

THE FAMOUS ALERT.

A Historic Ship That Has Just Been Sold For the Metal in Her.

Beached upon the Bessemer shoals, near Quebec, the old steamship Alert, which in 1875-6 was moored near to the north pole than any other vessel has ever been.

She was the flagship of the Nares Arctic expedition and lay all winter at Floberg beach, 82 degrees 14 minutes north latitude. In 1883 she was presented by the British government to our government to take part in the Greely relief expedition, and after that successful enterprise she was returned with thanks to the British.

In 1888 she was loaned to the Canadian government to investigate the navigability of Hudson strait, and to bring back the party of explorers left upon its bank in 1884 by the Neptun.

On this trip the Alert was commanded by Captain Gordon, and for three weeks was jammed in a field of ice. It was her last northern voyage.

The imperial authorities presented her to the Canadian government, and the latter, finding her at last unseaworthy, after employing her for some time in the boy and light-house service, sold her at auction several days ago.

She was bought for \$4,000 by a ship-builder of St. John for the sake of her old metal and other material.—New York Sun.

He Was Peculiar.

Dr. L. G. Moore, one of the most remarkable characters in Louisville, was found dead the other night in a squalid room at Eleventh and Walnut streets. His death was the result of exposure.

Dr. Moore owned property in many parts of Louisville and for 20 years had rented it out to fallen women and salesmen. Under no circumstances could he be made to rent to other classes. If the women fell behind in their rent, he would close down on them and attach whatever they had. In his room a dozen or so rolls of carpet were obtained and piled up, while the floor is here. He said it was foolish to put down a carpet only to wear it out, when a floor would last a lifetime without one. He did his own cooking at an expense of about \$2 a month, and never took a drink of liquor outside of his room, where he kept a half gallon demijohn generally filled with cheap whiskey. His estate is estimated all the way from \$75,000 to \$300,000, and if he has any relatives no one knows of them.—Exchange.

The Lady and the Forker.

A laughable incident occurred on North Eleventh street the other afternoon which afforded much amusement to the bystanders, but put the lady in a very unpleasant position.

At the Lexington street market there was a sale of small pigs. She bought one and placed it in a reticule. She thought it perfectly secure. In an unguarded moment the little pig of a dozen or so quills jumped clear out of its prison and darted for a side hallway. The lady uttered a slight scream of dismay and started after it, calling to a gentleman to stop it. With his eyes at once the man was captured, and then the pig began to wiggle its body out of her hands several times, she meanwhile on her knees making heroic efforts to retain possession of her prize. After repeated attempts the rebellious pig was finally secured, and with flushed face and soiled hands the lady emerged, a victor, though sorely embarrassed woman.—Baltimore American.

SUBDUING A TERROR.

The Intoxicated Woodman Runs Up Against a Man From Bradford.

"I'm the best man on this train!" shouted an intoxicated woodman as he swaggered into the smoking car at a little way station on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh.

"I'm the best man on this train!" he repeated, and snatched his fists fiercely.

As he repeated the assertion with additional emphasis a dude who was smoking a cigarette sneaked into another car and the other passengers were a trifle look. But a man on a back seat, who lives in Bradford, walked up to the woodman and said calmly:

"Stranger, you say you are the best man on the train. If that is the case, what's the use in making such a fuss about it? I think you are the worst man on the train—certainly the worst I have heard of. When I see a fellow acting like you are doing I set him down as a cowardly bully and a miserable, sneaking cur. Now sit down."

The terror had evidently received a severe setback, but he didn't like to appear to be too easily subdued. So he said:

"Think you are a better man than I am, do you?"

"I should hope so," said the other.

"You're a liar!" exclaimed the terror, and made a pass at him with a truncheon. This is where he made the mistake. The gentleman from Bradford let go with his right and sent the fellow sprawling against the iron portion of a seat, cutting his head so that it required five stitches to sew up the gash. After he had recovered somewhat and began to realize what had happened he said:

"I didn't think the dashed thing was loaded."—Punzretway Spirit.

Cuts and the Storm.

"Mrs. Dasher is a very quiet dresser, isn't she?"

"Mercy, no. She storms at her maid until she can be heard away in the top flat."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ambition is so powerful a passion in the human breast that however high we reach we are never satisfied.—Machiavelli.

Sulphuric and nitric acids were known to China, the alchemist, in the eighth century.

Something iron was first used in France, and are supposed to have been a French invention, being introduced in the sixteenth century.

