STORY OF AN OYSTER

TOLD BY HIMSELF ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS TRIBE.

The Trials and Tribulations of th Succulent Bivalve From the Time of Planting Until His Appearance on the Fishmonger's Counter.

There were about 900,000 of us when as tiny flakes of spawn-or "spat," as the oyster spawn is called-we floated out into the water one day on "the fints.

At first we were white and apparent ly lifeless. Then we turned gray and finally black. At this stage we became visibly alive. For several days we floated, the sport of waves and tides Some of my brothers were carried out to sea and so vanished; others were swallowed by fish. At last we all be gan instinctively to sink toward the

Then began again terrible destruc tion. Many fell on mud-the most fatal thing a young oyster can do. These perished at once. Others attached themselves to plants and weeds which grow at the bottom of the sea. They lived for a time-so long at least as the plant remained alive. Then, when the plant died, they perished as well.

Fortunately for myself, I drifted or to a bit of "cultch"-that is to say, one of the old shells which the dredgers and ovster men so carefully scatter al over the sen floor of an oyster bed. settled with my deep shell uppermos and my flat or right shell nearer the ground. At the time I did not know why I did this. I have since realized that it was been use in that position I should be more easily able to eject the sand and grit which a rough sea some times stirs up in shallow water. I at tached myself firmly to my anchorage of "cultch" and felt myself at last fair ly started in life.

Soon I noticed that every single mor sel of shell or stone around me was tenanted by tlny oysters, all lying in the same position as myself and all firmly anchored.

There I lay, unmoving, for nearly year. Food, in the shape of tiny animalculæ, which an oyster loves best. was plentiful. When the water was thick with it, we all opened our shells wide, and, making currents in the water by means of the tiny bairs which fringe our gills and which men call our beards, we washed the dainties into our mouths. Our choicest delicacles were the minute green algae, which give to full grown oysters that greenish tinge that is the mark of the aristo cratic native.

When I first anchored myself, I was but the twentieth of an inch in diame ter-so small, indeed, that a microscope would have been necessary to examine me. At that stage my shell was per feetly transparent.

At the end of ten months I had in creased in diameter to fully the size of a dime and become what is called

During all this time I had been learn ing many things. I found out that it was necessary to close my shell tight when dangers of various kinds threatened, when the tide was low or, in win ter, when frost was severe. You may perhaps imagine that an oyster is a creature of such low organism that it cannot see or feel much of what is going on round about it. But you are wrong. The mantle fringe of an oyster is very sensitive. If you watched us from a boat in calm water, you would see that the more shadow of the boat crossing an oyster bed will cause those of us upon whom it falls to close our shells immediately.

It was necessary to be most careful. Dangers were many and terrible. Sea urchins prowled among us and deoured many. But of all our foes worst is the five fingered starfish. One of my sisters, anchored not a yard away, fell a victim to this terror of the oyster beds. It clutched her with its long fingers. She closed her shell.

But the creature was not to be shak en off. Hour after hour it clung there until on the second day after its first grip she, poor thing, opened her shell to get a mouthful of food. At once the starfish injected into her a fluid which stupefied her so that she could not close again. Then the monster turned itself inside out, shot itself into the open shell and devoured her.

Then, one day a year after I had floated as "spat," came a startling change in my existence. Something huge and heavy, came out of the shad ow of a boat above and approached, rasping and grating along the bottom It was a great triangular dredge of wrought iron. At the bottom was a flat bar with a blunt edge, known to the dredgers as the "bit."

As the "bit" approached it scraped the bottom of the sen clean, and next instant I, too, found myself lifted and dropped into the net, together with hundreds like myself and a miscellaneous collection of small soles and

One of the men sorted over the catch and, having selected all the oysters and spat, "shaded" the rest back into the sea through a porthole.

I, in company with enormous quan titles of other brood, was put into a "wash"-a measure holding five and quarter gallons-and relaid. Here life was less eventful and food most plentiful. To fatten well an oyster must have a certain amount of fresh water.

