Bristles From Abroad.

Almost all the bristles used in this country in the manufacture of brushes are imported, and notwithstanding the increased production of pork in this country the supply of American bristles is now even smaller than it formerly was. Hogs are fattened and killed young in this country, and with the constant and widespread improvement of the breeds here the hogs have run less to bristles. Some extensive packers collect bristles, but the American supply is probably less than 1 per cent of the consumption. The longest American bristles are about 4½ inches in length.

Imported bristles come from various parts of Russia, but most largely from Poland and north Germany. Some finer, soft bristles come from France. The bulk of the supply comes from cold countries, where the hogs are well protected by thick coats, and many of the bristles are those of wild hogs. The hogs shed their coats as many other animals do, and there are men who gather the bristles of wild hogs, knowing their haunts and where the bristles are to be found. Other bristles are collected in the usual manner when the hogs are killed. The bristles are subjected to various processes of curing and preparation before they become commercial bristles and ready for the market.

Imported bristles range from 3½ to 7½ inches in length. Various vegetable fibers are now used extensively in the manufacture of cheaper brushes, but for many uses bristles are indispensable and their importation continues steady. —New York Sun.

A Matter of Spelling.

It is one of the curious facts that many of the brightest writers spell atrociously. That in itself goes a long way in the practical demonstration that illiteracy does not connect itself with the art of spelling. An excellent article that recently passed through editorship in this office contained the words "village," "Chinese," "prarie," "parallell," "fashore," "Portugese" and "looses" for "lose." It was an admirable paper of choice literary quality, and yet had it been printed as it was written the proofreader would have been open to summary discharge for obvious and hopeless incompetence.

That humble minister would have been declared too illiterate to read proof. Going backward one step, the copy reader that let such manuscript pass without alteration would also be open to discharge. Why? For illiteracy. And yet the literary quality of the illiterately written article was fine and evident.

People are very sensitive about their looks and their spelling. Next in gravity to the charge of being homely is the charge of being unable to spell. That seems to carry with it a sort of proof that bad spelling is discreditable. And yet the people whom the charge most hurts are those of whom it is truest. To be able to write without being able to spell is like being able to run without being able to walk. Those who do it are a wonder to those who look on.—Hartford Courant.

Mennonite Courtship.

When a brother in the church wants to marry a sister, he does not make his wish known directly to her, but goes to the minister and tells him his secret. The minister, if pleased with the match, carries the lover's message. The sister is usually surprised, as this is supposed to be her first intimation of the young man's love. If the proposal is received with favor, the negotiations are carried on by the minister. The ceremony always takes place in a church. No invitations are issued, but the banns are proclaimed from the pulpit two weeks beforehand. During this period the groom is permitted to visit his intended without the intervention of a third party. After the wedding a dinner is always served, after which bride and groom go to their respective homes and remain apart for several days. The marriages in the church are generally happy ones, and there is no record of any of the members ever suing for divorce.—Philadelphia Record.

Forgeries.

This method of detecting forgeries has been devised by Professor M. Bruylants, professor of chemistry in the University of Louvain. The portion of a document which is suspected of having been altered is first moistened, and then, after being dried, is exposed to the action of vapor of iodine. The portion thus moistened, if it has been altered, assumes a violet tint, while the other portion appears a brownish yellow. This action is evidently due to the removal of a portion of the starch contained in the size of the paper. The same process will even reveal the existence of pencil marks erased by rubbing. —Public Opinion.

Very Dangerous.

A man pointed an unloaded gun at a friend and pulled the trigger.

"See," he cried gleefully, "I have exploded a superstition. There is no danger in an unloaded gun."

And straightway the friend struck him on the head with all his might.

"It seems to be a dangerous weapon for a fool to play with, after all," was the consolation he offered, as the man bound up his wound.—Chicago Record.

Her Chance.

"I hear that Miss Moody is inconsolable over the loss of poor little Fido."

"Yes, poor thing. Every time it runs cats and dogs she rushes to the window to see if he is among them."—Pick Me Up.

Santa Fe is the only city that has a board of trade composed exclusively of women. They attend to all matters pertaining to the good of the city and its sanitary condition, receive and welcome strangers and entertain all celebrities.

Persia exports every year about 6,000 boxes of opium, each containing 140 pounds. About the same amount is consumed at home.