Destiny In Oregon.

"When I was traveling through southeastern Oregon last month," said Attorney W. W. McNair to a San Francisco Post writer, "I found myself in a small village and with a large toothache. I found the local dentist, with his whirling engine that resembled a small lathe at the livery stable clipping a horse.

"Do you treat teeth?" I asked.

"Course! What do you suppose I'm here for?" he replied in a nettled tone.

"Well, I have one that needs attention."

"Want it pulled or plugged?" he asked.

"I want it treated. How do you treat a tooth that is aching?"

"Pull it or plug it."

"I think this could be saved if it had proper treatment."

"Want it plugged, then? What is it—jaw too hard to gnaw?" And he tried to force a finger that was covered with dirt and horsehair into my mouth. I had grown a trifle suspicious of him, so thought I would find out what sort of work he did.

"Do you do bridge work?" I asked.

"Not since I been practicing. I did build a bridge across Cow creek when I was ranchin, but I mostly confine myself to draggin fangs, doctorin horses an' barberin."

"Do you ever transplant teeth?"

"Saw, I tried that once, but she didn't work. Ole Bill Robison had a tooth that was aching, an' he wanted it pulled. I got the wrong tooth. I tried to put her back, but Bill hollered an' cut up so that I thought I'd try to transplant it."

"I sawed off the snags an' riveted it to Bill's plate o' false teeth, but she wouldn't work. The first time Bill bit a bone with it the tooth swung around in the rivot, an' he bit a hole in the roof of his mouth as big as a hazel nut."

"I concluded not to have my tooth treated. The dentist was sorry and told me that if it was better to heat a knitting needle hot an' poke it in the tooth, or hold a claw o' terbacker in my mouth."

Bicycle Costumes Differ.

A sprightly writer from Paris who devotes much space to the bicycle craze in "the gayest city in the world" says: "Costumes differ widely, the average cyclist appearing in some order, while the aristocrat generally clings to her skirt, either long or of a comfortable demilength, an occasional countess appearing in bloomers. The rider who rides for the pleasure of it and not for the sensation she makes dresses in neat tailoring style, without anything of a fanciful nature about her rig. Tweed or twill in faced cloth of some dark and unassuming color is used, and a tidy finish is added by leather gaiters, dogskin gloves and a close hat of either felt or straw. Lady Terence Blackwood, who writes Flora Davis of New York, rides in a very appropriate and becoming costume. It is of navy blue cloth, with a skirt half way to the ankles, showing brown suede gaiters buttoned trimly over rasset shoes. The coat is fitted to the figure and buttons in double-breasted fashion, with small lapels showing a snowy linen collar and shirt front, with a neat little scarf. Tan dogskin gloves and an Alpine felt hat in dark brown finish the costume, which is most becoming to her."

Opinion of an Expert.

In sea and wind, Defender, sure. In light winds and roll of sea, Defender.

In moderate breezes—Valkyrie's best chance—use up. Defender has none the worst of it.

In light winds, smooth water, very close. Sixes and sixes. Can't call the turn.

Will Defender win three straight heats?

Yes, if she has wind and sea and everything stands. There may be a break in light winds and smooth water.

In a sea and light winds the Defender should win out three under these conditions.

The start will almost have as much to do with the result as the weather. If the Defender gets caught under the Valkyrie III's lee—well, there will be some hair singing to get out. Such are my opinions, given just like other people, and like all things that mortal man does, they may be wide of the mark. A. G. McVey in New York Herald.

My Be-Hind With His Own Petard.

Dr. Spitzka, the insanity expert, has replied to Max Nordau's literary farsonade and shows that the Austrian is not a medical expert at all, and that his boasted knowledge is largely imaginary. If Nordau keeps at it, perhaps in the end he will come into Dr. Spitzka's hands in a professional way, as there are signs of a disease abroad which may be termed Nordaunism, and the worst bitten man is the great iconoclast himself.—Philadelphia Press.

An Example of Depressure.

A remarkable instance of the depressed condition of English agriculture occurred at the sale of Langdon abbey, recently, when 839 acres of land, with farmhouse, stabling, homestead and seven modern cottages, only realized \$28,500. Fifteen years ago the property was valued at \$100,000, and four years ago it was actually mortgaged for \$70,000.

Effective.

Artist—I painted this picture, air, to keep the wolf from the door.

Dealer (after inspecting it)—Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it.—Pick Me Up.

Nail biting, according to a French doctor, is hereditary. Almost one-third of the French school children bite their nails, and the girls are worse than the boys.

