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WARTS AND THE DOCTORS.

Excuse Their Incompetence by Declaring the Nuisances Will Disappear.

The doctors excuse their incompetence by declaring that these nuisances disappear as a child grows older, says the Pall Mall Magazine. I profess to believe them. No one in the household remembers the historic case of Cromwell, fortunately. His warts did not vanish; you see them as plain as his nose on the mask taken after death preserved at Warwick castle.

And there is Cicero; not that he himself had warts to speak of, though I have seen that statement in a schoolbook recently. It was an ancestor of his who won distinction that way, astonishing the Roman public with an excrescence on the tip of his nose, of trefoil shape. Wherefore they called him Cicero, vetch, and the nickname clung to the family.

It was rather comforting than otherwise to learn that the heroes and sages of old were afflicted with warts. Even the "godlike Greeks" had them, as Lucian tells us in passing, and their mothers applied to old women for charms. The doctors were as helpless then as now, of course, with more excuse.

BARREN, INDEED.

Such Would Be This World of Ours If Men Could Live Without Air.

Atmosphere is not alone valuable for breathing purposes.

It prevents hailstones from falling with terrific velocity and killing us like bullets. It prevents the fierce heat of the sun from burning us up in the daytime by intercepting and storing it up, and gives it off slowly at night to keep us warm. But for this action of the air the earth would be like a furnace by day and a freezing machine at night.

Without air there would be no dew, and plants would languish. There would be no twilight without it, and when the sun went down the change from brilliant light to perfect darkness would be instantaneous.

The beautiful colors of the sky would be nonexistent, as they are due to the decomposition of light by moist air. Without air there would be no sound on the earth. We could never hear a human voice, music or the song of birds. No fire could burn, no gas, no lamps, no factories, no ironware, no jams and marmalade, no sweets, no stiff collars and cuffs.

Sausage Day.

The butchers of Berlin have a curious way of informing their customers of the days on which fresh sausages are made by placing a chair, covered with a large clean apron, at the side of the shop door.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Well, yes, 'tis a hair-curlin' story—
I would it could not be recalled!
The terrible fright of that hell-tinctured night
Is the cause of my head bein' bald!
I was runnin' the Git-There express, sir,
On the Yankee Creek Jerkwater Line,
An' the track along there was as crooked, I swear,
As the growth of a field pumpkin vine.
My run was a night one, an' nights on the Yank
War as black as the coal piled back there on the tank.

We pulled out of Tenderfoot station
A day and almost a half late,
An' every durn wheel was a-poundin' the steel
At a wildly extravagant rate!
My fireman kep' pilin' the coal in
The jaws of the ol' 94
Till the sweat from his nose seemed to play through a hose
An' splashed 'round his feet on the floor,
As we thundered along like a demon in flight,
A-rippin' a streak through the breast of the night!

As we rounded a curve on the mountain,
Full sixty an hour, I will swear,
Just ahead was a sight that with blood-freezin' fright
Would have raised a stuffed buffalo's hair!
The bridge over Ute Creek was burnin',
The flames shootin' up in their glee!
My God! how they gleamed in the air, till they seemed
Like fiery-tongued imps on a spree!
Jest snickered an' sparkled an' laughed like they knowed
I'd make my next trip on a different road!

In frenzy I reached for the throttle,
But 'twas stuck an' refused to obey!
I yelled in affright, for our maddening flight
I felt that I never could stay!
Then wildly I grasped the big lever,
Threw her over, then held my hot breath,
An' waited fur what I assuredly thought
Was a sure an' a terrible death!
Then came the wild crash, an' with horror-fringed yell
Down into that great fiery chasm I fell!

When I came to myself I was lying
On the floor of the bedroom; my wife
Sat astride of my form, an' was making it warm
For her darling, you bet your sweet life!
My hair she had clutched in her fingers
An' was jamming my head on the floor,
Yet I yelled with delight when I found that my fright
Was a horrible dream, nothing more!
I had wildly grabbed one of her ankles, she said,
An' reversed her clear over the head of the bed!

—Denver Evening Post.

The Flower of Death

A Night of Wild Despair and Its Joyful Morning

"YOU are as good as dead," said the doctor, looking steadily at Anatole.

