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How a German Baby Is Swathed.

Of all housewives in Europe probably the German is the hardest worked, and of all European mothers the German practices most completely the art of swathing and padding her baby and of putting it on the shelf. The German baby is swaddled in a long, narrow pillow, which is made to meet completely round him, being tucked up over his feet and turned under his solemn chin. Three bands of gay blue ribbons are then passed round the whole bundle and tied in large, florid bows about where his chest, his waist and his ankles may be supposed to be.

In this guise he can be deposited as an ornament either on the sumptuous best bed or on the kitchen dresser or on the drawing room table. How fond the Germans are of this presentment of baby may be guessed from the fact that it figures largely in their picture books, among their dolls and even in the bakers' shops at Easter time, made of dough and covered with sugar, to be devoured by greedy live babies.—Strand Magazine.

Looks After the Cents.

A simple illustration will show the care that is taken of cents by one of the big banks of Chicago. Stamped postal cards are not used, and not one of the thousands of routine letters that are written every day is stamped or sealed until the whole routine mail of the day is assembled in the afternoon. Then all the cards and letters to one correspondent are put in a single envelope, and, except for letters from the officers and the like, the bank comes as near as possible to get its entire mail carried at 2 cents an ounce or a cent for every postal card instead of often paying 2 cents for a quarter of an ounce, as it would have to do if every communication were sealed and stamped separately. This little matter of getting full value out of a two cent stamp makes a saving of from $25 to $30 a day.—World's Work.

Lead Pipe to Keep Razor Sharp.

"Lead pipe will keep your razor sharp," confided the garrulous barber. "Get a short piece of the smallest, softest lead pipe your plumber has in stock, and keep it handy when you are stropping the razor.

"The scheme is to rub the strop with the pipe. It works best with a plain leather strop. Apply the pipe, just as you would strop the razor, to the unfinished side of the leather. Strop your razor on that side, wind up with a few passes on the finished side of the strop and you will have a first class edge on the tool. I never took the trouble to get a scientific explanation of the virtues of lead pipe as an aid to whetting, but it is all to the good in that respect."—Philadelphia Record.

How It Affects Them.

An Alpine guide who has had many years' experience in mountaineering thus describes the behavior of different nationalities when they get to the top of a peak.

A German, he says, as soon as he arrives at the top wants to know the exact height of the mountain he is on and of every peak around him.

A Frenchman goes into raptures over the wildness of the scenery and the beauties of nature and sometimes accompanies his remarks by an attempt to embrace his guide.

The Englishman, when he has "done" his peak, plunges his ice ax into the snow, looks around him and then says, "I say, open the baskets and let's have something to eat."

Length of the Law.

The phrase "the length of the law" owes its origin to the enormous length of some of the parchment rolls upon which the ancient statutes of Great Britain were inscribed. The present day official title of the "master of the rolls" is a reminder of this ancient custom. Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained from the fact that a single statute, the land tax commissioners act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV., measures when unrolled upward of 900 feet!

An Ibsen Theory.

In one of the published letters of Ibsen he says that while he was writing one of his plays he had on his desk an empty ale glass with a scorpion in it. Now and then the animal would grow sick, and the author would throw a piece of soft fruit to it, whereupon the scorpion would fall upon the food furiously, empty its poison into it and then get well again. "Is it not a good deal like this with us poets?" Ibsen continues. "Nature's laws apply in the domain of the spirit also."

A Long Sentence of Six Letters.

Here is a sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious person has constructed of the six letters found in the word "maiden": "Ida, a maiden; a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and dime and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."

Mixed.

Casey—'Tis hard luck about Kearney. Oi hear he had to have his leg cut off bechune the ankle an' the knee. Cassidy—Ay, the docthers decided that to save the whole leg they'd have to cut off part of it.—Philadelphia Press.

So Much For Mamma.

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl today and had to be whipped. Small Daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If I'd 'a' known she used to be a schoolteacher I'd 'a' told you not to marry her.

Occult Powers.