Virtue is a rich stone, best plain set.—Bacon.

"NO GOT A OIL; NO GOT A WICK."

Railroad Travel In China Seems to Have Its Drawbacks.

Having engaged a coupe in the train to Shang-I-Yuen, the only railway in all China, I found on entering the first class vestibule car that, like the rest of the train, it was horribly dirty.

I asked for an explanation of the matter, and for answer was conducted to another part of the train which appeared a little cleaner, but still the coupe was very dirty and only had the advantage of having a table, which the first one had not, it having been broken up by some former occupant.

After the train began to move a most vile smell came from the adjoining compartment. On asking why such a state of things was permitted I was told that Chinese mandarins were a dirty people and did not understand any better standard of cleanliness.

Two young Cantonese are in the same carriage with me, and I ask them why the railway is so badly managed and the cars so dirty. They inform me that they are related to one of the directors, and that no doubt the dirt arose from the number of strangers who had traveled lately by the line, who do not understand western sanitary arrangements—in fact, never were in a train before.

It has become quite dark, and we are not provided with a light. I inquire the reason.

"The wicks are finish; no got a more, no got a oil; not a wick," is the reply.

And so we sit in darkness till the end of our journey, when we steam into Shang-I-Yuen, a name which means in English "City of Hills and Sea Pass," the famous frontier pass situated near the maritime end of China's great wall.—Paris Herald.

The Parliamentary Franchise.

Men and women in England vote equally for town councils, local boards, poor law guardians, vestries, churchwardens and school boards. For very shame, says the president of the International Union, extend the parliamentary franchise, which has been granted to every ignorant laborer and denied not only to the domestic workers, but to the woman, but to the thoughtful, educated lady, wife, governess, coachman and groom can record their votes before her eyes, while she is practically outlawed. As for the argument that women as politicians would obstruct the peace of the domestic circle, it is manifestly conceded that family life is infinitely richer and more attractive to men when politics are not talked on account of the ignorance or indifference of the female members of the household.

In questions of intellect women have proved themselves able to cope with men. Let justice then be done to her. Our ruler is a queen yet still a politician. In the duties and difficulties of her high and arduous office let her daughters as well as her sons have the privilege of helping her. Strike off the last shackles which cramp a woman's mind and restrict her life to a narrow and hypocritical triumph over prejudice and bigotry.

WANTS A BLANKET DIVORCE.

Yellow Bonnet Has Four Wives and Wants to Be Free.

Yellow Bonnet, a Cheyenne Indian, has applied for a blanket divorce from four wives at Hologo, O. T. It is the first time that an Indian has sued for a divorce in Oklahoma.

Yellow Bonnet gives as his reasons for his action that he has recently embraced the Christian religion and cannot live a polygamous life; also that his wives have refused to become Christians. He asks for the custody of only one of his 19 children.

It was at first thought that it was not necessary to ask for a divorce, as the laws of Oklahoma forbid polygamy. A few lawyers held to that idea, but other lawyers contended that as he married the four wives under the tribal laws, recognized partially by the government and before the statutes of Oklahoma existed, he could not be separated from them except by process of the laws now prevailing.

This opinion finally prevailed, and the divorce application was filed. That Yellow Bonnet is sincere in preferring Christianity first four wives is shown by the fact that each of the wives and children has now a nice allotment of land and several hundred dollars of trust funds coming from the government.

The wives will consent only to a "blanket" divorce, for they are afraid to allow the cases to be taken up separately for fear that Yellow Bonnet after getting rid of three of them would keep the fourth, and as there is intense jealousy existing among them the attorneys could not persuade them to consent to single suits.—New York Recorder.

Her Chances.

A woman who has traveled largely in Japan mentioned in the course of a lecture the fact that the Japanese language does not contain an impolite word; hence there is no swearing in that happy land. She also stated that ceculation was an unknown pleasure. As the audience dispersed, commenting favorably upon different points, an old woman remarked in a voice loud enough to be heard by all: "Well, for my part, I prefer a country where they kiss and cuss!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Diamond.

None can tell where the diamond goes to in combustion. Burn it, and leaves no ash, the same is exterior like fire of a cork, and when it has blazed itself out there remains not even so much as would dust the antennae of a butterfly.

At Gibraltar, during the most famous of its sieges, the French commander, Jean de La Motte, was killed by a bullet coming from a scurry sent them as a present a boatload of carrots.