Anatole staggered. He had come to pass a cheerful evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the savant whose works in poisonous substances are so well and favorably known, but one whose excellence of heart and almost fatherly kindness Anatole had been able to appreciate more than anyone. And now all of a sudden, without regard for his feelings, without being prepared to hear it, the terrible prognostic is uttered by so great an authority.

"Unfortunate fellow," continued the doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly troubled.

"Try to recollect. Tell me what you have drank, what you have eaten, and what you have breathed."

The last word spoken by the doctor was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In this letter had been a flower plucked on the shores of the Ganges by the traveler—a flower, red, warped, and of bizarre shape, the odor of which, he remembered well now, had seemed to him strangely penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocketbook and took therefrom the letter and flower in question, which he showed to the savant.

"Without doubt," exclaimed the doctor, "it is the Pyramenensis Indica—the fatal flower, the flower of death."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"But it is not possible. I am only 25 years old. I feel myself full of life and health."

"When did you open that fatal letter?"

"At nine o'clock this morning."

"Well, to-morrow morning, at the same hour, indeed at the same moment, you will feel a sharp anguish at the heart, and it will be all over with you."

"And do you not know any remedy, any means of—"

"None," said the doctor, and, hiding his face in his hands, he sank backward in his armchair, choked with grief.

From the emotion displayed by his old friend, Anatole realized that there was no hope. He departed in a dazed manner.

With beads of cold perspiration on his brow and his thoughts confused, Anatole moved along unconscious of what was passing around him, and not even suspecting that the streets were becoming deserted. He wandered a long time thus; but at length, coming to a bench, he sat down.

The rest did him good. Until then he had been like a man who has been struck on the head with a club. The effects of the shock were disappearing, and he began now to collect his vagrant thoughts.

"My plight," thought he, "is that of a person condemned to death. Yet I can still hope for mercy. By the way, how much longer have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"It lacks three hours of morning. It is time I was in bed. I go to bed, indeed! To devote the last sad hours of my life to sleep! No. I can certainly do better than that. But, what? Parbleu! I have it. I will draw up my last will and testament."

A restaurant which remained open all night was near by. Anatole entered and sat down.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass and looked at his writing paper, reflecting: "To whom shall I leave my 6,000 francs income? I have neither father nor mother—a fact which is lucky for them. And among the persons who interest me I can only think of one—Nicette."

Nicette was one of his forty-second cousins, a charming young girl of 18 years, with fair tresses and large, black eyes. Li[illegible]f she was an orphan, and thi[illegible]dity of fate had long go est[illegible]bond of sympathy between them. His will was speedily drawn up. He left everything to Nicette.

When it was finished he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," thought he. "Her guardian, who knows little of the world except his class, which he teaches to play on brass instruments at the Conservatory, has bethought himself to promise her hand to a brute, a sort of bully, whom she detests, because she loves another, as she has avowed to me, although with reticence and an embarrassed air. Who is this happy mortal? But he must be worthy of her, since she has fixed her affection on him. Good, gentle, comely and affectionate Nicette deserves an ideal husband. Ah, how well would she have suited me for a wife. It is an infamous tyranny to spoil her life by giving her to a brute. But why should I not be Nicette's champion? I have said it now, and to-morrow morning I will begin to act. But to-morrow morning it will be too late. Now is the time to begin, if at all. The hour is a little mal a propos to see people, but as I shall be dead in five hours I don't care a sou for conventionalities. Yes, I'll do it—my life for Nicette."

It was four o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang the bell at the house of Nicette's guardian, M. Bousard. Badly frightened and wearing his nightcap, he answered the door.

"Is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bousard," replied Anatole, "I have come for a chat."

"At this hour?"

"I am at all hours pleased to see you; but you are not dressed, M. Bousard. Are you going back to bed again?"

"That's what I am going to do. But—I suppose, monsieur, that to disturb me in this manner you must have something very important to say to me."

"Very important, M. Bousard. It is necessary that you give up your plan of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capendac."

"Never, monsieur, never."

"But I say, yes."

"Monsieur, my resolution is taken. The marriage will take place."

"It will not."

"We'll see about that. And now that you are acquainted with my answer, I will detain you no longer."

"That is not altogether polite. But I am as good-natured as I am tenacious, M. Bousard. I am not offended at your procedure, and I will remain."

"Remain if you like. I consider you as gone, and I will not converse further with you."

