

A GREAT GOLD SCARE

When the Yellow Metal Was First Found in Australia.

AFRAID OF THE CONVICTS.

The English Government Tried to and Did For a Time Suppress the News Because It Feared a General Uprising in the Colony of Criminals.

Gold in Australia was discovered— one might almost be pardoned for saying first discovered—many times. But the news of the earliest discoveries was jealously kept from spreading. The secret of this reticence lay in the presence of the army of convicts which then composed the balance of the population. Had a gold panic broken out it was feared that a general uprising of the prisoners would take place.

Nevertheless the first gold found in Australia was by convicts, in 1814, near Bathurst, New South Wales. The discoverers gathered together a quantity quite sufficient to lead them to believe that they had found a gold mine, but when they reported what they considered their good fortune to the keeper of the mine, instead of undertaking to recommend them for pardon or easing their hard labors in any way, threatened to give them all a sound flogging if they ventured again to say a word about the matter or to spend any more time picking up gold. The next find was made on the Fish river in 1823, not far from the spot where the convicts had come across it nine years before. This news, being reported to the authorities, was also ordered suppressed. Within the course of the next two years finds were so frequent that the London government began to take great interest in the affair. But the fact that another region of the yellow metal might be at the disposal of such as might seek was kept rigidly secret until in 1825 a dramatic incident precluded all possibility of further secrecy.

A convict was discovered with a nugget of gold in his possession. When asked how he had come by the metal, he said that he had picked it up in the bush. He was cautioned and told that the authorities had no doubt that he had stolen the gold, but the prisoner stoutly held to his original tale. At length he was taken out and severely flogged in public as a thief. There is now no doubt that the man told the truth. After this, although the public was every now and then lured up to great expectations by some reported find, no further veins were discovered until 1830, when a Russian nobleman found a rich deposit in the Blue mountains. The British government again became fearful of the consequence of such news upon a colony of convicts and ordered the matter suppressed. Yet sufficient people had heard of it to keep the story alive and give credence to such rumors as arose from time to time. So matters drifted on. Time and time again bushmen, shepherds, convicts and surveyors picked up small nuggets and brought them to the centers of population, but at that day people were nothing like so keen on gold mining as they subsequently became, and the subject of gold in Australia was not pursued as one would expect it to be.

The discovery of gold in California changed all that. These rich fields, panning out their golden store and filling the coffers of lucky individuals and governments at a rate never dreamed of, awakened a thirst for prospecting all the world over. In every part of the earth men went out with pick and pan, hoping to come across the precious metal.

When the news of California's fortune reached Australia, many took ship to America's shores, and among these was Hammond Hargreaves, an Englishman, native of Gosport, who had emigrated to New South Wales in 1832. In Australia he engaged in farming without much profit and was among the first to rush for California. On reaching the auriferous region the first thing that struck him was the similarity of the geological formation in California and Bathurst, Australia, and there and then he made up his mind to inquire into the subject should he ever return to Australia. He worked for something like a couple of years in California and then set sail for New South Wales. Remembering, he of course carried in his mind the thought that perhaps there might be gold in Bathurst, and when he landed he set to work to make a thorough search. Before this, however, he had made the acquaintance of William and James Toms and J. H. O. Lister, who were anxious to prospect for gold. Hargreaves taught them how to use pick and pan, the dish and the cradle—in fact, gave them a practical if rough education into the mysteries of gold and gold bearing rocks and gravel. These men struck out, and in April, 1851, the three pupils returned to their old master, and, lo, in their pockets they carried gold to the amount of four ounces! Hargreaves, knowing the ropes, took this gold and find directions to the proper quarter. The news went forth, the rush began, rich finds were made, and Hargreaves was hailed as the discoverer of gold in Australia. In reality he had won the title, for it was his knowledge that first educated the Tomses and Lister, and it was his knowledge again that sent them in the right direction.

Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that we do only what we are strictly obliged to and are seldom much praised for it.—La Bruyere.

