

CEYLON MENUS.

The Way Native Writers With the English Language.

A writer in the *Lancet* tells of several menus with which he was confronted when traveling in Ceylon. The menu, he says, is an irresponsible adjunct to a respectable luncheon or dinner table in Ceylon. As a rule, the head servant writes it and from his elementary knowledge of English as "she" wrote springs a host of quaint blunders. At the same time his fertile oriental brain is ever apt to add footnotes, which are perhaps his happiest achievement.

At one lunch there figured among the dishes "roast beef," but it caused the hostess some consternation when she discovered the additional legend in very small letters, "roast beef, smelling a little," the parenthetical note being meant to intimate that the dish was accompanied by a sauce of savory odors.

On another occasion there appeared this following acknowledgment of deficiency: "Steak and kidney pie; no kidney."

It was altogether delightful, continues the writer, to find at one dinner our old friend Welsh appearing as "Welsch rubbish." The same genius translated haricot mutton into "hurrygod mutton." Our own boy, he adds, on the occasion of a hastily improvised dinner, was unable to accomplish a dessert. Consequently he put the word "plates" at the end of the menu.

A COSTLY TRIFLE.

It Brought Bankruptcy to an English Iron King.

It was a common penny postage stamp that brought Hobart, the great British "iron king," to his ruin. At the time of the Whitworth period, when there was a big crisis in the iron trade, he had agents in all parts of the world who kept him posted. Sometimes they telegraphed news to him in cipher, but those in England were nearly always instructed to write. At that period his principal agent, who was also his chief partner, was in Sheffield and wrote him from there warning him to sell out all iron interests for the time on account of the Whitworth crisis.

Hobart had frequent fits of irritability, and he had been receiving a lot of unstamped letters of no importance on which he had to pay double postage. One morning in anger he gave orders that such letters were to be returned to the postman. The very first unstamped letter received after this was from his partner. It was rejected as soon as it arrived.

Consequently, knowing nothing of the existence of the letter or the all important private news it contained, Hobart pledged himself next day for more iron deals than even his mighty credit was good for. The great drop in prices came two days later, and Hobart, once a millionaire, was involved in a hopeless bankruptcy from which he never recovered.—London Telegraph.

Pillsbury's Wonderful Memory.

Harry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, offered one day in South Bethlehem, Pa., to memorize thirty words, no matter how hard they might be, the selections to be read to him only once.

Professor Merriman of Lehigh university and Dr. Threlkeld-Edwards of Bethlehem picked out most of the following words: Antiphlogistine, perosteum, takadiastase, plasmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphylococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freiheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Eichenberg, American, Russia, philosopher, Pict-Potgieters-Rost, Salmagundi, Oom-sillecootsi, Bangmamvato, Schlochter's Nek, Manzinyama, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomslopa.

Mr. Pillsbury immediately repeated these words in the order given and in the reverse order.

THE TERROR'S CHRISTMAS.

Turkeys Were \$17 Each During the Siege of Paris.

When the Christmas day of 1870 dawned upon Paris the city had been in the iron grip of the German investment for about three months. The winter was a bitterly cold one, the thermometer registering 10 degrees below freezing point on Christmas morning. The Seine was frozen over.

The poor's daily rations were a few ounces of horseflesh and a piece of repulsive looking black bread.

By Dec. 25 food prices had reached their highest point since the beginning of the siege. On Nov. 13 a pound of butter fetched \$14 and a rabbit \$2.50. By Dec. 19 rabbits had risen to \$5, a box of sardines brought \$2.50 and eggs 25 cents apiece. For one's Christmas dinner one could buy a goose for \$10 or a turkey for \$17. Pigeons were \$3 each, and a small fowl could be obtained for \$5. Ham was \$1.50 a pound. As for vegetables, carrots and turnips were 4 cents each, and a bushel of potatoes cost \$3.25. There was hardly any milk in Paris, and the little there was had to be preserved for the sick and wounded. However, there were oceans of wine, and the wineshops did a roaring trade.