In this anug retreat I passed from brood to half ware and from half ware ware, or full grown oyster. But I still went on growing and developing, until one day the dredge swept me up again, and I was raised once more into

upper air and rapidly brought in. I was then dropped into a large bag and suspended in a tank of fresh sea water, which is constantly renewed

THE GERM THEORY.

De Foe Gave a Hint of It In th De Foc's "Journal of the Plague Year," published in 1722, contains two pas sages which grope toward bacteriology. De Foe himself pretends to disbelieve the theories. But his way is to seem to doubt what he is really eager to ad

Having shown that contagion was al most certain in the case of people liv ing in the same house, but often avoid able by segregation and precaution against physical contact, De Foe says. "This put it out of question to me that the calamity was spread by infec tion-that is to say, by some certain steams or fumes, which the physicians call effluyia, which effluyia affected the sound who came within certain dis tances of the sick. Others talk of in

fection being carried on by the air only by carrying with it vast numbers of insects and invisible creatures, who enter into the body with the breath o even at the pores with the air and there generate or emit most acute pol sons or poisonous ova or eggs, which mingle themselves with the blood and so infect the body." In another place is this passage:

"I have heard it was the opinion of others that it (the disease) might be distinguished by the party's breathing upon a piece of glass, where, the breath condensing, there might living creatures be seen by a microscope of strange, monstrous and frightful shapes, such as dragons, snakes, serpents and devils, horrible to behold But this I very much question the truth of, and we had no microscopes at the time, as I remember, to make the experiments with."

John Stuart Mill.

Describing his impressions of John Stuart Mill. Sir Leslie Stephen said: "I heard him speak in the house of comnons. Instead of an impassive philoso pher I saw a slight, frail figure trem bling with pervous irritability. He poured out a series of perfectly formed entences with an extraordinary rapid ity suggestive of learning by heart and when he lost the thread of his discourse closed his eyes for two or three minates till after regaining his composure he could again take up his parable. Although his oratory was defective, he was clearly speaking with intense feeling and was exceedingly sensitive to the reception by his audience. Some of his doctrines were specially irritating to the rows of stolld country gentlemen, who began by listening curiously to so strange an animal as a philosopher and discovered before long that the animal's hide could be pierced by scornful laughter. To Mill they represented crass stupidity, and he became unable either to conceal his contempt or keep his temper."

The Songs That Reach the Heart At a time when the fashionable opera was in highest vogue Jenny Lind came o America and achieved her greatest riumph by singing such simple airs as 'Comin' Through the Rve." They touched a popular chord, and it vibrat ed throughout continents. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. And just as the simple songs of Burns gave pleasure without militating against the culture of a taste for the higher creations in vocal music, so the enjoyment of the simple melodies which we know as ragtime are harmless and without danger of taking the place of the more elevated style of music. We cannot play tragedy all the time, but must have the melodrama and the farce as the lighter features of the stage. And so in mu sic, literature and art the philosophy applies with the same force.-Louisville

Courier-Journal.

She had a slivery laugh and golden hair. He had plenty of brass. He knew she was engaged to another man, but believed he could copper the other fellow's bets. But one day he met her on the golf links. Her arms were bronzed and her teeth gleamed as pearls when she smiled at him.

"Your lips." he said. "are like rubles and your eyes are like great dia-

"And your nerve," she tittered, "is like steel, but you haven't got enough

It was then that the iron entered hi soul. "Alas," he sighed, "she can never be mine!"—Judge.

Baiting a Gossip. Miss Kidder—They've only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted and prepares to have a good

Miss Meanley-Aha! Do you know, suspected something like that. I always said-

Miss Kidder-Yes. You see, he takes her with him.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Regardless of Expense

"There is a firm which doesn't spare any expense in conducting its business," remarked Straightman.

"I should say they don't," replied Neverpeigh. "They have had a \$3 a day man after me for a week to collect a bill I owe them for \$2,"-Cincinnati Times-Star.

Hardships of Begging. Lady-Begging must be hard.