Names That Don't Name.
Many chemical names convey no exact idea of the things they stand for. Oil of vitriol is no oil. Nitro is oils of turpentine and kerosene. Copperas is an iron compound and contains no copper. Salts of lemon is the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Carbolic acid is not an acid, but an alcohol. Cobalt contains none of that metal, but arsenic. Soda water has no trace of soda, and sugar of lead has no sugar. Cream of tartar has nothing of cream nor milk of lime any milk. German silver has no silver and black lead no lead.—New York Press.

CLIMBING AN ICE SLOPE.

Vain and Perilous Effort to Scale Mount McKinley.

The long trail to the north brings out the best in men and the worst, declares Mr. Robert Dunn in "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." As a member of a party which made a vain attempt to reach the top of Mount McKinley he tells something of the hardships of one day's travel:

Furtively, imperceptibly, the steepness had stolen a march on us. As one line of footholds gave out we had to slide dexterously to another. The steeper slope was swept clear and hard. Steps had to be cut.

We have only three ice axes. As a never gave them a thought this morning, all of them were gobbled up when we started, and I was left with only one long willow tent pole. It was never meant to balance you in half cut steps that may or may not hold your toe.

As the steps changed from a stairway to a step ladder the other three betrayed no excitement, no uneasiness. Neither did I at first, but I felt both. It was not dizziness, not vertigo, but simply that as I looked down the sheer 2,000 feet from where we clung by our toes I would feel, how long it would last, what the climax in sensation would be, were I to fall.

As hour succeeded hour I lived each minute only to make the false step. Courage is only a matter of self control anyway.

Climbing the highest mountain on the continent with a tent pole! Sometimes I boiled in those dizzy, anxious places that I had put myself in such a position with such men. Yet I must reap my own sowing. Once I asked if it wasn't customary to rope on such steep slopes, but no one but Fred answered, and he said: "Y' ain't goin' to catch me tied up to anybody. A man don't want to take chances with any one but himself, hauls' him down from these places."

One requisite of explorers besides aversion to soap and water is insensitiveness. They can't see; they can't feel. They couldn't do these stunts if they did.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

It Is the Most Marvelous Machine in the World.

The human brain is the most marvelous machine in the world. It occupies less space in proportion to its capabilities than any machine it ever invented. It sends a special nerve to every ultimate fiber of some 500 muscles, to many thousand branching twigs of arteries, to every pinhead area of the numerous glands which keep the machine properly oiled, heated or cooled, to some sixteen square feet of skin, which is the outpost guard of its castle, with such completeness that the point of a pin cannot find an area unguarded. It possesses special quarters for the reception and translation of a constant stream of vibrations that are the product of all things movable or still in the outer world. On the retina of every open eye is a picture of the outer view, a focused imprint of every ray of light and color, and in the visual chamber of the mental palace stands a vibrance, a magic lantern that receives the retinal picture in its billion speeding series of light waves and throws them upon its mental screen as a living moving picture of light and shade and color. In the chamber of sound is a vibraphone, over whose active wires passes every wave of sound from the dripping of the dew to the orchestral fortissimo, from the raucous screech of the locomotive to the sighing of the wind through the meadow grass. In the chambers set apart for scent and taste and touch are the secret service guards to report upon the air and food which give sustenance to the palace and upon the solid qualities of the tactile world. And, wonder of all wonders, this complex human brain can think in all languages or in no language and even conceive its own physical mortality.—Edward A. Ayres in Harper's Magazine.

A SMART ENGLISHMAN.

The Story He Told of His Experiences in the States.

A tall, practical Englishman went over to the States the other day from London. He took lodgings at a inn in a small village, which shall be nameless. He had dinner, and among those who sat at the table with him was the waiting maid, whom he designated as "servant," but he received an indignant correction from the landlady.

"We call our servants, sir, 'helps.' They are not oppressed; they are not Russian serfs."

"All right," said the Britisher; "I shall remember."

And he did, for in the morning he awoke the whole house by calling out at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag:

"Help, help! Water, water!"

In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water.

"I am much obliged to you, I assure you," he said, "but I don't want so much water, you know. I only want enough to shave with."