Miss Witherspoon—Do you believe, Mr. Jimsby, that there is in us a sixth sense as yet undeveloped—perhaps never to be developed? Jimsby—Yes, ma'am; horse sense!

The Glass of Fashion.

"Whenever you're puffed up like a toad and happen to be thinking pretty well of your personal appearance," muttered the man about town as he tried to remove a permanent spot from the sleeve of his coat, "just step into a high priced tailor's and survey yourself in a couple of those long mirrors they have—pier glasses, I think they call them—that show you up fore and aft. You'll come out with a chastened spirit. I don't know what it is about the deadly polished surface of those reflectors, but I do know that they reveal every imperfection until you're more than half tempted to throw a brick at them and clean out the shop. They make you look as if you'd never been shaved, as if the hair on your neck had been growing in riotous profusion since childhood, as if your hands weren't any too clean and as if your clothes had been made by mother while you waited. And if you're trying on a garment they're fashioning for you, although it's covered with pins, basting and chalk marks, the contrast between the thing and the trousers and shoes you're wearing makes you wish you were in a skirt with a train to it. As I said, I don't know just how to explain the effect produced. I've a notion it's a trick of the trade to drive you to ordering a brand new outfit. It generally sends me into a Turkish bath."—Providence Journal.

Mutilations.

That mutilation should ever have been adopted as a penalty by the Christian church one finds it difficult to believe, yet the ecclesiastical authorities inflicted it for comparatively trivial offenses, and several councils emphatically attempted to suppress it. Thus the thirteenth canon of the council of Merida, in 666, deprived bishops and priests of the right of mutilating the servants of the church. The sixth canon of the council of Toledo, in 675, while forbidding bishops to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in offenses involving the capital penalty, also interdicted them from ordering mutilation of the limbs, even in the case of their own serfs, and ordained that bishops violating this law should be deposed, excommunicated and denied the last rites of the church when in articulo mortis. The eighteenth canon of the council of Frankfort, in 794, forbade abbots to blind or mutilate their monks whatever might be the offense.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Fishing Frog.

The fishing frog buries himself in the mud and lies partly concealed in weeds, where, with his huge mouth open, he fishes for his dinner. On the back of his head there are three spines, the longest of which he bends forward in front of his mouth, gently swaying it in the water. At last it attracts a young fish, which makes a spring for the supposed worm, when—snap—the mouth is closed and Mr. Fishing Frog has had his dinner. The archer fish catches his dinner in quite a different way. Just out of his reach on the leaf of a plant growing on the river's brink rests a fly, basking in the sunlight. Suddenly a little stream of water strikes it; it loses its balance and falls, only to be caught by the cunning little archer below.—Field and Stream.

The Earliest Mummers.

Mumming is derived from the Danish mumme, a mask, disguise, and took its origin from the ancient Roman Saturnalia. In early English times it was the custom to indulge in burlesque sports after dinner on Christmas day, when masked performers, called mummers, would disport before the assembled guests. This custom is still kept up in some parts of England, specially in Northamptonshire, where the villagers go about during the Christmas holidays from house to house, personating several ridiculous characters in their mock play.

Beliefs About Waves.

The Persians believe that the waves of the Persian gulf are caused by air entering caves which have subterranean outlets under the ocean. One of the most curious beliefs of all—one closely akin to a certain ancient oriental hell belief—is that of the south sea islanders. According to their notion, the rolling of the sea is caused by a "thunder god." In old times this "thunder god" killed the chief deity of the islands and was confined under the ocean as a punishment. His rolling with rage causes the waves.

Musical Fish of Ceylon.

Every bay and inlet on the coast of Ceylon abounds with musical fish. Their song, if it can be called a song, is not one sustained note like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed with the moistened finger. In the harbor at Bombay, India, there is a fish with a song like the sound produced by an aeolian harp.

One Qualification.

"Yes, my boy's got a position in a bank, and he's going to be president of that institution some day."

"Bright, eh?"

"Well, sir, he can sign his name so that no one can possibly make out the signature."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dividing the Task.