A Hasty Introduction.

"Speaking of introductions," said the much traveled man in the smoker, "reminds me of the queerest one I ever saw or heard of and in which I was one of the principals. I was crossing from Nova Scotia to Boston on a schooner loaded with plaster, a chance that came to me in a country port where I was staying for my health. As the boat saved me 60 miles of stage coach riding to the town of Halifax, where the nearest steamer travel was to be found, I took passage and for ten days was tossed about on a sea voyage that by steamer consumes 36 hours.

"There was another passenger—a tourist like myself—and the captain made several desperate efforts to get us acquainted, he knowing us both, but at each attempt before he could pronounce our names he was either called on deck or the ship gave a lurch and the introduction did not take place.

"But one day, when it was so rough outside that we staid in our bunks in the captain's cabin as the wind was blowing great guns, the skipper, who had come below for something, stopped to say:

"'You two gentlemen ought to be made acquainted. Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown; Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith.'

"That is the down east method of introducing people, and as our names were mentioned we each turned in our bunks to salute the other, the bunks being on exactly opposite sides of the cabin.

"But at that moment each one of us shot from his bunk as if from the mouth of a cannon, and as we passed at that high rate of speed we caught each other's hand and shook it with a will and had just time to acknowledge the captain's politeness by saying as we flew past:

"'Glad to know you, Mr. Smith.'

"'Delighted to meet you, Mr. Brown.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Beggar's Indignation.

A beggar accosted a gentleman and whined: "I'm paralyzed in both me 'ands, mister, an can't work, for I can't grasp anythink with 'em. Could ye spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman. "You'd better write down what you have to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is 'e?" thought the beggar. "Then 'e didn't 'ear about the paralysis."

So he wrote down:

"I've got a wife an six children starvin at home, mister. I've been out o' wark for six months an ham in a drefful state of destitushun."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it and said:

"I thought you said you were paralyzed in both hands and couldn't grasp anything, and yet you can write."

"Did—didn't ye say ye was deaf?" stammered the beggar, who now really did feel paralyzed.

"Yes, just to find out if you were an impostor, which you are, as I suspected," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the bloomin frands, yer the biggest!" exclaimed the beggar. "The hides of yer sayin ye was deaf as tryin to impose on a pore feller!"

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.—London Tit-Bits.

The Ultimate Winner.

"Have you fixed my will so that it cannot possibly be broken—so that there is absolutely no chance for any disputes over its provisions when I am gone?"

"Yes," replied the eminent lawyer. "Every possible precaution has been taken to make sure that your bequests will go to those to whom you have devised them."

"You have not forgotten to name yourself as my executor, as I directed?"

"I have done so, sir."

"And you are certain that every 'i' is properly dotted and every 't' crossed as it should be?"

"Yes, sir. There is not a single loophole of any kind or character in the document. Every possible contingency has been provided for. I will stake my legal reputation on that, Mr. Feebles."

"Well, now, tell me, Hooks—not professionally, but as a man and lifelong friend—whom do you honestly think stands the best show of getting the property?"

"Well, if you put it that way—er—h'm—I do."—New York Journal.

Begging and Religion.

Before a London police justice a professional beggar told an interesting story of his methods. He admitted haunting the neighborhoods where religious meetings were held, and he appealed to women coming from these meetings with the quotations: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Those who give to the poor lend to the Lord." "The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but, like the Son of Man, I have nowhere to lay my head." The prisoner said that he found this method very effective, especially in the winter months, when women wore thick veils and could not tell the difference between a penny and a half crown.

Tipping the Curate.

The ever recurrent question of tipping has taken on a new phase, and a curate has been writing to the papers to complain that he is the only person who gets nothing out of a wedding. Clerk, verger, pew opener, policeman and all the rest are "remembered," and the wedding fee goes to the incumbent, who sits at home at ease. It is a little difficult to decide what is the smallest sum that would satisfy a curate. At any rate, those about to marry might make a note of it, and if it is a good one all the better for the curate.—London World.

Boys and College.

If your boy is a $5 boy, it isn't worth while bestowing a $2,500 college education upon him. Better keep him on the farm. The number of boys who go to college, but who do not acquire a college education, is increasing.—Christian Work.

Fists or Swords.