For some time before Christmas the starving people had been feeding on cats, rats and dogs until by Dec. 25 a dish of cat's flesh was hardly obtainable. Dog was 60 cents a pound, and fine rats fetched 14 cents each. Many domestic pets were killed for food. "Poor Azor!" said a humorous citizen as he finished a stew made from his favorite dog. "How he would have enjoyed these bones!"

With true Parisian light heartedness the children tried to make the best of things, and the cafe and restaurants

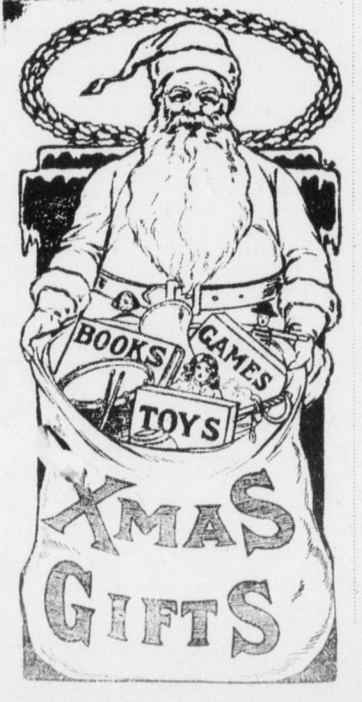
Telephoning Santa Claus



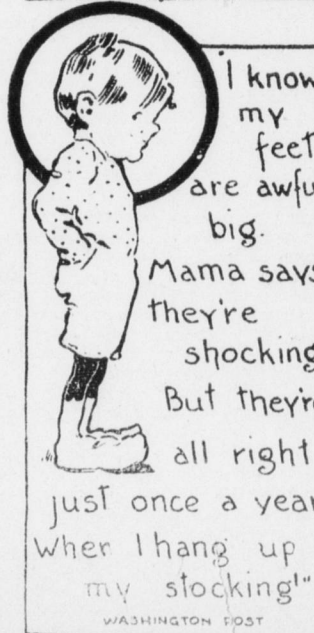
...then normal aspect. At half past 10, however, an order of Trochu closed every shop and cafe, and by 11 o'clock Paris had gone to bed.

The midnight mass of Christmas eve was celebrated as usual in the church, which were crowded with praying, weeping women. Newspapers appeared as usual, some of them containing glowing accounts of perfectly imaginary French successes. The satirical sheets were even more bitter and venomous than at other times and published scathing caricatures. Some showed the fallen emperor, Napoleon III, as a shoeblack at King William's boots, or as a beggar with his pockets turned inside out, or as a traitor handing over France to murderers, or as a thief making off with millions of the nation's money. Others depicted Julius Favre in tears and pocketing Bismarck's gold and Trochu handing over the keys of Paris to a Prussian in exchange for a bag of coin. In all the idea of Parisians that France had been betrayed by those who ought to have protected her was prevalent.

So at this season of peace and good will suffering Paris was nearly at her last gasp. Owing to the tenacity of her rulers and citizens, however, her agony was to be prolonged for some weeks longer, as it was not until February that the negotiations for a capitulation began.



"If I was only Santa Claus," said Annie with a grin. "I know of just one stocking - I'd put all the presents in!"



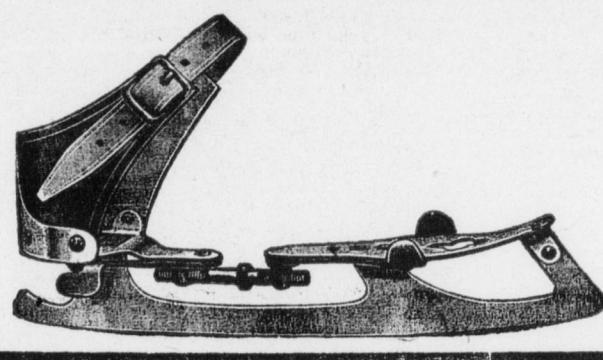
"I know my feet are awful big. Mama says they're shocking. But they're all right just once a year when I hang up my stocking!"

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