

Statistical Tables

Statistical tables yield curious information to the careful student. For instance, they show that over one-third of the women who kill themselves are not yet 25 years of age. They show that women take poison, where men shoot themselves, and they show that the poor sick and the infirm are not by any kind of reckoning in the majority. A physician who makes a study of attempted suicide said this:

"Get a girl past 25, and she'll go through poverty, sickness and desertion and misery enough to kill ten men. The more people suffer the more they cling to life. I've seen it in hospitals. It is not the patients with the incurable disease or the hopeless cripples who beg to die, but the young, strong, vital woman, who hates pain and doesn't want to suffer it, even for the chance of getting well. It is a strange thing, this getting of a girl past 25, but uncommon. Any physician with a large family practice will tell you of a dozen cases in his own circle of knowledge. Sometimes it is called pyromania, sometimes kleptomania, sometimes cataplexy, sometimes hysteria, sometimes feigning and sometimes tantrums—it's all the same thing—nothing else to do. Another physician told of a girl who committed suicide, and who left a note stating that her reason was that she was tired of doing the same things over and over every day. The monotony of life had become unbearable to her.—Philadelphia Times.

Dropping a Ball Through the Earth.
"O. E.," of East St. Louis asks the following curious question, "If it were possible to bore a hole a foot or more in diameter entirely through the earth, and to then start a 100 pound ball falling through this 8,000 miles of hole, at what point would it stop?" In answer to this we will say that weight, in the sense to which our correspondent alludes, is the measure of attraction of gravitation, or, in other words, it is the measure of force with which a body is attracted to the earth. This attractive force decreases both ways from the earth's surface. Therefore if a ball should be started on the top outlined in your query its weight would decrease to a certain extent with every yard of the height (or fall), until finally, upon reaching the center of the earth it would have no weight whatever. This curious state of affairs would be brought about by the gradual lessening by the force of attraction, or gravitation, until the center of the globe would have been reached, at which point the ball would be held in suspension, as though fixed by numerous magnetic points. In other words, at the center of the earth the phenomenon of weight is entirely wanting.—St. Louis Republic.

Making Allowances.
"Confound the boy," exclaims a man who had brought and spilled half a cup of coffee.
"What is the matter, don't look at you? You will see the reason," replied the waiter.
"Excuse me, please, I'm that boy Tom."
"What has he done?" I am sure he is getting along finely. He writes me that he is on the 'level.'
"That's all very well, but here I have a bill from his tailor, and I only paid one last week."
"But look at the nice set he is in."
"Yes, but why the mischief doesn't the 'emulsion' do it? Doesn't the young rascal know the value of money?"
"But Tom is so young, dear. You ought to make allowances for him."
"Allowances? For heaven's sake! I have been making allowances enough for him, and I'll stop his allowances this month," he cried as he left the breakfast room to go to the office.—Chicago Times-Herald.

No. 12 In Rome.
An "outing" tourist who visits Rome and walks through the streets is doubtless surprised that there are very few houses bearing the ominous number 12, nearly all the houses that should bear those figures being marked 13 or 14. Nor is the superstition regarding the fatal 13 absent from scientific and patriotic Germany, for the other day a merchant in Berlin applied to the magistrate of the district to have the number of his shop changed from No. 12 to No. 13. The magistrate, however, refused to grant the petition. In Frankfurt, on the other hand, the owners of buildings bearing No. 13 are allowed to change the figures upon a simple application to the proper authorities.—New York Tribune.

Good For a Paragraph.
A well known Dublin journalist tells the following anecdote:
One night as a messenger from the office of an evening paper was passing along the quays on the banks of the Liffey he heard the sound of some one struggling in the water.
"Are you drowning?" he shouted.
"I am," replied a feeble voice from the water.
"What a pity!" said the lad consolingly. "You are just too late for the last edition tonight, but cheer up—you'll have a nice little paragraph all to yourself in the morning."—London Tit-Bits.