Tramp-It is, lady. This is the sixth time I have had to eat soup today .-Fliegende Blatter.

Lots of Heroes Sillicus-Have you noticed that most eroes are married men? Cynicus-Sir, every married man is a ero.-New Yorker.

You may not be able to remove wrinkle, but you may remove a frown and so change your wrinkles into rivu-lets of laughter.—Schoolmaster.

Walt Whitman as a Journalist. His employers called it laziness.

urnalist. He had too much repose was concerned with permanences. The nearer to nature, the more repose Trees and hills do not dance except for urging. Whitman, elemental, strong, placid, bovine, did not urge them. In the Brooklyn Engle office White

man is a clearer memory than in the office of its contemporary. Yet it is oddly hard to secure facts. There is a general and joking reference to his seconity as idleness. He was not a typical newspaper man, for he was not be pressed or hurried, and in ou day of precision and speed he would have been impossible. He never felt that stress from which the veriest bohemian suffers. He did not want mon ey enough to work hard for it. One of the coterie of writers and actors which used to squander its much wit and lit tle wealth at Pfaff's tells me that of the whole party Whitman was the only one who was never tipsy and never "broke," He always had a market somewhere for fugitive writings. Editors were friendly to him. He drank his beer with the rest, but its effect was to make him thoughtful, even sad while the others were merry. According to that narrator, he was an easy borrower, though it does not appear that he asked for large amounts of made needless delays in his repay ments.-Charles M. Skinner in Atlan

How He Won Her. "Then you will be a sister to me?"

"That is all I can be." He paused and looked at her thought fully.

"I already have seven sisters," he said, "and I am not quite sure I can make room for you. They are very kind to me, and on several occasions my socks have been darned a half doz en times in the same spot. They are so thoughtful too. Each of them has picked out a wife for me; but, strange to say, not one of them mentioned you. Of course you won't feel hurt if I add that there is a general and deep rooted im pression among them that you are not half good enough for me. Sisters are like that sometimes, you know."

The girl flushed botly. "Not good enough?" she cried. "I'll show them. Consider my refusal with-

And so she married the foxy fellow out of spite and made him very happy -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Estimate of Fronds Hannis Taylor, in his argument be fore the Alaskan boundary commission, told a story of Edward A. Free man, the English historian, whom he knew well. On one occasion, when dining with him at a hotel in St. Louis, Mr. Taylor innocently asked him, "Mr Freeman, what is your estimate of Froude as a historian?" Said Mr. Taylor: "He looked at me in a strange kind of way, and then he replied: 'I will tell you what I think about Froude. If ever you read anything he writes read it with care. Read it over and over again and fix it in your mind so that you will never forget it, for then you will know one thing for certain, and that is that by no possibility did it ever happen in that way."

The Red Lobster. The question is often asked, says the Lancet, without a satisfactory answer

being supplied. Why do lobsters and certain shrimps and prawns turn red on boiling? One reason may be that the black pigment of the lobster is an iron compound in the lower state of oxidation, which bolling oxidizes to the higher state. Red human hair is said to owe its brilliance to iron existing in the higher oxidized state, and by means of reducing agents, such as pyrogallic acid or nutgall, the colo may be modified. In short, oxygen is a great painter and probably accounts for the beautiful autumnal tints of plant life.

Willing to Help Him. Clerk-I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my

salary a little? Employer-Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again so that you will have an excuse to get away.

Papa's Heathen. Mamma-Georgie, where is the 5 cents I gave you to put in the contribution box for the heathen? Georgie-I'm saving it for Aunt Hetty when she comes.

Georgie-'Cause I heard papa say, "Is the old heathen coming here again?"

Circus Business. Mamma-Oh. see, Willie! Your little

brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad? Willie (aged six)-Sure. Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow and

Immunity.

arrow, can't 17

"You want to marry my daughter, do you? Well, I'm free to say you're the most impudent upstart that ever"-"Yes, you're free to say it because you're her dad. If you wasn't I'd knock you old head off'n you!"-Chicago Tribune.