And M. Bousard turned toward the wall, grumbling: "Did you ever see the like; to disturb a peaceful man, to rouse him from his sleep, for the purpose of listening to such nonsense."

Suddenly M. Bousard made a bound from his bed.

Anatole had taken up one of the trombones of the professor, into which he blew with might and main, madly moving the slide. Infernal sounds were emitted by the instrument.

"My cherished trombone, given me by my pupils! Leave the instrument alone, monsieur."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you consider me as departed. I consider you as absent, and I am amusing myself while waiting for your return. Um-pa! Um-pa! What dulcet melody!"

"You will cause me to receive notice to leave the house. My neighbors will not tolerate the trombone after midnight."

"Then all I can say is, they have no love of music in their souls. Z-z-z-z! Wow! Tootle-too! Um-pa! Um-pa!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake."

"Do you consent, then?"

"To what?"

"To give up the marriage?"

"But monsieur, I can't do it."

"Then, um-pa!"

"M. Capendac is a terrible man. If I affront him thus he will kill me."

"Does that reason influence you?"

"Yes, and others besides."

"In that case leave all to me. Only swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capendac to the breaking of the match my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo. I have your word. Permit me to retire. But where does this Capendac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I will go there. Good-by."

"As for you," thought M. Bousard, "you are putting your head in the lion's mouth, and you will be taught a lesson that you deserve to learn."

Meanwhile Anatole hastened to the address indicated. When he arrived there it was six o'clock in the morning.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?" said a deep voice from within.

"Open. I am the bearer of a very important message from M. Bousard."

He heard the noise of a safety-chain being displaced, and of a key with which three locks were successively opened.

"Here is a man well defended," thought Anatole.

Finally the door was opened. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a large, curled mustache, who wore a fencing costume as his night-dress.

"Always ready, you see. It is my invention."

The walls of the ante-chamber were hidden by suits of armor. In the little parlor into which Capendac conducted his visitor, he saw only weapons galore; ataghans, poisoned arrows, sabres, one and two-handed swords, pistols, lances; there was plenty there to make a timid heart quail.

"Bah," thought Anatole, "what do I risk now? Two hours and a half at the most. Here goes."

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you are going to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Yes, monsier."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her."

"Blood and thunder, and who will hinder me?"

"I will."

Capendac looked askance at Anatole, who was not a large man, but who seemed very determined.

"Ah, young man," said he at length, "you are lucky to find me in a pleasant humor. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought 20 duels in which I have had the misfortune to slay five of my adversaries and to wound the other 15? Once more I warn you to retire."

"I see," replied Anatole, "that you are an adversary worthy of my steel, and my desire increases to measure swords with a man so redoubtable. Let us see. Suppose we fight with those two swords by the chimney, or these cavalry s[illegible] are these—or [illegible]t do you s[illegible] curved atagh[illegible] You do[illegible] Why do you hesitate?"

"I was thinking of your mother and the grief your death would cause her."

"I am an orphan. Do you prefer the carbine, the pistol, or the revolver?"

"Young man, do not fool with these firearms."

"Are you afraid? You tremble."

"I tremble? Nonsense, it is the cold."

"Then either fight or renounce the hand of Nicette."

"I like your pluck. The brave should always be in harmony with each other. Do you wish me to confess something to you?"

"Out with it."

"For some time past I have wished to free myself from this betrothal. But I did not know how to go to work about it. I would consent very willingly to what you desire of me, but you must understand that I, Capendac, cannot have the air of yielding to threats. Now, you have menaced me."

"I withdraw the menace."

"Then it is agreed."

"Will you write and sign your relinquishment of Nicette?"

"I have so much sympathy for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious paper, Anatole hurried back to the residence of M. Bousard. He reached his door at eight o'clock.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Be off to bed," cried the professor, wrathfully.

"I have the consent of M. Capendac. Open, or I will have to break the door."

M. Bousard opened it. Anatole showed him the paper, and going to the door of Nicette's room, called out:

"Cousin, rise, dress yourself quickly and come down."

Some minutes after Nicette, fresh as the dawn, came into the little parlor.

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

"The matter is," answered M. Bousard, "that your cousin is crazy."

"If that be so there is at any rate method in my madness," exclaimed Anatole. "This very night, my dear cousin, I have achieved two things. M. Capendac has renounced his claim to your hand and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry whom you please."