De Maurier's Portrait.
George Du Maurier's last portrait of himself pictured a man faintly resembling the author of "Tribly" and provided with the wings of an angel and the tail and hoofs of a something else. Over it he wrote: "Some seem to think he's got wings like an angel; some that he's got a cloven foot and a forked tail. He is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you."
In heraldic and different varieties of the crown are recognized as insignia of rank—the mitre, the triumphal or imperial, the diadem, the obsequial crown, the civic, the crown valley, the mural crown, the naval and the crown celestial.

Waste and a Church.

Any old and beautiful church gives us that is most moving and noblest—organism, beauty, absence of all things momentary and worldly, ex-pression of greatness, of brute utility and mean compromise, equality of all men before God; moreover, time, eternity, the past and the great dead. All noble churches give us this. How much more, therefore, St. Mark's, which is noblest and most venerable!
It has, like no other building, been handed over by man to nature; time molding and tainting into life this structure already so absolutely organic, so fit to live. For its curves and vaultings, its capitals mutually supported, the weight of each carried by all; the very color of the marbles, brown, blond, ivory, and the irregular symmetry, flowerlike, of their natural patterns, are all seemingly organic and ready for flight. Time has added that, with the polish and dimming alternately of the marbles and billowing of the pavement, the slanting of the columns, and last, but not least, the tarnishing of the gold and the granulating of the mosaic into an uneven surface; the gold seeming to have become alive and in a vegetable and to have faded and shrunk like autumn leaves.

One Sunday morning they were singing some fugue composition, by I know not whom. How well that music suited the vault and vault, capitals and capitals, column and column, handing on their energies to one another, the springing up of new details gathered at once into the great general balance of lines and forces; all this seemed to find its natural voice in that fugue, to express, in that continuous revolution of themes chasing, enveloping them, its own grave motion of life, everlasting—being, becoming; becoming, being.—Contemporary Review.

The Blind Girl.
She would never see the sun rise again, never watch the dewy flashing over that low belt of fir that marked the verge of the meadow. And her pictures, the tentative studies of which had constituted her keenest pleasure, they would never be painted. No one but herself would ever know how the sun looked when it sank over a hill field green with the first green of spring, while far distant along the horizon the trees were here in exquisite tracery against a sky of palest violet.
Ah, the days, the days! She would be "poor Grace." Her cousins would surround her with their cheerful consolatory pity, their quiet, practical acceptance of an extra care. She would never be free again.
And then suddenly, in a crash of thunder, she saw the years, endless, inexorable, relentless from sinister gulf of time. Twice 19 was 38. She might live her whole life over again and not be middle aged. She might treble the number of her years and still not be old.
Had no one ever noticed how long life was? Why did no one exclaim as it drew away against it?—Elizabeth Carter in Lippincott's.

Fennell's Feathered Enticement.
Unluckiness seems to be confined to the bringing of the tail feathers of Jane's bird into a house. I am not aware that this idea is held outside this country, and if it is confined to England many various reasons may have led to the belief, which possibly arose in comparatively modern times—no earlier than the crusades.
Nothing is more probable than that several crusaders brought home the gorgeous feathers as curiosities, a strange sight, and so likely to make a deep impression. Nothing is easier to conceive than that some misfortune, death from disease, loss of wealth or other "bad luck" may have happened to more than one possessor of the beautiful feathers, and that they would on that account soon be credited with being the cause. A belief of this kind once started is of rapid growth and very long lived.—Notes and Queries.

Ward of Time.
The man who immerses himself in business that he may accumulate vast property, or that his family may live luxuriously and idle lives, has no right to plead want of time for other claims. It is not true that he cannot comply with them, but that he has chosen not to do them. The woman who, absorbed in a round of gayety and society, declares that she has no time to train her children and superintend her household is uttering an excuse as vain as is false. She simply decides to use her time for other purposes. And this liberty of choice belongs to every one, in spite of any desire or attempt to disclaim it.—New York Ledger.

So Am I.
An elderly gentleman living in mid Lancashire was noted for his inebriety. On one occasion, when he had been imbibing pretty freely, he was met by the clergyman of the parish in which he lived.
"Drank again, John?" said the parson.
"So am I! So am I!" replied the truthful John, such to the amusement of his spiritual adviser.—Spare Moments.