In the Honeymoon. Adoring Bride-Jack, darling, is this Wednesday or Thursday? Doting Groom-I think it's Friday

"Of this week?"-Life.

Base envy withers at another's joy and hates the excellence it canno reach.—Thomson.

CAN YOU WHISTLE!

If You Can You Need Never Suffer

From Dyspepsia. When the throes of indigestion an the qualms of dyspepsia are making your life miserable just purse the lips and whistle a brisk, merry tune-not a muffled, doleful, half bearted whistle but a whistle so deep and voluminous that the whole house will be filled with

Don't be afraid somebody will hear you. Let them hear you. It will do them good. It will enliven and cheer them while it cures you.

Indigestion and dyspepsia always make one feel gloomy and depressed and morbid and blue. Everything seems to go wrong, and doubtless you won't feel one bit like whistling. no matter; whistle anyhow.

If possible go out in the fresh air and do your whistling. If you can't go outdoors just open the window wide and whistle with all your might. Any old tune will do, so you put life and vigor into it.

Whistle, whistle, whistle! Keep It going. Don't get tired. Go on with all your might. Harder, harder!

The first thing you know the stomach will have righted itself, the live will be working good and strong, the blood will be bounding through your veins, your brain will be clear and vigorous, and you will feel twenty years younger,-Medical Talk.

Wearing false hair is a very wide-spread custom. In the language of the tradesman, hair grown on the heads of northern nations is the most valuable both because of its superior fineness and gloss and its color. Germany and Sweden provide the most valuable bair. especially if it be golden blond, which is of the finest texture and of a colo impossible to obtain by artificial dyes. Italy and other southern nations produce only coarser and less costly varieties. Most precious of all, however is hair of a true silver gray color which in sufficiently long plaits is almost impossible to procure, chiefly from the fact that its very rarity cause those women lucky enough to possess it to refuse to part with it. The most constant supply of human hair for the world's market, however, comes from the pensant girls in countries such as Russia and Galleia, where immediately after marriage a headddess is assume which makes the lack of its natural covering unnoticeable. In Bohemia Moravia and Galicia there are regular hair markets to which the take their bair for sale.

Wonderful Hats.

Abraham Lincoln was a man who keen wit and pleasing bumor extricat ed him from many an embarrassing situation. On one occasion he was presented with two fine hats, each by a different hatmaker, neither knowing that the other had made such a contribution. In the course of events they called upon the president, and it so happened that both called at the sam

When both found themselves in the presence of the executive they asked how he had liked the hats they had sent him, and, taking advantage of the opportunity of securing a statement of superiority of one or the other make, the president was asked to state his preference.

To many men such a question would very embarrassing, but to Lincoln not at all. He took the hats, one in each hand, and then replied gravely but with a mischievous twinkle in his keen eyes:

"Gentlemen, your hats do mutually surpass each other!"

The Bank of England's Museum. The Bank of England has a curious museum, in which the principal exhibits are its own notes.

Among them is a note for a penny, which was issued by mistake and bought back by the bank for \$25. Another is a note for £1,000,000.

A third is a bank note which was found inside a codfish caught off the Newfoundland banks, and a fourth is a note which was in circulation for over a century and a half before it was presented for payment.

There are many forged notes in the museum, their value aggregating many millions of dollars, and there are also some notes which were recovered by divers from the sunken wreck of the British war ship Eurydice.

A Similarity.

His Father-If you marry old Stubbs daughter, you sha'n't have a shilling "It was one of the most pathetic of my money! plays I ever saw," said young Mrs. Tor-The Son-But, father, if I don't mar ry her I can't get a shilling of old

"I don't see why you go to the matinee if it makes you cry.' "Just because I feel bad is no sign

I haven't had a good time, Charley, dear. You know how much you enjoy going to the races and coming back with the blues."-Washington Star.

"Now," said the lecturer, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop - what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.

Terrible Revenge. Husband-You don't appear to like Mrs. Sweetle.

