

MUSIC WITH MEALS.

One Respect in Which Oklahoma Hotel Keepers Are Up to Date.
The hotels of Oklahoma up to last fall were few and far between. Having tried several with little satisfaction, a party of hungry "tenderloins" was directed by a commercial traveler to a little place on a corner. The commercial man said it did not look inviting, but it was clean. That was an inducement the party had not heard of in that section, and it turned in for supper. The dining room was one in which the family lived. A folding bed stood in one corner. An old time bureau was opposite. A box stove was in the way, and about it were several old fashioned rockers. A few family pictures hung from the wall, with the old motto, invoking the blessing of the powers celestial on the household. The party asked for supper and was told to be seated until the meal was prepared. Two girls, delicate and with much weariness in their faces, spread the table. When the meal was brought on, they simply said, "Supper is ready" and disappeared.

The party gathered about the meal, and it was agreeably disappointing. While it was being devoured—that is the best word to use, even at this distance from the table—the two girls came into the room, accompanied by their mother, a woman whose hair was white and whose face was a study. There must have been a time when she was beautiful. They came in as if they had been billed for the occasion. They went to one corner of the room, and then the party discovered that there was one of those old time melodians in an out of the way place. The mother took her place at the keys, and as the mournful melodies responded to her touch the daughters sang, "Nearer My God to Thee," "Nellie Gray," and then "Lorena."
Think of "Lorena" on a melodeon in Oklahoma! The party having finished supper, one of them paid the bill, and then the music ceased. It was a question which no one of that party was ever able to agree upon, or they had not up to last accounts. Was the music of that night for the purpose of entertainment or to forestall the possibility of duplicating any of the orders?—Chicago Tribune.

Friendships of Snakes.

There is a certain coolness almost to be called a positive want of cordiality between snakes and human beings. More, the snake is never a social favorite among the animals called lower. No body makes an intimate friend of a snake. Popular natural history books are filled and running over with anecdotes of varying elegance and mendacity, setting forth extraordinary affection and co-operation between a cat and a mouse, a horse and a hen, a pig and a cockroach, a camel and a lobster, a cow and a wheelbarrow and so on, but there is never a snake in one of these quaint alliances. Snakes do not do that sort of thing, and the anecdote designer's imagination has not yet risen to the feat of compelling them, although the stimulus of competition may soon cause it.

The case most nearly approaching one of friendship between man and snake known to me is the case of Tyrrell, the zoo snakekeeper, and his "laidly worms." But then the friendship is mostly on Tyrrell's side, and, moreover, Tyrrell is rather more than human, as any one will admit who sees him hang his box strikers around his neck. Of course one often hears of boys making pets of common English snakes, but a boy is not a human creature at all. He is a kind of happy.—Arthur Morrison in Strand Magazine.

Exasperating Days.

Aren't there some times in your life when everything seems to go wrong no matter how hard you try to have them go right? Those are the trying days when you want to blame all the trouble on the way you got out of bed in the morning or on other people instead of looking the matter squarely in the face and saying, "It's one of my exasperating days, and if I can only keep my temper until night comes tomorrow will be different."
The trouble is when we feel ruffled ourselves we somehow impart the feeling to others, and nine times out of ten we either get into a quarrel or do some ugly, horrid little thing that we would not think of on other occasions. If you can, on these hateful days, manage to think twice before you speak once it will save a lot of worry on the morrow. In fact, that is a good rule to go by at all times, for of all the unruly, mischief making members the tongue is the most prominent.—Philadelphia Times.

Costly Gown, Poor Minister.

A sweet damsel of Baltimore is about to be married to a minister. She confided to the Other One that her wedding dress was "a dream"—satin at \$7 a yard and \$500 worth of duchess lace. "Only fancy," observed the Other One reflectively to me, "only fancy that gown—of course I mean a girl wearing such a gown—married to an everyday common preacher. Of course it isn't as if he were a bishop or anything like that, but an unheard of person living in an unfashionable part of the city. Really, it is very inharmonious." "Then why are you going to the wedding?" "Why? Because I am a student of human nature, and such odd cases are an interesting study."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Not "For Better or Worse?"

It is a Kentucky woman's idea that the coat of arms of her state ought to be changed. In place of the two men's figures with clasped hands and underneath them the legend, "United, we stand; divided, we fall," she thinks there should be the figures of a man and a woman with clasped hands, the same motto beneath.—Rochester Times.

How Times Have Changed.

"Oh, for some new colored name by which to call him! Oh, for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Violet until she married him. Now she is content to call him Old Beeswax.—Exchange.