Of the Earth, Earthy.
"No," said the gentleman who is fond of quoting texts, "I cannot give you anything of that account today. I know I promised you, and I am sorry, but man is naught but poor, weak clay, you know."
"I realize that," said the collector.
"I am glad you do, my friend."
"And I came around here in the hope of striking pay dirt, but I seem to have missed it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Out of Sight.
First Aeronaut—I bought a new balloon for my wife yesterday.
Second Aeronaut—How did she like it?
First Aeronaut—Oh, she was quite taken up with it.—New York Press.

Carborundum.

The manufacture of carborundum is one of the most unique of recently established industries, and the plant at Niagara is one of extreme interest in connection with the amazing power now generated at that locality. As is now well known, carborundum is a compound of carbon and silicon, in appearance presenting a surface of high valuable property with many colors, the cylinder of color and the entire mass placed up and finally walled in with a loose framework of bricks. At the end of this furnace are the poles or electrodes of a powerful electric circuit, and when the current is turned on an intense heat is produced, which results in a chemical combination of the carbon of the coke and sawdust and the silicon of the sand. The process is continued for 24 hours, and then, after cooling, the carborundum is extracted, a series of operations finally preparing it for the market.—New York Sun.

Keeping For Office.
A gentleman who is usually a house-keeping man, but who was induced to enter the race for a minor office early in the campaign was "giving his experience" outside of meeting the other candidates again. "I know it. For three weeks after I took the stump I did not see my family, and during my absence at that time a fellow who was shipping waywardens for me pocketed the returns for four carloads and shipped the country; a tramp road away one of my best horses; my wife incurred \$100 in bicycling; my youngest daughter ran away and married a fellow for me to support, and all of our mutual relatives came to congratulate my wife on the honor which had been conferred upon me and incidentally to spend the summer. Those three weeks cost me in round numbers \$400, to say nothing of the son-in-law, who chafed to see me starting, and the girl for whom I was providing a dowry for \$600 a year. I would be elected, however, and I'm—glad of it. But this has been a campaign of education to me, for in it I have learned just how much of a fool I really was."—Atlanta Constitution.

Trolley Conductor's Eyes.
Street railway men, who are inclined to ascribe all the ills from which they suffer to the introduction of electricity as a motive power on the cars, have discovered a new ground for complaint about the handling of the lines they head. A conductor of the Columbia avenue line put the case in a nutshell the other night when he said: "Railroading ain't the 'steepest' job there is in the world. When I commenced, 13 years ago, I was struck by the Sadow, and now it's a matter of carrying a fat fellow about the handle of the lines to get a look at the electric lights, for they knock out lots of the boys already. Every time we cross a current 'breaker' the light flashes, and what with the constant jarring it makes my head ache all the time. I'd rather work under a tall candle or a calcium light—any thing, so long as it's steady. I'll soon have to be wearing glasses like the old eyes and covers the soles, forming a seamy interlatch. With his strong and sharp claws, which act as the razor, he begins to trim his fibrous whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity, and soon the dowry beard and mustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.—San Francisco Examiner.

All That Was Lacking.
He had been away on a business trip for quite a long time and had brought his wife a handsome fan on his return.
"It's just perfectly lovely, Harry," she said, "and it's exactly what I needed. I'm glad you like it."
"I'm glad you like it," he returned, with evident gratification.
"How could I help liking anything so pretty?" she asked, and then she added, with a sigh, "I only wish I could carry it some time."
"Why can't you?" he demanded.
"No, you can't carry it with it," she answered promptly. "There ought to be a gown to match, or at least one that wouldn't look shabby beside it, if—"
She got the gown. He kicked himself for two days, and ever thereafter thought fast to match what she already had.—Chicago Post.

Young Chief's Prospect.
When Young Chief, a prominent member of the Umatilla tribe, in Oregon, goes away for his annual vacation, he is granted the freedom of the state by the following order of whom it may concern: "Young Chief has permission to visit Wallawa and surrounding country, with various other Indians, to stay away 60 days. He is a good, law-abiding man and very friendly toward whites. If any of his crowd are boisterous or violate any law, if reported to me, I will have the matter rectified. Any favor shown him will be appreciated. He respects the whites and asks that they respect him."
—Her Gentle Hint.