Lottie—Oh, well—let's kiss and make up. Dottie—All right, dear. I'll do the kissing, but you've had more experience with the other part of the programme.—Cleveland Leader.

The Reason.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of meeting you here, Miss Snappy?"

"The fact that I did not see you coming, Mr. Sappy."—Houston Post.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good.—Henry.

How Sculptors Work In Marble.

The artist makes a model first, not always life size, but almost none of them actually does the cutting in the marble. This work is intrusted to highly skilled artisans, who do the work under their direction, and the sculptors superintend all the finishing touches and even occasionally do some of the cutting on the face and hands. The actual cutting of the stone is a most difficult process and requires great expert skill. In case a full sized model is made the sculptor sends it to a professional marble cutter, who roughly shapes the block. The general shape is often given to the block before it leaves the marble yard to save the extra freight. The rough carving is then done by the marble cutter, who so shapes the block as to give it the general outline of the figure to be reproduced. He drills a series of holes in the block, the depth of each of which corresponds to an external point of the statue supposed to be inclosed in the stone. After a sufficient number of these holes have been made in the stone he removes the entire perforated portion, and what remains gives the broad lines of the statue.

The Head of More.

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded his head was stuck on a pole on London bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed: 'That head has lain many a time in my lap. Would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap."

Probably she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it and preserved it with great care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now inclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury.—Notes and Queries.

Laughter and Worldly Success.

"Speaking of laughter, I have often wondered if the laughing man and the laughing woman really get along better in the world than the man and woman who do not laugh, or if they laugh at all merely grin at some amusing thing," said the observant man. "I do not know, I am sure. Of course you will find that men and women of both types probably in your own acquaintance have been able to get along fairly well in the world. Laughter is no doubt good capital in a great many instances. It is equally true that the grim face, the sour look, I may say, has often proved a valuable asset. The which would seem to indicate that there is a time to laugh and a time not to laugh."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Franz Abt's Companion at Dinner.

Franz Abt, the famous composer, was strolling home one afternoon in Brunswick when he met a friend, who said to him:

"You seem very happy, dear fellow. Have you heard any good news?"

"Oh, no; I've just taken dinner," was the reply.

"You evidently enjoyed it. What did you have to eat?" continued the friend.

"A turkey," replied Abt.

"And how many were at table?" asked the other.

"There were only two of us," said Abt.

"Who was your companion?" inquired the friend.

"The turkey," replied Abt.

Men With Beards.

What a vast difference there is between one beard and another! There is the long, untrammeled beard, broad and thick, which the owner caresses as if it were an infant. Men with such beards may, I think, as a rule, be trusted rather more than other men. Can you imagine a Venetian doge or a member of the council of ten without a beard? I cannot. If you have seen a man of mark fondle his long beard during the processes of reflection you will be apt to wonder whether or not his mind would lose its equilibrium if he were in the night to be shaven clean.—All the Year Round.

Grocers Who Dressed In Colors.

In the early part of the fifteenth century it is recorded that the "grocers' guild appeared in livery of scarlet and green." A few years later scarlet and black was adopted. Funeral services of deceased members "were attended with much show of pageantry." At the burial of Sir Philip Sidney, who was a member of the grocers' guild, his worship the mayor, aldermen and other civic officials were present, "rydinge in purple."—London Telegraph.

The Brute.

Bank Clerk—No, madam, I am sorry, but we can't cash that check. Your husband's account is overdrawn. Mrs. Lamode—Oh, overdrawn, is it? I knew something was wrong when he signed it without waiting for me to go into hysterics.

Full Deck.

Irate Wife—That's the fifty-second falsehood you've told me this week. Unabashed Husband—Well, now, you can see what is meant by the expression "a pack of lies."—Pittsburg Post.

One Reason.

"Why should women be cooks instead of authors?" asks a Chicago woman's club leader. Well, for one reason it is more profitable.—Washington Post.

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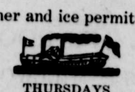
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