

THE EDIFYING SOLDIER.

etch of One of the Great German

The Troedel market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg. Along the north branch of the river is an old, low eaved house with a little dark doorway. When you have got so far you are met by a little old man—a rusty little man who looks as though he were made of metal—who leads you into the great mysterious warehouse of toys.

Round all the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabers, and everywhere the soldiers. How many millions of metal soldiers have marched away from the Troedel market not even the rusty old man could tell you—mighty armies of pewter and tin.

EATING IN PUBLIC.

The Varied Sorrows of the Critical Man Who Dines Out.

What chance has the diner out of being completely happy? The mere actions of eating and drinking are neither pretty nor conducive to showing people at their best. It is really a most unorthodox sight to see a man or a woman eating food. The necessity of being polite at the same time makes it uncomfortable as well. No sooner have you got into conversation with a pleasant woman than she stops all inspiration. She despises you for your politeness and your politeness is out of shape. And who can feel that the evening is really that he would be hoped when he realizes that his shirt front is stained with some relic of the meal?

HE DID SLEEP.

The Result of Taking Peanuts and Milk For Insomnia.

Yesterday a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure, says Good Health Clinic. "Eat a plate of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able this morning to recall the details. First let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement to bed, and I awoke with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the well and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked when the train would reach my station. "We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Duelling as It Was in France in the Time of Richelieu.

The passion for duelling, which had cost France, it was said, between 7,000 and 8,000 lives during the twenty years of Henry IV's reign, was at its height when his son came to the throne. The council of Trent in 1545 had solemnly condemned the practice of single combat, impartially including principals, seconds and spectators in the penalty of excommunication. In 1602 an edict of Henry pronounced the "damnable custom of duelling introduced by the corruption of the century" to be the cause of so many piteous accidents, to the extreme regret and displeasure of the king and the irreparable damage of the state "that we should count ourselves unworthy to hold the scepter if we delayed to repress the enormity of this crime."

JAVA'S ISLAND OF FIRE.

It Is Really a Lake of Boiling, Bubbling Mud and Steam.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdika Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud situated at about the center of the plateau of Grogogan and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference, and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and the again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns of Grogogan there are volcanic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In time past, so the Javanese authorities say, there were tall spiraling columns of baked mud on the west edge of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and steam.

COFFIN WOOD MINE.

The Chinaman Digs For Wood Preserved For Burial Caskets.

There exists no object which the average Chinaman exhibits more regard for than the narrow box which is destined to contain all that is mortal of him. He is never happy until it is in his possession. It occupies a conspicuous position in his house, and the richer he is the more he expends on its acquisition and adornment.

The coffins most esteemed by the Celestials are manufactured from a peculiarly hard wood, possessing quite extraordinary preservative properties and found only in one small district in Tonquin, buried in the earth, no living specimens of the tree now being in existence.

TRADES THAT CURE ILLS.

If You Want to Drive Away Disease, Turn Shepherd.

"Oh workers are never bald," said a druggist. "Visit our old regions of those of Russia. Examine the workmen's hair. It is soft and thick and glossy, for petroleum cures incipient baldness, and if your hair is thinning rub some in. Never mind the smell. It will do you good."

UMBRELLA AND SHOES.

Their Importance in the Eyes of the Indian Native.

India is so vast that different etiquettes prevail in different districts. We have no standard etiquette, no standard dress. We mostly copy European etiquette while with Europeans. Even a Bengalee shakes hands with a Bengalee, speaks in English for a few minutes and then breaks forth into the vernacular. We shake hands with a European on parting, but by mistake again touch the hand to the brow in a salutation, so we like shake hands, salute and do the like, and no sober-minded European ever cared for the anomaly.

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TIPPED AS HE WENT.

His Promise to Pay a Lump Sum Weekly Did Not Bring Results.

"I had heard all about the tipping system in Europe before going abroad," said the young man just returned from his maiden voyage, "so I thought I'd inaugurate a new system. At a fashionable hotel in London the valet assigned to my floor was the subject of my first experiment."

"See here," I said in a frank, jovial manner when he came in to attend me. "I want to make an arrangement with you. It's an infernal nuisance to be handing out tips every few minutes, or, at least, when I want anything done. Now, I propose to lump the whole thing in weekly payments. I expect to be here at least three weeks. You look after me to the best of your ability, and at the end of each week I'll give you more in a lump sum than you would get in tips. Is that satisfactory?"

LAUNCHING A VESSEL.

The Crucial Moment Is When She Takes the Water.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor, is shown by a fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain of the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways. If a boat should get in the water or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel blocks, or if any one of half a dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientist man knows just how long he can wait and just how far the limit of safety extends.

GRIM OLD CROMWELL.

The Protector Made Christmas a Glad and Holy Day.

"Christmas was illegal in Cromwell's time," said an antiquary. "Those grim old Puritans were so gloomy that they would not have any gaiety even on Christmas day."

BRAIN QUALITY.

It Is of Just as Much Importance as the Quantity.

