

ARAGO'S NOSE.

It Was Enormous in Size, but It Was Safely Anchored.

Emmanuel Arago, the French politician, was a nephew of the noted astronomer and was considered a handsome man, although his nose was extremely conspicuous. At one time he was traveling by train to Versailles when a child who was in the same car and who had watched Arago for some time with dilated eyes began to cry. In vain did the child's mother endeavor to calm the perturbed juvenile. The poor mother was in despair, and as the shrieks grew more and more piercing Arago felt bound to interfere and see what he could do. He said to the child:

"What all you, my dear?"

Thus addressed, the child sobbed out, "Take off your nose."

Arago looked at the mother, who grew very confused and said:

"Ah, monsieur, excuse me—excuse my son."

"But, madame," said Arago, "what does he mean?"

The mother then explained that she had during the carnival taken her child to see a number of persons in masks and with false noses and he had become so excited that he could think of nothing else.

"By an unfortunate occurrence," she added, "we got into the same carriage as you, who no doubt for some good reason are prolonging the carnival. But you see what a deplorable result has followed. Let me then beg of you to have pity on a poor mother and take off your nose."

"But, madame," said Arago, stupefied.

"A little more and my child will have convulsions," shrieked the mother. "Take off your false nose."

"But, madame," said Arago in despair, "that is impossible. This is not a false nose, but my own!"

"Impossible, impossible!" cried the agonized lady.

"Touch it," said Arago.

The lady gave a pull at Arago's nose, but it did not come off in her hand, as she had expected.

"A thousand pardons," she said, "but pray—oh, pray, hide it with your hat."

So Arago continued his journey with his nose in his hat, and the child's screams gradually subsided. Arago himself used to tell the story with much glee.

ROLE OF THE COCOANUT.

The Staff of Life to the Natives of Sea Washed Island.

It is more than a coincidence that the tree which furnishes a greater amount of available material to man than any other in the vast kingdom of vegetables is the first to spring up on the bare rocks of the newly arisen coral reef. The cocconut, so formed that it may have floated halfway across the Pacific, is thus universally distributed throughout tropical islands. It thrives best near the sea, seldom penetrating far into the interior. Its hard shell is a coat of mail for the embryo plant, enabling it to stand hard usage for a protracted period and locking up securely the precious life in miniature.

The fibrous husk which envelops it and is seldom seen on the market account of the greatly increased bulk breaks the jar which would be inevitable should the hard nut fall unprotected from the tall tree to the ground sixty or ninety feet below.

Such a blow would scarcely fail to break the shell, occasioning the loss of the nourishing milk so necessary to the germ. The outer husk not only breaks the jar of a fall, but buoying it up on the water, while the tough outer cuticle is waterproof.

Thus is the tree which offers to man almost in the raw state all his necessities freely scattered where the warm seas and their borders offer a footing, and from it the humble native secures sugar, milk, butter, wine, vinegar, oil, candies, soap, cups, ladies, cordage, smatting, thatch for roof and material for raiment, combining food, clothing and shelter in a single gift, continually making waste places habitable.—New Age.

Building Up a Speech.

Before making a speech Charles Dickens would decide on his various heads and then in his mind's eye liken the whole subject to the tire of a cart wheel, he being the hub. From the hub to the tire he would run as many spokes as there were subjects to be treated, and during the progress of the speech he would deal with each spoke separately, elaborating them as he went round the wheel, and when all the spokes dropped out one by one and nothing but the tire and axle remained he would know that he had accomplished his task and that his speech was at an end.

Doing It.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if I ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—London Fun.

Running Conversation.

Collector (anxiously)—You know very well, sir, that this bill has been running several years. Now, I put it up to you, what do you want me to do with it? Debtor—By George, I'd enter it in the next Marathon race if I were you!—Puck.

What Did He Mean?

"Yes; I believe that every intelligent woman should have a vote."

"But, senator, I understand that you were opposed to women's suffrage?"

"I am."—Judge.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

A Mother Goose Rhyme.

Solomon Grundy Bought a car Monday, Sped on Tuesday, Jailed on Wednesday, Out on Thursday, Wrecked on Friday, Died on Saturday, And that's the end Of Solomon Grundy.

Family jars are frequently caused by jugs and bottles.

It doesn't require a magician to make an automobile turn turtle.

Many an alleged stolen kiss is really a voluntary contribution.

It's a hard matter to convince a man that talk is cheap when he gets a bill from his lawyer.

