

The Baboon Replaces the Dog.

Speed is a form of equipment in which the dog excels the baboon, and an aid in the direct pursuit of animals...

The young emperor would only consent to the introduction of some kind of representative assembly, such as all European nations have and even the sultan had adopted shortly before...

Although the burying ground at the Brighton street end of the Common is the most ancient in town, not especially noted for the resting place of distinguished men, it is a picturesque place...

As the site of the stone seven years before the country was established, it has given rise to many conjectures. Why the unknown babe was buried in a position so near an unnumbered quarry...

A clever New York girl made an eye catcher last winter in London. She was invited to meet the Prince of Wales at a banquet with some other Americans...

A French writer has had a vision of the city of the future, Cyclopolis by name. The city was full of wheels—bicycles, tricycles, motorcycles, petroleum cars...

A good story is told of a town which was so full of swarms of flies that they were attracted by the sour meat left in the gutter after the chickens in a certain roadway were done feeding...

Tim Healy is beginning to acquire a reputation as a story teller. An eminent queen's counsel, he said the other day, once gave the following recommendation to a gentleman who proposed to swear an affidavit after having already sworn an affidavit in exactly a contrary sense in the course of the suit...

Highland Raids.

In one of the raids of the McGregors the farm of Burnfoot, at the back of the Gargnought hills, above Fintry, was attacked by about 30 of the clan, and the cattle "lifted."

This is as great a convenience as preserves, the preparation of apples for sauce not being always convenient for the busy housekeeper. Inferior apples may be used in this way, and the wind falls of early autumn, when one is fortunate enough to own an orchard, will be found quite available...

Longfellow, the "poet of childhood," loved and was loved by the children and his later years were brightened by many proofs of their affection. He was the only man to read anything more characteristic and touching than a roomy occurrence described by a correspondent...

Mr. A. and his family of New York were visiting Westminster abbey. Poets' corner attracted them, of course, and here they paused longest before the bust of the American statesman. Nellie, the older daughter, carried a rose. As they turned away, she laid it reverently near the gentle face...

"I have a piece of news for you," he remarked as he sat down at the table. "Miss De. Billion is going to be married." "I knew that two weeks ago," replied his wife. "I saw her future husband today." "Is he handsome?" "Um—er—his not what you'd call handsome. He looks artistic."

Only 906 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,300 succumb to gonorrhea, 1,600 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,400 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 45,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

One can scarcely talk up a German paper of the day which does not have its special column or corner devoted to work on simple chess puzzles in their papers, while the magazines for older readers present problems which seem almost hopeless of solution to an inexperienced player. There are chess clubs, chessrooms, chessboards and chess players without number.

In 1805 St. Thomas was devastated by fire, government and other property to the value of \$30,000,000 being destroyed. Until B. C. 489 the Greeks began the year at the winter solstice; after that, at the summer.

Wood Preservation.

In reviewing the various processes and means of impregnating wood in order to its preservation, a writer in The Technical Review of Natural Science, Jena, Germany, considers the Carbolinum aversantii to possess special merit, offering in its use the important desideratum of requiring no machinery or apparatus, but simply a brush for painting or an iron tank for immersing the woodwork to be treated.

The art and fine spirit of James Russell Lovell are still quite frequently spoken of in the literary circles of London, and anecdotes of him are told with keen enjoyment. On one occasion at a large banquet the peculiarities of American speech were mentioned to hear the original mischievous came to the girl from the dead letter press. And on the envelope containing the was the superscription "Loving Lighter, West Bank street, New York city."

One of New York's comic weeklies has for many years had an old man on its staff whose duty it is to see that no remarkable memory, and nearly every week he "kills" something which has passed muster with the younger editors. He knows the files of his paper thoroughly, and not infrequently when a stolen sketch or an old joke is submitted he can name the month and year when it was first printed. Long years of mirth killing have left their mark in the deep furrows that line his face. It has made him, suspicious of every one and particularly of writers of jokes and comic articles. This man has passed his whole life in New York, employed at the unending task of exposing fakes. He said to a friend not long ago that old jokes haunted his sleep and made life a burden, but it is his boast that none of them has ever worked its way into his paper.

