

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE

AN HISTORIC LONDON SUBURBAN LANDMARK GOING.

The House in which Dr. Johnson wrote the "Vanity of Human Wishes" Must Be Destroyed to Make Room for Unromantic Modern Dwellings—The Grim Philosopher's Country Home.

Hampstead, the northern suburb of London, which is so well known all over the world for its history and literary associations, boasts many houses which were at one time residences of men whose names have been handed down in history. Perhaps the best known of these houses was that occupied by Dr. Johnson, and in which he wrote his famous poem on the "Vanity of Human Wishes" in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

This house is about to be destroyed. As has been the case with so many landmarks, it must be pulled down to make way for more modern structures. Hampstead and Highgate are both famous in the literary annals of the great city of which they were once outlying suburbs, reached by country lanes and breezy uplands. It was while staying in Hampstead during the summer of 1748 that Dr. Johnson wrote his famous poem, and it has been said that the days spent in his home too happy life. Readers of the grim philosopher's works will find it hard to separate this man from his well known haunts in Fleet street. His whole life seems so pervaded with the atmosphere of his favorite coffee house that it requires a severe stretch of the imagination to picture him enjoying himself among the trees and flowers of the country and it is doubtful if nature did give him much enjoyment. It is recorded that whenever the opportunity offered, he hastened to the city, to chat with the boon companions who came down to history in connection with his name.

When his poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," appeared in 1749, his name, according to one of his biographers, "broke out upon mankind with a degree of lustre which procured a triumph over all his difficulties." The reading public had been familiar for ten years with his "London" and other imitations of Juvenal, suggested by the third Satire. These two poems were thought to rival the work of Pope himself, and the fame of the doctor spread far and wide. He edited the production of his tragedy of "Irene," and it was brought out at Drury Lane on the 6th of February, 1749. It ran for 13 nights and has never been seen on the stage since.

The doctor attended the theatre every night behind the scenes, wearing for the occasion a handsome waistcoat and a gold laced hat. "But," said he afterward, with great gravity, "I soon laid aside my gold laced hat, lest it should make me proud," and he further observed that "when in that dress he could not treat people with the same ease as when in his usual plain clothes."

But the doctor's vanity must have suffered severely, for the tragedy was unsuccessful and the public would not attend. "Irene" was relegated to the shelf for home reading, and as one of the commentators of the time said, "the least property of its sentiments, the richness of the language and the general harmony of the whole composition were universally admired."

"When Johnson writes tragedy," said Garrick, "declamation roars and passion sleeps, when Shakespeare lives he dipped his pen in his own heart."

But the failure of his play did not appear to disconcert the philosopher in the least. He received about \$1,600 for his rights, while it was acted, and he was well assured of the popularity of the poem which was the precursor of the play, and the summer during which he wrote it in the house at Hampstead was memorable to him in later years as the last of the peaceful periods of his life, which he enjoyed in the company of his wife.

The house in which he wrote the "Vanity of Human Wishes" is close to the entrance to the Priory, and Boswell tells us that the "Tenth Satire" poem was written there. Thornebury remarks that neither of those words bears much trace of the inspiration of the Hampstead houses, "for the fact that the burly doctor preferred society to scenery, and with the winter returned to Fleet street and presided at the dinner table among his friends, in whose company he felt more at home than amid the breezes of Hampstead, and whose conversations gave him more gratification than the songs of nightingales."

It was not long after his residence in this house that Dr. Johnson lost his wife. Many years later when one of his friends asked him if he had ever known what it was to have a wife the doctor replied with a faltering voice, "Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife and have known what it was to lose a wife. It had almost broke my heart."

EASTERN WASHERWOMEN.

Rivers and Creeks, Paddles and Stones Their Implements.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Chinese. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her wash tub is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands on the banks of the Nile and daps the wet clothes with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and spuch fellow women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way. French women pound the dirt with paddles, often glancing the clothes upon stones, as the Egyptians do.—Washington Post.

AVORDUPOIS OF QUEENS.

Some Interesting Statistics About the Royal Women of the World—The Tallest and the Shortest.