Her Gentle Hint.
She—Music hath charms, you know. He—Yes, I'll bring up a brass band with me next time I call.
"Couldn't you make it a gold band with a solitaire in it?"—Yonkers Statesman.
In most of the states 56 pounds make a bushel of shelled corn. From this the same is downward to 53 pounds in California and Vermont.
Thirty-eight days are required for a letter to go from New York to the Falkland islands.

Bank Robber Traps.

The latest device for bringing to naught the ill directed energy of the thief, who presents a pistol to the head of bank officials in broad daylight and during business hours is reported from the west. This species of criminal audacity is getting to be painfully common of late, the usual plan being for the bandit to select an opportune moment, when lots of money is in sight, and rush up to the window, thrust his pistol through the cashier's opening and demand the funds on pain of instant death in case of a refusal. The system devised for trapping this species of the floor in front of a deep fitted in the cashier. Directly beneath the drop a shoot extends downward about six feet and a sliding door opens at the bottom. The idea of this shoot are lined with spikes, which project inward and downward. When Mr. Robber steps to the window and makes his demand, the cashier grabs the money with one hand, as if to deliver it, says, "All right, here you are," and with the other turns the key that releases the door, which springs open and the robber is wedged into the shoot between the spikes, from which no amount of cursing will extricate him, and the bank partition, being bulletproof, if he chooses to shoot, it only adds to the alarm already given by the bank's officials, which brings the police to bag the game so effectually caught.—New Ideas.

Little Courtesy Among Travelers.
"I'm sorry to have to say it," remarked a sleeping car conductor, "but something—and I have no explanation for it—men traveling are not as courteous and accommodating to lady travelers as they should be. The men who ask for all kinds of accommodations, when they have their wives, sisters or female relatives traveling with them, and they never fail to claim the courtesy which is due to them in many cases, the men who decline to give similar favors to other lady passengers. As a matter of fact the upper berth in a sleeping car are the best, the best ventilated, and I think experience has shown the safest in cases of wreck. Still, the demand is nearly always for the lower berth, because it is easier to get into there. This is particularly so with lady travelers. In my last half dozen trips from and back to this city I have had more than the usual percentage of lady passengers, and I have not succeeded in one case in getting any of the men travelers to surrender a lower berth for an upper berth. The men, being more courteous, secure the lower berths and refuse to give them up."—Washington Star.

A Bird That Shows Its Teeth.
The lammy, or of bearded vulture, found throughout the whole mountain chains of the old world, actually shaves himself. The expert barber, who has for his customers crusty milkmaiden, could not ply the keen edged razor to the stubby beard of his particular patron more deftly than the monarch of the mountain tops prunes his own bristly beard.
The head of the vulture is clothed with feathers, and from the sides of the under mandible proceeds a row of black bristles. From this peculiar projection of feathers the bird derives his name. A layer of similar bristles begins at the eyes and covers the nostrils, forming a seamy interlatch. With his strong and sharp claws, which act as the razor, he begins to trim his fibrous whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity, and soon the dowry beard and mustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.—San Francisco Examiner.

Paed Toe Stick For The Baby.
Caleb has three children—John, Mary and Jane. John is the eldest and so the most inquiring. He had heard that babies were bought from doctors, and one day asked his mother about prices.
"Mother, how much did it cost?" he inquired.
"As some reply had to be made, his mother said \$1,000. John thought it over for a moment, and then asked:
"How much did you pay for Mary?"
"Fifteen hundred dollars."
"Why, she cost more than me."
"Yes, girls always cost more than boys."
"What did you pay for Jane?" Jane is a little sickly child.
"I paid \$2,000," said Mrs. Caleb, and John leaped into deep thought.
In a few moments he said, "Mamma, I don't think Mary cost too much, but you got stuck with Jane."—New York Times.

A Unique Republic.
The republic of Guat is the smallest in the world. Andorra is an empire in comparison. Guat is about a mile square, and it houses 130 persons. It has been independent these 250 years. It stands on top of a mountain by the Spanish border, near the edge of France, and it gets along very comfortably without ever mixing itself in other people's affairs, and without reading the evening papers, or, so far as we know, the morning ones. The delectable 130 govern themselves by a council of 130 governors. They are agreed upon to see that the business agreed upon is executed. Matters go along very smoothly, and Guatians are all the happier because nobody knows much about them, and therefore they are untried.—Kansas City Times.

