#### Jellow Stones Can Be Made to Look Like Gems of the First Water.

"There are tricks in every trade" has grown to be an adage, and this proverb holds especially good with regard to the jewelry trade, which for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' fair

ly takes the palm for roguery.

Although a great deal of capital, time and labor have been devoted to counterfeiting the diamond, very little success has been obtained from a fraudulent point of view, as the diamond possess extraordinary qualities of hardness and brilliancy, with which no imitation, up to now, can attempt to vie. "Paste" of all kinds can be tested by means of a sharp steel file, which scratches its surface.

A method of successful imposition with diamonds has, however, been discovered, and the originator of this swinale actually defrauded the pawnbroker of London alone in one year of upward of \$500,000.

The general public, as well as jewel-ers, are aware that diamonds of a yel-lowish tinge, or, as they are called in the trade, "straws," are worth very little. Large stones of this color, even when weighing from 10 to 100 carats, are quite common and will only fetch in the market from \$5 to \$20 per carat, the value, of course, increasing in ratio with weight. Diamonds of the same weight, if of the first water, or perfectly colorless, would be worth from five

to ten times as much. The methods of the individual referred to were as follows: He purchased a quantity of "yellow" stones, and then by a simple yet ingenious process succeeded in imparting to them an evanes-cent purity of color. This was done by procuring two ordinary glasses, a kettle of boiling water and a threepenny

packet of mauve dye.

The "yellow" diamond, which was perhaps set in a gold ring or pin, was merely dipped in the glass containing the dye, and then in clean boiling water half a dozen times, and allowed to dry, when it presented all the appearance, even to the eye of an expert, of a magnificent stone of the first water.

The next move was to place the ring on the finger, and the well dressed diamond dyer would sally forth, enter a pawnbroker's and pledge the ring for at least three times its worth. Within 12 nours, however, the effects of the dye would have disappeared, and the pawnroker could only wonder what on

w stone. this individual's operations, the aud was discovered, and now pawnif they are suspicious of a diaplor, immerse it in nitric acid, a any dye that may be in any way injuring

# OR BAD NEWS

urg. A big, His appearance

g man entered dis appearance ted that he had my years of life him. He was well dressed, keenelligent and of pleasant counte-

octor." he said, "my eyes have troubling me, and I would like to make an examination of them

feer a few preliminary questions the or told him to strip himself to the t. He took off his clothes and stood e, a magnificent specimen of mand. The doctor examined him, paying particular attention to his back, for a reason of which I know nothing aving finished, he said:

"Put on your clothes. I can do nothing for you. Your sight may last six appring but no larger. Treetment will

onths, but no longer. Treatment will no good. Blindness is sure to come."

leading from the spine.
"What's your bill, doctor?" asked

the man when he got his clothes on. "Five dollars," replied the doctor. He paid it and left the office without another word. In the fullness of life he 7alked out into the blessed light of day, oomed within six months to darkness ntil death. It was an incident to the octor; to me it was a tragedy.-Pitts-

Irving Didn't Read.

Sir Henry Irving appeared at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, in 1857, and two years later he went to Linlithgow to give a reading there. He was delighted to see his name in big letters on the posters on arriving in the town. He went to the hall, but there was no crowd there—in fact, the caretaker had

over the fence I seemed to lose the count. That always puts me to sleep. -Chicago Tribune

Of No Avail.

"Prisoner," said the court, "have you anything to say for yourself?" 'What's the use?" replied the culprit; "you guys wouldn't believe me."
—Philadelphia North American. 

# A PLEA FOR WOMAN.

It is well that beauteous woman
Has the quickest sense of wrong;
That the tenderest traits of feeling
To her faithful heart belong;
That her pure, heroic spirit,
Made to soften and prevali,
Wins its way to truth and justice
When our ruder efforts fail.

Has she not from earliest ages
Borne the heaviest load of life,
Suffer'd in the silent conflict,
Struggled in the rudest strife?
Has she not with patient meekness
Won and worn the martyr's crown?
Even by her seeming weakness
Pulled the strongest tyrant down?

Day by day she has encountered,
In her own domestic round,
Sharpest griefs, severest tortures,
All for language too profound,
Trembled through her woman's nature
Lest the outward world should know,
Single in her calm endurance,
Loving in her lofty woe.

Pestilence has not appalled her,
Dungeons have not driven her back.
She has smiled upon the scaffold,
And been silent on the rack.
She, a ministress of mercy,
Has gone forth from door to door,
Healing sickness, soothing sorrow
In the chambers of the poor.

