoon in a Niagara restaurant. The friend, after being introduced to the bride, said sympathetically: 'But who are you in mourning for, old man?'"

Certain Symptoms.

"Bill," said the farmer's boy in an awed whisper, "Jim has washed his face twice this morning."

"Do tell!" ejaculated his lanky brother. "Well, visitors must be coming."

"And he has put on a new shirt and a clean collar!"

"Jumping June bugs! Why, he must be going to a picnic!"

"And his shoes are blacked and every time you get near him you can smell hair oil."

"Then that settles it. Bill has got a gal. Tell ma she can soon prepare for a new daughter-in-law. Never knew them that symptoms to fall."

HERE'S NEW KIND OF BURGLAR.

Leaves Typewritten Note of Explanation and Also Appreciation.

France has a fairly representative selection of burglars and other criminals, but the typewriter burglar is a novelty. He broke into a flat of an apartment house in Toulouse the other day and left the following letter neatly typewritten on a machine in the room:

"Dear Sir and Colleague—I think by your untidiness that you are not a lady, but untidiness means a busy man. So I congratulate you. I can see that you are a professional typist, like myself, and guessing that you were one I looked into your box of papers for your keys and naturally found them there."

"I have emptied the drawers of your table, out of which I have taken fr. 2.10 (41 cents). This is a low price for an evening's work, but I have also carried off some of your work, which I will study at my leisure."

"Some of your translations are quite good; I do a little of it myself in my spare moments. I am not taking your machine, for you and I know how very nearly impossible it is to sell a second-hand typewriter."

WORTHY OF FLAG SHE CARRIED.

Historic Incident Participated in by American Warship.

Of the old sloop of war St. Mary's, now to be consigned in her sixty-fifth year to the tender mercies of the auction, it is written that she bore no conspicuous part in war in her long service. This may be true, but the St. Mary's was once associated with an event which is worthy of commemoration. Under the command of the late Capt. Colvocoresses she was the means, 40 or more years ago, of postponing the bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet. She was anchored before the city, and the Spanish admiral noted that she was in the line of fire. Capt. Colvocoresses remarked that he was perfectly satisfied with his berth, and that while the St. Mary's carried but 23 guns, she represented a navy that had 2,200 guns at sea. Valparaiso was eventually bombarded, but not while Capt. Colvocoresses was present. The peculiar name of the ship commemorates an early colonial capital of Maryland. It was given in the same spirit of historical association as was illustrated by the Jamestown and the Plymouth, her sister ships.

Measures Hardness of Metals.

An instrument to measure the hardness of metals has been recently devised, more especially designed and found very useful in the manufacture of tools like twist drills, where the hardness has to be kept between narrow limits. It consists of a glass tube, within which a steel ball of 40 grains weight, treated by a special process so as to have jewel hardness, falls freely. The height of the rebound of the ball measures the hardness of the metal it strikes. Where the area of contact between the dropped weight and the metal larger, so that no appreciable dent were made the rebound would be a measure of elasticity rather than hardness. The height of the rebound is measured on a scale, of which 100 is the average hardness of carbon steel, which is also found to be the safety limit for steel tools after reheating and tempering ready for use.

Mischief Done by Gulls.

That many of the gulls have become far too numerous during the last 15 or 20 years, thanks to coddling and overmuch protection, has become a patent fact to those who observe and understand the habits of these birds. Here and there measures are being taken to lessen the plague, and by some few county councils the protection once accorded has been withdrawn.

Gulls are responsible for an enormous destruction of fish, as well as raids on the eggs and young of various birds. In many parts of Scotland the lesser black backed gulls have become the veriest vermin, in this respect rivaling the hooded crow and common rook, the latter another recent development of unwise overpreservation.—Country Life.

Fish Chased Ashore by Whales.

A serious menace to health is threatened at Nahant by the large quantity of fish which have been thrown up on the beaches and rocks following, it is believed, the appearance of porpoises and large fish supposed to be whales.