"Really and truly, my guardian, am I free to marry Anatole?"

"Ha!" exclaimed Anatole.

"Then, I love you, my cousin."

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat rapidly. Was it by reason of the pleasure which the unexpected avowal of Nicette had caused him? Was it the pang predicted by Dr. Bardais? Was it death?

"Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the poor fellow. "The cup of happiness is at my lips, and I am going to die without tasting it it."

Then feverishly taking Nicette's hand, he told her all: How he had received the letter which contained the flower whose fragrance he had inhaled; and of the prognostic of Dr. Bardais; how he had made his will in her favor, the steps he had subsequently taken, and the success with which his efforts had been crowned.

"And now," sighed he, "I must die."

"But it is impossible," said Nicette; "the doctor is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never wrong in his diagnosis, Nicette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais, Bardais!" cried M. Bousard suddenly, bursting out laughing. "Hear what the morning paper says:

"'The learned Dr. Bardais has just been suddenly stricken with mental alienation. The mania from which he suffers is of a scientific character. It is well known that the doctor made a special study of poisonous substances. He believes now that all whom he meets are poisoned, and endeavors to persuade them that such is the case. He was removed at midnight to the big whote house.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The young couple had rushed into each other's arms, and were locked in a fond embrace.—Translated from the French for the San Francisco Argonaut by Judson F. Davidson.

His Fatal Blunder.

"Don't you think you could learn to love me, Mildred?" faltered the young man.

"I might have done so, Harry," she answered, "if you had not taught me to play chess, but how can I ever learn to love a man whom I can give the odds of a pawn and checkmate in 13 moves?"—Chicago Tribune.

Only the Beginning.

"Yes," said Uncle Eben, "you and William think if you can only marry each other you won't want anything else in this world. But after you are married you will find it is only a stepping stone to wanting everything else in the world."—Harlem Life.

GOOD FIGHTERS.

The Braves of Aguinaldo Show They Have Their Own Share of Courage.

The Filipinos are certainly showing that they have their full share of courage. In the latest hard fighting around Manila they were forced to give way before the determined American advance, but the losses they endured proved how well they stood their ground against the forces far superior in equipment, arms, leadership and skill in the use of modern weapons, says the Cleveland Leader.

The soldiers who served Aguinaldo had the advantage of fighting on the defensive and of knowing the country better than the Americans. The climate was also in their favor. But the difference in the losses sustained shows that they were essentially overmatched. Few natives of semi-civilized or savage countries would have stood their ground so well, under like conditions. Nothing more can be asked of men, as a test of courage, than their willingness to fight until they die, and it is clear that many of the Malays in Luzon have been ready for that supreme test of bravery.

It is evident that the fighting powers of the Filipinos were much underestimated, at first, by the American officers who held commands in Manila. Their stubborn resistance to the Spaniards was too largely attributed to the inefficiency of the Spanish soldiers. It seems rather to have been due to the courage and natural prowess of the Filipinos themselves. The Spanish infantry proved at Santiago that it could do deadly work in battle, and the losses of the Filipinos in their last rebellion against Spain were heavy.

LIFE'S WAYS.

The ways are long I walk alone—
The fields are dull and dreary;
My paths are set with thorn and stone—
My heart is worn and weary.
But skies are all a tender blue,
And filled with sunny weather,
When in the paths of joy we two
Walk, hand in hand, together.

I hear the happy thrushes tune
Their song in bush and bower;
I hear the bees their story croon
From honied flower to flower.
The music stirs me with distress—
I cannot kindly bear it;
For, O there is no joy unless
Your ear with mine may share it.

O come with me and glad the way
With eyes of beauty smiling,
December seems as glad as May
In your divine beguiling.
For, though we stray through gardens fair
Or weary wastes of heather,
The paths are good and golden where
We two may walk together.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Theater Diplomat

By William Armstrong

THE first act was almost over when the tenor, the soprano and the contralto got together in the wings and decided if the manager failed to arrive as he had telegraphed and settle up the pay-roll, now overdue, they would not sing the opera out.

When the news spread, as it quickly did, the chorus with slight dissent agreed in the plan. Many of them had been stranded before and the prospect was far from exhilarating, but the chance of getting even in some small way had the pleasure of novelty. The plan was in consequence tacitly agreed upon.