"Shave with?" said the landlady, "what did you mean by calling 'Help, water?' We thought the house was on fire!"

"You told me to call the servant 'help,' and I did. Did you think I would cry 'Water' when I meant fire?" The explanation, it would seem, was satisfactory, and he can call the servants "servants" as much as he likes at that place now.—London Answers.

Have You Knee Jerk?
"Exaggerated knee jerk" is a disease to which every electric car passenger renders himself liable, according to medical testimony in the First district court of Newark, N. J., the other day. The testimony was given by Dr. Douglas A. Cates of East Orange in the trial of the suit of Albert Marsh against the Public Service Corporation for injuries he alleges he suffered from one of the cars of that concern.

Serious Canadian Problem.
A serious problem for the people of Canada to solve is the fuel supply of the future. No coal of any kind has ever been discovered in Ontario. In the older part of the province the timber is practically exhausted.

CARLOTTA AND NAPOLEON.

How the Crazy Empress' Curse Came to a Fulfillment.

General Henrique d'Almonte was from 1863 to 1866 the ambassador of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico to the court of Napoleon III. The most interesting and most pathetic episode to which D'Almonte was a witness and which is vividly described in his memoirs is the meeting between the scheming French emperor and Maximilian's wife, the beautiful and ambitious Carlotta, who shortly before the catastrophe at Queretaro had come to Paris to invoke Napoleon's aid for the tottering throne of her husband. But Napoleon III, who for his own perfidious purposes had by promises and allurements induced Maximilian, then archduke of Austria, to accept the "restored" throne of Montezuma, faithlessly abandoned the unfortunate prince to his cruel fate as soon as he realized his schemes to be impracticable.

Even at her arrival in Paris Carlotta's mind was already in such a high state of irritation that it was deemed advisable to have General d'Almonte at her side during the meeting with Napoleon, which took place in the empress' apartments at the Grand Hotel de Paris.

What lends special interest to that interview is the fact that the empress, crazed by desperation and fear for her husband's safety and by Napoleon's unsympathetic attitude, hurled a curse at the latter which in time was indeed fulfilled to the letter.

"The empress," says General d'Almonte, "plended, partly on her knees and in the most beseeching terms, with the stony Frenchman to no avail. Then it was that I witnessed the most harrowing and dramatic scene of my life. Frantic with grief and excitement, the empress, with drawn mouth and flashing eyes, sprang to her feet, extending both her hands toward the retreating emperor.

"Leave me," she yelled in a voice which cut through me like a sword—'leave me, but go laden with my curse—the same curse that God hurled at the first murderer. May your own house and throne perish amid flames and blood, and when you are humbled in the dust, powerless and disgraced, then shall the angel of revenge trumpet into your ears the names of Maximilian and Carlotta!"

At Sedan and by the revolution in Paris Sept. 4, 1870, the unhappy Carlotta's curse was fulfilled to the letter.—Captain Charles Kiener in Los Angeles Times.

STRENGTH OF RINGS.

Some elaborate calculations, backed by experiments, have been made in England to determine the breaking strength of rings. It appears that a ring of ductile metal, like malleable iron, will be pulled out into the form of a long link before it breaks and that the ultimate strength of the ring is virtually independent of its diameter. Fracture finally occurs as the result of almost pure tension, and the resistance to breaking is a little less than twice that of a rod of the same cross section subjected to a straight pull. As the ring increases in diameter there appears to be a slight approach toward equality, with double the strength of a bar. Thus a three inch ring, made of three-quarter inch iron, broke at nineteen and one-half tons, a four inch ring at nineteen and nine-tenths tons and a six inch ring at twenty tons, the strength of a bar of the same metal being ten and one-half tons.

CURING A TOOTHACHE.

Remedy of a Cowboy That Proved Remarkably Effective.

One of the cleverest old customers we ever knew was Judge Booth, who lived on the Bell ranch along the Red river in the northeastern part of New Mexico. One morning out on his range the judge rolled out of his blankets with a jumping toothache, and, although he exhausted all the remedies in camp, nothing had any effect.

