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Can he truthfully testify that he knows all of Swift, Johnson and Burke, all of Bishop Berkeley, Daniel Defoe, the novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, the histories of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon and also Hume's philosophical essays, the prose of Coleridge, Wordsworth's "Excursion," all of Shelley, Jane Austen's, Maria Edgeworth's and Disraeli's novels? These are English classics, books which no gentleman's library should be without and with the contents of which a well read man ought to be acquainted.

One would wager much against little that the ordinary man who calls himself well read has not read 50 per cent of the classics here enumerated.—San Francisco Bulletin.

JACK TAR'S SPREE.

The Second Section of It Cost Less Than the First.

In the Sailors home in Brooklyn the navy boys deposit for safe keeping in the course of a year many thousands of dollars. Some time ago one of them after being paid off at the end of his enlistment had $700, which he deposited with the superintendent of the home—all but $50, with which he intended to have a good time. Along toward midnight he returned in a hilarious condition and asked for $50 more. The superintendent handed him two one dollar bills, and the sailor went off apparently satisfied. The following morning he dropped in and requested the superintendent to give him the balance of his money, as he was going home. The superintendent offered him $648.

"No," said the sailor; "I'm not that kind of a chap. I don't want to cheat you out of $48. I drew $100 from you last night, and you've paid me $48 too much."

"You're mistaken," said the superintendent. "When you came the second time I gave you only $2, and this is the balance due you."

"All right, governor," replied the Jack tar. "But, would you believe it, I had just as much fun on that $2 as if it had been $50?"—New York Press.

NO MONOPOLY OF BRAINS.

This Is the Age of Opportunity For the Able Man.

One of the many hopeful signs of the times is the apparent decay of the breed of so called great men, those mighty personalities that in former times stood out like a solitary tree in a vast prairie. The reason for it, of course, is the distinction of all those old time monopolies of brains which stunted all human beings except a few who by chance rather than by superiority of fiber grew and developed. There are thousands, literally thousands, of men now living who if they had lived a century or so ago and had done a work similar to that which they are doing without any very sonorous fanfare upon the trumpets of fame would have been the talk of the world and the main topic of history. And how many of the so called great achievements of so called great statesmen, soldiers and thinkers of former times would be impossible today because those achievements depended chiefly upon the ignorance and incapacity of the overwhelming mass of the men of their day!

Truly this is the age of opportunity.—Saturday Evening Post.

Swimming Elephants.

The elephants of Burma, in India, are used for a variety of purposes. Throughout the day they work steadily as laborers in carrying the great timbers from place to place, a single elephant doing the work, it is estimated, of a score of men. Their great diversion in hours of rest is bathing, and they take their baths in a curious way. The keeper takes his place on the back of an elephant and thus placed makes a tour of a great lake or river, the huge animal swimming under him at a surprising rate, while he is kept high and dry above water.

An Autograph Hint.

"Will you oblige me with your autograph?" asked a bore of a busy public man.

"Certainly," replied the public man. "Just make out a check for 10 guineas payable to my order. I will indorse it cheerfully, and in due time, you may be sure, it will come back to you safely through your bank."

Very Likely.

Friend—How do you suppose your baby caught the whooping cough? He hasn't been near any other children. Mother—He probably inherited it from me. I had it when I was just his age. —Detroit Free Press.

The Important Point.

Papa—What! Daughter—I wish to marry the duke. Papa—Well, I'll give up! Daughter—I knew you would, you dear old popper you, but the duke wants to know how much.—Houston Post.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

THE BUSHIDO.

Moral Doctrines of the Samurai That Rule In Japan.

"The bushido" means "the moral doctrines of the samurai," and they are obeyed by all the statesmen, soldiers and scholars of Japan of the present time with as much holy respect as the Christian's reverence for the Bible and its teachings. In Japan Buddhism is the popular religion, but Buddhist teachings are not respected by educated men or soldiers. In fact, most of them are atheists or agnostics, who do not believe in any religion but the doctrines of "the bushido."