All unselfish she has pleaded,
With angelic, earnest grace,
'Gainst the brandmark and the
Of old Afric's dusky race;
And not only for the alien,
If an alien there can be,
But for all who shrink and suffer
On her own side of the sea.

Pleaded for her sister woman,
Moiling through the joyless day,
Hungering, hopeless, ever trembling
Lest she swerve from virtue's way;
Pleaded for the little children
Growing up to dangerous youth,
For the want of wholesome knowledge,
For the lack of genial truth.

And she has not been ungifted
With the mind's superior powers,
But has brought us bloom and fragrance
From the muse's magic bowers,
She has stirred our inmost natures
With a true and graceful pen,
Even snatched a wreath of honor
From the boder brows of men. Then let this dear mediator,
This companion of our way,
Have her natural power and province
In the great work of to-day;
Let her go upon her mission,
If she have no wish to roam,
Nor to break the ties that bind her
To the sacred bounds of home.

Let her have the purest knowledge,
That hereafter she may be
Teacher of serenest virtues,
To the children round her knee:
Foresight, faithfulness, forbearance,
Charity, and all good things,
Which prepare the human creature
Which prepare the future brings.
For whate'er the future brings.

#### MAN'S BEST STIMULUS.

The Wise Sister Is She Who Evinces Interest in Her Brother's Pursuits. Being that unfortunate creature, an arth was wrong with his eyes when he dvanced so much money on such a yelof brethers and sisters about you in of brethers and sisters about you in whose aims you take an interest, sorrows you feel as your own and whose snubs you personally resent. Talking of the girl with brothers a few days ago it seems from our unbiased standpoint that interest is the best stimulus a man can have, whether he be great or small in his character, and the wise sister is she who evinces this interest in her brother's ideas, pursuits, ambitions and friends. This is the sister who will find herself occupying that most enviable position, occupying that most enviable position, chum and confident to her brother, and this is the sister who will find that her Months.

feel bad, this ut to relate. I oculist, one of profession in ag and healthy dis appearance leasant counter leasant counter leasant counter like the sister who will find that her gentle influence is a guiding star in his life, unconsciously turning his thoughts and ambitions in a right direction, and weeding out much that may be bad and inclined to injure the ripe harvest of his life. Cynics may eneer, politicians may preach and novelists of the modern school may go on discovering their new elements in nature, but the fact remains that a woman's influence is the greatest power in the world for good or evil. It is like the ever-widening ripples in a river where a stone has been dropped. river where a stone has been dropped.
They stretch and increase and go on stretching until they are lost to view, and no one even knows how or where they end. Those ripples nearest the onlooker are the deepest, just as those near-

Raising the Fare

no good. Blindness is sure to come."

"What's the matter, doctor?" he asked quietly, with a faint tremor in his voice.

The doctor told him in technical language and then explained that the trouble came from the wasting of a nerve ble came from the wasting of a nerve leading from the wasting of a nerve roughly and the name of the office at language.

you' tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?"
"The booking office," replied one of

the lads.
"Right," responded the teacher.
"At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to "Did you hear that, Dowser?" he de

"Wot, sir?" asked the youth, inno "As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose that your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do be-fore he could take his seat in the train?" Without a moment's thought the youngster electrified his teacher by replying: "Pawn his tools!"—Tit-Bits.

A Minister With the Queen.

At the beginning of Queen Viotoria's reign it was the rule that either Lord him, and tkings were got ready; 8:30 p'clock arrived, but no one came to the hall—not even a small boy. In recalling the incident Sir Henry was wont to ay, "I never slept better than I did that night."

Its Natural Effect.

"How many of these sheep gat out of here?" asked the angry farmer.

"I don't know," replied the new hired man, rubbing his eyes. "After I'd watched five or six of 'em jump over the fence I seemed to lose the count. That always puts me to sleep." A Minister With the Queen.

Good Reason Why. "Now, children, I want you all to remember that James Watt discovered the wonderful steam engine by simply watching the kettle boil. Please, ma'am, I don't just see how

that could be. "Why not? " 'Cause watched pots niver boils,"

-- Ville --The state of the s

#### WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

The Wonderful Artistic Feats Performed by Joanne Koetren. More than 200 years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland, whose name was Joanne Koetren. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit and making on silk, with colored floss, exact copies of paintings, which were

thought wonderful. But after she had become very acsomplished in music, spinning and em-broidery, she abandoned all these for a still more extraordinary art—that of cutting. She executed landscapes, ma-rine views, flowers, animals and portraits of people of such striking resem-blance that she was for a time quite the wonder of Europe. She used white papers for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade."

The czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her 1,000 florins for three small cuttings. The empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which princes and

princesses wrote their names.

After she died, which was when she had lived 65 years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the

Amusing Occurrence In an Office Building Elevator In Chicago. People who ride in "lifts" in this city acquire some queer experiences at times. The calling of the floors where

passengers desire to debark or embark not infrequently produces some amus-ing situations. It all depends upon the style of the person making the announcement. Of course conductors are mute participants in the game. Here is one happening of yesterday which is certainly out of the usual run. Half a dozen passengers entered an ing. Doctors office there almost to the exclusion of other professions. One boy alevator in a big down to with a package asked to be deposited at the second floor. A woman stood mute while a medical man thought he would leave at the fifth. The conductor turned an inquiring head and the remaining passengers with one voice chiming in full chorus shouted:

"Tenth. "Seven up," murmured a gentle voice as the car reached the indicated

Two men seeking the tenth floor glanced at each other with grins of appreciation as a stenographer, and a pretty one, by the way, entered the car. The seemed unconscious of having created more than passing interest, but the conductor was alive to the situation. "The lady wins," he muttered to himself as he gave the lever a yank and the car shot upward again. - Chicago Chronicle.

The little daughter of a local clergy-

man has reached the age where big words are apt to floor her and where she is very sensitive to the remarks of an older brother. Not long ago she came running to

her father. "Papa, papa, George called "Why, what did Georgie say?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with strong expression of disgust, "he said I practiced what I preached! I don't, "Well, my child, I"-"But I don't, do I, papa? I don'

any more than you do, do I?" And then the rector choked up. But he took a half hour from his sermon and explained the meaning of the obnoxious expression to the best of his ability.

Coincidence. "Somehow I'm awfully stupid to night." remarked young guidly the other evening.
"Indeed you are," retorted Miss Cut ting, somewhat impulsively.

"Do you really mean that?" the young man in surprise. "I merely indorsed your remarks Didn't you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried. "Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it," she replied, "I only thought so without saying it."—Pearson's Weekly. The Minister's Mistake.

This story is told of a prominent preacher: On a hot Sabbath as he was preaching he took from his pocket what he thought was his handkerchief, shook it out and wiped his face, intently talking all the time. To his surprise a broad smile was on every face in his audience, when he discovered that what he had put in his pocket for a handkerchief that morning was a pair of his little child's drawers, the legs of which were quite visible as he wiped the perspira-tion from his face.—Homiletic Review.

Nothing Special. Library Assistant (to visitor who wandering about in a puzzled manner)

—Can I help you? Are you looking for

anything special? Visitor (absently)-No, thank you. I

was only looking for my wife, - Library Lournal

### THE END OF THE WATCH.

I saw a wreath hang on a door,
One evening as I passed,
And knew another's toil was o'er—
His work laid down at last.
I saw the curtains closely drawn,
And people come and go—
I passed again, the wreath was gone,
And all the signs of woe.

But at the window, as I gazed,
I saw a little face—
A face a Raphael might have praised—
I saw a finger trace
Eccentric lines upon the pane,
Until the child looked out
And, seeling me, there in the rain,
Set up a gleeful shout.

I heard him cry out "Papa" and
I saw him dance about;
I saw a woman take his hand
And longingly gaze out,
And, as I hurried on my way
I wondered if, somewhere,
A father could look back where they
Stood by the window there.

Again, when busy weeks had flown,
I passed that way once more;
The child stood watching for some one,
And shouted as before:
I saw him clap his hands again,
I heard his eager cry—
I waffed up a kiss, and, then,
Saw her, and hurried by. A year had come and slipped away,
The child looks out no more;
I passed the window yesterday,
Where he had stood before,
But saw no eager watcher there—
A white bow graced the door,
And I wonder if a man somewhere,
Is glad the vigil's o'er?

# A REMARKABLE ATHLETE.

137-Pound Man Juggles With Dumb bells Twice His Weight.

A remarkably muscled athlete is George F. Wallon, a South American, who claims the ability to lift heavier dumbbells than any other man of his weight in the world. Wallon burdens the scales to the extent of only 137 younds, but his muscular tissue would more than equip an average athlete of 70 pounds

Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the portraits of these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before or since been equaled.—Lewiston Journal.