The brain of Daniel Webster weighed fifty-six or fifty-seven ounces, that of Napoleon Bonaparte about the same. This is about three pounds and a half. These were exceeded by the brain of Cuvier, the great French naturalist, which weighed between fifty-nine and sixty ounces, and that of the French brigadier, Dupuytren, which weighed fifty-eight ounces. The average weight of the brain of a man is about fifty ounces and of a woman forty-five ounces. The maximum weight of the healthy adult brain is about sixty-four ounces and the minimum thirty-one ounces. Men of great intellectual power have generally larger brains. They possessed large brains. The quality of the brain is, however, quite as important as the quantity, so that a large brain does not of necessity constitute a great man. The size of the brain is not in proportion to the physical development of the body, either in animals or in man. The horse has a brain less in weight than the smallest adult human brain; that of a whale seventy-five feet long was found to weigh not quite twice as much as that of a man. Even in men there is no fixed relation between the size of the body and that of the brain. A small man may have a large brain and a big man a small brain.

A POINTER FOR TOURISTS.

Put Your Prayer Book on Top of the Things in Your Trunk.

"If you ever go to Bermuda I can tell you how to make time at the custom house," said a returning Washingtonian. "I reached Bermuda early in the morning. I made up my luggage rather hastily before leaving the ship. 'Just as I was ready to close my suit case I noticed that I had left my prayer book on the lounge. I pitched it in rather unceremoniously, strapped down the case and hurried ashore. 'You don't have to wait to declare as you do when coming into the port of New York. As I stepped into the office of the Johny Bull official I unstrapped my case and opened it up. The official talked at me as if I had been a telephone. 'Hello!' he said the first thing. 'What's this?' he asked, picking up my prayer book. 'Prayer book, eh? All right. Shut up your case.' 'Want to look at anything else?' I asked. 'No. You're all right, my friend. Any man who will put his prayer book on top of his trunk isn't likely to bust the government. I'll take that for your declaration.' 'I threw him half a dozen cheers. That's where I made my mistake. 'Got any more like those in that case?' asked the official. 'I said I hadn't, but do you know he wouldn't believe me, and I had to open up the case again, and he went through it as if he thought I was a sniggerer. 'Wasn't that a post?'

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WAGER OF BATTLE.

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The first duels were fought in Italy, according to Millington, who speaks of a manuscript discovered at Castel and describing a duel between a father and a son in the reign of the Emperor Theodorius. When Charlemagne forbade wagers of battle among the Lombards he encountered the fiercest opposition from the nobles. Early in the ninth century De Medicis, a knight, defeated in single combat the bandit Muzel, who devastated the Florentine district now called after him, Mugello. Otto II, granted the prayer of the nobility for the re-establishment of wagers of battle in 988. Women and priests were not compelled to accept it. The Sicilians showed less gallantry. With a woman had to accept, nor could she name a champion. Her male opponent, however, was armed to his waist in the earth. Armed with a club, he tried to strike her as she circled around him, his weapon being a ball of iron at the end of a cord. If he failed to touch her at the third attempt he was vanquished, which meant to him death with dishonor. Boccaccio says that the reason so many duels were fought in Italy in the early days is that where the law does not afford protection one must look to single combat to retain the respect of one's fellow men. In the middle ages the ferocity of Italian duels passes belief. "Any way of putting an enemy to death (corri uocis) is good enough," says one of their writers. "When an Italian spares his vanquished adversary," says Biontano, "he maims his arms and legs and gives him as a memento of his kindness and generosity a hideous cross across the face." Lampugnani, a Frenchman, captured a painted model of Gualtero Sperto before he started his hideous cross, called "la crozza" and "la crozza" from his name.

CRACK NUT SUNDAY.

The Scheme to Blow Up Napoleon III. With Gompers.

An interesting story is that of a frustrated plot against Napoleon III, which has never got into the history books, but which is one of the favorite stories of M. Victorien Sardou.

In 1869, when the frontage of the Theatre Francaise was rebuilt after the disastrous fire in which one of the most charming actresses of the Maison de Moliere lost her life, several shops disappeared, among them being that of the famous Restaurant Chevet. It was not properly speaking a restaurant, Chevet used to sell liquors, groceries, smoked meats, etc., and in a couple of low-ceilinged rooms on the first floor he would serve a meal or two to connoisseurs. One day in 1865 or 1866 two young men of fashion, Russians both of them, came in and called for dinner in one of the rooms which were above the shop. They asked for caviare, but when they got it they protested loudly that the caviare was of inferior quality and called for the owner of the shop. He came, apologized and was always in the room, but he did not bring their own caviare. They came again and brought it in a little white wooden barrel, and when they left they had it put on one side for them. From time to time the two young Russians came and dined in the room, and invariably in the same room and always began their dinner with their own caviare. One day they finished the barrel, and a few days later, in the afternoon, one of them brought another one. "Put it in the little cupboard in the cellar," he said, "and be sure to tell the waiter, 'and do not let anybody touch it until we come to dine.' The waiter took it, but on his way upstairs something peculiar struck him. 'Look at this barrel,' he said to the restaurant keeper. 'There is something queer about it.' 'That is no business of ours,' said the master of the establishment, 'and I am not going to look at it, anyhow. What will our customers say if they find we have opened it?' 'Oh,' said the waiter, 'we can open it and close it again, and they will never know. It is certainly different from the last barrel. It is heavier, to begin with.' His insistence prevailed, and the barrel was opened. The restaurant keeper and the waiter started back in fright. There was no caviare, but gunpowder in that little barrel, which was an infernal machine. The little dining room was exactly underneath the imperial box, and there is little doubt that the emperor's next visit to the Comedie Francaise would have been his last had not the caviare plot been discovered. The plotters never were caught, although the secret of the plot was carefully guarded and traps were laid for them in Chevet's restaurant for several days.—St. James' Gazette.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

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FAMOUS ARCHERS.