It was forty miles to the nearest town, with the chances against finding a dentist there, and it was finally decided to appeal to one of the Texas cowboys riding herd five miles away. He came over in response to the message, and after taking a look at the tooth, which was a double one on the upper jaw, he said, "Judge, I can shoot that tooth out as slick as grease if you don't mind the scar it will leave on your cheek."

"Shoot it out?" shouted the judge at the top of his voice. "Why, man, you must be crazy!"

"Waal, then, mebbe I kin pick in 'buff powder to blow it out."

"Blow it out? Never!"

"Might possibly hammer it out with a piece of iron," said the cowboy.

"And you might go to Patagonia and beyond!" exclaimed the indignant sufferer.

"Yes, that's generally the way with folks. I'm only tellin' you how we do it out here, but if you don't want the tooth out of course you'll have to stand the pain."

The cowboy started back to the day herd, but after a gallop of half a mile he returned to beckon the other boys aside and say: "The judge seems to be a purty squar' sort of a man, though a leetle techy, and I'm sorry for him. Kin he sit on a horse?"

"Some of the time."

"Kin he shoot?"

"Only now and then."

"Then I think I can cure that toothache."

He spent five minutes unfolding the plot and then went over to the sufferer and said, "Judge, I've come back to say that ye are a booby and a coward!"

"What?" yelled the judge as he sprang up from his seat before the campfire.

"A booby, a coward and a squaw, judge, and likewise a darned old liar!" The judge jumped for him, but the cowboy ran for his horse. There was another near at hand, with two guns in the holsters of the saddle, and the judge sprang aboard and gave chase. Half a mile out on the prairie the two men began to shoot at each other, and it was not until the judge had fired his twelfth bullet that the kind hearted cowboy rode away and left his enemy to ride into camp and declare, "Well, by thunder, if that infernal toothache hasn't stopped so dead still that I feel just like singing!"—Denver Field and Farm.

WE SHORTEN OUR LIVES.

Human Beings Should Live at Least a Hundred Years.

Every man who dies before he is a hundred years old does so because he has neglected the laws of health. I believe the time will come when men will commonly live to be 150 years old. But to do this they must be born right and be taught matters of health with their A B C's.

A majority of the people of America live about thirty years of life through not understanding or not following the demand of nature for regular and adequate exercise. Our systems of civilization have worked a vast improvement in production by training men to special lines of work. Thus they become wonderfully proficient. To see a man rattling up long columns of reading matter on a linotype machine is inspiring, to hear a lawyer clearly and incisively summing up a case fills one with admiration, to read a strong, forceful editorial affords pleasure to the thoughts so well expressed, to watch the violinist and listen to the sweet melodies he draws from the strings warts our souls to higher realms, yet the acquirement of each and all these abilities has robbed the trained or talented performers of something else. The linotype is wearing out his nerves in setting type at such a rapid pace; the oratory of the lawyer has been acquired at the expense of a dyspeptic stomach; the man who wins us with his facile laborer shoveling strength of the sturdy laborer would fain have the appetite of the performer on the big horn in the little street band.

In thus specializing each is apt to neglect the routine work for all the muscles that nature demands to keep up the physique. Had each of these performers or geniuses done his stint of work on a farm, raising the food he consumed, he would have been less skilled in his vocation, but possessed of vastly better health. And all would live out not only their full seventy, but a round hundred or more of years.

—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

The Average American Knows Very Little About Washington.

