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Ways of the Irish Jarvey.

A good story, which illustrates the absolute genius with which an Irish jarvey extracts money from his victims, is told in an English journal. A commercial traveler wanted to take a side car in Belfast and, aware of the rapacity of the average jarvey, insisted on knowing the exact fare before getting on the car. The following dialogue ensued:

Commercial Traveler — What's the fare to C——, jarvey?

Jarvey—Ach, that's alroight, sorr. Just get on.

Commercial Traveler — Now, look here, what's the fare to C——?

Jarvey—Shure, it's alroight, sorr. Just jump up.

Commercial Traveler—I insist on knowing the fare before I get on.

Jarvey—Bedad, sorr, I'm that hard up I'll drive you for nothing at all, sorr.

Needless to say, when the commercial traveler finally got to his destination he was mulcted of an amount much larger than the legitimate fare, an amount he had to pay to save his face.

One Address Enough.

The clerk in the express office was just about to toss the package back of the counter when he noticed that it was addressed on both sides. "It's good I saw that. Charges might have been collected twice," he said. "That's funny," remarked the shipper. "I just paid the charges, you know." "Yes," responded the clerk, "and I marked it paid, but the second address might have caused them to collect at the other end. You see, I checked it off paid on one side, but when it reaches the other office it might be that the prepaid mark would be on the bottom. That would bring the other address up, and, seeing no check mark there, the receiving office would mark it collect and the party to whom it was addressed would pay the second express charges." "And I thought I was doing something to expedite matters in putting the address on both sides," commented the shipper.—Philadelphia Record.

The Word "Blackmailing."

The word "blackmailing," derived from the Anglo-Saxon "mal" (tax) and the old French "maille" (a coin of small value), was originally applied to rents paid in kind, in order to distinguish them from payments made in silver or "white" payments. About the sixteenth century it was applied to money paid as the price of protection from freebooters. This was declared illegal by Elizabeth, but flourished in the highlands of Scotland until after Culloden, in 1745.

"Blackmail" is mentioned in Archbishop Hamilton's Catechisme (1552). One of the most picturesque leviers of blackmail was Rob Roy, who grew famous in this connection about the year 1730. In its modern use blackmail is the extortion of money by threat of public exposure.

Valuable Queen Bees.

Just as there are valuable strains in horses, cattle and other stock, so there are varieties of queen bees which are worth many hundred times their weight in gold. The most valuable strain is the Italian, and many Italian bee farmers demand and receive without question prices ranging from $50 to $200 for a single queen bee of a certain kind. Such bees are sent all over the world. The owner of a bee farm near Ottawa, Canada, goes to Europe annually and brings back with him bees of an aggregate value of thousands of dollars. He is enabled through the agency of an Italian firm to effect an insurance upon the most valuable of his queens.—Boston Transcript.

Internally All Right.

A country sexton in England officiated at a funeral clad in a red waistcoat. At the conclusion of the obsequies the vicar gently remonstrated with the old gravedigger, saying: "Robert, you should not wear a red waistcoat at a funeral. You hurt the feelings of the mourners." Robert replied, placing his hand on his breast, "Well, what does it matter, sir, so long as the heart is black?"

The Head of the Family.

"It has come to my ears that you are calling me 'the governor,'" said the old man sternly. "Are you?"

"I might as well admit it," said the young man contritely.

"You ought," continued the old gentleman, "you ought to have more respect for your mother."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Secret of Admiration.

"I have a great admiration for the Moors," declared Miss Elderly.

"I think I can tell why," from her best chum. "Their women never celebrate a birthday and make it a point of honor not to tell their ages."—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Mixed.

Bessie, inspecting a new arrangement of Nannie's hair, exclaimed: "Nannie, you don't look like yourself with your hair that way. But" (admiringly) "you look better when you don't look like yourself than when you do."—Lippincott's.

Cynical.

Witness—Do you mean to insinuate that I am not speaking the truth? Lawyer—Oh, no! You are simply making a business statement.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not on Home Bill of Fare.