How Chicago Views Golf.

Golf, "Constant Reader," is a harmless pastime intended for feeble minded millionaires. As to its pronunciation, it is pronounced a dreadful bore.—Chicago Tribune.

STAMBULOFF'S SPIRIT.

Called the Bismarck of the Balkans Because of His Courage.

The late M. Stambuloff, ex-premier of Bulgaria, used to be called "the Bismarck of the Balkans." One of his most dramatic passages with Russia occurred during the war with Serbia. Prince Alexander had gone out to lead the Bulgarian army in person, leaving M. Stambuloff in charge at home. It was a clear day, with not a breath of air stirring, and the roar of the cannon was plainly heard in the city. M. Stambuloff thought the Serbians were winning the day. In their anxiety the Bulgarian ministers applied to the Russian diplomatic agent for advice. That gentleman shrugged his shoulders and said it was no affair of his.

"But, most honorable Serbian ministers," the Serbians are almost at our gates. You could stop them with a single word, if you would." "Yes, but that word will not be spoken. On one condition only will I stop them, and that is that your bugger of a prince shall abdicate as soon as he is in the field." M. Stambuloff said: "I will not do. No, not for 20 Russias!"

With that M. Stambuloff sprang into the saddle and dashed away to the battlefield, while the Russian agent sent to his friends to come to his house to celebrate the defeat of the Bulgarian armies. A few hours passed, and then the Bulgarian foreign minister got a telegram from M. Stambuloff, dated on the field of battle, telling of Prince Alexander's magnificent victory and of the utter rout of the Serbians. He hurried with it to the house of the Russian agent, arriving there in the midst of the festivities. And when he told the news the representative of the czar, it is said, ground his teeth in rage.—Westminster Budget.

SHARP AND SEVERE.

A Specimen of Fine English Humility Over Mark Twain.

Mark Twain (Mr. Samuel L. Clemens) has been holding forth about his present bankruptcy in a strain that might puzzle the simple. He says:

"A merchant who has given up all his means may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself. But I am not a business man, and I honor as a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than 10 cents on the dollar, and its debts are not allowed. I had a two-thirds interest in the publishing firm whose capital I furnished. If the firm had prospered, I would have expected to collect two-thirds of the profits. As it is, I expect to pay all the debts." Mr. Samuel L. Clemens protests too much. It is a matter of simple honesty to pay one's debts in full, and the obligations of honor run further than Mr. Samuel L. Clemens seems to imagine. Curiously enough, the first ad only time we met Mr. Samuel L. Clemens he dwelt at length upon the dishonesty of a contemporary writer, a compatriot of his, to whom all English readers owe many delightful hours, in such a way that we confess to be so sympathetic with him in his monetary troubles. He talks of hoping to make "a fresh and unimpaired start in life at 64 years of age." There is too much self pity here and too much self approval. Let us hope he will have a better chance to be honest and deserving a martyr's crown. The explanation probably is that when a man has only one virtue he is inclined to overrate its importance.—London Saturday Review.

And Still the Dance Goes On.

We have horseless carriages, carless boats, delivery carts operated by boy power working on pedals and sewing machine motors.

Ten years ago it was said that the ultimate destiny of man would be to think and press a button.

Doing business with money is already too expensive and clumsy for advanced institutions. Letter writing has abandoned the pen for the typewriter and will soon abandon the typewriter and go out of commercial existence as the telephone and telegraph are perfected and cheapened.

The primitive man makes what he needs. The modern man sells his product in a lump and orders what he needs.—St. Louis Republic.

Shakespeare or Bacon?

It remained for a newspaper critic in a small Austrian town to suggest a method of definitely settling the question whether Shakespeare plays were written by Shakespeare or Bacon.

In his criticism of a very bad performance of "King Lear" this critic says: "There was but one point in favor of the performance. It permits a decision settling the authorship of 'King Lear.' Open the graves of the two great Englishmen, and the one who is the author will certainly be found face down, as he must have turned in his grave after this performance."

Benighted It Is.

The colored people living in Berlin held a festival in that city recently, which attracted many of the prominent people of the capital. One of the best speakers made an address, as became a good adopted citizen, in eulogy of the German emperor. Negroes in the fatherland have reason to be content with their lot. They are received on an equality with whites and are often called "brunettes."—New York Tribune.

The most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive, most studious of accuracy in details.—James Martineau.

In Brazil there are said to be 300 languages and dialects spoken by the Indians.

An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet or a fall of about 100 tons upon an acre.