The late Sir William Grove, the eminent scientist and jurist, never forgot himself for not discovering the spectroscopy. "I had often observed," he said, "that there were different lines exhibited in the spectra of different metals ignited in the voltaic arc, and if I had had any reasonable amount of wit I ought to have seen the converse—viz, that by ignition different bodies show in their spectra lines the materials of which they are composed."

"What was the trouble between Jibsey and his wife?" "Oh, the common story—they couldn't agree on the money question." "Say! It is too bad that politics!" "Who said anything about politics?" The row began because Jibsey insisted that he ought to have at least a third of his salary to spend on himself.—Indianapolis Journal.

When spoken at the altar. Miss Gunnington—Oh, Mr. Henpeck, what do you consider to be the saddest words ever spoken? Mr. Henpeck (shuddering)—I will.—New York Press.

THE TOMBS DOCTOR.

Most of His Patients Suffer From the Effects of Disipation—Victims of Morphine and Opium—Placebo For Those Who Feign Illness.

While his duties are filled officially by the cure and medical treatment of the inmates of the Tombs, or city prison, Dr. D. J. Ward undoubtedly has one of the most interesting fields of professional practice and study. It extends among a class of patients which takes all in all, are hardly to be duplicated anywhere else.

"I have had patients here of this class," he continued, "to whom I had to administer as high as 30 grains of morphia in one day to save their lives. This dose would be sufficient to kill about five ordinary persons not accustomed to the drug."

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A PLUCKY CONJURE.

A very pleasant anecdote is told of Professor Anderson by Mr. Anderson in his "Green Room Recollections." He says the professor in his great gun trick used to give one of the audiences a rifle, some powder and a marked bullet. The marksman was then requested to load and prepare to fire.

Anderson had risked his life rather than confess himself a beater, the applause was deafening. My friend told me that he hit rather small and regretted his penchant for practical joking.

The landlady at the Hotel de Paris was very patient and good humored with us, though we walked him all over his own house before we chose a room that opened upon a small, dark, well-lit court, full of palms and orange trees and with a fountain. He seemed delighted when he found out we were satisfied. "You know," he told us, "I always say that strangers who come to Seville in the summer time must be mad."

Equally remarkable is the way the newcomers, or at least those committed for petty offenses, will take to loitering and looking up to those committed for the higher grades of crime, such as murder and bank robbery.

"A class of people who are great at feigning illness are those who come down here from the workhouse on Blackwell's island," said Dr. Ward further. "As soon as I hear of these complaining and find them on a normal condition I tell them they require no medicine, and if they take any it will do them more harm than good. If they are persistent after my examination or calling for placebo, which is really something in the name of a medicine only, but in reality composed of pills of common bread or a colored water. This placebo acts like a charm in these cases, for when I go my rounds and ask the placebo patients how they feel after taking this medicine they declare the remedy excellent and want to know why I did not prescribe it for them before."

"One thing that surprises me here is the way criminals charged with monstrous crimes secure the sympathy of those women who are of a benevolent or charitable turn of mind. These criminals pour alleged stories of their fall from grace and innocence into the ears of these confiding people, but in nine cases out of ten where the prisoner is helped and gets out he or she makes sport of the credulity of the benefactor," concluded Dr. Ward as he stepped out of his office to make his rounds.—New York News.

She had read the sign "Do not speak to the motorman, and she said, "I wonder why not?" Then in wisecracking voice she inquired of that functionary, "Why mustn't one talk to the motorman?" He told her it was against the rules. "But why is it against the rules?" "Because it is." "Then you don't like to be talked to?" "Oh, yes, but—Thunder, I came within an ace of running down that old gent!" "But I should think it would be nice to have somebody to speak to instead of talking to nobody all day long." "Lady, you are going to stop talking, or there's going to be a smash up on this line, and a big one, see?" "The hateful thing! And I did so want to be sociable. He's married, I'll bet. He's just like Henry when he's got the paper under his nose."—Boston Transcript.

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BEAUTIFUL SEVILLE.

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