One trouble about giving women a vote is that personal registration requires a statement of age.

The negro who recently died at the age of 122 at Jackson, Miss., is liable to get scolded for staying so long.

Some men talk big about settling the affairs of the nation when they don't even settle with the butcher and the baker.

The doctors used to bleed a man for every ailment; now they bleed him whether he has anything the matter with him or not.

Did you ever notice that if a little woman is married to a big man she is boss, and if a big woman is married to a little man, she is boss, too?

Another View of it.

"The preacher that married you says you only gave him a dollar."

"He ought to be glad I didn't sue him for damages."

Too Sick For That.

A man whose wife was quite sick met a neighbor who inquired:

"John, how is your wife this morning?"

"She seems no better. She is a very sick woman."

"Is she dangerous?"

"Dangerous? No, she's too weak to be dangerous."

The Plea of Insanity.

"Well," said his honor to a negro who had been hauled up for stealing a pullet, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nuffin' but dis, boss: I was as crazy as a bedbug when I stole de big rooster, and I neber done it. Dat shows 'clusively dat I was under delirium tremendous."

One On The Grocer.

A gentleman upon entering a grocery store said to the proprietor:

"Good morning, Mr. J.—what are eggs this morning?"

"Eggs are eggs," replied the jovial grocer. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," replied the customer, "the last ones I got here were chickens."

Small Chance of Cold Feet.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life he was asked how it felt to be dead.

"Dead," he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did those facts make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way: I knew if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry, and if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

Nature's Compensations.

A doctor at a recent meeting of the College of Physicians, in Philadelphia, told a story illustrating the witty comprehensions of a patient of Irish nativity. He said that one of his patients, an Irishman, could not understand why, if one of his arms refused to perform its usual functions, the other should remain normal.

"It is the balancing power of nature," explained the physician. "If a man is blind in one eye, nature generally provides additional strength for remaining eye. When deafness is discovered in one ear, the hearing of the other ear becomes unusually acute."

"Now that you mention it, O'belave 'tis so," said the patient. "When a non has wan short leg, th' other leg is generally longer."

Warned By Example.

Pat was a hard drinker. Many times while drunk he had attacked his family, broken the furniture and been arrested. The priest had got him to promise to reform several times but it would last only a short time.

One morning after he had been on a spree the clergyman called and said: "Pat, if you don't stop you may come to the same end that Mike did last night."

"What has happened to Mike?" asked Pat.

"Why said the priest, 'Mike had drank so much that when he went to blow out the candle the alcohol in his breath caught fire and burned him terribly inside.'"

"Oh, what an awful end," shuddered Pat, and getting in attitude of prayer he said: "Father, I do solemnly swear to you, to God above, and to all the saints that I will never—blow out a lighted candle again."

He Was Lucky.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the place of worship, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit.

"It's fine!" ejaculated the young man. "How much did you get, father?"

"How much did I get? Why what do you mean? How much what? asked the astonished parent at his evident irreverence.

"Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around. I only got ten cents."

Between Them.

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smoke-house. He missed them once, but said nothing about it to anyone. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

"Say, Judge," he said, "I heard yew had some hams stolen t'other night?"

"Yes," replied the judge, very confidentially, "but don't you tell anyone. You and I are the only ones who know it."

Not Much Between.

Recently a stranger passing along the public highway addressed a younger boy across the fence:

"Young man, your corn looks kind o' yellow."

Boy—Yes, that's the kind we planted.

Stranger—Don't look as if you would get more than half a crop.

Boy—We don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half.

Then after a short time the man said: "Boy, there isn't much between you and a fool."

"No," replied the boy, "only the fence."

A Continuous Meal.

A famer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the famer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter see the town?"

Scant Working Clothes.

In Singapore and Penang may be seen people from almost every part of the globe and representatives of almost every race except our North American Indians. The greater proportion of Malays, East Indians and Cingalese, with their bronze black skins, make the Chinese and Japanese seem almost like white people. Each wears the costume of his native country in so far as he wears anything, but eight out of every ten persons to be seen consider themselves sufficiently well dressed when they have a yard or two of cheesecloth twisted about their loins. This fashion of dress applies to the workmen of all nationalities, whether Malay, African, Indian, Chinese or other. The Indian of the better class, whether Hindoo or Parsee, dresses as he would at home. The Cingalese wears fine robes and a comb encircling his crown. The Englishman of course has the usual ill fitting clothes and a pith helmet to prevent sunstroke. The tourist, who has taken advice from many sources as to his outfit, helps to make the picture complete.—Denver Post.