Boxing, though better appreciated now, was not so popular in the north of England and Scotland as in the south, not assuredly because the people are either better mannered or less aggressive, but probably because the science was less understood. Sir Walter Scott's touching tale of the "Two Drovers" is a good illustration of this difference of feeling on the subject, and as long ago as 1790 a book was written by a highland officer with the following curious title: "Antipugilism, or the science of defense exemplified in short and easy lessons, for the practice of the broadsword and single stick, whereby gentlemen may become proficient in the use of the weapons, without the help of a master, and be enabled to chastise the insolence and temerity so frequently met with from those fashionable gentlemen, the Johnsonians, Big Bennians and Mendozians of the present day, a work perhaps better calculated to extirpate this reigning and brutal folly than a whole volume of sermons."

It was precisely this feeling which poor Robin Oig, Sir Walter's hero, expressed when his friend Harry Wakefield, with whom some words had passed, suggested that they should have a round or two and be friends. "To be beaten like a dog," said Robin—"Is there any reason in that? But if I am to fight I've no skill to fight like a jackanapes, with hands and nails."

"How would you fight, then?" said his antagonist. "Though I'm thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow."

"I would fight with broadswords and sink point on the first blood drawn, like a gentleman."—National Review.

As Ill Wind.

As they entered the horse car both men put their hands into their pockets in search of the fare.

"That's all right, old man," said the one as he fished out a dollar bill.

"Go on!" replied the other, shoving the hand with the bill aside. "I've the change right here."

"But it's my treat," returned his friend. "Besides, I need the change anyhow."

"Don't take that bill, conductor," said the man with the dime in his hand. "I'm paying for this."

"Not much, you ain't," insisted the other, holding his friend's hand and trying to poke the dollar bill within reach of the conductor.

"Stop that now," cried the man with the dime. "If you won't listen to reason, let's match to see who'll pay."

"I'll go you," replied the other.

The man spun the dime in the air.

"Heads!" cried his friend.

Whether it was heads or tails will never be known, for just then the car gave a lurch and the coin dropped between the slats and rolled out of sight.

"I said you wouldn't pay this anyhow," laughed the other as he handed the conductor the dollar bill and put the change in his pocket.

When the men left the car, the conductor came along and fished out the dime with a jackknife. As he whacked it up with the driver he said, with a wink: "It's a good thing for us, Bill, that all the fools ain't dead yet."—New York World.

The Baron's Order.

A worthy Welsh baronet, a member of one of the parliaments of William IV, was asked by one of his constituents, who chanced to be in town at the time, for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige Sir —— immediately complied with the request and wrote an order in the usual terms and addressed it thus: "To the Door Keeper of the House of Commons." The person for whom it was intended discovered the errors in the spelling after he had gone 10 or 12 yards from the worthy baronet, and turning back and running up to him said: "Oh, Sir ——, there is a slight mistake in your order. Two letters have been transposed. You have spelled 'keeper' with a c instead of a k, and 'commons' with a k instead of a c." "That's all right," was the answer. "The doorkeeper will see to it. He is sure to know which is which."

The Consumption of Bread.

We have been so accustomed to regard bread as the staff of life, the one essential food, that it is rather astonishing to be assured, as the statisticians are beginning to assure us, that it is going out of use as an article of consumption. Certainly the figures seem to bear out that assurance. The shrinkage of the world's wheat area, taken in connection with the increase of population, the increase in grazing area, and the enormous and varied supply of fruits and vegetables as compared with what used to be available, all point in the same direction. We eat less bread and more meat and fruit, a fact that, we fancy, most people will verify in the limited field of personal observation.—Westminster Gazette.

A Rhyming Bible.

In the library of Glasgow university there is a rhyming version, the work of the eccentric old divine, Zachary Boyd. He conceived the idea of modernizing the sacred book in rhyme, a task which had to some extent been undertaken by several writers, among whom Sternhold, the Sternhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms, and Barnabe Barnes, author of "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," and "Divine Sonnets," are the most famous. It has never yet been printed.—London Answers.

Verbal Misunderstanding.

Hobson—I saw an ass at the zoo that looked the very spit of a clergyman.

Wigwag—How was that?

Hobson—He braded and very oddly.—Philadelphia Record.

The theory of a noted physician that talking is conducive to longevity is verified by the circumstance that women live longer than men.