Queen Victoria is the shortest adult sovereign in the world. Her Majesty is only 4 feet 11 inches high, and tips the beam at 171 pounds. Her bust and hips measure 44 inches and 60 inches respectively, while her waist is 35 inches. The tallest queen in Europe is the young Wilhelmina of Holland. She is only 19 years old, but her height is no less than 5 feet 5 1/2 inches. She is lightly built, with a weight of only 100 pounds, but has the bust measurement of a Juno—49 inches. Her waist measures only 31 1/2 inches and her hips 40 inches. Her Majesty of Holland is, in other words, so ill advised as to lace herself most cruelly. The young sovereign's bust measurement, despite her youth, is surpassed by that of none of the queens except Margherita of Italy and our own revered ruler.

The heaviest queen of Europe is Margherita of Italy, "The Pearl of Savoy." She turns the scales at 176 pounds, but her height, 5 feet 5 inches, enables her to "carry off" her stoutness and to preserve the carriage of a fine woman. Her bust measurement of 58 inches and her hips measurement of 40 inches show that, despite her advancing years, she still retains a queenly figure. Her hips are 38 inches. Her noble profile still gives evidence of the beauty which she possessed as a girl.

A shade taller than Margherita is the present, woman herself quite as much as man has stood in the way of her own advancement. That is, the conservative instinct or force of habit, in this as in other respects, is felt to be quite as powerful as the more progressive impulse that speeds forward and upward in each generation, she as firmly as man opposes the break to his feet and pulled his hands, and Pedro did the same. I rushed between them and ordered them to put up their guns. The Mexican's black eyes shone like a rattlesnake's when about to strike, but he put the gun back in his belt, and Dick did the same.

"I knew there would be trouble, and how to avoid it was a question not easily solved. I ordered the horse wrangler to fetch up the saddle horses, for I intended to move on that afternoon. The Mexican spoke to Dick, and they walked off to one side and talked in a low tone for a few minutes. When the horses came up, I noticed both men saddled up their best horses. "They both unwound their lasso ropes and stretched them out side by side. Dick's rope was about 45 feet long and Pedro's about 60 feet. Pedro drew his knife from his belt and cut his rope the exact length of Dick's. Then they coiled up their ropes carefully, and each man led his horse in opposite directions, until they were about 100 yards apart. Then they mounted like a flash and rode toward each other.

"I stood holding my horse by the bridle and watched every move. I will never forget the look of hate and murder on the Mexican's face. His lips were apart, showing his white teeth, and a wicked smile seemed to play about his mouth. Dick's jaws were set tight, and a look of mingled fear and rage combined on his savage face. "They rode slowly toward each other for about 50 yards, watching each other like a couple of caged panthers. Then they made a dash, and both ropes shot out like a streak of lightning. Both men dodged and escaped. In an instant they had gathered up their ropes and begun to circle around and around.

"I could hear the swish of their ropes as they swung them around their heads, each man trying to get some advantage. They charged back and forth, and finally both threw their ropes again. It was a close call for Dick, for the Mexican got his rope over Dick's head, but Dick threw it off before he could pull up the slack.

"In an instant Pedro had gathered up his rope and threw it again and caught Dick around the head and one arm. He drove the spurs into his horse and started him galloping, but like a flash Dick's hand went to his pistol, and before the Mexican could pull him from his horse Dick sent a bullet through his head, and the Mexican fell to the ground dead.

"But Dick was jerked from his horse with terrible force, for the Mexican had made the end of his rope fast to the saddle horn. The Mexican's horse ran a short distance and then stopped, and before I could get to him one of the other Mexicans had ridden up and emptied his six shooter into Dick's body. He then put spurs to his horse and soon disappeared across the prairie, and that was the last I ever saw of him.

"The other Mexican told me that was the third duel of that kind that Pedro had fought and always got his man."

No Birthplace.

A remark made by a 3-year-old boy on a certain occasion was the natural result of confusion in his small mind, but it caused amusement to the bystanders.

The house in which he had first seen the light of day had been torn down to make room for a wider street, and the little boy, holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the ruins with grief and amazement.

