

AMOY'S GRAVEYARDS.

The City and the Cemeteries Are Hopelessly Intertangled.

The city of Amoy is on an island of the same name. For upward of 1,000 years it has been an important trading place. The population of the island is estimated at over 400,000, and it has been said that there are something like 5,000,000 dead bodies packed in its soil. For many centuries the hillsides of the city have been used as a burying ground. Now the city and the cemetery are hopelessly mixed. The graves touch one another at every point and form a solid white surface of rock, brick, porcelain and cement, covering more than 1,000,000 square feet. Near one of the josshouses 30,000 bodies are buried vertically to save space. They stand on a plot of ground of as many feet square.

The wells from which the city draws its water supply are shallow and are sunk on the edge of graveyards and even among the tombs themselves. The water is muddy and is colored by the perpetual turning up of the soil. It has no sewers, and the streets vary from two feet to six feet in width. No wheeled vehicle can use them. Here and there is an open place or plaza, dug out so as to be a huge receptacle into which the streets discharge their refuse. Filthy abounds, and its twin sister, disease, flourishes. The atmosphere is laden with noxious smells, and the burial of the dead goes on at an alarming rate.

Lord Spencer's Bargain.

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day in browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively:

"Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."

So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.

"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.

"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.

"H'm!" said the connoisseur. "At that price the marmalade should have been included."

"What do you mean?"

"Why that precious piece of yours is nothing more nor less than a shilling marmalade pot with a green thistle painted on it."

Perhaps.

"I don't have no opinion of these newfangled women's notions," said Mr. Hyde when his wife timidly expressed her desire to join the woman's self improvement society.

"But we learn so much there," ventured Mrs. Hyde.

"Don't believe it!" snapped Mr. Hyde. "Women don't know much, that's a fact, but let 'em stick to their domestic duties and learn them. That's my opinion. Let 'em follow St. Paul's injunction, stay at home and ask their husbands if they want to know anything."

"But, John!"

"I've settled it, and that's enough, Jane."

"But, John, that's what women have been doing all this time, and perhaps that's the reason they don't know much."

And then Mr. Hyde threw his boot at the cat and boxed Freddy's ears for grinning.—Pearson's.

Her Vocation.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism."

"What are your natural inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"Woman, you're born to be a milliner."

Wet Clothing and Lightning.

If the clothing is wet, lightning may pass over it as a good conductor without harming the body. On the other hand, persons may be killed without harm being done to the clothing. In rare instances bodies have been stripped naked by lightning. The coverings of the feet are liable to be seriously injured, because it is here that the lightning meets the greatest resistance in leaving the body.

They Don't Speak Now.

Kitty—Fred called me a dream last evening.

Bertha—How funny! It was only last week Fred was telling me what awful dreams he had.—Boston Transcript.

A Suggestion.

Belle—He has money, you know.

Emma—Yes, I appreciate that fact, but how am I to live happily with a man who is my inferior?

"Don't let him know it!"—Life.

Wrong Proportions.

"He offered her his hand and fortune."

"Did she accept?"

"No; the first was too large and the second too small!"

Self Taught.

The Mother—Now, Elsie, did I teach you to throw your clothes on the floor in that disrespectful way?

Elsie—No, mamma; I learned myself.—Puck.

The lights in the theater set the men a good example; they seldom go out between the acts.

A Languid Japanese Lady.

In a recent address in Tokyo a prominent Japanese educator said: "The indulgence of Japanese ladies is something amazing. I know a daughter of a certain peer, but a brand new one, and this young lady's indulgence is really beyond the idea of ordinary mortals. She will not even open her mouth of herself. As soon as the time to retire to her bed arrives she issues her order, 'Now I will retire,' and at once three or four maids spread the underquits, help her, or, rather, make her, for she simply stands like a doll, to change her clothes, and at last the girl, swaddled in her night garment, is put to bed just like a person suffering from a serious illness, and so the poor thing goes to sleep and releases her maids from their trouble till the morning, when the daily routine is resumed. First of all she issues to the maids waiting in her anteroom this extraordinary order, 'I shall get up now,' and then the process exactly the reverse of that of the night before is forthwith commenced by the girls. Day after day this routine is gone through, and the spoiled child of the proud upstart peer forces herself from her mistaken notion as to dignity to lead the life of an invalid and to cripple the normal development of her body."—Chicago News.