Wife-The horrid thing! I hate her! Next time we meet I'll kiss her only once, and I shan't ask after her baby.-Stray Stories.

The Finish. Flanagan—Phwat did yez do white McGarry bit yez wid the pick? Finnegan—Oi done McGarry.—Ex

It is love of virtue, not fear of law that makes civilization.

COSTLY PRICE FOR A BATH. "Up in a little mining town in Per

and a Republican spellbinder name

nedy should speak first. 'At one point in my speech.' Kennedy said to Plum-

mer, 'I am going to say that before the

war I was a Whig, but then I became

Democrat. I want you to ask me who

I did so. It will give me a fresh start

"At the proper moment Kennedy made his statement, and Plummer,

who had gone down in the crowd, in

terrupted him. 'I want to know,' he

said in a loud voice, 'why you became

'At that moment a muscular miner

"When the Republican orator came

to his senses, the meeting had ad-

A Woman's Kiss.

Poul Vendelbo Lovenorn is well known

in Denmark. Poul Vendelbo, a poo

student, went one day on the ramparts

around Copenhagen and walked with

two rich noblemen who, like himself,

They happened to notice a singularly

beautiful woman sitting at the win

dow of one of the adjacent houses

One of the noblemen then said hal

mockingly to Vendelbo, "Now, if you

could get a kiss from that lady. Poul

we would defray the expenses of that

tour abroad which you are so anxious

Vendelbo took him at his word, wen

up to the beautiful lady and told her

how his whole future depended possi

bly on her. She then drew him toward

the window and in the view of the no

blemen gave him the kiss he craved

He then went abroad and, returning

at last as Adjutant General Lovenorn

paid the fair lady a visit. She was

Ingeborg Vinding, and she had made a

It will doubtless surprise many

Scotchmen to learn that the kilt as at

present worn is only a modern fancy

costume and is not of Scottish origin

The honor of its invention is due to

two Englishmen-an army tailor who

accompanied General Wade's forces to

Scotland in 1719 and Thomas Rawlin

son, overseer of some iron works in

Glengarry's country. For more than

a century previously, indeed, the tar

tan plaid had been the common garb

of the highlanders, but it was all in

one piece, wound in folds around the

Prior to the adoption of the tartan

which probably took place about the

close of the fifteenth century, the long.

loose saffron colored skirt, the real

"garb of old Gaul," was the highland

William Black's Joke.

On one occasion when William Black

the novelist, and his wife were to sur

with Mary Anderson in her room at

the Lyceum he got access beforehand

to the supper room, famous as the

meeting place of the old Beefsteak

club, and pasted over the labels of the

champagne bottles a paper bearing in

large letters the one word "Polson!"

It happened on this occasion that, un

known to Black, Mary Anderson was

entertaining a number of guests with

whom she was but slightly acquainted

so that the joke turned out to be some

what embarrassing. It must have giv

en the strangers, who knew Black only

cover how very boyish he was under

"The senator from New Jersey reminds me of one of those feroclous

Newark mosquitoes," I heard her re-

mark to a gentleman by her side with

eyeginsses and thin hair in one of the

"How so?" queried the man, putting

his ear closer to her and looking as if

"Because he seems to be forever

pushing his little bill."—Yonkers States-

His Father (with a grudge to satisfy)

-My own boy! Marry her and render

that old skinflint penniless!"-London

Two Backs.

thusiastic patron. "I can't imagine

anything more acceptable than a nice little canvasback."

"Unless," said the proprietor of the

restaurant, "It's a nice big greenback."

Sure to Be Prejudiced.

Friend-Don't look so blue. You have

Jimson-No use. I'll lose. I know

I'll lose. Every man on that jury

either rented or bought a bouse of me

when I was in the real estate business.

Heredity.

"Certainly. I know a barber who has three little shavers."—New York

The biggest ivory market in the world is at the London docks, where the quarterly sales of ivory average

"Do you believe in heredity?"

-Philadelphia Record.

-New York Weekly.

good case.