THE LADY THE WINNER.

Amusing Occurrence In an Office or originally strong, as is every athlete of the portraits of these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before or since been equaled.—Lewiston Journal.

THE LADY THE WINNER.

Amusing Occurrence In an Office originally strong, as is every athlete of the portraits of these titled visitors. Above the waist his anatomy is an unending series of muscle ridges. Each rib is marked by a depression, the bands of muscle standing out so strongly in between. The biceps of this powerful South American are more than a foot around, and the great bulb-like arm muscles are developed to an extent rarely seen, even among weight-lifters. Wallon's nether limbs are sturdy and doubtless trong, but they do not impress the beholder as being much above the ordinary.

Originally strong, as is every athlete of 70 pounds more weight.

Originally strong, as is every athlete of note, this lightweight owes his wonderful upper limb development to long years of exercise and labor with ponderous weights. In the athlete world nowadus few care to become muscular fracks and few care to become muscular freaks, and smooth, even muscles are sought rather than the rugged, bulbous variety. Certain forms of exercise will, however, bring about the Wallon style of muscle, and about the Wallon style of muscle, and such a development is essential if one aims to do Herculean stunts with the weights. Moreover, those who devote their attention to 250-pound dumbbells usually have some financial end in view as has Signor Wallon, by the way.

But appear who desires to equip him.

self with a muscle-studded anatomy has only to note the points in Wallon's athletic career and follow his directions as to exercise. "I began with featherweight bells," says Wallon, "and practiced assiduously. My muscles began to grow harder and firmer and stronger. Then I essayed heavier weights. Another period

essayed heavier weights. Another period of unceasing work, and objects which previously seemed terribly heavy became as light as a baseball in my grasp.

"So I went on for years, ever increasing the weight of my bells and gradually forging to the front among lifters. When first I tried a 250-pound bell it might as well have weighed 2,500 pounds. Now I can easily toss it up at arm's length."

Cicero ate very little, and of the plain est food. He had a theory that any disease could be overcome by fasting, and often abstained from food for days at a time,

Veronese enjoyed any sort of sweet-meats and candied preparations. His physician once told him he would ruin on my soul," and quietly breathed his bis stomach with such food, and he coolly rejoined: "Let the stomach go."

Hobbes was luxurious in his eating tastes. When told on one occasion that a philosopher should be abstemious, he said he was not philosopher spough to dang

he was not philosopher enough to den his stomach anything it wanted. Correggio was temperate and abstemious. A little fruit and a piece of black bread, such as was eaten by the working people, fully satisfied the demands of his

Chopin had a weak stomach, and any Chopin had a weak stomach, and any food taken in large quantity was certain to disagree with him. For several years he lived almost exclusively on liquid diet. Gray, the author of the "Elegy," was fond of apples. He always kept them in his room, and the fact that they decayed and smelt badly seemed to be ne objection.

Claude Lorraine was fond of walnuts, and would spend half a day cracking and

eating them.

Auber's table was provided with every dainty that the Paris market afforded. He was a great eater, but so thin that he once said: "All I eat seems to go to ap-Handel was a monstrous eater, particu-

nancei was a monstrous eater, particu-larly of beefsteak pie. One of these pies weighed from two to three pounds, and the composer of the "Messiah" would often consume a whole pie at a sitting.

In writing of the longevity in dogs, Mr. Harold Leehey says: The oldest dog I have ever known was a collie belonging to Lord Ogilvie. He died at my infirmary from a compound fracture of the femur, having been run over by a butcher's cart at the age of 23. I was instructed to have his name and age inscribed upon the coffin in which he was sent to Scotland to be buried. The next oldest Scotland to be buried. The next oldest dog was 20 years, and a nurse was kept on purpose to attend him. He had a bronchitis kettle in his room, and a fire all the year round, and wore red fiannel drawers, besides the usual dog clothing. urawers, desides the usual dog clothing. He was literally "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything," and was fed on beef tea and "the softest of puddings without any plums, was the dish of all others that suited his gums."

Beds are quite an innovation in Russia, and well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their evens, middle-class people and servants roll themselves up in the sheepskins and lie down near the stoves, soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allow ed beds.—Spare Moments.

