

JOCKEYS IN TRAINING

KEEPING THE WEIGHT DOWN IS NOT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

Fattening Foods Are Avoided, and Judicious Exercise Is Coupled—As a Rule, Riders Last a Dozen Years and as a Class Are Not Savory.

"It is a popular belief," a well known trainer said to a reporter recently, "that a jockey has to resort to all sorts of injurious practices in order to keep his weight within required limits. The idea, however, is a far stretched one. Of course a jockey has to go through certain exercises each day and has to be very much more careful regarding what he puts in his stomach than most people in order to keep his weight down and from acquiring a superfluity of flesh, but he certainly does not starve himself, as is generally supposed. If he did so he would break down entirely in a very short time. A jockey must also be in the best possible physical trim and have his wits about him before a race, and to attain that he must be careful how he uses his constitution.

"There are two very important things a jockey has to consider in studying his diet. He must see to it that his food is of the best quality and that it contains practically no flesh forming properties. All such fattening foods as, for instance, soups, beef, pork, potatoes, puddings and pastries a jockey must deny himself. Coffee, tea or other drinks are only taken very moderately, as all liquids help more or less in putting on flesh.

"Although a jockey has to eschew such foods, there are many other varieties which he gets just as much pleasure in eating and which at the same time are equally as good and strengthening for his constitution. A few days before a race a jockey who has a mount in it will not stint himself—provided he has no fear of overtopping his proper weight for the race—in anything which he thinks will not interfere with his digestive apparatus.

"Some jockeys, of course, take on and lose flesh quicker than others. I have known one or two who were particularly anxious to ride in certain races, but for which they were perhaps as much as eight or nine pounds too heavy, who reduced that weight in the same number of days. To accomplish that, however, they have to resort practically to a 'starving diet,' leaving as little as the strain on the vitality will permit without breaking down and trying to reduce their overweight by certain sweating exercises. It is needless to say that no jockey could stand too frequent repetitions of such severe measures to subtract from his weight without danger of permanently injuring his health and even sacrificing his life; still, many willingly resort to such 'get light weight quick' methods where they see good opportunities of making a name or a pile of money for themselves.

"It must be remembered that by nature jockeys as a whole are not of substantial physique or imposing height, although they are as tough as whipcord. If they were, therefore, to indulge every day in the heavy bill of fare that the average business or working man partakes of it is not probable that they would increase much in weight or height. You often see jockeys at the various racing sections after a race tucking in big and expensive dinners with a gusto and relish that would give a chronic dyspeptic an appetite for hard work.

"Walking, running, cycling, punching the bag and hurdle jumping are favorite exercises among jockeys to keep their weight down. On going out for a walk or run they wrap themselves in the thickest of woolen sweaters and other heavy clothing, no matter how high the temperature may be, and the exercise is kept up for a distance perhaps of eight or nine miles, or, as we say, until you are 'drowned in sweat.' Turkish baths are also frequently indulged in by many, and they must wear excessively warm clothing after, and also when going for a gallop, no matter if the weather be boiling hot.

"I should say that ten or twelve years is the average of a jockey's active turf life. The length of his career, however, depends a great deal on his riding ability and luck.

"Jockeys are not of a saving class, and with but few exceptions I know of none who has ever managed to put enough money away to keep him in even half decent comfort after retiring from the turf. The majority, however, succeed in scraping up a bank roll of sufficient dimensions to start in some business. Like retired pugilists, they have a fondness for the liquor business, and I know a few one time jockeys who are prospering in that trade in different parts of the country. Others, again, become 'bookies,' poolroom keepers and enter into such businesses as enable them to gratify their inveterate love for gambling. I know of only one ex-jockey who is an exception to this rule. He retired some years ago with \$50,000 to his credit, and he immediately went into the real estate business in New Jersey. Today he is doing well. He was fortunate enough, however, to receive a good common school education in his early boyhood days—and that's a thing jockeys very rarely get. Outside of their knowledge of horsemanship the great majority are as ignorant as red Indians."—New York Times.

Money Talks.
"I suppose Dumley likes to argue as much as ever and is continually worsted as usual."

"No; he's more successful now since he got wealthy."

"What has his wealth to do with it?"

"Well, when he sees he's losing he just offers to 'bet a hundred,' and that settles it."—Philadelphia Press.

FUNERALS IN GREECE.