The basso, not in the original pronunciamento list, told the call boy that he need not bring the customary beer from around the corner after the second act.

As this meant that he would go after it in person no doubt was left in the minds of those concerned as to what course he would pursue.

Faces that a few moments before had appeared anxious now grew bright at the prospect of excitement.

The audience in front, not a bad one as the audiences of the new opera went, was in ignorance of the projected surprise.

The soubrette, usually the most inconsequent member of the company, alone was depressed.

"I tell you you don't know what you are about. As long as people think you are engaged, whether you get your money or not, there's a chance that they'll trust you, but if they know the company's disbanded there's no more chance about it." As in the world at large the voice of the philosopher went unheeded.

Not disconcerted the soubrette spread out her costume for the third act on the steam radiator and left the door of her dressing-room wide open that all might see as they passed by. Clearly she was not with the majority.

But Miss Casey had more at stake than the majority. She was engaged to Victor Laquine, a tenor in the chorus. They were to be married in the spring and would go into vaudeville in a happy domestic way.

A disbanding of the company on Christmas eve and their first engagement together booked for a summer garden in May made scarcely a pleasing prospect.

Engagements that year had been hard enough to get at any time and in mid-season would be scarcest of all. At the very best it meant different companies and separation, and that in turn meant good-by to matrimony and vaudeville. Miss Casey had been engaged before, she knew the sex.

On the stage the company guyed each other and the audience as only an unpaid company can.

Miss Casey alone was too preoccupied to pay any attention to it. Now and then she cast her eyes toward the rear of the theater hoping to see the manager's fur-decked overcoat moving about behind the last row of seats.

"I knew he wouldn't come!" every one said as they faced each other on the stage when the curtain had rung down.

"He'll come yet," said Miss Casey, with firmness. "Maybe his train's late; this heavy snow would stop anything, and if he comes and finds the theater dark when the third act ought to be on, I wouldn't give much for the tickets he'd give you to get home on."

There was logic in this, but the soprano pierced it.

"How do you know his train isn't in?" she inquired with dignity and a look at the interfering soubrette that would have silenced her, had she not been Miss Casey with much depending on her.

"Send the stage manager to the box-office telephone to see about it," put in the contralto.

"How do you know what road he is on? There are half a dozen or more. He may be on his way here now in a cab! He may step on the stage any minute and find everyone refusin' to go on instead of dressin' as we should. Any minute he may be rushin' in, I say!" Miss Casey was excited into the vernacular. Her words tumbled over each other and even those familiar with the go she put into her songs and dances would have been surprised at the energy she put into her progress to the dressing-room. It seemed to sweep the whole flank of chorus girls with it.

"Bring my beer," said the basso to the call boy, as his eyes followed Miss Casey's figure. Clearly he meant to sing the third act.

The tenor, the soprano and the contralto looked at each other and then at their retreating colleagues.

Presently the stage-hands, who had been interested auditors, began to set the scene for the third act.

Miss Casey was back in an incredibly short time. A critical eye might have found fault with her general appearance, but she was not thinking of critical eyes just then. The fate of that performance, and her own as well, depended upon her and she knew it. She knew furthermore that the task of getting this act on was mere play to what the next would be, unless the manager arrived.

Never before had this third act seemed so long. She had a great deal to do, and it generally passed quickly, for she enjoyed her work.

To-night she could scarcely act for casting he eyes toward the back of the theater. Once she forgot her lines entirely and her song ended with a little croak that was the nearest approach to an involuntary sob.

The soprano, still smarting under a recollection of Miss Casey's "interference," guyed her to the entertainment of the entire cast and the front rows in the parquet. Miss Casey, however, heeded nothing but the back row of chairs, behind which the manager, when he did make his appearance—if that happy moment were fated to come—would lounge importantly.

But never a sign there was of him, and by the time the soubrette got to her scene with the comedian it might have been high tragedy instead of low comedy as far as Miss Casey was concerned. For all his guying and indifference, the comedian had not reached a point when he could calmly see people get up and walk ostentatiously out in the midst of his best chance in the opera.

If he failed to tell her so the moment the descending curtain pole raised a little puff of dust on the stage it was because he could not get within hailing distance. Miss Casey seemed a moveable axis about which her colleagues revolved. Now she was at one side of the stage and the next moment at the other insisting that the manager would certainly come in the face of a tumult that insisted he would not.