A Study of Berlin.

Berlin is almost as discouraging in its other landmarks of its notable Germans as in its public statues. It is almost as bad as New York, where few houses now stand that were in existence when Franklin and Washington were alive. London is rich in buildings associated with great men, and an American can hardly walk from Westminster to St. Paul's without recalling a dozen names of men whose lives are dear to him. Berlin has, however, been almost built anew since 1870. I can remember whole streets that were different when I was a boy. There are, to be sure, a few instances of memorial plates being affixed to houses where notable Germans have lived, but even in these cases the houses themselves are an uninteresting portion of an uninteresting street. The Prussian kings adored uniformity in street architecture, as well as in the dressing of soldiers, and that may be the reason why today the most beautiful streets of Berlin furnish less interest to a stranger than the grimiest alleys of London, with their charming diversity of dirty fronts.

The houses here are all equally high, equally broad, equally gaudy on the outside and equally devoid of individuality within. The Anglo-Saxon owns his house and makes it comfortable for himself and his family. The Prussian lives in an apartment house, along with perhaps a dozen more families, all of them subject to the petty tyranny of a porter whose duties are dangerously near to those of a police agent. Thus the individual taste of a Berlin artist, writer, actor or other notable resident finds no expression through his architectural surroundings. A Helmholtz, a Mommsen, a Menzel or a Virchow is in Berlin as little identified with his house as a soldier with his barracks. This form of living has its conveniences, particularly to a bachelor, but is not conducive to interest in those who seek the literary landmarks of great capitals. —Poultney Bigelow in Harper's Weekly.

Domestic Service on the Kongo.

"Cruelty in the Kongo Free State" is the title of a paper made up from the journals of the late R. J. Glave in The Century. Mr. Glave says: Toyo, the boy I engaged of Sims, is more different kinds of an ass than any one I have met for several moons. The other day, after cooking something in the frying pan, he placed the sooty side on the drum of my banjo. I do not understand his language very well, but from gesture and disgusted look it ought to have been clear to him that I objected to that sort of untidiness. When I threw off the frying pan, he took it up carefully, wiped the sooty part with a cloth I had given him to clean plates with, and then put it back on the banjo. He has made tea in my coffeepot without removing the coffee grounds. He walks into my room without taking off his hat or removing his pipe. He is ugly, slow and has no more intelligence than rock. I found him wearing a hat which I had given him to carry, and wiping his sweaty face on my towel. What service he could have rendered Sims' mission I do not know.

Sorry He Spoke.

On one occasion when a well known wit was listening to the band on the pier at Brighton some medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and accordingly one of their number went up with outstretched hand and said:

"Ah, good morning, Mr ——. How do you do?"

"I am quite well, thank you," replied he, "but I really have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"What!" said the student. "You don't know me? Why, I met you at the zoo."

"Young man, accept my apologies, but really I saw so many monkeys there that it is impossible for me to recognize them all again."—Pearson's Weekly.

They Are Sensitive.

The sensitiveness of the families of distinguished men as to the early occupations of their ancestors is somewhat remarkable. Recently an author was asked to write a brief history of the life of a man who had done service to his state. Like Lincoln, this man had been a woodchopper, a fact to which his historian gave prominence.

"Don't say he was a woodchopper," said the spokesman of the family. "That will never do."

"What shall I say then?" asked the author.

"Say—let me see now. Just say that he was connected with the lumber business."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mismanned.

"Mamma, didn't the conductor say Blue island?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why, it ain't blue at all."

"No, dear."

"Mamma!"

"Well, dear?"

"It ain't an island either."

"No, dear."

"Mamma, what made the conductor say Blue island, when?—

"Hush, dear."

"Mamma, if I was the railroad I'd have conductors that knew!"—Whack—Chicago Tribune.

Infantile Wars.

Mr. Newpop—say, dearie, I wish you would fix up something to make my eye sleep nights. The baby has just begun cutting its teeth, and—

Doctor—oh, it's the baby you want the opiate for.

Mr. Newpop—for my wife. You see, every time my baby screams and the pain she is so racked that she keeps me awake half the night talking about it.—Brooklyn Life.

A Man at the Bottom of It.

If there were only men in the world, secrets would be better kept. More than half the time when a woman betrays a secret some man is to blame for it.—Somerville Journal.