They Are Somewhat of a Shock to the American Tourist.

"One thing sure to shock the American tourist is a Greek funeral," said a recently returned traveler. "It is a spectacle which most persons of convention governed decency desire to avoid, because the body of the dead is exposed in an open hearse. The coffin is shallow, so that not only the face and head, but the hands and much of the body, can be seen from the sidewalk as the procession moves through the streets.

"The lid of the coffin, frequently richly upholstered and decorated with garlands and wreaths, is carried on the hearse by the undertaker. The priest, the relatives and other mourners follow, and as the ghastly spectacle moves along it is customary for bystanders to remove their head gear and cross themselves.

"In the Athens cemeteries graves are rented for a term of years, just like the habitations of the quick. Only the wealthy own burial lots. This is invariably an evidence of wealth or aristocracy. The poor seldom dream of buying a lot or tomb. Such purchase would be deemed among them an unnecessary luxury.

"At the end of the term for which a grave is rented the bones are dug up, placed in a bag, labeled with the name and date and deposited in a general receptacle."—New York Herald.

Rewards For Lost Property.
"More lost and stolen articles would be recovered if the losers would adopt different methods in advertising for their property," said a headquarter detective the other day. "Of course honest persons do not haggle over the remuneration for returning a pocket, a dog or anything else. But every one is not built along those lines. It may sound very nice to say, 'Liberal reward if returned to owner,' but there are several ideas of liberality. The sum usually dwindle in the mind of the owner when he sees his property before him, and no one knows this better than the finder."

"It is far more effective to set forth a definite sum in the advertisement. Five or twenty-five dollars means more than a vague promise to be real generous. Of course there are cases when it is not wise to be too explicit, but in nine cases out of ten a stated sum will bring better results than an indefinite offer. This is nearly always true with watches with the owner's monogram engraved on the case, as the pawnbroker refuses to loan so much on articles so easily identified."—New York Press.

Read Less, Think More.
The average person of so called culture who has leisure to read reads too much and thinks too little, and in consequence his conversation lacks freshness and spontaneity. An exchange, after saying that people generally read too much and read more than they carry, tells a story of a man who had been a great reader, but had changed his ways, and people, after he read less, finding him much more interesting, exclaimed: "How entertaining John was today! He must have been reading a good deal!"

Mere reading is a waste of time. To conduce to intelligence the reader must train the mind to concentration on the subject in hand, and to concentration must be added the effort to clothe and transmit thought in appropriate phrase.

The Sailors' Psalm.
How many people—judgments, at all events—are aware that one of the Psalms is often called the sailors' psalm? It is of course Psalm cvii, wherein occur the beautiful and familiar words, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters—these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep." The psalm is usually read as part of the simple services which take place on Sundays on ships at sea. For that reason it is known as the sailors' psalm.—London Chronicle.

The Road to Success.
It is well for the young man to remember that if he finishes his education as a skilled farmer or stockman or fruit grower there are plenty of places open waiting for him at good pay, while if he becomes a minister, lawyer or doctor he may have to hunt long and far to find a place and wait long before a good living is assured.—Rockford Register.

The Retort Courteous.
Smart Passenger—Here, conductor, is my fare. I had no desire to beat the company, but I thought I would just see if I could fool you by getting busy with this newspaper.

Conductor—I saw you, but you looked as if you needed information a good deal worse than the company needs money, so I just let you read.—Baltimore American.

As It Was Printed.
There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent error wears off. She spent two days on a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

When the printer finished with it she line read:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

Not Discouraging.
"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think I have experienced every kind of hard luck on the list except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," remarked the optimist. "Remember the old adage, 'While there is life there is hope.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disreputable truths.—Bulwer/Lytton.

A BERTH JACK SHIRKS.

Nova Scotia Ships Are Said to Be the Worst Off.