A Welsh Dinner.
A new terror is in store for epicures—namely, the Welsh men. The South Wales Daily News recently printed the following specimen:
Pye.
Saws Bufen a (Chwomwran Gwynnau) Santethlon.
Tamedion yr Ynionodw a Thonnon Cyn Dryllan.
Aensau Velgia a March ruddig.
Morddwy o Frichig Efrog a Saw o Win.
Poten Pw.
Tuisman Ffrangeg.
Glymedd Mawr.
Glymedd Mawr.
Probably after the dinner has finished with "caws" he begins to feel the effect.

PRACTICING LAW.

The Judge Says It Is Absolutely Doubted of Assessment.
"There's no more fun in the practice of law," observes the judge as he sits in the high seat of his chair, "thirty years ago when we used to impeach all the witnesses on the other side and have two or three fights every noon recess, it was more fun to be in the profession."

"I read in my old home paper yesterday that Bill Traynor was dead. There was a charge. Did I ever tell you the story about him?"
"Bill once sat on a jury in one of my first cases. It was an assault and battery case. The trouble came up over the attempt to build a fence across a highway. There were two defendants and four prosecuting witnesses. The trial was held at the house of the justice of the peace, a clapboard little house right out in a cornfield. We couldn't find 12 men in the township, so we agreed to a jury of six. The justice's wife stood in the doorway during the trial and dictated all the rulings."
"They didn't make any case against me—my partner and I appeared for the defense—but we knew the juryman wanted their fees, and they wouldn't get any if the defendants won. So we were not very hopeful."
"The six jurymen went out into the cornfield to deliberate. They were gone about two hours and then brought in the verdict of guilty and fined each of the defendants \$5 and costs. The jury was about to be discharged when my partner jumped up and said to one of the jurymen: 'Say, who are you? I don't remember seeing you before.' Then the jurymen spoke up and said: 'That's all right. Bill Traynor couldn't wait. He went off home, and we got Joe here to take his place.'"
"That's a fact. Bill had put in a substitute on the jury after they got out in the cornfield. The justice said it was all right anyway, so long as there was a majority of the jury present, but I got up and threatened to sue him on his bond, so he got scared and set aside the verdict and discharged our clients."
"After I came on the bench Bill Traynor was up before me for stealing a steer, and I made the instructions to the jury rather favorable to him, and he was acquitted. You see, I had a friendly feeling for him because he had helped me to win one of my first cases."—Chicago Record.

George's Unnecessary Fears Were Dispelled by One Word.
She had agreed to become his wife. For a long time he had sat in silence, too full of emotion to say anything, and great was his happiness at having at last achieved the fondest dream of his life. At length his face, hitherto wreathed with smiles, became clouded. A scowl of annoyance settled upon it. She, who had been attentively watching his countenance, was quick to observe the change.
"What is the matter, George?" she asked in alarm. "You are not sorry you asked me to marry you and that I consented? Oh, George, I hope that is not it."
"No, dear. You know that I love you as never woman was loved before."
"Then what is it that causes you to grieve? Tell me that I may console you. It is the duty of a little while to comfort her husband in affliction, and I am going to be your little wife, ain't I, George?"
"Yes, darling, you are."
"And there was a silence during which no sound fell upon the air except a noise like the popping of champagne corks."
"Well, George, now tell me all about it."
"Well, dear, I was wondering what your father will say when I ask him for your hand. You are such a precious jewel that I dare not set him for you. I feel as if I were robbing him of the greatest and most precious thing in the world."
"Well," she replied, "if that's all that's the matter with you, I might as well tell you that father and I rehearsed the whole act last night after you left, and I am sure he will reflect credit upon me. And a great load was lifted from his heart, while he immediately deposited himself in his lap."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Dangerous View of Life.
We are constantly confronted with the fact that neither material advantages nor intelligence nor education nor even a good moral record is proof against distasteful life. Many causes are added, grief, shame, remorse, despair being among the most numerous. But perhaps the foundation cause which underlies all others may be said to be the common habit of thinking that life is to be gained only for the happiness it yields. Many people grow up with the idea that if personal life be not personally happy it is useless. Thus, when they come to some epoch when sorrow triumphs over joy, failure over success, pain over pleasure, life loses all meaning to them and is easily perjured from. This view of life is essentially untrue and most injurious.—New York Ledger.