"Why, papa," he cried sorrowfully, "Why, papa, I wasn't born anywhere now, was I?"—Youth's Companion.

Saved Too High.

"Yes, that's right," he made a fortune once by inventing a road scraper."

"What did he do with his money?"

"He sunk it in a skyscraper."—Chicago Tribune.

Cats are held in great reverence in Persia.

The shah alone has 50 of them, and each one has an attendant of its own, with a special room for meals. When the shah travels, the cats go also, being carried by men on horseback.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

Come down to that old garden Of yore, when we were young.

When out of gates of childhood The air of morning blew,
The blushing rose was painted In every drop of dew.

And you may have the lily With all its virgin snow,
And you may have the beauty That blushes in the rose,
But I will have the heart's ease,
The dearest flower that blows!

I love the breath of rosemary,
The perfume of the stock,
The proud plumes of the fleur-de-lis,
The silken softness of the
I love the flaming poppy,
And the sleepy four o'clock.

But they say that when great angels Well plunging from heaven's frown,
A spirit looking after
I know it was the heart's ease
Came softly down to me.

Oh, bright the honeycreeper,
And sweet his tipping crew,
The bird-wings of the columbine,
The larkspur blue as blue,
But I will take the heart's ease
And all the rest take you!

LOST CHANCES.

De Women Stand in the Way of Their Own Advancement?

If we are to judge of the past by the present, woman herself quite as much as man has stood in the way of her own advancement. That is, the conservative instinct or force of habit, in this as in other respects, is felt to be quite as powerful as the more progressive impulse that speeds forward and upward in each generation, she as firmly as man opposes the break to his feet and pulled his hands, and Pedro did the same. I rushed between them and ordered them to put up their guns. The Mexican's black eyes shone like a rattlesnake's when about to strike, but he put the gun back in his belt, and Dick did the same.

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THE HEALTHY MAN.

Qualities Which, According to a Medical Journal, Constitute Perfect Individual.

One of our medical contemporaries, The Texas Medical News, thus sums up the qualities which constitute a perfectly healthy man: "He should have a good healthy heart; one not weak from disease or the excessive use of tobacco, alcohol or other causes; lungs well developed and best expanded rhythmically with ample breathing space for health and a surplus for work or disease; muscles well rounded and elastic; mind hard and strong by use and carrying, like the camel's hump, reserve energy for trying journeys; nerves, nature's electric wires properly insulated and connected; a gringing all the various organs of the body into one perfect system, and all under the control of a brain of just proportions, well balanced and convoluted, not soft from disease or destroyed for the need of rest; educated for the high duties it was intended to perform, not only to stand guard over and protect the health and life of the individual, but at the same time to furnish the basis for a high civilization, the human being. All of these organs, when properly constructed and adjusted and perfect in every detail, go to make up a healthy individual and one possessing within himself a power of resistance not easily overcome by disease-producing organisms."

Neither Well Nor Sick.

Huge as are the complete dictionaries of the language already, they will be very much larger still by the time the next generation has its day. If new words are added to the mother tongue as the present rate, so far as I can learn, none of the lexicons contain a word I heard a girl at Chevy Chase use just a few days ago. She was a trifle pale, and the young man with her was so suspicious that I inferred she had recently been ill.

"How do you feel?" I heard him ask.

"Oh, all right," I heard her answer. "I'm not ill now, just felt a little sick."

"Sick?" said he.

"No, no," she repeated. "Don't you know the word? It doesn't mean exactly sick, and it doesn't mean quite well. It means just out of sorts, and it's ever so much shorter and more convenient to use."

Personally, I think it's a word worth adopting, and when I'm neither well nor ill I shall hereafter be "ick."—Washington Post.

Growth of Finger Nails.

The average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about 4 1/2 months, and at this rate a man of 70 years would have renewed his nails 187 times. Taking the length of each nail as half an inch, he would have grown 93 1/2 feet nine inches of nail on each finger, and on all his fingers, and thumbs, an aggregate length of 77 feet 6 inches.

FOUGHT WITH ROPES.