The worst case in the way of a ship into which Jack can go is a Nova Scotia. A certain Nova Scotia ship came into port at Santos one day with a crew that was little short of mutinous owing to the fact that the captain was too sparing of the rations. The ship had a bad name among sailors at the best, and as soon as she was anchored the entire crew cleared out. For three weeks after she had discharged and got her new cargo she lay there with no crew to take her to sea. At last the captain went to some of the crimps on shore and told them to round up a crew under any pretext. The crimps sent men around the docks offering big wages to any of the loungers who would go aboard the vessel to rig some new sails. Some twenty men were quickly picked up, many of them in their shirt sleeves, and were taken aboard. They were then covered with revolvers and rifles by the officers, and the anchor was weighed, and the Nova Scotia ship stood out to sea, her unwilling crew leaving families behind without even a chance to let them know what had happened. The next port was Sydney, and the next Yokohama, then San Francisco, then Valparaiso, then Lisbon, and for those men who stayed with the ship it was just two and a half years until she went to Grande du Sul, the nearest port home. Many of them, however, had cleared out and gone home in other ships long before that.—Broughton Brandenburg in Leslie's Monthly.

Cleero and His Daughter.
History abounds with examples of the love that has existed between father and daughter which proved superior to the changes of time and fortune, defying even death itself, and entering into the records of humanity, imperishable and immortal.

One of the most beautiful instances was the love of Cleero for Tullia. She was a woman of high attainments and exalted character, with qualities of heart and mind that peculiarly fitted her to be her father's intimate companion.

After her death he could find neither consolation for her loss nor distraction for his grief. Affairs of state, weighty matters of political and personal interest, even the sympathy of Brutus and Caesar, could not dispel the melancholy that settled down upon his soul and forced him for a time into retirement. He wrote of her in these touching words: "A daughter I had in whose sweet conversation I could drop all my cares and troubles. But now everything is changed." "It is all over with me, Atticus. I feel it more than ever now that I have lost the only being who still bound me to life."

An Exclusive Elevator.
There is perhaps no elevator in the world more exclusive than that provided at the capitol for the supreme court of the United States. That elevator can be used by exactly eleven people, and no one else would for a moment consider entering it except as the guest of one of these eleven privileged gentlemen. The fortunate eleven are the nine justices of the United States supreme court, the clerk and the marshal of the court. The elevator goes from the ground floor of the capitol to the main floor, on which is located the supreme court of the United States. It is a small elevator, so that, with its conductor, three portly forms of justice of the supreme court of the United States would fill it. It is one of the very latest designs of electric elevators and is finished in magnificent style.—Washington Star.

Superstitions.
If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously they are indicating the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts. The same intimation is conveyed by bubbles in coffee or by the accidental fall of a piece of soap on the floor.

A flickering flame in the fire or an upright exorcism in a burning candle is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or exorcism.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some one else has partaken he will learn the secrets of the latter.

Mighty Cheerful.
Mamma had told her little daughter that she could not go out to play, but the little maiden determined to make one more plea. "Please, mamma, it isn't very wet."

"No, you cannot, Dorothy," said mamma pleasantly, snuggling a little at her daughter's persistency.

Dorothy regarded her mother aggressively and then said, "Well, seems to me you're mighty cheerful about it."—New York Times.

Bureau of Publicity.
Mrs. Naguss—What an odd, interesting piece of furniture! It looks like an antique. Is it a chiffonier or a bookcase?

Mrs. Borus (wife of struggling author)—Neither. It's my husband's writing desk. He calls it his bureau of publicity.—Chicago Tribune.

His Part.
The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.—Exchange.

Returned His Love.
Friend—What's the matter, old man? Doesn't she return your love?

Jilted One—That's just the trouble. She returned it and told me to give it to some other girl.—Princeton Tiger.

One man makes a fortune to eight that become bankrupt in England.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Only a Few of These Historic Trees Now Remain.

There are only about 400 cedars of Lebanon now remaining high up on the rocky slopes. Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees; the Maronite peasants almost worship them and call them the "cedars of the Lord," and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

But if the cedars are few in number these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide spreading limbs, which often cover a circle 200 or 300 feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the ax has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout hardly waist high is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old one cannot help asking, What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove? It is hard to tell exactly. By the aid of a microscope I have counted more than 700 rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply think that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the Guardian, for instance, may have been a young tree when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem.—Lewis Gaston Leary in Scribner's.

APHORISMS.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—Emerson.

Talebeyers are just as bad as tale-makers.—Sheridan.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.—Stanislaus.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—M. Henry.

True gentleness is native feeling heightened and improved by principle.—Blair.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.—Johnson.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—Edward Eggleston.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—Prentice.

Some Formal Correspondence.
A matter of fact scribbler of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the king of Prussia this brief note:

Sire—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint you, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is becoming rained.

SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The reply of the king was not that of a "gracious majesty." Its stiff formality in imitating the style of the scribbler probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him:

I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

Absent Minded Lord Derby.
Lord Derby could be very absent minded, and once on a time he walked with Lord Clarendon, his opponent, and told him all the secrets of the cabinet. Lord Clarendon listened amazed, but thought it too large an order when he was asked for his advice. It was not for him to counsel his political foes. At this intimation Lord Derby woke up, saying, "Really, I thought all the time I was talking to a colleague!" He had continued, hardly recognizing the fact, a controversy he had been having with other ministers at the foreign office. Of course Lord Clarendon honorably preserved the cabinet secrets, but he told his story against Lord Derby and made a laugh.

His Mistake.
Gushington—I wonder what's the matter with Starr, the tragedian. He never notices me any more.

Crittick—Didn't I hear you tell him his style was very much like Booth's? Gushington—Yes. But surely—

Crittick—That's where you made your mistake. You should have said Booth's style was like his.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Quite Fast.
First Girl—Those stockings are a lovely color. Are they fast?

Second Girl—If I had seen me yesterday when I met a cow you would not have asked that question.—Houston Post.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "will put in weeks prayin' for rain an' den kick cos dey happens to get their feet wet."—Washington Star.

SAVED HIS FINGER.

The Faithful Brahman Felt, However, That He Had Lost Taste.

One day a Brahman accidentally touched some unclean object with his little finger. The Brahman thought that now, his little finger having become unclean, any substance which it touched would be also rendered unclean and thus make him an unclean man. Seeing no other way to get out of the scrape he resolved to get the offending member amputated. Forthwith he went to a carpenter and explained to him that unless the finger was cut off he (the Brahman) was unable to take food. The carpenter tried to dissuade the devotee and urged that an application of some drops of water from the sacred river Ganga would make the finger once more holy, but the Brahman persisted. He said that the finger was of no use to him any longer and that he would not rest until it was severed.

As a final recourse the carpenter resolved to play his awkward customer a trick. He told the Brahman to put his finger on an anvil and to look to the sky while the wound was inflicted. The Brahman did so. The carpenter took up a hatchet and gave the finger a smart blow with the back of it. This elicited a cry of pain from the patient, who at once put the finger in his mouth to allay the agony. The carpenter, laughing, explained to the Brahman that the blow had missed and the little finger was still entire; and, worst of all, the Brahman had defiled himself by putting the finger into his mouth.

The obliging operator, moreover, offered to perform the operation once more, but the Brahman had had enough pain for the nonce and declined with thanks.—Golden Penny.

Some Mustache History.
What is the history of the mustache in Greece and Rome no mustaches were worn without beards, but in the conquering days of the Roman empire several half civilized races who had come partially under the influence of the Romans and who wished to be rid of the name of barbaric or wearers of beards, attempted to shave in imitation of their conquerors; but, as they had very imperfect implements for the purpose and as the upper lip is notoriously the hardest part of the face to shave in the case of any one poorly skilled in the art, they were unable to make a clean job of it and left a quantity of hair on the upper lip.

This mark was characteristic of several nations on the confines of Roman civilization, of the Gauls in particular, of the Paduans and some others. The Latin language has no word for mustache. This barbarous accident was unworthy of the honor of a Roman name.—Exchange.

The Dinner Hour.
It is a curious fact that with almost every generation the dinner hour has undergone a change, the principal meal of the day being eaten at different periods, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. The author of "The Pleasures of the Table" points out that in England 400 or 500 years ago people took four meals—breakfast at 7, dinner at 10, supper at 4 and livery at 8. In France in the thirteenth century 9 in the morning was the dinner hour; Henry VIII. dined at 11. In Cromwell's time 1 o'clock had come to be the fashionable hour and in Addison's day 2 o'clock, which gradually was transformed into 4. Pope found fault with Lady Suffolk for dining so late as 4. Four and 5 continued to be the popular dining hours among the aristocracy until the second decade of the nineteenth century, when dinner was further postponed, from which period it has steadily continued to encroach upon the evening.