A Patent Office Incident.

The patent office official bowed politely from his place at his desk as the visitor in clothes of cleric cut and a smooth face greeted him with a subdued "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," responded the official, with a cheerful, $150 a month manner. "Is there anything we can do for you this morning?"

"I don't know really, sir," crooned the caller softly. "To know if you can is the object of my visit this morning, sir."

"Very well, state your case, and if we can do anything for you you may rest assured it will be done."

The visitor cleared his throat pretty much as if he were going to deliver a sermon.

"I think," he said slowly and with hesitation, "if I mistake not, that I saw a statement in some one of the public prints to the effect that this office would not issue a patent on Sunday. Is that true, sir?"

"Quite true. It does not."

"Why is that, sir, if I may ask?"

"It is against the rules of the office is all I know."

"Will it issue one on any other day of the week, sir?"

"Certainly it will. That is what it is here for."

"Oh, thank you, how nice," twittered the visitor, taking a large madras handkerchief from his coattail pocket, shaking it out and wiping his brow with it. "That being the case, if you will be kind enough to let me have one on Tuesday, sir, you will do me a great personal favor. You see, sir, Tuesday is my birthday, and I want a patent on it so no one can use it for birthday purposes, sir, except myself."—Washington Star.

Mental Telegraphy.

"Let me take your hat, John, dear. I'll close the door. You're tired, I know. Give me another kiss. What's one?"

"Thank you, my dear. You are very thoughtful."

"Of you always, to be sure, you poor, dear boy. I have the nicest supper for you. Look—some lovely biscuits, the kind of cake you like best and your favorite preserves too!"

"How kind of you."

"Not at all. It's a wife's duty, you know, to study her husband's wishes and comfort."

"Why, so it is! I had quite forgotten that."

"Now, John, aren't you pleased?"

"Oh, of course, of course, my darling, only"—

"Well, only"—

"Nothing, nothing—but you've been down town this afternoon, haven't you?"

"Why, John, how did you guess? Yes."

"And to the milliner's?"

"You're a mind reader."

"No, not at all." (After a reflective pause.) "Well, here it is."

"Oh, John, $10—you dear, sweet, good hubby."

"Um—ye—ain't I? But, come on, let's have that delicious supper now. I need it." (Yawns widely as he spreads his first biscuit.) "Mind reader—I guess so. I thought she was talking through her hat, and she was."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Greeks as Fighters.

Smolenski had placed a battery of mountain guns on a commanding height the village of Velestino and along the base of this plateau was a multitude of Evzones, sheltered by the position of the ground and by intrenchments. The battery on the plateau played on the Turkish advance with great effect, and the order was given by the Turkish commander to charge it. The Turkish infantry swung clear, and the cavalry, led by a young officer, came on in column, first at the trot and then at a swinging gallop. It seemed a mad undertaking for cavalry to charge a battery of well served artillery planted on the crest of a long, steep slope.

The brave horsemen were met with salvos of shells which plowed through their ranks. Then suddenly uprose the Evzones from their partially hidden cover and poured upon them volley after volley. No troops could withstand such fire, and completely broken, the Turkish horsemen turned and sought shelter in the woods in the neighborhood of Risomylos.—"With the Greeks in Thessaly," by W. Kinnaird Rose.

Sick at Sea.

Walter Wellman gives as the following statistics as to a voyage with moderately rough seas at long cycle: Men seasick and invertible, 50 per cent; men sick and on deck, but not going down to meals, 25 per cent; men who go to meals, but only nibble through pride's sake, 15 per cent; men who were never seasick, but who have taken something that disagreed with them, 5 per cent; men not sick at all, 25 per cent; women too sick to have their nibbles, 35 per cent; women sick on deck, 40 per cent; women who are "not seasick at all," but who quite "have headaches," 15 per cent; women who "don't feel just right," 5 per cent, and women who really enjoy it, 5 per cent.

Coal Miners.

One million and a half men work in the coal mines of the world. In these great Britain has 500,000, United States, 447,000, Germany, 300,000, Belgium, 100,000, Russia, 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 600,000.

The German emperor's imperial mustache, curling and tipped with points, costs him $1,000 a year. Therefore allegorically speaking, including twenty dinners, the reception salons, the decorations of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted with a bath.