Born Feb. 22, 1732; died Dec. 14, 1799; fought Indians; time and place a little vague. Was he not with Braddock? Married a widow named Martha; was commander all through our Revolution; was our first president and had two terms; wrote a farewell address; knew Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson; crossed the Delaware at Trenton just before Christmas and surprised the Hessians; beat Cornwallis at Yorktown and was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

These are all public facts. What does the reader know of Washington the man? More than likely it will be as follows:

Cut down a cherry tree with a hatchet; owned up to having done so, saying, "Father, I cannot tell a lie"; threw a stone very far across some river; climbed up the side of the Natural Bridge and cut his initials; worked hard at school; was steady; was very good all the time, and every body looked up to him; of course very brave, of course very wise and a great patriot; was one of the greatest men in all history; was tall, strong; wore those knee breeches of colonial days and a wig; looked stern; would probably lecture you and tell you to be virtuous and you would be happy. Such, if I mistake not, is the reader's vision of Washington as a man—cold, austere, unemotional, without passions, grand, not merely greater than human, simply not human at all—a sort of marble statue. A figure to prize, to be proud of as an American, a figure to revere, but not a character to love, to be drawn to, to feel any kinship with—in a word, immortal, yet not living.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Preservation of Cacti.
It is well known how carefully, apparently at least, the Hindus are to preserve their caste from contamination with anything of a lower order. In towns where Hindus and Mussulmans, followers of Mohammed, live side by side the sellers of drinking water supply the liquid through little portheoles, one for each religion. The drinker is thus supposed to be ignorant of the caste of the man who supplies the water and his own caste is consequently unbroken.

TENT CITY FOR QUEBEC FETE.
Railroad Plans One to House Guests at Tercentenary Celebration.

Owing to the demands for hotel accommodation at the tercentenary celebration ceremonies at Quebec, which begin July 22, the Canadian Pacific railroad is considering the scheme of erecting a tent city on the heights overlooking the harbor to accommodate a thousand persons.

Quebec has few hotels of importance except the Chateau Frontenac, all the rooms in which have been taken since the beginning of the year.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet company and the Quebec Steamship line will run steamers from New York to Quebec in the celebration week, and the passengers will be allowed to sleep and eat on board while in port.

The Prince of Wales will attend the tercentenary celebration and dedicate the monument on the Plains of Abraham to Wolfe and Montcalm and the men who fought under them for possession of what is now the Dominion of Canada.

Huge Russian Waterway.
Russia is contemplating the construction of a huge new waterway across Siberia, nearly parallel with the course of the Transsiberian railway. It is proposed to connect five great Siberian rivers—the Tobol, Ishim, Irtysh, Ob and Yenisei—and other less important streams by canals or light railways, and with a view of this the Russian government has ordered extensive surveys to be taken.

Novel Use For "Merry Widow" Hats.
"Merry Widow" hats are being made to do duty as umbrellas by several Altona (Pa.) girls. During the recent rainy weather the girls appeared on the streets in raincoats and the wide rimmed headgear. The latter was covered with a thin cravenette material.

COFFEE AS A WEDDING GIFT.

A Custom Which is General in Coffee Growing Countries.

"We have a custom in the coffee raising countries," said a high Brazilian official, "which is unknown in other parts of the world. When a child is born in the coffee country a sack of the best grain is set aside as part of the inheritance to be received on attaining its majority. Usually the sack is the gift from some close friend or relative, and it is regarded as sacred as if it were a gift of gold or bonds. No stress would induce a Brazilian parent to use coffee which was made the birth gift of a child. As a rule, it is sealed with the private seal of the owner and bears a card giving all particulars about the variety of grain, its age on being sacked and the birth of the child to whom it is given and other details, which are very interesting when the gift is due.

Generally the coffee is opened for the first time when the child marries. The coffee for the reception or marriage feast is made from the legacy, and, according to precedent, this must be the first time the sack is opened. After the coffee is made for the wedding feast the sack is carefully closed and sent to the new home of the young people and should keep them in this staple for a year at least. When both bride and bridegroom have the birth gift of coffee they have started life under very hopeful conditions, so far as one necessity is concerned. Few people know that the older the unparched grain of coffee is the better the flavor. Like wine, it grows with age, and that which is over twenty years mellowing under proper conditions will bring from \$1.50 to \$3 a pound from connoisseurs. The giving of pounds of green coffee is a common practice in the coffee belt. Friends exchange these gifts and compare results. When one cannot afford to give a sack of coffee, it frequently is the case that ten pounds of the best green grain are packed in a fancy case and bestowed on a newly born child, with directions that it must not be opened until the wedding day."