A Fling at Tennyson.
In the "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is a letter to her husband in which occurs the following amusing little fling at Tennyson:

"Did you know that Alfred Tennyson is to have a pension of £200 a year, after all? Peel has stated his intention of recommending him to her gracious majesty, and that is considered final—A clean shaven son a capite!" Lady Harriet told me he wanted to marry; 'must have a woman to live beside; would prefer a lady, but cannot afford one, and so must marry a maid-servant.' Mrs. Henry Taylor said she was about to write to him in behalf of her housemaid, who was quite a superior character in her way."

Teeth.
Small, chalk white teeth are a sign of a weak constitution. Strong, normal teeth are large and yellowish white. Sometimes an enthusiastic novelist in depicting the charms of his heroine will give her two rows of pearls between her ruby lips. The truth of the matter is nothing could be more ghastly or unnatural or unbecoming than teeth made of pearls. It is only "store teeth" that possess a high polish.

He Knew a Way.
Anxious Father—But, my boy, unless you study you will know nothing. You will make no money with which to buy things.

Young Hopeful—That's nothing. I'll have everything charged, and I'll keep that way till I get married.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

What's Before Them.
"These young society buds are mere butterflies," said the Rev. Mr. Strattell. "They have no thought of the future life?"

"Of the future life?" replied Miss Inuit. "Oh, but they do! Matrimony is always in their thoughts."—Exchange.

When a great calamity befalls one, how it lightens it to talk about it after it is over!—Acheson Globe.

WORK AND LOOK YOUNG.

You Will Succeed if Your Heart Is in Your Labor.

It is hard work that makes people grow old or is it because they do not have enough to do, or, rather, do not find the thing they are best fitted to do? The hardest worked people in the world are the actresses, yet some of them, without mentioning names, are sixty and some play the parts of lovers and boisterous young tomboys at an even greater age.

The Americans are the hardest worked people in the world, yet foreigners call us a young looking nation. Nothing makes a people look so young as liberty. There is none of the cramped, caste restricted blight upon our people that is seen in Europe. The oldest looking people in the world are not those who have worked hardest, but those who have not worked at all. If one would see them he wants to go to the fashionable watering places. There he will see comparatively young men and women who have never worked, either with body or mind, driven around in both chairs or hobbling about on canes, while men absorbed in business are often quite robust at seventy.

Where hard work ever killed a man laziness and inaction have killed a score. It is the class that feels above work that nature has little use for. Work and look young!—Boston Globe.

The Rock That Moses "Smote."
The famous "Rock in Horeb" anciently called the "Rock of Massah" and at present known throughout the orient as the "Stone of the Miraculous Fountain," being the identical rock which Moses struck with his rod in order to give water to the children of Israel, he religiously preserved and guarded even down to this late date. Dr. Shaw in his book "Shaw's Travels" says, "It is a block of granite about six yards square lying tottering and loose in the middle of the valley of Rephidim and seems to have originally been a part of Mount Sinai."

The action of the waters of that miraculous fountain, as related in the seventeenth chapter of Exodus, followed a channel about two inches deep and more than twice that broad across the face of the rock, this not upon unsupported testimony, but upon the word of such men as the Rev. Dr. Shaw, Dr. Pocock, Lieutenant Clougher and other eminent scholars and travelers. M. Beaumont, a German nobleman who visited the "Rock of Horeb" in the year 1567, declares his belief in the generally accepted story of it being the rock of Moses' famous fountain.

Famous Mounted Houses.
The most which so often surrounded halls and castles in the old days is now generally dry and filled up, but some remarkable specimens still remain. Perhaps the finest example of a mounted house is Helmingham Hall, the seat of Lord Tolemache, in Suffolk, about eight miles from Ipswich. The drawbridge still remains, and it has been raised every night for more than 300 years, the ancient precaution being observed even though the need for it has long passed by. The moat which surrounds Leeds castle, near Maidstone, is so wide that it may almost be called a lake. The ancient Episcopal palace at Wells is surrounded by walls which inclose nearly seven acres of ground and by a moat which is supplied with water from St. Andrew's well. A venerable bridge spans the moat, giving access through a tower gateway to the outer court.—London Standard.

Life After Death.
A German biologist has been investigating the question of the activity of animal bodies after death and has published some suggestive conclusions. It appears that death is not instantaneous throughout the physical organism, for it has been observed that many of the different tissues continue active for a considerable period after the time when the animal is assumed to be dead, particularly in the case of the lower animals. Cells from the brain of a frog, for example, have been kept alive for over a week when held in certain solutions, and the heart of a frog has been known to beat for many hours after being removed from the dead body. The hearts of turtles and snakes will beat for days or even a week after death.—Harper's Weekly.