THE LASSO AS A DEADLY WEAPON IN A COWBOY DUEL.

How Two Desperados Who Were Skilled in Horsemanship and Adept in Flinging the Lariat Shuffled Off This Mortal Coil.

"I once witnessed a duel with lasso ropes between a Mexican and an American," said Joe Hampton. "It happened about 20 years ago, and it was about as exciting a piece of work as I ever saw. I was foreman at that time for the Seven Up (7 U P) horse ranch in Wyoming, and we were on our way from Sydney, Neb., with a band of mares that had been shipped from the Missouri to Sydney. We had to drive the animals overland to the home ranch.

"Well, I picked up an outfit of men around Sydney, seven Americans and three Mexicans, a tough lot. We started out, and when we got to the Big Chieneye river, south of the Black Hills, we stopped to let the horses rest for a few days. There was one Mexican, Pedro Gonzales, about the most ill natured and most quarrelsome man I ever saw. He fell out with an American by the name of Dick McCall, all around bad man. I knew Dick by reputation, and he had a bad record.

"Well, one day at dinner time Dick made some remarks about roping a Greaser down in Texas and handing him across the prairie until he was worn out. The Mexican answered by saying that man must have been asleep or dead, for you could not rope a live man and do that. Dick jumped to his feet and pulled his hands, and Pedro did the same. I rushed between them and ordered them to put up their guns. The Mexican's black eyes shone like a rattlesnake's when about to strike, but he put the gun back in his belt, and Dick did the same.

"I knew there would be trouble, and how to avoid it was a question not easily solved. I ordered the horse wrangler to fetch up the saddle horses, for I intended to move on that afternoon. The Mexican spoke to Dick, and they walked off to one side and talked in a low tone for a few minutes. When the horses came up, I noticed both men saddled up their best horses. "They both unwound their lasso ropes and stretched them out side by side. Dick's rope was about 45 feet long and Pedro's about 60 feet. Pedro drew his knife from his belt and cut his rope the exact length of Dick's. Then they coiled up their ropes carefully, and each man led his horse in opposite directions, until they were about 100 yards apart. Then they mounted like a flash and rode toward each other.

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Looking For It.

There is a patent lawyer in town who has a number of very bright children, so bright, indeed, that their fun-loving has made a comparison of the telling, "what my boy said" to the men in his office. Here is the latest:

"I've got a tool chest out at my house that would make a carpenter sick with envy. I've been buying tools for it for 20 years. Of course I never let the youngsters touch it.

"The other day my wife went up stairs and found 'Bookie,' my youngest, 2 1/2 years old, monkeying with that chest. He had the lid up and his head thrust in under it.

"'Bookie,' said my wife, 'what are you looking for?'

"And the youngster, knowing he had been caught, looked up and with a twinkle in his eye said:

"'Looking for trouble!'"—Chicago News.

Weight of Paper Wrapping.

A gentleman of Baltimore who has been a close student of household economics has made a comparison of the weight of paper to the weight of food supplies purchased for a family and in one day's purchases found that the paper wrappings amounted to about 10 per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.48, he found that the paper, according to weight and which was weighed with the provisions, cost him 14 1/2 cents. This, he claims, is altogether out of just proportion.

Didn't Like the Taste.

"When Colonel Richard I. Dodge," says the Kansas City Journal, "was in command of one of the southern Kansas forts many years ago, he was astonished one day to receive a delegation of Indians who complained to him of the quality of the soap issued to them by the government.

"Thinking it would be impossible to make soap too bad for an Indian, Dodge investigated, with the result of finding that the tribe had been eating their soap allowance and didn't like the taste."

Maize's Floating Island.

The town of Liberty has a floating island which is quite a natural curiosity. The island contains about 100 acres. It does not float around for the reason that there is not space for it to do so, but it rises 10 or 12 feet during the freshets of fall and spring and falls back to solid pasture land during the drought of summer. Spruce trees 50 feet tall grow upon it.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

THE QUAINT JAPANESE.

Pecculiarities in Their Methods of Living and Eating.