Personal Note.
"Saw you coming out of the barber's this morning," said the scintillating boarder.
"I went in on business connected with purely personal ends," replied Asbury Peppars with much dignity.
"Oh, beg pardon, I—"
"That is to say, I got my hair cut and my shoes shined."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The White Lily in the South of Europe.
The white lily in the south of Europe, particularly in Italy, is an emblem of sweetness, light and life. In some of the country districts of the Italian peninsula the lilies are always placed on the collars of young girls.

SAVAGE ISLANDERS.

THE MAN EATING NATIVES OF THE ISLAND OF GUADALCANAR.
The Mountain Tribes That Prevent the Exploration of Territory That the Spanish Discoverers Over Three Hundred Years Ago—Perdoteo Mr. Woodford.

A few years ago the English and the Germans divided the beautiful group of the Solomon islands between themselves and then looked around to see if their new acquisition was really worth anything. They decided that the islands were lovely to the eye and good enough to live on, but that the natives were the wildest and most unamiable savages they had ever met. It was all a man's life was worth to venture among them. A gambut or two have been kept in the neighborhood of late years, but these have not prevented the head hunters and cannibals from looting of a white man's head on every convenient occasion.

The scene of the latest native exploit is the large island of Guadalcanar. Several members of an Austrian scientific expedition, while climbing the mountain known as the Lion's Head early in August, 1894, were attacked by the local natives. Five of the party were killed and six were wounded, including two guides and some sailors. A simultaneous attack was made upon the climbers and the small party they had left in camp below. Of course the natives were no match for guns, and they were soon driven into the bush, but not before they had inflicted terrible loss. Among the killed was Baron von Nerbeck.

The Lion's head is in the very heart of the island, being almost equidistant between the sides and ends of Guadalcanar. No white man had ever been there before. No white man had ever penetrated the interior before except Mr. C. H. Woodford, and he went only about 15 miles inland, ascending the Aola river. Then he had to turn back for excellent reasons, in which the natives were concerned. But we must not forget poor Benjamin Boyd, who disappeared among the coast woods and was never seen again. It is said that this well-to-do Briton intended to declare the island annexed to his country on the strength of his landing there. As any rate he landed with his shotgun and said he was going to shoot a mess of pigeons, and that was the last that was ever seen of poor Ben Boyd. For some years presents were made to the coast natives marked "B. B." and "B." but nothing was ever heard of his fate.

The island is about 80 miles long and 40 wide, and it is one of the southern Solomons, in the British territory. A large map has been made of it, chiefly by white, for all that it shows is the coast, the mouth of the river, the mountains that can be seen from the sea, and the two little rivers that Woodford has explored. All the rest is blank. Lion's head is a prominent feature, and it is estimated to be 5,500 feet high.
In 1886 Mr. Woodford attempted to reach Lion's head, but was prevented by the hostility of these mountain tribes, who thought the Austrian party to grief, and by the hostility of his guides. But he lived six months among the coast natives at the little town of Aola. By means of most liberal presents he made friends with the natives there. They never stole anything from him, but he often induced them to accompany him on small trips into the country.

The people living inland usually run into the bush when they saw him coming, but their fears were allayed by his native friends, who would shout that he was a good white man who brought batteries, birds, snakes and stone axes to give, and by the civility of his guides. But he lived six months among the coast natives at the little town of Aola. By means of most liberal presents he made friends with the natives there. They never stole anything from him, but he often induced them to accompany him on small trips into the country.

The people living inland usually run into the bush when they saw him coming, but their fears were allayed by his native friends, who would shout that he was a good white man who brought batteries, birds, snakes and stone axes to give, and by the civility of his guides. But he lived six months among the coast natives at the little town of Aola. By means of most liberal presents he made friends with the natives there. They never stole anything from him, but he often induced them to accompany him on small trips into the country.