The lamp used by Epictetus, the philosopher, sold for 3,000 drachmas soon after his death, in the year 181 A. D.

AS CLEAN AS THEY ARE POLITE AND AS GRACIOUS AS THEY ARE BRAVE.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese have many nice qualities and some great ones. They are clean, they are polite, and apparently they are very gentle and very brave. They are said to be exceedingly neat, too, and to be beautifully endowed with that sense of propriety a defective development of which accounts for much of the rubbish in American streets and most of the disagreeableness of American street car travel. They certainly beat us in a good many things, and not unreasonably their example is much held up to us nowadays for emulation. Intelligent foreigners who have observed us closely have declared that we are the rudest and the kindest people in the world.

Of course it is a pity that we are not more universally courteous; that our children are not demure and orderly like the Japanese children; that we throw papers into the street and drop peanut shells and orange peel on the floors of our public conveyances. Of course it is a pity that we are not more like the Japanese in many particulars, but for my part, I make hold to confess that American manners, with all their defects, are better suited to my American taste than Japanese manners, with all their gentle perfections.

American manners are not nearly as good as they should be, not nearly as good as one may hope they may become, but that Japanizing would profit them is not so certain as it looks at first sight, even if it did not involve a much greater amount of self repression or self obliteration, doubtless more apparent than actual, than the American temperament could endure or has any desire to attain to. The amelioration of our national demeanor must rather be sought in an increased and enlightened self control joined to a strengthened self respect. If we ever do become civilized, it will be first at the heart and afterward at the rind.—Scribner's.

HORSE FOLLOWED FUNERALS.

A Louisville Steed That Caused His Mistress Deep Mortification.

"Some years ago," said Alderman James C. Gilbert to a reporter, "I had a tenant down town who died, leaving a wife and helpless family. Their only property consisted of an old mare, and more to oblige them than anything else I bought the horse. She was gentle and my wife adopted her for her own driving, and was much pleased for awhile, as the old mare was so gentle that my wife could drive her about town herself.

"It seemed, however, that the mare had belonged to an old lady over in New Albany who had a mania on the subject of funerals and made a point never to miss one. The old mare's principal occupation for years had been to follow funeral processions to the cemeteries. One day my wife was driving down the street, when she suddenly encountered a negro funeral, followed by a number of societies with all the paraphernalia of an imposing cortege.

"The old mare recognized the procession at a glance, and calmly turned into the line of the parade. In vain my wife tugged at the reins and tried to turn out. The old mare knew her business, and with head hung down solemnly followed close behind the mourners. Occasionally they would meet an acquaintance of ours, and they looked with surprise at the tribute which my wife was apparently paying to the deceased. Mr. Mark Twain would have followed close behind the mourners, and they looked with surprise at the tribute which my wife was apparently paying to the deceased, until my wife was frantic with mortification and anger.

"At every crossing she would appeal to bystanders to stop the old mare, but they didn't seem to understand, until at last they passed a policeman, who, in response to my wife's tearful appeals, stopped the old mare and dragged her out of the procession, much to her surprise and disgust. Of course I had a good laugh over it, but it was no laughing matter with my wife, and I had no peace till I sold that old mare and got her out of sight for good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

All Weathers Sailed Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson stoutly poochpoohed the notion of the effect of weather on the mind. "To temperance," he wrote, "every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence." Johnson, however, was little given to analyze the influences of nature, or any other influences, upon himself. And it may well be that this disposition on his part was in the spirit of the stoics and in defiance of his own feelings, to which he declined to give way. It seemed to him a sorry thing that "a being endowed with reason" should "reign his powers to the influences of the air and live in dependence on the weather and the wind."—Temple Bar.

Distinctions.

"Money makes a heap of difference in the world," said the misanthrope.

"Of course it does. Still, a man can always choose his associations."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Here I am with such limited means that I can't be on speaking terms with even the telephone company."—Washington Star.

Tawdry is derived from St. Andrew. In the early middle ages fairs were held in France and England on St. Andrew's day, and these annual gatherings became noted for the gaudy and worthless jewelry sold at them.

If the mind, that rules the body, ever so far forgets itself as to trample on its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor.—Longfellow.

And There You Are.

Yabsley—Did you ever try keeping an account of personal expenses?

Mudge—Now, I know how much I got a week, don't I?

"I guess so."

"And I haven't got any credit. So there you are."—Exchange.

Population of the World.