Fish Proverbs.

"I have other fish to fry" one says in declining a task. "A pretty little of fish," says another in designating a pretty bad mess. The "little" is the tackle of the fish boom, which may easily get into a sad snarl. "There are other fish in the sea," says the rejected suitor. "As uneasy as a fish out of water," "To fish for compliments," are among the best known figurative expressions referring to the flimsy tribe. "Very like a whale" we may refer to at least to Shakespeare's time ("Hamlet," II, 2). "White as whalebone" was coined when walrus ivory was taken for whale's bone. "The shark flies the feather" is a sailor's saying, indicating the fact that this voracious fish will not touch a bird. The use of the term "land shark" is not confined to seamen by any means. Shakespeare makes use of another nautical expression in "Twelfth Night," I, 8.

True Literature.

We are inclined to the whole to believe that the stimulus to literary production exists within and not without the man. It is not external circumstances, poverty or riches, sickness or health, greatness or humbleness, that determine the productions or output of genius. It is the characteristics of the man that determine not what he shall learn or what he shall think, but what he shall do. A stimulus from without, such as poverty, may start production, of course, but that is merely the physical awakening of a disposition that in any circumstances would have been awakened in some way at some time. True literature is the voice of the soul calling from the windows of the house of clay in response to those things of life that touch the nature of the soul that speaks.—London Spectator.

No Charge.

A group of representatives were one day telling stories of their experience in court when one of them contributed this incident from Arizona, says a western newspaper:

Out in one of the border towns a case was in progress, one of the lawyers being an eastern man who was new to the country.

"Will you charge the jury, your honor?" he asked when the evidence had been submitted.

"Oh, no; I guess not," replied the judge. "I never charge them anything. They don't know much anyhow, and I let 'em have all they can make."

A Costly Bible.

The most costly book in the Royal library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is no wonder that it is considered precious, for there is not another like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 300 pages of writing, and each page falls but an inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches. The covers are solid planks four inches thick.

An Explanation.

"I suppose you will be glad to get away from congress and get a little rest."

"My friend," answered the statesman, "you misinterpret the situation. When a man goes to his own state, he has got to look after elections night and day. He goes home to hustle. If he's lucky, he gets to congress, where is a chance to rest."—Washington Star.

Like Father, Like Son.

"I'm determined to call the dear little fellow Marion," said Mrs. Henpeck.

"But think, my dear," protested Mr. Henpeck, "if he should grow up, like me, to marry a—er—strong woman and push a baby coach himself and wash dishes, how easy it would be for people to change Marion to Mary Ann."—Philadelphia Press.

Love in the Museum.

"Will nothing move you?" pleaded the ardent wild man, who was as adept at love-making as he was at eating raw beef.

"The fat lady glanced at her corpulent self and smiled. "Yes," she chuckled; "a derrick."—Chicago News.

Their Glasses Differ.

"The glasses that I use hurt my eyes and cause me trouble."

"The glasses that I use affect my eyes till I see double."—Beverages.

Truth's Echo.

"Good men, you know, are scarce."

"Yes, I know, and even bad men have to make themselves so at times."—Boston Courier.

The Kadleuo Indians of Paraguay are skilled potters.

THE HUMAN STOMACH.

How It is Overworked by Three Big Daily Meals.

It requires about five hours for the stomach to work on an ordinary meal and pass it out of itself, when it falls into a state of repose; hence if a man eats three times a day his stomach must work fifteen hours out of twenty-four. After a night's sleep we wake up with a certain amount of bodily vigor which is faithfully portioned out to every muscle of the system and every set of muscles, each its rightful share, the stomach among others.

When the external body gets weary after a long day's work, the stomach bears its share of the fatigue, but if when the body is weary with the day's toil we put it to bed, giving the stomach meanwhile a five hours' task which must be performed, we impose upon the very best friend we have—the one that gives us one of the largest amounts of earthly enjoyment—and if this overtaxing is continued it must as certainly wear out prematurely as the body itself will if it is overworked every day.

And if persons eat between meals then the stomach has no rest from breakfast in the morning until 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock next day; hence it is that so many persons have dyspepsia. The stomach is worked so much and so constantly that it becomes too weak to work at all.

Quick Justice at Ascot.