If Miss Casey's was a lone voice, it was not a small one. Before entering the profession it had been her father's pride, indeed, that her voice could be heard on still nights a mile away. Being on the stage had strengthened it.

She argued that all the trains were not in; that the next day was Christmas, and that a big matinee would help to set things straight, even if the manager did not show up—which he would—"And when he does every one of you will have broken your contract if you don't go on. It is all well enough not to go on at all, but when the thing's once started it's different. An' the law's the law." Thus far had Miss Casey got, but not without interruptions in plenty, when she saw a figure spruce and alert addressing the stage manager. The type was a familiar one to Miss Casey—it was a reporter. She had seen this particular one before that evening. He sat well down towards the front. Of course he had heard the hub-bub. His news instinct would supply the rest. This to the soubrette mattered little. Her chief emotion was one of thankfulness. If her strongest effort had failed, a weapon was now provided that surpassed it.

"A reporter," she gasped.

"To interview me," said the soprano, with a self-important swell of the shoulders.

"To interview you!" Miss Casey echoed, steadily eyeing her. "That man knows everything or will know it presently. Do you remember the last time you let yourself be interviewed when the company broke up here?"

The soprano shuddered. She did remember and she also remembered the little silhouettes that accompanied the text.

Miss Casey did not need to be a mind reader to know what was passing in the lady's brain.

"Go dress for the act—hurry, hurry! I'll save you." Miss Casey pushed her briskly as she passed and repeated her flank movement on a portion of the chorus. Others on the stage had not caught her words, but who saw some scatter towards the dressing-rooms also saw her hurry to meet the stranger emerging from the wings.

"I knew your train was late," she exclaimed in a tone that penetrated to every outlying group. "I knew he'd get here. The fourth act is just going on."

She did not wait to look. Others turned for a glance on the way to the dressing-rooms, but Miss Casey's back was between them and the stranger's face. The news spread. By the time the soprano and contralto had got half way through their hasty toilets they heard the manager was come.

The fourth act was a revelation to the audience, as much of it as had remained. Miss Casey made even the comedian forgive her by the way she "played up" to him. Only once did she falter. It was at the sight of a familiar figure in a fur-decked overcoat lounging with an air of importance behind the last row of chairs.

"Didn't you know the manager was here?" said the soprano, following the direction of her eyes. "Everybody else did."

But Miss Casey said nothing, she only went on with her acting.

The manager was behind the scenes before the curtain was down. Part salaries were paid; two fairly good houses held promise for to-morrow, and the soprano kissed Miss Casey good-night.

"Shall it be a vinaigrette or a pair of new shoes for a Christmas gift?" asked Victor, pressing her arm as they both passed through the stage door together.

"Both," said Miss Casey, promptly. "But it's you I've got as a Christmas gift to-night, darlin', and I celebrated it in the fourth act. Did I ever do better before?"—Golden Days.

LIFTING POWER.

A Statistical Estimate of the Average Man's Power at Varying Ages.

The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline; our physical strength increases up to a certain age, and then decreases. Tests of strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:

The "lifting power" of a youth of 17 years is 280 pounds; in his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.

After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large degree in different individuals.

OUTBREAK AT MANILA.

An English Lady Describes the Horrible Treachery of the Natives.

Extracts from the diary of an English lady at Manila have been published in the papers here. They give a graphic description of the situation at Manila, the outbreak of hostilities and the feeling of panic among the residents. They also tell of the scare in the city in the middle of January, owing to the small rising inside the walls. The people packed their jewels, money and clothing, all ready to run. Under date of January 8, she describes the previous Sunday, and says:

"A huge red balloon ascended from the rebel camp as a signal to attack, and the firing increased steadily. A soldier came to tell us that the rebels had burned the waterworks, and that we must fill everything we had, as the supply would stop in a few hours. The firing came nearer and nearer. We seemed to be in the very center of a perfect storm of bullets all around the house. At last we heard that the rebels were driven back, and saw the home troops returning. Poor things! They were dead beat, just tramping along, dragging one foot after the other, and behind them was the sad little procession of wounded on stretchers."