One Was Enough.
"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her?" he exclaimed passionately. "Why, I could die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks 200 feet below!"

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

His Bad Memory.
"I suppose," said the condoling neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory?" echoes the tearful widow. "Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of the clothes he left today and found the pockets full of letters I had given him to mail."

Heated.
Jones—Wonder what made Mrs. Sutton look so heated when she picked up that photograph from her husband's office desk?

Jaynes—Good reason for becoming heated. It was one of his old flames, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Setting Philosophy.
"Do you think that betting is wrong?"

"It depends on circumstances," answered the town oracle. "If you can't afford to lose it's wrong; if you can't it's merely silly."—St. Louis Lumberman.

BOOTH'S DRAWING POWERS.

The Famous Tragedian Was a Star Money Maker.

A retired theater manager said the other day: "It is not generally known that Edwin Booth received 50 per cent of the gross receipts of his performances while under the management of Messrs. Brooks & Dixon. There never was a star on the stage who could draw the money that Booth could to a theater. There were no spasms about his business. It was as steady as Gibraltar. We could bank on it. Out of their half of the receipts Brooks & Dixon paid the rent for theaters, paid the salaries of the company, the railroad and hotel bills and the advertising throughout the country and made big profits, which they shared with Horace McVicker, to whom Booth entrusted his affairs at the start and who afterward associated himself with Brooks & Dixon.

"Booth's agreement with Henry E. Abbey was this: After all expenses of every description were paid Booth got 85 per cent and Abbey 15. Booth lost a week in Philadelphia owing to the death of his wife. The company was put in there without him, and we had to indemnify the local manager. Our loss that week was \$4,000. Deducting that, Abbey's profits on the season were \$30,000. I do not know any star, save Booth, who ever commanded 50 per cent of the gross receipts."—New York Press.

Where Blood Tells.
It was in one of the farming districts of New England. The young folks had banded themselves together for monthly jollifications during the winter and were about to celebrate the last dance of the season as well as a couple of engagements which had resulted from the assemblies. Ben Hawkins, the local fiddler, and his Stradivarius had been engaged to lead them through the mazes of the country dance, and all were looking forward to the "time of their life."

But death inconsiderately claimed Mrs. Hawkins for his own on the afternoon of the eventful party. The young people gathered as arranged, but benighted the absence of Old Ben, and games were being substituted for the dancing when, lo, Hawkins and his fiddle appeared on the scene.

Great astonishment and many questions greeted the old man, but he calmly slipped his fiddle out of its green bag and as he meditatively rubbed the rosin on the bow said:

"Waal, yes; Maria's gone; died this afternoon. But I reckon 'tain't no sin for me to play for you tonight, seel' she wa'n't no blood relation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Yet He Loved the Sea.
It is said that Bryan Waller Procter, known as Barry Cornwall, who wrote the well known poem—

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be!—

was the very worst of sailors. When we read that he was so seaisick that he could scarcely bear the sound of a human voice it becomes apparent that his wife's conduct during his affliction could scarcely have been reassuring.

As he lay on the deck of a channel boat, covered with shawls and a tarpaulin, she had the pleasing habit of humming a strain of his jovial sea song. The poet who loved the sea, but loved it best at a distance, had very little life left just then, but what force he had was used in the entreaty:

"Don't, my dear! Oh, don't!"

Yet no doubt he loved the sea.

A Rude Awakening.
The Centerville (Mo.) Record tells of a young man who had been writing a girl in Minneapolis for three years, intending some day to ask her to marry him. The other day he received a letter and a picture from her. The letter announced that she had been married two years, and the picture was of her baby. "My husband and I have enjoyed your letters very much," she wrote, "but I guess you'd better stop writing now, as I have to spend all my time caring for the baby." The Record says the words the young man used after reading the letter would shock a field of oats.

Snakes.
Mr. Holker in McClure's robe us of some misconceptions as to snakes. When a snake is decapitated it is dead. The tail will remain sensitive for some hours without reference to sundown. The rattlesnake does not suicide by biting itself. No snake is susceptible to the poison of its own kind. That the black snake will swallow its young in time of danger is true, and they are then digested, making the mother a cannibal of the worst sort