"The bushido," for instance, teaches a man or woman to have the courage to perform the hara kiri if he or she commits a serious offense. The spirit of this doctrine is that the offender should kill himself instead of waiting to be executed by the law, which latter is considered in Japan as one of the most cowardly thing. "The bushido" also teaches that the life of a Japanese is a gift of the holy mikado, and if the country needs the lives of her people they should be given gladly, for that is only to return to the mikado what they have received from him.

To die on the battlefield is the only key for a Japanese to find his way to his Shinto heaven, and the soldiers who were not killed on the battlefield are considered unfortunate. It is maintained in Japan that if a man gives you a favor or money or pleasure you should return it with more than what was given to you.—Hydesaburo Ohashi in Leslie's Weekly.

LONDON IN 1700.

When Traitors' Heads Adorned London Bridge and Temple Bar.

London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 600,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times. The ghastly spectacle of many of the trees on the Southwark road bending under their burden of hanged men had indeed been slightly modified, but none the less the decomposing heads of "traitors" still filled the atmosphere about London bridge and Temple bar with myriads of baneful microbes.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sight and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drains were in an appalling condition. The innumerable churchyards were so full of coffins that they often projected through the turf. Bear and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the carts round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—Saturday Review.

Lions Like Lavender Water.

The old theory of animal liking for scents denied them any share in such pleasures unless they suggested the presence of their food or prey. But such a reason can hardly be alleged for a lion's liking for lavender water. The writer, wishing to test for himself the reported fondness of many animals for perfumes, paid a series of visits to the zoological garden provided with bottles of scent and a packet of cotton wool and there tried some harmless experiments which apparently gave great satisfaction to many of the inhabitants. Lavender water was the favorite scent, and most of the lions and leopards showed unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put into their cages.—Spectator.

Carnival Dancing.

Among the most picturesque of the carnival festivities of Europe must be classed that of the Gilles, or dancing men, of Binche, in Hainault. These men, 200 strong, in their remarkable headdress of tall ostrich feathers and their lace decked costume fringed with bells, dance from an appointed place to the town hall, bombarding the spectators with oranges as they go. Arrived at the town hall, the public joins in the fun, and soon some 5,000 persons—men, women and children—may be seen gayly waltzing around the Grande place.

A Real Miser.

They were seated at the supper table.

"Say, ma," queried little Dolly, "what is a miser?"

"A miser, my dear," answered the diplomatic mother as she glanced across the table at her husband, "is a man who thinks his wife's hat should not cost any more than his own."

Costly Pointers.

Miss Fancier—A pure blooded terrier like Buttons is about as costly a dog as there is, Jack. Her Escort—No. There is one that is much more expensive, the Wall street pointer that a friend gives you.—Puck.

Cause For Alarm.

Pennibus—Poor Scribbles is worried. Inkerton—What's the trouble? Pennibus—He's afraid he has lost his cunning as a humorist. The English magazines are beginning to copy his jokes.—Atlanta Constitution.

Family Objections Respected.

Old Friend—Why didn't you marry Mr. Nicefello? Sweet Girl—His father objected. Old Friend—I shouldn't have cared for that. Sweet Girl—Y-e-s, but he said he would cut him off with a shilling.—Good News.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.

How He Appears When Viewed Through English Spectacles.

The American man is more consistently considerate of and generous to women than any fellow on earth, and in no country does he get sharper snubbing for his pains. The handling of husbands by wives in America amounts to an art, a profession, almost a science. Based on the theory that the more one has to do the more one can accomplish, ladies who have hard working, enterprising spouses simply retire from active life. If he manages his office and business satisfactorily, why not take over the house and servants? What is known as "a good husband" in the United States is a first class, nontiring money making machine, who gives everything, asks nothing and brags ceaselessly of his wife's perfections. Should he presume to criticise a charred chop or a flat souffle or complain at the size of the draper's bills he is set down as a brute, and the wife is pitied as a first class martyr. For such sins as the above two men of my acquaintance were forced to live in hotels a year at a time. They had committed the crime of finding fault with the impeccable sex and were reduced to subjection by having their homes taken from them. For my part, I think the Briton's way is best.—An Englishman in London Chronicle.