Not only the horses, but the powers of the law, says the London Chronicle, are swift at Ascot, for the course has a special tribunal for the punishment of evildoers. No sooner is the pick-pocket, welscher or ticket snatcher arrested than he is standing in a little room in the royal stand, where the evidence is heard and the verdict and sentence pronounced before the offender fully realizes that he is caught. No, where else does punishment so swiftly follow crime as at this court, which is decreed by clause 31 of the indictable offenses act of 1848.

This race course tribunal arose cursorily in the eighteenth century from an assault upon a royal personage. In his indignation at the impossibility of instant punishment of the assailant he ordered that in future a magistrate should always attend the royal race meeting. This has ever since been done, and by the above mentioned act the chief magistrate of Bow street was constituted ex officio a justice of the peace of the county of Berks in order to enable him to hold this court at Ascot.

Encourage the Happiness Habit.

The art of laughter should surely be cultivated—in fact, all and everything that leads to joy. The wish to be happy, the love of gladness and beauty, is, I am sure, a thing to be desired. Consequently it is worth a little cultivation. Play is as essential a factor in men's lives as work. Philosophers tell us that no man lives his own life until he plays. Work comes from the exigencies of life, from the "musts" of this world, which often push a man along very different paths from those he would choose to travel by from inclination or capacity. Play is, however, his recreation, and here at his leisure time comes out his whole soul, his power of and choice of play, his greater or lesser necessity for it, to recuperate mind and body from the strain of daily work.—Chaperron.

Municipal Bridgeworks.

An amusing story is told of the crowning of a rose queen of a country district near Paris. The selected queen, as one of the formalities of awarding their dower, was asked by the mayor for the name of her fiancé. "I have none," she replied. Notified that a sweetheart was indispensable, the young lady added timidly, "I thought the municipality provided everything necessary." Straightway a young swain presented himself as an aspirant, and, being as promptly accepted, all things became regular and in order.

Synonymous.

A French gentleman, rescued from a ducking in the river and taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy and water and thus addressed the waiter who was mixing it:

"Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" replied Joe. "Hadn't you better take it directly?"

"Oh, yes," said monsieur, "directly, to be sure, but not a fortnight—not two week."—Boys of the Empire.

Second Thought.

"Dear Mr. Hicks," she wrote, "I am very sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Yours sincerely, Ethel Barrows." Then she added: "P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up tonight and see your own true Ethel."

Doubtful Compliment.

Mrs. Newed—Just think of it, dear! I made every bit of this cake with my own hands.

Newed—Is it possible? I never suspected there was so much strength in those fair, soft hands.—Chicago News.

Foolish Question.

Hasker—Hello, Crabbe, what are you going to do with the camera?

Crabbe—Going to bore an artesian well in our dining room with it. You didn't suppose I was going to take pictures, did you?

Truth's Echo.

"Good men, you know, are scarce."

"Yes, I know, and even bad men have to make themselves so at times."—Boston Courier.

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Work That the Heart Does.

The work of the heart is the circulation of the life giving blood throughout the body. With each stroke or beat of the heart it projects something like six ounces of blood into the bodily conduits, throwing it for a distance of nine feet. That it does sixty-nine times a minute, 4,140 times each hour, 99,360 times in a day, 365,280 times in a year and 2,540,337,120 times in a lifetime of seventy years. The blood is propelled by the heart nine feet each beat, 207 yards each minute, seven miles an hour, 169 miles in a day, 61,817 miles in a year and 4,330,120 miles in the seventy years.

The total force exerted by the heart every twenty-four hours has been calculated to be equal to 124 tons—that is, if the whole force expended by the heart in twenty-four hours were gathered into one huge stroke such a power would lift 124 tons one foot off the ground. This being the daily force, that exerted in a year would be equal to 45,290 tons and that in a lifetime of seventy years 3,170,303. Such is the enormous amount of work performed by the human heart, which only weighs eleven ounces and is about the size of the closed fist.

Sailors' Curious Pets.

It has been said of the Jackie sailor boy that he is so passionately fond of pets he must have something to love, if it is only a cockroach in a "honey box." This statement was founded on fact, for one of the most remarkable pets of an English ship was a monstrous cockroach. He was four inches long and one inch broad.

One of the sailors had tamed him and built for him a cage with a little kennel in the corner of it. This insect, prodigy learned to recognize his master's voice, and when he heard him call would hurry out from his kennel in response.