Although the fishermen gather them as fast as the tide recedes, many are overlooked. It is the opinion of the natives that the fish, which include mackerel, hake, pollock and herring, all small in size, have been forced ashore by the larger fish, which have invaded the waters recently.—Boston Transcript.

Baseball Fans.

"Dear me!" remarked the perspiring old lady who was making her first visit to a baseball game. "I don't see how people can tell such terrible fibs."

"What now, auntie?" asked the city niece, in surprise.

"Why, the paper stated that there were thousands of 'fans' out here every afternoon and I am suffering with the heat and can't find one."

TORM PLAYS A QUEER PRANK.

Twisted All Four Masts of Schooner James B. Drake.

The four-masted schooner James B. Drake is at McPhee's shipyard in Boston undergoing repairs for one of the most peculiar accidents in the history of navigation.

While cruising in southern waters the schooner was caught in a cyclonic storm which revolved around the vessel in such a manner that all four of her masts were twisted in their steps. When the ship carpenters investigated the schooner preparatory to beginning their work they could scarcely believe their eyes. Plainly some rotary motion of wind and storm had caught the poles in a leverage, forcing them just half way around. No explanation is offered for the masts not coming out of the vessel. All four are standing and have been carrying all all the way to port. No other damage was received during the storm, and although the masts were turned they were not injured in the least.

The accident is the first of its kind in the memories of the oldest navigators about the harbor. They say that of all the freaky gales reported of the tropics this is the strangest, and many refused to believe the story until they had visited the yard and viewed the schooner themselves.—Boston Transcript.

HAVE STRONG SENSE OF SMELL.

Horses Little Inferior to Dogs in That Respect.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostrils will widen, quiver and query their work they could scarcely believe their eyes. Plainly some rotary motion of wind and storm had caught the poles in a leverage, forcing them just half way around. No explanation is offered for the masts not coming out of the vessel. All four are standing and have been carrying all all the way to port. No other damage was received during the storm, and although the masts were turned they were not injured in the least.

Antidote for Pneumonia.

I first satisfied myself of the efficacy of my serum by experiments on animals. Then trials were made last winter in the St. Elizabeth and Struvenburg hospitals in Antwerp. Several of the patients had pneumonia in an advanced stage, and were also habitual drunkards which always increases the gravity of the danger. In every case the serious symptoms were completely arrested within 36 hours, while the temperature, and pulse action became normal. These results, says Dr. Bertrand of Antwerp in the Parisian Gazette des Temps, were obtained with a total dose of serum not exceeding eight cubic centimeters, injected by doses of one or two cubic centimeters at a time. There is no known serum which takes effect with such small doses.

Confession of Venus.

Long after the visitors' hour in the art gallery the statues engaged in conversation.

"Say, Venus," called Neptune's daughter, "tell us the truth. How did you lose your arms?"

"You would breathe it to any one?" asked Venus.

"You don't mean to say that a woman would tell a secret, do you?"

"Well, I'll tell you, I was trying to get my hands over my 'Merry Widow' hat to attach the hat pin and my arms snapped off."

And the statues laughed so hilariously that Mars awoke from his nap and grabbed his spear.

Fine Writing.

The art of fine writing is almost extinct, remarks a correspondent who has seen the illuminated manuscripts at the Burlington Fine Arts club. This was brought forcibly to his mind when he set about the task of finding some one who could write an illuminated address to be presented to an eminent person, which should reproduce the lost art of the monkish "scriptorium" rather than be a gorgeous specimen of the ticket writer's skill. He ran his man down at last in a small shop off Chancery lane, kept by a stationer who might have sat for the portrait of worthy Mr. Snagsby in "Bleak House"—London Chronicle.

Psychology of Dress.

Dr. Thomas Clarye Shaw of London, speaking on the subject of the special psychology of women, says that there is a psychology in clothes. It is useless to say that they dress as they do to please other women or please men. They dress simply because they have to in their own way and to their own satisfaction. The psychology of dress is that it appears to make you be what you profess to be.

At the Summer Cottage.