Testing Iron Castings.
"Have you ever noticed," said a St. Louisian yesterday, "those massive iron pillars now standing erect in the basement of the new Planter's House? Well, did you ever stop to think of the immense weight they will be compelled to support steadily for many, many years? Oh, you have. But I suppose you have thought the manufacturer just made those pillars and sold them without knowing anything about how much weight they would bear or how long they would bear it. Let me tell you about that."
"Those pillars are cast in the same manner as cast iron stoves—by running the liquid metal into sand molds, but alongside of each pillar is cast an iron bar from the same metal. The bar is precisely an inch square and 54 feet in length. When cold, it is subjected to a very simple test. Each end of the bar is placed upon a table and weights are suspended from the center by a rope. It must bear a tensile strength of 500 pounds to the square inch. The test may begin with 400 pounds and be gradually increased until the bar is found to be perfectly supporting the required weight. If it breaks, for instance, at 480 or 490 pounds, then the pillar cast from the pot of metal which cast the bar is discarded, broken up and put into the pot again, with more pig iron added. The pillars, you know, are largely made from scrap iron, and the manufacturers cannot know the strength of the cast until it is tested. The addition of pig iron in the event of failure brings the cast up to the standard."—St. Louis Republic.

In British Honduras.
British Honduras is a crown colony, and of its 20,000 population there are about 800 whites, mainly English. There is an American colony of about 20 people at Toledo engaged in sugar growing and rum making. They are mainly from Kentucky, and it is a prosperous colony. The country is healthful for a tropical country, and there has not been a case of yellow fever in several years. The principal product is mahogany, and it will be years before the forests are exhausted. Great quantities of logwood are also shipped to Europe. We ship only bananas and plantains to the United States, shipping last year 728,000 bunches of bananas to New Orleans. The great problem with us is labor, and we import natives from the West Indies.
We need immigration, and Sir Alfred Maloney, the governor, is a very progressive man and is doing much to bring us to the notice of the world. We have no railroads beyond a tramway drawn by mules, penetrating the plantations for about six miles. There is not a telegraph instrument or line in the province and only a short telephone line between government buildings. We have no money of our own, but use the silver of surrounding republics, which is so depreciated that \$3 in American money is equal to \$8.80 of the money in use.—Interview in Washington Star.

He Was a Nobleman by Nature.
Don't tell me now that men are callous and selfish when the woman is an old one, for I won't believe it.
We were hurrying to catch the elevated train when a poor old Irish woman stopped, and directly in the way of all other would be passengers endeavored to readjust a strap that had slipped from the package she was carrying.
Her hands were cold, and she seemed unable to loosen the buckle, when a good looking man came up and seeing her difficulty laid his own packages down on the platform while he asked:
"Can't you manage it? Here, let me do it for you."
Of course "time and tide" and elevated trains wait for no man, and we rolled away from the station just as he had completed his self imposed task.
We saw him pick up his bundles and walk toward the waiting room to get warm—for the wind was cold—never seeming to regret the train he had missed for doing a kindness for "some one's mother!"
I found myself hoping that his wife, if he had one, would not scold him for coming home late.
Oh, the world is full of charity if we only stop and look for it!—New York Herald.

For Weary Feet.
"My old colored cook," said a woman recently, "keeps a pad of her own manufacture always before the kitchen sink. It is made of several pieces of old carpet tacked together with strong thread, the whole being made over and renewed quite frequently. When I asked her the other day why she kept the rather unsightly rug on her neat linoleum covered floor, she explained that it was a great rest to her feet to stand off the unyielding floor."
"And when my attention was thus called to it I could see that it must be, and the idea was worth handing around."
"I have heard saleswomen and men, too, complain to one another in the shops of the pain which they suffered from constantly standing on the wooden floors, and I presume this condition would be much relieved if a strip of rope matting could be stretched for their use."—New York Times.

Blighted Hope.
Teddy Vanderchump, a young society man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Rose Bondclipper of Madison avenue. His visits have been very frequent of late, and last night Tommy, Miss Rose's younger brother, said:
"You ought to come and see us every evening, Mr. Vanderchump."
"Why, Tommy?"
"Because it makes Sister Rose so happy to have you go away you ought not to miss an evening."
They missed Teddy for the rest of that evening.—Texas Siftings.

East Indian Families.
Millions of men in India live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an income which, even when the wife works, is rarely above fifty cents a week and frequently sinks to half that amount.—Exchange.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Makes the hair soft and glossy.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have thickened the plait for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newsbury, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Prevents hair from falling out.
"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—M. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Restores hair after fevers.
"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered, my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
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"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Okrupka, Cleveland, O.
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Terms.—\$5.00 for the season, payable with the first service of the horse; \$6.00 to insure mare with foal, payable as soon as mare is known to be with foal; or \$8.00 to insure living foal on foot. Parting with an insured mare before known to be with foal forfeits the insurance. All reasonable care taken, but not accountable for accidents.
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