German geographers have made a careful estimate of the population of Africa, and place the total at 163,000,000, which is 48,240,000 more than the aggregated population of North and South America. Europe and Africa combined have a population of 531,332,000, though their area is not greater than that of all America. The new world has plenty of room for many times its present population of 121,718,000. The German estimate of the population of the world is 1,480,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be increased by the year 1617 to 33,586,000,000.

Amount Breathing.

In the ordinary respiration of man 16 or 17 cubic inches of atmospheric air pass into the lungs 20 times a minute, or a cubic foot every 5 1/2 minutes—874 cubic feet in 24 hours. The lungs hold 2.80 cubic feet. At each respiration 1.375 of oxygen is converted into carbonic acid gas. The nitrogen inspired and expired is exactly equal. During the act of inspiration the lungs have been found to be the coldest parts of the body.

A late gleaner of Biblical notes says that Solomon's famous temple was 107 feet long, 36 feet wide and 84 feet in height.

She Showed.

There is a rule at Smith college that no girl can go out driving with a young man unless he is her brother, her fiance or a near relation. Now, once upon a time, not many years ago, a young man went there to see a girl with whom he stood in none of these relations, although he wished to be in one of them. And like any sensible young fellow in such a pretty town he asked her to take a drive, having no knowledge of the both-come rule. The girl said that she would just love to go, but she would have first to ask the president. "Is the young man your brother?" inquired that functionary. "No," said the girl. "Is he your cousin?" "No," said the girl. "Are you engaged?" "Not yet," the blushing maiden answered, "but I think we will be when we come back, if you will only let me go." And tradition says that the president relented and that the couple came home engaged.—Utica Observer.

An Indignant Mother.

"Look here," said a lodger to his landlady, "your daughter has been using my comb and brush again!"

"I beg your pardon," said the landlady indignantly. "I never allow my children to meddle with my lodger's belongings in any way."

"But I am sure she has been using them," said the lodger, "for there are long black hairs on them, and she is the only person with black hair in the house."

"Oh, now I remember! She did have them to comb and brush our dear old people," said the landlady, "but I am quite sure she did not use them for herself. She's too honest to be guilty of that sort of thing."—New York Mercury.

Laborer With the Cigar Store Dummy.

There are people who, when they get an idea in their heads, keep it there forever. An old Portland lady has been talking against the tobacco habit for years and never loses an opportunity to impress upon unfortunates the folly of the habit. She is a bit nearsighted, and she nearly convulsed lookers on yesterday when she stopped in front of the old little figure at the door of Fish's cigar store and began to argue with it about the harmfulness of smoking. The explosion came when, in her zeal, she reached out and tried to take the mock cigar away from him that she might throw it into the street. Perhaps she is right, but she certainly is overzealous.—Portland Express.

Amusing Answer.

The following anecdote is from "Glances at Great and Little Men," by Palatin:

"A lady of the court told me a funny anecdote of one of the numerous Americans who were presented at the Tuileries. He was a young man, and the emperor had known his father in America, so the latter, wishing to be gracious, said: 'Et, monsieur, votre pere, vit-il encore?' (Does your father yet live?)

"Par excusez, sire." (Not yet, sire.)

The emperor had much ado to refrain from laughing and put his next question in English.

Senator Teller's Mother's Rector.

Senator Teller is one of the numerous class of men who are peculiarly fond of "mother's cooking." It happens that the senator's mother lives with him on his Colorado ranch and always superintends the butter making. The senator's wife is an excellent housekeeper, but sometimes things will go wrong in the kitchen, and on such occasions, it is said, Mrs. Teller passes the yellow dairy product to her husband and says brightly:

"I'm sorry the dinner is not very good today, Henry, but here at least is some of your mother's butter."—New York

Light Persons Followed by Eye.

Mr. I. Ten Bosch writes from Rochelle Park, N. J., to Garden and Forest, saying:

"Whenever I see a tree in the embrace of a poison ivy, I take my knife and cut her out. On the grounds of a few friends and on my own I have cut vines from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches thick, sometimes at the root and sometimes as far up as I could reach, and then tearing down the stems have uprooted them with my hands. I have done this at all seasons, and when my hands were torn by black-berry thorns, but I never had a trace of poisoning. A friend to whom I mentioned my immunity said, 'Of course you are not poisoned, because you are dark.' Since then I have been thinking that in the cases of poisoning which had come to my knowledge the victims had been light haired. A younger brother of mine, who is very fair, has been severely poisoned."

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