Pounds and Weights.
Here is a question that will tax the arithmetical powers of a youth. Suppose that for some reason or another a shopkeeper who sold goods by pounds and half pounds, but never in quantities exceeding twenty pounds at a time, was told that he must transact all this business with four weights only, what must these four weights be? The answer is half pound, one and a half pound, four and a half pound and thirteen and a half pound. With these it will be readily seen that any weight from half a pound to twenty pounds may be determined in pounds and half pounds.—Gateway Magazine.

PLEASANT ANTICIPATION.

The Rev. Dr. C. M. Lamson, once president of the American board of foreign missions, was called as a pastor over a parish and was undergoing examination before a council when the question was asked him, "Do you believe in a hell?"

The retiring clergyman of the parish sat beside him and, giving him a nudge, said: "Tell them yes. If you don't now you will before you have been here six months."—Argonaut.

JUST THE OTHER WAY.

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check. Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.—Baltimore American.

WIFE IN HORSE'S PLACE.

Drags a Junk Wagon Around, With Husband Driving.

Harnessed between the shafts of a wagon heavily laden with old iron, bottles and rags, Mrs. Frank Muleski, fifty-five years old, wife of an Evanston (Ill.) junk dealer, has taken up the task left off by the family horse at its death a few weeks ago, says a Chicago dispatch. Supplied with specially fitted harness, she has made it possible for her husband to continue in business.

Daily she draws the wagon through the streets of Evanston and Wilmette, responding with alacrity to her husband's cries of "Whoa" and "Giddyap."

Muleski kept to the outskirts of the town at first with his novel "steed." As long as Mrs. Muleski is willing to perform the task the humane society cannot interfere, it is said, and there is no other agency which would be empowered to act. At times Muleski stops to consult with his wife concerning purchasers and routes to be taken. In addition, she is watchful for chance customers, pointing them out when her husband fails to notice them. This is an advantage he did not enjoy when his horse was alive.

HONEYMOON IN RACING CAR.

Auto That Won Briarcliff Race to Figure in Tyson's Romance.

The Isotta Fraschini automobile, which won the Briarcliff race a few weeks ago, is to be the honeymoon home of its owner, John H. Tyson, Jr., and his bride to be, Miss Grace Starr.

Mr. Tyson, who is just twenty-two years old, took out a marriage license at the Greenwich (Conn.) town hall the other day, and the wedding will take place on May 23. The ceremony will be performed at the Tyson home, in Riverside. After the honeymoon the couple will start on a bridal tour of the United States by automobile. They will take the Isotta car and two others.

Miss Grace Ethel Starr is the daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Alfred H. Starr of the Riverside Yacht club. She is just twenty years old.

On the return from their honeymoon the couple will live in a magnificent residence which Mrs. George Tyson is having built as a wedding present.

When Lovers Quarrel.
Reginald staggered down the street, black of eye, bruised of face and bearing other marks that made him look decidedly unhappy.

He was met by his uncle, who stared at him in amazement.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" exclaimed this worthy.

"Nothing serious," replied the young man, with a faint, faraway smile. "Merely the effects of a lovers' quarrel."

"Great Scott, man!" exclaimed the astonished uncle, "you don't mean to say that your girl basted you like that?"

"Oh, no," was the mournful response; "her other fellow did!"

Imposing.
"The Swelltons seem to keep up an imposing establishment," remarked the canned goods drummer.

"You bet they do," replied the groceryman, with a sigh long drawn out, "and I'm one of the fellows they impose on."—Chicago News.

THE BLUE JAY.

Why Should He Be Selected as Sand Eater to Satan?

It is said and believed by many that all the blue jays disappear every Friday, and not one can be seen until the next day, and this disappearance is accounted for by the statement that the birds are under a compact with Satan and that they devote each Friday to delivering him a supply of sand to heat his caldron at the point of torture.

But why should the blue jay be selected as sand bearer to Satan when there are so many birds of stronger and flecter wing? There are many superstitions that have a reasoning basis, but this particular one has nothing whatever to go on.