On February 9, referring to the skirmish at Malate, she wrote: "When the fire was too hot for the rebels they put up a white flag, and showed the butt ends of their rifles. So, the Americans advanced, and, when quite close, the rebels fired at them. This horrible treachery met with a just reward."

TALES OF THE INJURED.

They Troop Into the Offices of Downtown Physicians in Chicago.

Doctors offices in the region of Randolph and State streets frequently witness strange scenes of accidents and disorder. More people are hurt in the busy downtown thoroughfares than the rest of the concentrated world imagines. The other morning in the waiting-room of a prominent physician a woman had barely entered with a limp wrist bound in a handkerchief when a man opened the door hurriedly, his white face daubed with trinkling streams of blood, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"Tend to him first," moaned the woman, unselfishly. "Poor man, he seems to need it most."

As the doctor examined his injuries the masculine victim told his story. He was a painter and was decorating the interior of a jewelry store when he slipped from his ladder and fell face downward through the glass top of a showcase, which accounted for his sanguinary appearance.

"Nothing very much happened to me," gasped the woman in her turn. "At least I thought it was nothing much. I only slipped on an orange peel that lay innocently on the sidewalk and the consequence is a broken wrist, for, of course, as I felt myself going I put out my hand to break my fall. I don't think I would have minded it so much either," continued the suffering patient, "only that three men saw me slip and they could easily have caught me, but they only laughed."

A way with men.

ABOUT ANCHORS.

Those Carried on Merchant Vessels Painted—Galvanized Anchors on Yachts.

Ships' anchors cost from five to seven cents a pound, so that a 6,000-pound anchor, which would be a very large one, would cost, even at the lowest price, about $300; and the big ship that required an anchor of that size would carry two of them. The two big anchors carried by a ship of, say 2,000 tons would weigh from 4,800 to 5,000 pounds each, says the New York Sun.

The anchors of merchant vessels are painted or tarred. Whenever the vessel is painted the anchors are painted also, to preserve them from rust. But on yachts and various smaller pleasure craft galvanized anchors are used, which, of course, do not require painting. Galvanized iron anchors have been made for torpedo boats in the navy, but, generally speaking, their use is confined to pleasure craft. A galvanized anchor cost nearly as much again as one not galvanized.

The galvanizing preserves the anchor from rusting and makes the anchor more sightly in appearance, and it prevents the anchor from dripping rusty water and so staining and marring decks or other surfaces with which it might come in contact. Anchors weighing 1,400 pounds have been galvanized, such anchors being for very large steam yachts; anchors are galvanized in various sizes from that down to the very small anchors used for sailboats and small yachts. Of small galvanized anchors many are sold.

Relative Importance of Letters.

To those who have never considered the subject it might appear that each letter is of equal importance in the formation of words, but the relative proportions required in the English language are these: A, 85; b, 16; c, 30; d, 44; e, 120; f, 25; g, 17; h, 64; i, 80; j, 4, k, 8; l, 40; m, 30; n, 80; o, 80; p, 17; q, 5; r, 62; s, 80; t, 90; u, 34; v, 12; w, 20; x, 4; y, 20; z, 2. It is this knowledge of how frequently one letter is used compared with others that enables crpytogram readers to unravel so many mysteries.

Chinese Detectives.

The Chinese detective force is a secret body, and the best organized in the world. They have an eye upon every man, woman or child, foreign or native, in China, and, in addition, watch each other.

Leaves Fifty Feet by Twelve.

The largest leaves in the world are said to be those of the Imaj palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon. They reach a length of from 30 to 50 feet and are 10 to 12 feet in breadth.

A Singular Bequest.

It has been stated that John Walter, of the London Times, left a legacy to his daughter one of the advertising columns of the Thunderer. It brought the lady a steady income of $150 a day—enough to keep her from poverty.

A GREAT HOUND.

Runs a Fox to Cover After Continuous Chase of Thirty-Six Hours.

The greatest fox chase of which there is any authentic record took place in the neighborhood of Long Branch, in Meade county, lately, says the News of Breckinridge, Ky. Ben Matthews, a colored man living at Long Branch, has a foxhound named Queen. One evening, when the air was soft, Queen and her companion, Don, together with Jim Bickerstaff's "Ole Maje," started for the hills near by, and were not long absent when they started a vigorous old fox. By their vigorous mouthing it was known that they had a warm scent and were on the trail of a fox of fine staying qualities. For several hours during the night the residents of that vicinity could hear all three hounds tonguing together, and then the two male dogs dropped out of the run, leaving Queen to keep up the chase alone. All night long she followed the trail, and a long toward morning was joined by some fresh hounds, who stayed with her for a few hours, fell out, rested up and joined in the chase again at intervals during the next 20 hours.