Beauty, from a Japanese standpoint, consists in a long, oval face, regular features, almond shaped eyes, sloping slightly upward, a high, narrow forehead and abundance of smooth, black hair. Their movements are graceful, although the style of their dress prevents them walking with ease; their feet and hands are delicately formed and their manners unquestionably charming.

They take little or no exercise, and one wonders sometimes how the little ladies employ their time—there seems so little to be done in a Japanese house. To begin with, there are no regular meals. The shops near at hand supply daily numberless little dishes, which seem to be eaten at all hours of the day and night—there pecks at a time—with those impossible little chopsticks. Very little is kept in the larder except some slices of daikon, fermented turnip, some rice and sweet biscuits.

"The honorable live fish" is sold by men who carry large water tubs from house to house and cut off as much as is required from the unfortunate fish and replace the sadly mutilated but still struggling remnant back in the tub.

Eggs are cheap and plentiful. Bread is never used, so there is no necessity for an oven.

The great stand by is tea. A Japanese lady is seldom seen in her home without the quaint little tea tray by her side, and the inevitable pipe, containing one whiff of tobacco, which is in constant requisition.—Cornhill Magazine.

PRETTY CLEVER HORSE.

Never Tied by His Master Because It Knew So Much.

"You see that little horse over there," said Major Tom Williams, standing on the edge of the sidewalk viewing a small black pony. "That horse has more of the traditional horse sense than his size would show for." He continued, "Watch him."

The horse whistled a few times, and the little horse, which was nibbling from a bale of hay on the sidewalk, raised his head and crossed the street. He brought the cart to which he was attached at a standstill just in front of the major.

"You see," said Major Williams, "that horse has an eye for distance. I couldn't have driven him better than that. That horse, too, is a natural scavenger. He will pick up anything he sees on the street, if he wants to eat it. I never hitch him when I get out of the team, and he goes the length of the block picking up banana peels, eating hay, corn or anything he takes a fancy to. When I want him, I only need to whistle."

At this point a large, white dog brushed against the major with a friendly wag of the tail.

"You never saw that dog kiss the pony, did you? Well, watch him."

Major Williams climbed into his cart, and, calling the dog, said, "Kiss him."

Without a moment's hesitation the dog ran to the head of the horse, and jumping several feet off the ground, "kissed" the pony several times.—New York Mail and Express.

Snakes Charm and Kill a Horse.

Abram Robeson near Grantsburg, Ind., while hunting a stray horse which had been missing for two days, noticed a large black snake, which retreated toward a cave formed by an overhanging ledge of rocks in one of the high bluffs surrounding his pasture field. His horse was standing in this cavern, but covered by what looked to him like a mountain of snakes, so numerous were the reptiles. Robeson fled to his house and secured his shotgun, with which he returned and opened fire until his cartridges were exhausted. After the battle he counted the bodies of 413 snakes lying around and over the body of his horse, which was dead, while many reptiles escaped a wounded condition. He believes that his horse, which was a magnificent animal, weighing 1,000 or more pounds, so that he was powerless to escape.

His Mistake.

A parrot, in a remote English country district, escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. When it had been there a little time, the laborer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before, and he was naturally curious. He looked at the bird with his curious and beautiful plumage he fetched a ladder and climbed up it with a view of securing so great a prize. When his head reached the level of the top of the roof, the parrot flapped a wing at him and said, "What d'y'e want?"

Very much taken back, the laborer politely touched his cap and replied, "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird."

Rather Adhesive.

"What a stinky fellow old Hadrocks is! By George, I'd hate to be built that way."

"What makes you think he is stinky?"

"I don't think it. He proves it every day! Do you know that old curmudgeon is so stinky that he goes out to lunch early, before his appetite comes on, so he can save money? It's a fact. I've been watching him!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Its Disadvantage.

"I don't value success in life as highly as I used to."

"Why not?"

"After people have won fame they have nothing to look forward to."—Chicago Record.

The Tibetan Highlands of Asia.

have an area of 770,000 square miles, and range from 13,000 to 15,000 above the sea.

Some men don't appear to be crooked until they are in strained circumstances.—Cleveland Leader.