"I invited Mrs. Brown to spend a week with us, so that she could get a good, long rest."

"Well."

"And would you believe it the lazy thing came up here and never once offered to help me with the housework."

THEY ALL WENT BACK ON HIM.

Fisherman's Bitter Complaint Against Alleged Friends.

"I never could and never shall be able to understand the actions of men toward one who has caught a big fish," said the man with the far-away look in his eyes as the subject of fishing was broached. "Last spring I went down to Tampa Beach to fish for tarpon. On the second day out I hooked a monster. That fish weighed over a hundred pounds. While I was playing him over the boat's approach, and he leaped out of water at least ten men got a fair sight of him. All of them called out that he was a prize and encouraged me to hang on. The fish finally snapped the line and got away, to the disappointment of all. When I got back to the hotel I did some talking of course, but to my witneses. What do you think was the result?"

We all knew, but no one answered, and after a minute the man continued:

"Only one out of the crowd would back me, and when they came to pin him down he declared that it was a sea bass and weighed as much as five pounds. Why is it, gentlemen—why is human nature built that way? Why can't humanity give a fisherman a fair show?"

But only echo answered. We had been there ourselves.

ALSO A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

Baseball Spectator Not Behind Players in Distinction.

Baseball is a chronic complaint of Senator Crane. When he was governor of Massachusetts he took his entire staff out for a drive, and surprised them by having the rigs pulled up at an open field and announcing there was to be a baseball game. Two nines were chosen and the game began. Pretty soon somebody came along the road.

"What teams are they?" he asked of one of the drivers.

"Why, that man pitching is the governor of Massachusetts," the driver replied. "The one catching is the lieutenant governor. The first baseman is a congressman, the second baseman is the judge advocate general."

"Say," interrupted the passerby, "perhaps you would like to know who I am. I'm Napoleon Bonaparte."

Widow and Widower.

He was evidently an old bachelor. And she showed cartorial and other signs of being a young widow in "second mourning"—maybe it was third mourning—I'm not sure. They were both frankly hungry; and when they were served, she said, between sips of claret:

"It's funny when a man dies before his wife she is given to the notice that he leaves a widow." If she goes first, the announcement never says she leaves a widower. Aren't the facts identical?"

And the old bachelor answered: "By no means. A widow is so timid and retiring that it is necessary to publish a notice to the effect that she still hangs out at the same old sign. But a widower doesn't need advertising; he is as frankly a widower as a baby is a baby; and he's like a baby, too—because the first six months he cries, the second six months he takes notice; and he does mighty well if he gets through his second summer!"

Curious Fishing Methods.

The natives living along the Pan-Lung river have an odd method of fishing. Two dugout boats are used, each about 30 feet long, with two men with long poles, one in the bow, the other at the stern, punting the boat along. They stretch a long rope made of bamboo and plaited grass, about a hundred yards long, and weighted about every ten yards with big stones. This they let down into the water, and the fish are frightened toward the bank. The divers then jump in three at a time, remaining down about 20 seconds. They carry gaffs about 18 inches long, with cords attached.

When they strike a fish they let go the gaff and the fish is hauled up into the boat. A big fire is lighted on the river bank for the men to warm themselves.

Easy.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, arrested in Pittsburg, said that she had been rested 33 times.

"I try to do good," she told a reporter. "In trying to do good I take hard. Some folks, most folks, I do take it easy—as easy as the new girl wanted to take her new play, pour."

"Everything goes by clockwork here," the mistress said to this reporter. "By clockwork, mind you. You get out at six, you dine at 12, and you get to bed at ten."

"Well, if that's all," said the girl with a smile, "I think I can manage it."

Protecting the Miners.

The American miner has been the object at one time and another of considerable sentimental sympathy, to which he has probably paid very little attention. The establishment of a government experiment station for the study of mine explosives is a much more practical kind of interest. It is to be hoped that the European example will be followed to the full extent of prohibiting the use of explosives that are proved unnecessarily dangerous and strictly limiting the amount of any explosive that can be used under given conditions.—Boston Transcript.