"That duck was tine," said the en-

he expected something real brilliant.

his cold outward demeanor.

senate galleries.

Stubbs' money.

Standard.

body, leaving the knees bare.

dress.-London Mail.

clever man's fortune by a kiss.

had matriculated at the university.

The story of Ingeborg Vinding and

a Democrat?

bere.

to make."

at all.

It was arranged that Ken

It Was so Much a Pound, and the sylvania," said a Keystone state cor gressman, "there was a political mass "When I was connected with the eting at which the principal speak notel at Lake Minnetonka several years ers were a Democrat named Kennedy

igo," remarked a hotel man, "we had as a regular summer guest a woman from the south who was remarkably weighing something over 200 pounds. One day she called a bell boy and Inquired:

"'What do they charge for a bath? "'I don't know,' said the boy, 'but I'll find out.'

"After being gone a short time the boy returned and said:

Seven cents a pound. "'What!'

"'Seven cents a pound,' said the boy second time, while the woman's face ecame scarlet as she made her way to the clerk's desk.

hit him a tremendous blow with his 'I want my bill,' she exclaimed fist. T'll show you,' he said, 'that you I have been grossly insulted and shall can't break up a Democratic speaker leave your house."

"She stated her grievance, the boy

was sent for and explained: She asked me what they charged for bass. I told her I didn't know. but would find out. I asked the stew-

ard and he said 7 cents a pound.' "As the ludicrous blunder of the boy dawned upon them both the clerk and the guest made the hotel office resound with their laughter."-Milwaukee Sen

Mr. Dolan's Carriage Mr. Dolan, through the agency of butter and eggs, had reached that stage of prosperity where he was able to set up an establishment with a horse and carriage, and nobody begrudged him his success.

"But what's the reason your wife drives round in a carriage with the letter C on it?" inquired one of Mr. Do lan's friends. "You've not changed

your name, Terry ?" "Naw, man." said Mr. Dolan gayly: 'me name has stood me fifty years, an' it 'll last out me tolme. But the carringe was a great bar-rgain at sleond hand, man, and the 'C' was on it Twud cost a bit to change it to a 'D. and I says to Mary Ann, 'D is a keind of a broad lukin' letther, whoile C is more dillegte and ornamintal! says. 'And, besolde that, it's the very next to D in the alphabet, and, more than all,' I says, 'it stands for con tinted, and that's what ivery Dolan that roides in the carriage will be, so let it stand,' and Mary Ann agreed

wid me."-Youth's Companion.

Burgiarious Bees. To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry. But even the bee com munities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and stenl. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beckeepers, says the Lon don Chronicle, and in the autumn the marauders seem particularly active Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for them selves, they will descend upon a hive kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an aston-Ishingly short space of time. We know of one instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes hive will attack neighboring hive. In such cases the old straw "skip" was better than the medern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human.

A Funny Chase.

Lord Orford, an eccentric English nobleman, once had a team of red deer stags that he frequently drove to a light coach. All went well until one day there happened to be a pack of staghounds on the road from Loudor to Brighton, along which Lord Orford's picturesque team was merrily fleeting There followed the strangest chasthat ever mortal man witnessed. The hounds hunted the team and its owner hard to Newmarket, and with such a smash into the Ram inn yard the whole lot went that there was no more coach left and little more of driver. Lord Orford took to horses after that.

William Simpson, a British artist.

who accompanied the army during the Crimean war, said that Lord Cardigan the commander, examined his early sketches of Balaklava with "a vacant stare." curtly remarking, "It is all wrong." Still Simpson persevered and was rewarded in the end "with the expression of Lord Cardigan's highest adniration." "The real truth was." he adds in his simple way, "that in the last sketch I had taken greater care than in the first two to make his lordship conspicuous in the front of the

The Debt Was Forgotten. Trotter-Why haven't you been in to

see me intely? Bailaw-Well-er-the truth is I was afraid that you might regard my visit as a reminder of the money you owe

Trotter-Why, my dear fellow, I had forgotten all about it. Sorry it troubled

"Some of the young girls nowadays," said Miss Ann Teek. "are positively terrible. The idea of a girl being en gaged to two young men at once! It's shameful!"