Little Harry—I'm hungry; I didn't get half enough dinner. Little Elsie—What did you have for dinner? Little Harry—Company.—Chicago News.

A difficulty is at the door of every delight.

CHEAP SILKS.

They Do Not Wear Well Because They Are Heavily Adulterated.

The woman whose silk skirt splits the second or third time she wears it is apt to sigh for the silks of her grandmother's day, with their seemingly imperishable qualities, but as a matter of fact silks are much better now than they were before. The ancestral silks, which were woven on hand looms, were never of an even texture, whereas with modern machinery the last inch of a hundred yard piece comes out exactly the same as the first one. The art of dyeing, too, has been brought to a state of perfection never known before, and communication between the silk workers of the world is so rapid that a discovery made by one is soon known to all the others. The reason so many modern silks do not wear is because they are adulterated to meet the demand for cheapness, their wearing ability being in exact proportion to the amount of silk they contain. Cheap silks are largely made up of dye and dressing. A good quality of silk is defined by manufacturers as one which has not more than four ounces of weighting to the pound, and none have less than two ounces. Most of the weighting is put in during the dyeing process, and when a manufacturer sends a quantity of silk to the dyer he says that he wants it to come back weighing so much, according to the amount of adulteration required.—New York Tribune.

MACARONI.

It Is Made From the Meal of a Wheat Called Semolina.

Macaroni, which is derived from the Italian word maccare, to crush, is prepared from the meal of a hard variety of wheat which is cultivated in the south of Europe and in other warm climates. Its suitability for the manufacture of macaroni, vermicelli and other pastes is to be found in the easy preservation of preparations made from it and also in its richness in gluten and other nitrogenous substances.

The meal of this wheat, which is named semolina and is itself a commercial article, is mixed into a stiff dough with boiling water and while still hot is placed into a metallic cylinder, at one end of which is a thick disk pierced with openings and into the other end of which a piston is introduced, which forces the dough out through openings which correspond with the section of the article which it is intended to make.

Ordinary tube macaroni has its form given to it by mandrels of the requisite thickness, which are fixed within the openings of the disk. It is dried by hanging it in long strings in stoves through which a current of air is driven.—London Express.

POSITION IN SLEEP.

The Connection Between Health and the Way of the Bed.

A French scientist claims to have established a distinct connection between our health and the position which our beds occupy with regard to the points of the compass. He relies upon the fact that the sap of trees is gradually driven toward the east by centrifugal force, so that they develop more on that side. This induces him to argue that when we remain in bed for several hours with our heads toward the east this will tend to drive the liquids of our body from west to east, and our blood has a tendency to flow toward the brain, so that we sleep uneasily and find ourselves less fresh when we awake than if our feet had pointed eastward.

If our bed stand north and south it is better to lie with the head northward, as the centrifugal force acts from north to south in our hemisphere.

This old inscription on a bedstead is good: "So that ye harte be rite, it matters not which waye ye head laye."

Keep to the Right and Go Ahead.

The story is told that on a certain occasion when a company of persons were discussing in a crowded room sacred subjects and certain prominent men one suddenly exclaimed: "I should like to meet that bishop of Lichfield. I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner, "now is your time, for I am the bishop."

The man was somewhat startled and taken aback, but presently recovered himself and said, "Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the bishop; "you have only to turn to the right and go straight ahead."

Her Choice.

The wife of a burglar was being examined by an eminent lawyer. "You are the wife of this man?" asked the barrister. "Yes," replied the witness. "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" continued the lawyer. "Yes," she answered. "And how did you come to contract a marriage with such a man?" "Well, it was this way," said the witness sarcastically, "I was getting old and had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer. What else could I do?"

His and Her Work.

"Woman overworked? Fudge! Think of the men!"

"Ah, but you know the old saying, 'Woman's work is never done.'"

"I know it, and that's the reason she oughtn't to complain. A man has to do his work or lose his job."

Preaching and Practice.

She—Papa is preaching a sermon tonight on "Love One Another." He—And we are staying at home practicing what he preaches, aren't we?—Chicago Journal.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Only One English King, Henry IV., Has Been Entombed There.

