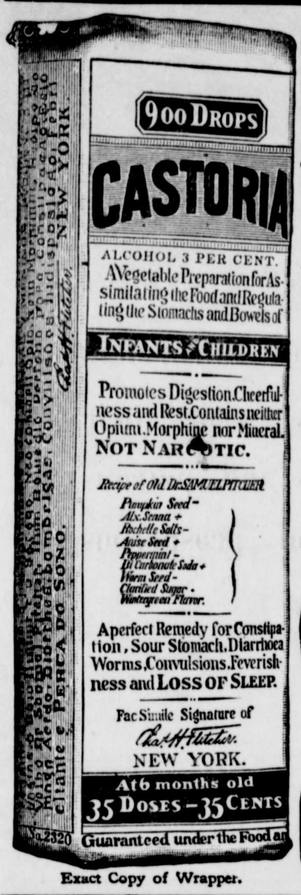


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Mirth of a Murderer.

With the help of a little tool, not unlike a tin opener, our burglar cut two long slits—one perpendicular, the other horizontal—in the iron shop shutter. Then he wrenched the flap toward him, bending it with his powerful hands as one twists open the lid of a sardine tin. Another minute and he was inside.

Quietly and methodically he thrust precious stones and rings into his little bag, choosing those which besides being small were of great value. The bag was all but full when the jeweler himself appeared at the back of the shop. He carried a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The burglar bowed very politely and said:

"I did not care to pass by an old friend's house without stopping to bid him good day."

The unsuspecting jeweler allowed himself to be shaken by the hand, when, with a sudden thrust, the burglar stabbed him to the heart.

The bag was rapidly filled to almost bursting point, and before leaving the premises the burglar wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, which he pasted on the outside of the shop:

"Closed on account of death in the family."—London Scraps.

Professional Etiquette.

An eminent physician had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. He asked an Irish servant who lived with him if he knew anybody who followed cow doctoring. The doctor's groom said, "There's Jemmy Lafferty, who can cure any cow in the world." "Well, then," replied the doctor, "go for Lafferty." The cow doctor accordingly came and treated the brute for four or five days, and on the lapse of due time he waited on Dr. Lewis and pronounced her cured.

The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand on his pocketbook. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me!" replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with dignity. "Nothing, sir. We doctors niver take money of one another."

"My first impulse," said the doctor while telling the story, "was to throw his fee after him, but on second thought the whole affair seemed so ridiculous that I bowed him my acknowledgments with as much gravity as I could assume." — London Telegraph.

Loaded Ivory.

An ivory dealer uttered a cry of rage.

"Done again!" he said. "Done out of $50!"

And he laid aside one of the tusks from the great heap that he had been examining.

"It is ballasted with lead," he said. "That is a common Kongo trick. The native when he gets a good big tusk of eighty pounds or so melts up ten or fifteen pounds of lead and pours it down into the tusk's hollow. He fills it, so to speak, as a dentist fills a tooth.

"We dealers know the dodge, and every tusk is gone over carefully for a lead filling. My new trader, though, is rather careless, and this is the second filled tusk that has been worked off on him in the last quarter."

The dealer's frown vanished, and he smiled.

"Of course the trader and not I will have to stand the loss," he said.—Minneapolis Journal.

Old Age Is Selfish.

A lady residing in a quiet village in Suffolk used to take an interest in a very aged couple who were spinning out the last thread of life in "Darby and Joan" fashion, seated on either side of their fireplace. She often paid them a visit to cheer them up. The old man had been ailing, and at last a day came when the visitor found only one chair occupied. Darby was not in his usual place.

"Where is your husband?"

"Well, mum, he be gone at last."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! That is very sad for you," said the lady, seeking to find words of consolation.

"Yes, mum, it be sad," replied the old woman, "but, then, you see, he were fearfully in the way of the oven."—Pearson's Weekly.

Deadly East Indian Duels.

There are a good deal of savagery and stoical disregard of death left in the east yet despite the advance of civilization, and this extends to the so called sports of the people. Thus among the natives of Baroda there obtains still a kind of gladiatorial display in the shape of a fearful fist fight wherein the contestants wear a very formidable cestus of steel studded with murderous spikes. The duelists—usually big, brawny, athletic men who have been infuriated for the occasion with copious drafts of opium in which hemp is infused—enter the arena singing and set to with deliberate intent to kill, one or both invariably succumbing.

Life of Leisure.

There are still a few who are leisurely in their hours of freedom, but what about the old life of leisure? It used to be thought that such a life was innocent and admirable and that good fruit might come of it. But nowadays the man who does nothing but meditate and observe and write a little is a man condemned by the ordinary opinion of society.—London Reader.

Rebuked.

Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should seek the man. Grandma (rather deaf)—I know that's what girls think nowadays, but in my time it was considered very unladylike.—Puck.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—Plutarch.



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TRIPLE EXTRACT.

Process by Which the Odor of Flowers Is Obtained.

Flowers that are to be used in the manufacture of perfumes are always gathered at nightfall or quite early in the morning, when the dew is upon them. Before they are gathered, however, receptacles are prepared for them in the shape of large frames, over which are stretched cotton cloths well saturated with olive oil or almond oil. The cut flowers are brought in and are thickly spread on a frame. Then another frame is fitted over it, and that in turn is well spread with flowers. Then a third frame is fitted over the second spread of flowers, and thus the work goes on until a huge pile of flowers is prepared.