Why He Got Married.

A \$900 per annum clerk in one of Uncle Sam's departments at Washington was recently approached by a co-worker who asked if it were true, as rumor had it, that the \$900 person was about to marry.

"It is," was the laconic response.

"Surely, old man," said the other, with that freedom permitted an intimate friend, "you don't think that your present income would justify you in taking a wife."

"To be perfectly frank," said the other, "I do not."

"Then what for earth can be your reason for taking this serious step?"

"I have no reason," was the calm response. "I am in love."—Lippincott's.

Responsive.

There was at least one responsive hearer in the crowded little church in an English village, and it happened this way:

Guests had arrived unexpectedly at the country parsonage on Sunday morning.

The weekly supply of butter had run short, so the hospitable host dispatched old Joe, the handy man, to his neighbor, Mr. Paul, whose dairy always boasted a surplus. The parson proceeded to church with his well prepared sermon on some of the deep sayings of the great apostle and was well under way with it when old Joe, returning empty handed, concluded he would quietly slip in and hear his master preach.

Just as he entered the minister leaned over the pulpit, stretched out his hand with a most impressive interrogation in voice and manner and called out, "And what did Paul say?"

Distinctly sounded through the church old Joe's reply:

"He say, marster, he ain't going to let you have no more butter till you pay for the last you got."

The Tomb of Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan, the Mongol chief, in the thirteenth century proved himself one of the world's greatest warriors. His tomb exists at Edchen Koro and is described in Count de Lesdalin's "From Pekin to Sikkim." "Two small tents, one behind the other and connected by a very low inner door made of wornout felt and admitting through their rents the rain and the wind, are the 'monument' destined to perpetuate the renown of the greatest conqueror the world has known. The ashes of the body of Genghis Khan are deposited in a kind of chest cubic in shape and placed on a wooden support made of small colored pillars adorned with paintings on all its sides except that facing south, which is covered with a finely worked copperplate representing a divinity surrounded by four animals which are not easy to identify. The tomb, in fact, has not always been here, but it is difficult to know exactly where the first descendants of the great emperor laid his remains."

Couldn't Quite Qualify.

"Mebbe you'd like to put a piece about me in yer paper," quavered the old man, hobbling up to the city editor's desk.

"What have you done?" demanded the arbiter of publicity's destiny.

"Nothin' much, but I was a hundred year old yesterday."

"A hundred, eh? But can you walk without a stick and read fine print without glasses?"

"No."

"You are an impostor!"

The old man broke down and confessed that he was only ninety-seven.—Cleveland Leader.

JAPANESE HUSBANDS.

In Rising Sun Country Matrimony Is Built on Equal Rights Plan.

The recent outburst of race antagonism in a Pacific coast city, directed against an American girl for marrying a Japanese, lends interest to the public assertion that "Japanese husbands are the best in the world," made by Mrs. Yakamine, wife of the eminent Japanese chemist and scientist, for many years a resident of New York city. Mrs. Yakamine was Miss Hitch, daughter of one of the old southern families, before she met the doctor and is a staunch defender of international marriages.

"No woman in the world is more protected and better cared for than the wife of a Japanese," she said. "The Japanese husband is considerate, faithful and patient. It is his philosophy, his religion. He is a home loving man, and naturally he is thoughtful of the little attentions to his home and family. Every woman loves these little attentions. Plenty of women prefer kind words and the thought that they are appreciated to diamond rings. If a Japanese sees some little piece of jewelry, ornament or painting he thinks his wife would like he takes it home to her. It is his sort of thing, the fact that he has thought of her during the day, that makes her happy."

"Contrast the American and the Japanese husband under the same circumstances. An American husband comes home from business tired, nervous and hungry. Something has happened to the oven or the cook has allowed the roast to burn. He is likely to become very impatient over the delay or the spoiled dinner. Under similar circumstances does a Japanese husband lose his temper? Indeed, he does not. He says pleasantly, out of consideration for his wife's feelings, 'Well, perhaps there are eggs in the house, and after all, they might be better for us to eat.'"

"If there is anything that will increase rather than diminish this consideration for his wife it is the fact that Japanese women are just beginning to go into business like their American sisters. With this change the men will realize, too, that should they not treat their wives well the women can leave them and earn their own livelihood. So far no such threats, I believe, have been put into practice, but it has been unnecessary, for it is born and bred and trained in the Japanese men as part of their religion to treat their wives with respect and courteous, thoughtful attention."