The origin of it lies in the fact that the blue jay is a most particular house builder. He knows how to build his house, and he takes a great pride in it. He doesn't hang his nest to a limb nor glue it to a tree.

Instead he selects a substantial fork or crotch of a limb, lays down a few twigs of goodly size and strength, and on these he superimposes a strong foundation of clay, with layers of papers between, and when his nest is finished it is as substantial in proportion as one of our modern steel structures.

Thus fitted and finished, it is admirably adapted to the rearing of a strong and healthy brood, and the blue jay goes about his business with the earnest energy that characterizes all his movements.

He raises his young and leads them about from tree to tree and from bush to bush until they have tried and found their wings, and then his responsibilities being over, he proceeds with his career of gaiety, a veritable practitioner of rough fun and stage humor.—Uncle Remus Magazine.

WORD PAINTING.

Mrs. Bradley, who questioned by a fellow traveler in the Pullman car in regard to her home, launched forth into a rather long and detailed description of its charms. Her little girl, Grace, who had been reading when she began to speak, soon closed her book and listened with great interest.

"It must be very pleasant," remarked the chance acquaintance, somewhat perfunctorily, when Mrs. Bradley finished, and Grace, her eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, said: "Oh, it must be perfectly lovely! What place is it, mamma?"

"Why, our own home, of course," answered the mother, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, dear," said Grace, sighing, "how much better it sounds than it looks!"—Youth's Companion.

VACCINATED THE RIFLES.

Orders that were issued by the German West African officials some years ago that all firearms in the hands of natives should be stamped and registered aroused much discontent. Lieutenant Eggers, in Damaraland, however, got along with the rifles without having inoculated them with the Damaras saw, with good results. He therefore announced that he was ready to vaccinate their rifles so as to insure their shooting straight and doing no hurt to their owners, and the Damaras crowded to him to get their guns stamped.

IT'S SOMETIMES LIKE THAT.

They were rehearsing for the amateur theatricals.

"You mean to say," cried the heroine, clearing her throat, "that the people in the back of the house can't hear us speak our lines?"

"The professional trainer held up his hand with a soothing gesture.

"Yes, but don't let that worry you," he said. "They can hear the prompter, so they won't lose touch with the play."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ABSENTMINDED.

Sir John Burden Sanderson was notoriously absentminded. Of the cycle of anecdotes that gathered around him much was fabricated. The story of his boiling the water while holding an egg in his hand, often related also of New York, is in La Bruyere's "Characters."

But there seems to be some foundation for the suspicion that in his laboratory he once lunched on a frog and was afterward found deeply contemplating a sandwich.

PEN AND INK PIRATES.

Literary Theft Is Not Stealing; It Is Called Genius.

All authors steal. The capacity for stealing with art and elegance is one of the most potent equipments of the literary man.

Shakespeare was a magnificent thief. He stole whatever he could lay his hands on in a literary way and never marred in the stealing. He stole "Measure For Measure" from a play called "Promos and Cassandra." He stole "Hamlet" from a play by George Kyd. "Romeo and Juliet" he stole from Italy.

Sir Walter Scott stole with a sublime talent. He stole from antiquarian records. He stole from Goethe. He stole from Sheridan.

Charles Reade claimed the right of the literary artist to set jewels, even though the gems are the property of another.

Alexandre Dumas, the author of "The Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo," was one of the most remarkable filchers in literature. In one single year his name was attached to no fewer than forty different books. Not only did he steal unblushingly from every author who came handy, but he employed numerous literary ghosts and passed off their work as his own.

Brought to book, he had a ready reply. "The man of genius does not steal," he said; "he only conquers."

Alexander Pope, who made thousands of pounds by his poetic translation of Homer's "Iliad," was an indigent Greek scholar. In addition to stealing from previous translators, he employed others to help and then claimed the whole work as his own.

When he translated "The Odyssey" he kept the public in ignorance that only twelve books could be called his and that the rest were the work of men whom he paid badly.