The ancient cathedral at Canterbury shelters the remains of only one English king, Henry IV. That this particular monarch should have been entombed there is the more remarkable since he breathed his last in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster abbey, and it might naturally have been supposed in the circumstances that he would have been laid to rest in the abbey, where so many other of England's kings sleep their last sleep. It seems, however, that Henry before his death gave orders that he was to be buried in the cathedral at Canterbury opposite the tomb of his uncle, Edward, the Black Prince.

For hundreds of years a story was current that on the way down the river a hurricane arose and that the people on board the vessel, convinced that the storm was caused by the fact that a king's body was on board, cast the corpse into the water in the dead of night and, filling the coffin with rubbish, brought it with all pomp and circumstance to the cathedral. Some years ago the dean and chapter resolved to get at the truth of the story.

So they opened the royal tomb and the king's lead coffin. For one brief moment dean and chapter gazed upon the kingly lineaments of that monarch whom Shakespeare describes as "sky aspiring Bolingbroke." Only for a moment, however, as the body crumbled to dust almost at once. But Canterbury now knows beyond all doubt that an English king rests within its walls.

DID HIS BEST.

He Brought the Only Cant Hook That He Could Find.

If the report of the Fulton Gazette is true a Missouri farmer, accompanied by several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about to begin work it was discovered that the cant hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman not very long over, the farmer instructed him to drive back to the barn for the missing tool. The Irishman did not know what a cant hook looked like, but was averse to exposing his ignorance, so drove off on his errand, trusting to find some one at the farm who would enlighten him.

At the barn, however, there was no one to help him out of his dilemma. Casting his eyes about the place for the thing that would be most likely to bear the name of "cant hook," he saw a mulley cow with never a sign of a horn upon its head and concluded it was what he had been sent for.

Procuring a rope he fastened the cow to the rear end of his vehicle and exultingly drove back to the woods.

"What the Sam Hill have you got there?" shouted the farmer on seeing his messenger and the cow. "I sent you for the cant hook to use in moving the logs. What have you brought that cow for?"

"Be jabers, boss, divil another thing could I see around the barn that can't hook but this."

Dog's Memory of a Bee Sting.

"Something must have stung your dog," said a resident of this city to a suburbanite, whom he was visiting a few days ago, as he noticed the antics of a large collie which, after snapping frantically at a flying insect, lowered his head and carefully licked his right forepaw.

"No," replied the owner of the dog, "that is only a little delusion of his. When he was a puppy a bee stung him on that foot you see him attending to, and ever since he has cherished a standing grudge against flying insects. Apparently the sight of one not only arouses his anger, but recalls most vividly his first experience with one, for each time after running after one, whether he catches it or not, he stops and tenderly licks the place where he was stung two years ago. As far as I know he has never been stung since then."—Philadelphia Press.

A Lesson In Boxing.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" asked Mrs. Uptodate as her husband unwrapped a pair of boxing gloves.

"I'm going to give Willie some lessons in self defense," he answered. "Every boy should know how to take care of himself in an emergency. Come on, Willie. I won't hurt you."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Uptodate returned, with a hand up to his face.

"Get me a piece of raw meat to put on my eye and some arnica," he said.

"Why, you don't mean to say that Willie"—

"No, I don't. Of course I don't. I've discovered that the only way to teach that boy is with a strap."—New York Press.

Divorce Laws In Sweden.

The divorce laws of Sweden are elastic. When the incompatibility of temper reaches the culminating point one of the parties proceeds to Copenhagen, the nearest foreign town, which is only twelve hours distant, and remains there for fourteen days, notifying the Swedish consulate, which circumstances are regarded as legal evidence of desertion and sufficient ground for divorce.

His Line.

"So Speeder has turned out to be a confidence man. Does he sell gold bricks?"

"No. He's an architect and plans those $2,500 houses that cost $6,850 when they're finished."—Cleveland Leader.

If one could remember when asked for advice that his friend wants only confirmation of his own judgment it would save much heartache.—Toledo Blade.



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