"In Japan matrimony is built on a sort of equal rights plan. Husband and wife have each his and her duties and his and her particular rights and privileges, and neither would think of encroaching on the other's well defined rights."

Liked the Treatment.

A sister who was engaged upon the roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street who rushed to the aid of the poor man chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and to revive him, began to pour a little down his throat.

"Canny, mon, canny," said a man looking on, "or you'll choke him."

The "unconscious" sister opened his eyes and said quietly, "Pour awa, mon, pour awa; ye're doin' fine."

Storming the Winning Post.

William IV. of England, who was bred to the sea, had no particular predilection for horse racing, but he so far interested himself in the sport as to take up his brother's stud to run out the engagement of George IV. Just previous to the first appearance of the royal stud in his name the trainer sought an interview to know what was the royal pleasure—how many horses the king would send down.

How the trainer must have stared when he heard the sailor king, as if giving a command for a three decker to fire a broadside, order the whole stud, upward of 100 horses, to be let off at one shot for a single race!

"Send down the whole squad!" said the king. "Some of them, I suppose will win."

Drifting Souls.

Ah, there be souls none understand. Like clouds, they cannot touch the land. Drive as they may, by field or town. Then we look wise at this and frown. And we cry, "Fool!" and cry, "Take hold Of earth and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships, they blow and blow. Sail to and fro and then go down In unknown seas that none shall know Without one ripple of renown. Poor, drifting dreamers, sailing by. They seem to only live and die.

Call these not fools! The test of worth Is not the hold they have on earth. Lo, there be gentlest souls sea blown That knock not any harbor known. And oft of this the reason lies: They touch on fairer shores than this. —Joaquin Miller

IN THE NURSERY.

A baby's eyes should be shaded from a strong light, especially from bright sunlight.

Hot cloths applied to the feet and to the stomach will often relieve colic much more quickly than internal doses.

Boil soft linen towels and put them aside for baby's exclusive use. In drying baby after his bath rub him gently to stimulate the skin to healthy action. Dust baby ritly with a good powder.

Violent noises which startle a child should be avoided, and an infant should under no circumstances be tossed in the air or shaken, as this treatment surely develops nervousness.

After washing the baby's mouth give him a drink of boiled water.

The tiny soft brushes so often given as presents to babes are useless, because everything used in the child's mouth should be burned.

A baby should be given pure cold water two or three times a day. Its mouth should be rinsed several times a day with borax water, a teaspoonful to a cup. This will prevent the mouth and gums from becoming sore and keep them sweet and clean.

The Persistent Social Aspirant.

Persistence is ever the hallmark of the woman determined to be recognized socially, and she applies it without stint to the smallest detail of each undertaking, nagging, insisting and pushing until some part is accomplished. So, too, do some women pursue an eligible man, never heeding the thousand and one evidences he gives of indifference, but dodging artfully around each sign of "no intentions" and bobbing up in his path at all turns. It is useless to argue that they do not gain their end and aim, for many times they do. In the long run society yields to the persistence of this type of woman or the man is safely harnessed to her triumphal car.

Charlotte Bonbonniere.

An amusing new bonbonniere is in the shape of a very realistic charlotte russe and about the size of that airy dainty. The top of the charlotte lifts away, disclosing the candy box.

A fun loving hostess bought souvenirs in this form for all the guests at a luncheon. They were filled with goodies and passed by the maid, looking, until closely examined, like a second dessert course. The discovery of their true nature caused much surprise and laughter.

What Money Can't Buy.

Money can't buy everything. There are no admission tickets to a sunset, you wouldn't trade the look in your boy's eyes when he greets you at night for a million dollars of anybody's money, and if you keep a well furnished mind you can go into it any time you like as you would into a child's playground and amuse yourself watching your thoughts play leapfrog with each other.

The Scrap Book

A Thrifty Wife.

A careful, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially to a poor man, but some wives are a little too careful. Lord Eldon's wife was somewhat "near," as they say in England. His lordship was very fond of hunting and he retired to the country for a few weeks toward the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave 50 shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport, ordered Bob to be saddled. Lady Eldon objected, but as company was present gave no reason. In a few moments, however, the servant opened the door and announced that Bob was ready.

"Why, bless me," exclaimed her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon! He has no shoes on."

"Yes, my lady, he was shod this week," said the servant.

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dare any one have him shod without orders? John," she continued, addressing her husband, "you know you rode the pony only a few times last year, so I had the shoes taken off and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

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