"And," suggested Miss Pepprey, "It's aggrevating, too, isn't it?"-Philadelphia Press.

Her Bread.

Walter-Liave you ever made bread before. Marie?

Marie-Oh, yes; I used to make it for my father until his doctor made me

Why Pire Makes Us Blush

When one stands before a hot fire, the face becomes red, as we all know. This result is the effect of the action of radiated heat on the nerves controiling the small blood vessels of the skin. These tiny vessels are normally n a state of moderate contraction Under exposure to heat they reinx and become distended with blood. The same process, under the mysterious connection of the vasomotor nerve system with mental impressions, produces ordinary blushing. In regard to exposure to direct heat the reddening of the skin, together with the uncomfort ably warm feeling accompanying it, may be looked upon as one of the use ful little "danger signals" with which

we are surrounded. Persons who from any cause have lost their susceptibility, as is the case in some forms of paralysis, may ex pose a limb to heat until serious injury results. The reason that the face chiefly flushes is that, in the ordinary position near a fire, it is most directly exposed to the rays of heat, while most of the body is shielded by clothing; that the nerves of the face are particularly sensitive in this respect and that the skin there is more abundantly furnished with blood vessels.

Hugo and the Barbe

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris, in the Place Royale, he used to be shaved by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day If he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for soirces and balls." And M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber sadly, "I was not able to attend half the numper, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo bastfly left the shop with his unfinished verses. on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies. many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.

Billy Rice and a Pin.

Billy Rice, negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant, after an unsuccessful quest for work.

The merchant, seeing the man's action from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kindness he repuld by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short time.

Billy used to end his story by snying that he tried that scheme once when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he en tered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employ ment to offer him, but remarked to his

partner as Rice picked up the pin: "Say, if that fellow's so small as to pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"

Some Nautical Facts.

A knot is 6.080 feet long. The distance from New York to Liverpool is 3.064 nautical miles by the northern track and 3,139 by the southern track. The former course is taken by vessels bound for New York, the latter by vessels bound for Liverpool. From Liverpool to New York the distances are

espectively 3,039 and 3,100 miles. In estimating records the points taken on either side are Sandy Hook and Daunt's rock, Queenstown harbor. The first light sighted on the British coast is the Bull, Cow and Calf, Ireland, and on the American coast either Nantuck-

"Sweethearting" In Church. Speaking of the custom which was once widely spread of making men sit

in a different part of the church from the women, an English minister was told the following anecdote by a Gloucestershire rector: "I remember when I was a boy a young couple coming into the church here on a Sunday afternoon and seating themselves together on the women's side. The man was soon turned out of his seat by the verger, with the remark, uttered in an audible voice, 'We don't have no sweethearting here.' "-London Tit-Bits.

Not That Kind.

The impecunious artist was speaking of a new model he had secured for a great work he was preparing.
"Does she lend herself to the sub-

ect?" inquired a dilettante who loved art for art's sake.

"I should say not," replied the artist, who had got his start as a sign painter. "She charges \$2 an hour."-New York Herald.

All Right Otherwise.

Lawyer (drawing up marriage settlement between American heiress and impoverished foreign nobleman)— There, I think we have it right now to a dot.

Count Boylon de Bakkovisnek (prospective bridegroom)—Sare, I prefair ze Inklish word "dowry."—Chicago Tribune.

Figures Don't Lie. Brown - You only fifty! That's a

White-My daughter says she is only twenty-six, and she was born two years after I was married, and I was narried at twenty-two. Figure it out for yourself .- Boston Transcript.

Bricks and Mortar. Two Irishmen were arguing who was

the cleverer.

"Well," said Pat, "I'll bet you can't tell me what keeps bricks together."

"Sbure." said Mike. "It's mortar."

"No," said Pat; "you are wrong; that keeps them apart."