ORIENTAL WOMEN.

They Spend an Astonishing Amount of Time Over Their Toilets.

An eastern lady of high degree spends an amount of time over her toilet that would quite astonish the most fashionable society lady. First she has her hair dressed by her maid, who, after anointing the long, silky black locks with a little oil made from aloe wood or cocoanut, arranges it simply in a long, smooth plait, low on the nape of the neck, and decorated either with gold or jeweled ornaments.

Next the bath is prepared as hot as it can be, and in this the lady may stay as long as two or three hours. Soaps are not used, but instead there are multifarious unguents, secret preparations of the bathing women, which render the skin soft as velvet and delicately perfumed. Oftentimes the face is washed over with milk into which has been squeezed lemon juice.

The hair of the oriental woman is usually beautifully long, soft and glossy, and the way they arrange it is invariably becoming to their soft type of beauty. Perfumes are much indulged in. These are introduced in the bath and permeate the garments, but are rarely used on a handkerchief.—Philadelphia North American.

SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

There Are Fixed Forms of Etiquette Governing Their Treatment.

While mistresses and housemaids in this country are struggling to solve the vexed "servant problem" they do not appear to take into consideration the fixed forms of etiquette governing the treatment of servants in England, which probably do much toward promoting mutual understanding between the servants and the served over there.

A housekeeper, a lady's maid and a head nurse belong to the heirarchy of a household. A lady's maid wears no cap and when in attendance on her lady is expected to be well but quietly dressed in black or some sober coloring. Her wages are from $150 to $200 a year, with the reversion of her employer's wardrobe. An English maid is always called by surname, "Smith" or "Jones," but a foreign maid's first name is used, "Marie" or "Francoise."

A lady speaking of her maid to other upper servants, such as the butler or the housekeeper, would style her "Smith" or "Marie," but when mentioning her to housemaids or footmen she would be careful to allude to her as "Miss Smith" or "Mlle. Marie."—New York American.

The German Professor.

"With the passing of the old type of German professor—formerly the butt of the comic papers, he of the shabby clothes and absent air—has gone much of the old student life of Munich," writes N. Hudson Moore. "The modern professor is dressed in the mode. He commands a large salary which, with his fees for lectures, often exceeds that of the German secretary of state. He enjoys his advantages, good clothes, good food, the opera, athletics, and, according to a critic of his own nationality, 'his aspirations are often distinctly commercial.' Many German professors earn from 50,000 to 200,000 marks (4 marks to the dollar) a year, so the period of a pipe and garret is quite past."

Mr. Finnegan's "Filosophy."

Wanst they wuz a man na-amed Dorgan—or was ut Clancy?—lived clost be a fri'nd av moine an' had a fur-r-nace thot wudden't git fairly shtarted inny da-ay until along toords noight jusht whin ut wuz toime t' bank ut up fer the noight. Since thin Oi've seen a lot o' people that remoinded me av thot fur-r-nace. They shtint most av their loives doin' nawthin' ixcipt to dimonsthrate how big a fool a man cud be. An' about the toime they seemed to have larrned enough to live they doied. be hivins!—Baltimore American.

Most Unfortunate.

Mother (who wants to be very nice to bachelor uncle, understood to have made his pile in Australia)—Now, Charlie, you've never seen uncle before. Go and shake hands, Charlie—Oh, yes, mother, I have seen him before, I'm sure—at last year's pantomime!—Punch.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride and from mendicity its proper shame.—Southey.

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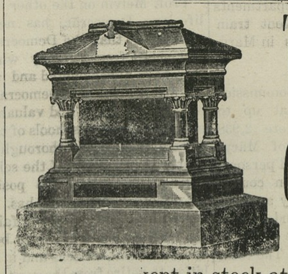
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