Among other odd pets that have been beloved by English sailors was a seal, who had a tank residence on board, and a daily round of pleasure and duty, his pleasure seven meals a day, his duty a bath after each meal. Another was a deer, who would take a quid of tobacco with so much delight that the fellow feeling aroused by his appreciative taste made him a general favorite.

According to Formulas.

Judge Pennypacker was once asked by his brother Harry during a session of court for the loan of \$5. Harry walked to the desk and whispered the request in the judge's ear. The latter, looking down over the top of his glasses without the suggestion of a smile, said loud enough to be heard throughout the room:

"Put your application in writing and present it to the court in a proper manner."

Mr. Pennypacker, thinking the judge's insistence upon regularity to be merely regard for the dignity of the court, wrote out the request and handed it to the clerk of the court, who in turn passed it to the bench. The judge read it quietly and seriously and then interrupted the pending trial long enough to say:

"Application for a loan of \$5 made to this court is received and refused."—Philadelphia Times.

Fickle Creature!

A man likes an industrious woman when he is hungry, but after he has eaten he likes to be amused by an idle woman who has had time to curl her hair.—Acheson Globe.

Her Idea of It.

"Would you marry a man whose wife had secured a divorce from him for cruelty?"

"I could tell better after I saw the woman."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Books Named From the Bible.

A close acquaintance on the part of authors with the terse and expressive phrases in the Bible is plainly shown in the titles of a host of books. Among the titles taken directly from the Bible, says the Saturday Evening Post, are the following:

"If Sinners Entice Thee," "The Day of Temptation," "The Favor of Princes," "Wayfaring Men," "Weighed and Wanting," "The Wages of Sin," "Black, But Comely," "Dross," "In Dedar's Tent," "The Valley of Decision," "The Unjust Steward," "Sons of the Morning," "Visiting the Sin," "The Quick or the Dead," "The Prodigal," "The Bondswoman," "Thinking Cymbals," "The Crown of Life," "Unleavened Bread," "A Laidiean," "The Birthright," "The Garden of Eden," "The Story of the Immemorable Company," "The Wings of the Morning," "Until the Day Break," "The Mantle of Elijah," "They That Walked in Darkness," "I Go a-Fishing," "The Tent of Shem," "The Smare of the Flower," "Give Me Thine Heart," "Mine Own People," "The Measure of a Man," "Resurrection," "The Market Place," "From My Youth Up," "His Brother's Keeper," "The Hosts of the Lord" and "On the Face of the Waters."

Shock After Burns.

Shock, which is always present in severe burns, requires the administration of stimulants. The amount of shock or collapse after any bad injury or sudden fright differs with the character of individuals. Some succumb to it much more readily than others. When serious, the temperature drops below normal, the face is pale, pinched and anxious, the pulse slow and feeble, the body bathed in a cold perspiration. Sometimes there is shivering. Sometimes the mind wanders. Place the patient at once in a horizontal position, the head slightly raised. Administer stimulants, alcoholic or aromatic vinegar. If whiskey or brandy is used, give from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of hot water every ten minutes until five or six doses have been taken. Surround the body and legs inside the thighs and under the armpits with hot water bags, but stones—anything to give warmth—but take care not to burn your patient. If the injury is to the head, follow the same treatment, but omit the alcoholic stimulant.

Apples and Currants.

If the liver is sluggish, refusing to work, so that the bile flow is deficient and so all fats remain undigested, the eating of either apples or an abundance of currants will effect a magical change. The faded organ will be stimulated; all the digestive juices act; the food is all absorbed, and soon the appetite cries for more. Therefore the apple and the currant have been called appetizers because they are the means of bringing appetite to those in search of it. The apple being in season longest has the usual claim to favor as an appetizer, but the currant is almost as deserving of the claim. But it has more waste in the shape of fiber and skin than is found in the apple, the proportion in the currant being over 4 1/2 per cent, while in the apple it is only 3 1/5 per cent.

Additional train leaves Buffalo for Painesville 7:30 A. M. daily, except Sundays.

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Hide your house from the Sun
Patton's Sun Proof Paints
Keystone Hardware Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE
IN EFFECT JUNE 15, 1902.

| EASTWARD | | WESTWARD | |
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| STATIONS | Time | STATIONS | Time |
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION.
Low Grade Division.
In Effect May 25, 1902. (Eastern Standard Time.)

| EASTWARD | | WESTWARD | |
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Additional train leaves Buffalo for Painesville 7:3