On the second day of the chase Will LaGrand's "Tige," a hound noted for its staying qualities, joined her and remained until the close of the run. Queen was on the run, without rest, the entire 36 hours consumed in the chase. She stopped only when she had run reynard to cover. After she had accomplished this she lay down and guarded the burrow, and when found by her owner was so stiff and sore that she could not move a limb and had to be carried to the house. Matthews, her owner, thinks she is the best foxhound on earth, and would not trade her for the best horse in Kentucky.

WIFE FINDS A WAY.

Smoker's Habits Are Changed Without His Knowledge by the Faithful Woman.

A woman will invariably solve the most perplexing of problems, and solve it, too, tactfully and well. A little creature lives in Chicago whose husband is an inveterate smoker, and when they went to housekeeping he furnished a charming little den in which he and his cronies could smoke. Now, a man is never quite as companionable as when he is smoking, and his wife soon found it out, and while he was smoking his post-prandial cigar, which usually lengthened itself into several, they both missed one another. He liked to tell her between whiffs of all the witty things he had said to the fellow with whom he had eaten lunch, and she liked to hear him tell them.

One day she had an idea—she frequently had them—and so she rigged up a little table in the library, "just a makeshift for the den, you know," she said, "where you can finish your reading while you smoke." The table is just the prettiest affair. It is an ordinary mahogany small table with a linen cover, which can be frequently laundered, and upon it are half a dozen boxes of tobacco, a silver lighting and cutting arrangement, wax matches, boxes of cigars and a tray with several odds and ends. A pretty pipe rack in burnt wood decoration is placed above the table, and it has simply come to this: The gentleman sits down to smoke one cigar while he finishes a story, his wife stitching meanwhile, and he seldom leaves until it is time to retire. And the best of it is he has never discovered the bit of strategy on his wife's part.

FOND OF TOBACCO.

A Trainer Says That Many Wild Animals Have a Liking for the Weed.

"I have been an inveterate user of tobacco in some form for the past 40 years, and during that time have had much to do with all sorts of wild beasts, which I have found are nearly all, more or less, partial to the smell or taste of the weed," observed an old and experienced animal trainer to a Washington Star reporter. "For instance, the common brown bear is so fond of the fumes of tobacco that if you blow smoke through the bars of its cage it will, with evident delight, push forward and rub its back and head against the iron bars over which the smoke passes. This is invariable. Not long ago I blew through a hollow stick a pinch of snuff into the nose of a sleeping lion. The brute shortly after awoke, sat up straight, sneezed violently, and then lay down to sleep very contentedly again. All goats, deer, llamas and so on will chew and eat tobacco and snuff with great eagerness. Monkeys and big baboons also breathe with great satisfaction the smoke from cigars.

"I once made a very vicious llama, belonging to a circus, my friend by feeding it daily with a small quantity of snuff. One day when the show was in Brooklyn, N. Y., several men-o'-warsmen came to see our exhibit of tame and wild animals. When the men got to the inclosure where the llama was kept, one of the company commenced teasing the beast. By way of protest the llama suddenly spat at the offending sailor, and the latter, with a very astonished look, exclaimed: 'Holy Moses, how his breath smells of snuff, boys.'"

Makes Them Whirl.

The tube of a 12-inch gun, which is used in some warships, has 50 spiral grooves inside, which causes the shot to revolve at the rate of 75 times per second as it rushes through the air.

Chinese Morgue.

In the Chinese morgue in San Francisco one of the strange sights is a number of life-size dolls, which are burned, to accompany the corpses as their servants to the next world.

His Advice.

"And what," asked the literary aspirant, "would be your advice to a young poet?"

"Well, if he's mercenary," replied the elder scribe, "I'd advise him to tal the money he intends to spend for p age stamps and buy lottery ticket would have some chance to mak tune."—Puck.

Close to It.

Teacher—What's the 'nobleman?"

Bright Pupil—He's

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