The republic of Guatemala has over 16,000 saloons and taverns. In the country districts there is 1 tavern to 50 inhabitants; in the towns there is 1 to every 32.

The Rothschilds.

Anselm Rothschild had five sons—Anselm Mayer, Nathan, Solomon, James and Carl—who scattered over Europe and established branches of the parent bank at Frankfort, in Vienna, London, Naples and Paris. As early as 1820 they were the greatest bankers in the world, making a specialty of government loans. Honors and decorations were showered upon them by grateful kings, and they were recognized socially where other Jews were not. They obtained titles of nobility in England, Germany, Austria and France. A Rothschild has been consul general for the Austrian empire in London, Paris and Frankfort for more than half a century. The sons inherited the financial genius of their father, but those who have studied their career in detail hold that the success of the family has been due to the fact that its great business has always been conducted with a unity of aim and interest. The dying injunction of Anselm Rothschild to his sons was that none of them should ever undertake an important financial transaction without consulting his mother and his brothers. This continues to be the rule of the house in the present generation. Every serious matter of business is the subject of mutual consideration and is carried out by the united efforts of the whole family, every one of whom participates in the profits according to his position. While the great banks are in a measure separate and distinct, they are nevertheless the same, and the family, now very large, is a single firm with a single interest.

They have made it a rule to intermarry and have defied the doctrine of the scientists who have forbidden the marriage of relatives on the ground that it debilitates a race. A Rothschild always looks among his cousins for a wife; uncles have married nieces, nephews have married aunts.

Another reason of their great success is said to be that they have never relied on for extravagant profits. They always set a limit to their operations and never try to get the last cent. They sell out during the heat of an undertaking and never wait till speculation gets cold. "Let some one else make something" is a favorite adage with the Rothschilds, but some one else has usually pocketed the loss.—Chicago Record.

Limitations of Fame.

In Professor Knight's reminiscences of Tennyson it is related that on one occasion when the poet laureate was stopping at an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked if he knew who had been staying in his house, and on being informed that it was the poet Tennyson he replied:

"Loor—to think o' that! And, sure, I thought he was a shentleman."

At Stirling some one asked the landlord of the house where the poet was stopping:

"Do you kn̄ow who you had wi' you t'other night?"

"Naa, but he was a pleasant shentleman."

"It was Tennyson, the poet."

"And wha may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer o' verses, sae as ye see i' the papers."

"Noo, to think o' that! Jeest a poeti-writer, and I gied him ma best bed-room!"

But the charms of Mrs. Tennyson, her gracious manners, did not pass unnoticed, for the landlord said: "Oh, she was an angel."

The Cockney Gallery God.

Charles Mathews had reached the allotted age of man before he played his "farewell engagement" in London. One night there was an unconscionably long "wait" in the performance of "My Awful Dad." After the statutory ten minutes had expired and the curtain showed no signs of rising one of the "gods" vociferated: "Do hurry along, or else Charley will be too old to act." The wit of the gallery is proverbial, and it was never more keenly exercised than on the first night of a London production some years since. The leading actor—a well known man—took an unconscionable time dying and tailed out the "lengths" with tedious elaboration. Whereupon a voice from the upper regions exclaimed: "We hope we're not keeping you up, sir."

Gave Him Another Chance.

A young man who had been two days at the Ponce de Leon in what may well be called a combination of business and pleasure, since he was courting a millionaire's daughter temporarily residing there, went to the clerk and asked for his bill.

The clerk looked at the young man carefully for a long moment, then made out and handed over a bill for $238.

The young man did not stagger or grow pale. He tossed the slip of paper back to the clerk and said: "Guess again, young chump. I've got more money than that."—New York Times.

Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France, as well, a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of the coffee beans, and after a dozen mouthfuls of unsurpassed sugar, "Bliss, brings out both flavor and aroma, and moreover gives the elegant caramel taste which will be remembered as a peculiarly perfect French coffee."—New York Post.

Waning Allegiance.

"I am afraid Colonel Pfanzer is losing his patriotism. Have you noticed that he has quit taking off his hat when he meets an American flag?"

"The colonel is getting bald."—Indianapolis Journal.

Don't Hurry.

Life is too short and the work for each of us to do too important for us to waste time in hurrying. Calmness and thought accomplish more.—Louisville Western Recorder.