This flower heap is left for two days, at the end of which time the flowers are removed from the frames and replaced by fresh ones. The frames are filled and emptied every two days until two weeks have passed. Then the cloths are detached from the frames and placed under great pressure, and all the oil is pressed out of them. The oil thus obtained is heavily charged with the fragrance of the flowers, and it is mixed with double its weight of very pure rectified spirit and put in a vessel called a "digester," which is simply a porcelain or block tin kettle that fits in another kettle. When in use the outer vessel is filled with boiling water.

In this vessel the mixture of oil and spirits "digests" for three or four days. Then, after having cooled, the spirit is decanted into another vessel, holding the same quantity of fragrant oil, and the digesting process is repeated. After being thus digested three times the spirit is found to have taken up enough of the perfume, and it is then decanted from the oil for the third and last time through a tube, one end of which is filled with cotton wool to serve as a filter. The fluid thus prepared is called "triple extract."

THE PERFECT LIKENESS.

A Snuffbox, a Portrait and a Surprised Monarch.

It is related of Frederick II., king of Prussia, that he one day made a present of a golden snuffbox to one of his counts. When the latter opened the lid he found the picture of an ass painted upon the underside of it. Though he scarcely relished the king's joke, he said nothing at the time, but as soon as he quitted the king's presence he sent one of his valets with the snuffbox to the city and gave him instructions that the picture of the ass was to be painted out and a portrait of the king put in its place.

A few days later a distinguished company dined with the king. The count was one of the guests, and after a time he produced his snuffbox and pretended to examine it with the air of a man who was proud to have received such a gift from the king. The latter, wishing to enjoy a little amusement at the count's expense, mentioned to the Duchess of Brunswick that he had made a present of the box to the count on the preceding day. She desired to inspect it, and when the box was handed to her she opened the lid and, looking inside, cried in raptures: "Perfect! The likeness is charming! It is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen!"

She handed the box to the person next to her, who was equally charmed with the likeness. From one to another the box was passed, and all testified to the excellent resemblance which the picture bore to the king. The king, thinking that the ass' head was still to be seen on the snuffbox, felt exceedingly embarrassed and scarcely knew what to make of the incident, but at last the snuffbox, having made the tour of the table, came to his hands, and the first glance showed him how cleverly the count had anticipated his little joke and turned it against him.

Couldn't Tell.

"Is marriage a failure?" asked the old bachelor of the young bride.

"I don't know yet," replied the bride innocently. "You know, my husband does not get paid until next Wednesday."—Detroit Free Press.

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A USE FOR SPIDERS.

Keep Them In the House and You Will Have No Roaches.

"It is too bad so many people are prejudiced against spiders," said the man who always finds out curious things. "If they could stand it to have spiders around, they would soon get rid of cockroaches. In the spider the cockroach has an enemy that pursues him with more malevolence than does the cleanly housewife. And not only is this hatred more deep rooted; it is more deadly. All things considered, the cockroach shows mighty little respect for the human race. He knows that, although he is small, he is chock full of inventive genius, and he laughingly scorns the futile attempts of men and women to circumvent and destroy him.

"So long has he been battling for life against paris green, fly paper, hot water and wire cages that he has learned to saunter through green lanes of poison and wade rivers of glue without so much as soiling his toes, and when it comes to the scalding bath he swims blithely out and wriggles his whiskers in derision at his would be slayers. But he dares not treat the spider with such disdain. In fact, he doesn't have a chance, for the spider outdoes even the cockroach in cunning and nabs him without the least ceremony.

"Still it would be hardly advisable to recommend raising a crop of spiders as a sure preventive of cockroaches, for in most people's minds the exterminator is more objectionable than his victim."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LAST WITNESS.

He Caused a Commotion In a Suit In Chancery.

It was a suit in chancery, and there was a great gathering of deceased's family, quarreling, as relatives will, over the division of the spoils. The lawyers engaged chuckled, for the suit seemed likely to be prolonged and complicated.

There were many lawyers, too, and the judge marveled at the immensity of the deceased man's family as lawyer after lawyer rose in rapid succession, introducing themselves with the usual formula, "And I, my lord, am for the nephews [or nieces or fifteenth cousin removed, as the case may be] of the deceased." The procession seemed interminable, but at last it came to an end. Then a small voice was heard timidly saying from the back of the court, "May I be allowed to speak, my lord?" There was dead silence as his lordship adjusted his spectacles and asked rather dejectedly, "Who are you?"

The answer was, to say the least, unexpected. "I am the deceased, my lord," said the modest voice from the back of the court. That ended the action.

Quite unknown to his relatives the deceased had turned up from the wilds of Rhodesia. Obviously a man of humor, he must have taken a delight in watching how "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."—English Paper.

A "Cordon Bleu."

A woman cook in France is known as a "cordon bleu," the title having come down from the days of Du Barry and the profligate King Louis. The king and his favorite one day had a discussion as to the relative merits of men and women cooks. The king contended that only a man could cook a dish fit for a king to eat, and Du Barry upheld the skill of her sex. The result was a dinner given by Du Barry, every dish of which had been prepared by a woman. At the conclusion of the meal the king acknowledged he was wrong. He sent for the cook and placed around her neck his own ribbon of the Order of the St. Esprit, known as the cordon bleu. Since then a skillful woman cook in France has been known as a "cordon bleu."—London Tit-Bits.

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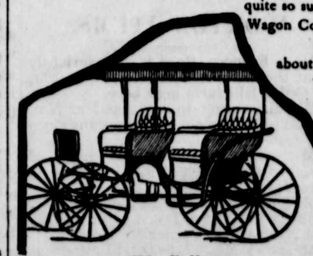
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