#### HE FACED GREAT DANGER. But, Not Knowing It. He Escaped Be-

ing Considered Brave. "I noticed a couple of reminiscences as to my old branch of service," said an ex-naval official to the writer, "which reminded me of an incident in my own career. I was an assistant en-

gineer on a cruiser bound from Norfolk to South American ports, and our ship was telling off 14 or 15 knots an hour one day, when a crank pin came out, and the next instant the crank was thrashing around in a most recklessly unsystematic fashion. Everybody in the engine room—and there were some men of considerable rank there just then, as it happened—made a dash for the deck.

Meanwhile I quietly took four or five steps and shut off the steam. Of course the engines stopped, and then followed

the delay caused by making the necesary repairs.
"It didn't occur to me that I had performed any act of an especial character until the chief engineer informed me that I was a confounded fool. 'Don't you know your place under such circumstances, sir?' he asked, and when I answered that I thought I had taken my proper position he continued: "No, sir; your duty was to make your way as soon as possible to the deck. With that piece of steel whirling and crashing about it was one chance in a thousand that a single soul would escape an instantaneous cooking, because if that thing had carried away the steam connections your life would have ended

right then. "'Well, I took the chance,' I answered. "'Yes, sir, you did, but you didn't know it, therefore it is not at all to your credit,' was the chief's answer, and it was so absolutely true that I couldn't for the life of me make any re-

#### THE POWER OF WILL. He Wanted to Live Four Days, and

He Succeeded. It would be vain to attempt to describe the sympathy for the poor and

suffering which William Stokes could throw into his voice, says his biographer. One of the stories he used to tell is of peculiar interest, not only for its revelation of human kindness, but as a proof of the power of the will in prolonging life.

An old pensioner was a patient of Stokes in the Meath hospital. His life was despaired of, and, in fact, his death was hourly expected. One morning, having many patients to care for and believing that the pensioner was unconscious and past help, Dr. Stokes passed his bed without stopping. The patient was greatly distressed and cried out:

"Don't pass me by, docther; you is of the rong one is the sing only under pleasant conditions, as it is considered that any kind of disturbance or fright is likely to create a broken, jerky kind of melody. The excellence of the song consists not so much in its loudness, or even in its strains. Each melody has its special name and the birds are classed according to the tunes they sing.

There are 22 different strains, and contaves. The education of the canary involves six months of incessant watchfulness and activity on the part of the breader. When the bird has reached seven months he is supposed to have acquired.

"Don't pass me by, docther; you must keep me alive for four days." "We will keep you as long as we can, my poor fellow," answered Stokes, "but why for four days particularly?" "Because," was the reply, "my pension will be due then, and I want the money for my wife and children. Don't give me anything to make me sleep, for

if I sleep I shall die." On the third day after this, to the amazement of Stokes and others, the patient was still breathing. On the morning of the fourth day he was alive and conscious, and on entering the ward Stokes saw him holding in his hand the certificate which required signature. As the doctor drew near the

dying man gasped: "Sign, sign!"
The doctor quickly complied, and the man sank back exhausted and within a few minutes crossed his hands over his breast and said, "The Lord have mercy

Where He Repaired It. When illicit distilling was common in the highlands, there was an old man who went about the country repairing

whisky pots. The gauger met him one day and, surmising that he had been doing repairs at no great distance, asked what ne would take to inform him (the gauger) where he repaired the last whisky

"Och." said the old man, "she'll shust tak' hauf a croon."
"Done!" retorted the gauger. "Here is your money, but be careful to tell

me correctly. "Och, she'll no' tell the gentleman a Getting the money, the old man quietly remarked: "I shust mended the last whisky pot where the hole was."-London Spare

"My wife is the most ingenious woman who ever lived," said Kipper.

"I believe you," returned Nipper po-"But you don't know why you lieve me," intimated Kipper.
"To tell the truth, I don't." replied

Nipper, looking bored.
"Well, I'll tell you. We've been married 12 years and lived in the same house all the time, and this morning she found a new place in which to hide my slippers."—London Standard.

No Wonder Russia Is Ignorant! Russia, with her population of 129, 000,000, has only 743 newspapers, but little more than half the number published in the state of Pennsylvania, which is 1,430. Of the 743 there are 589 printed in Russian, 69 in Polish, 44 in German, 9 in French, 5 in Armenian and 2 in Hebrew. No English newspaper appears in the list.

song from 'Judith,' accompanied by a rounded by a glory of hale diameter, on which to images,

## SWEET SLUMBER.

Oh, miles and miles of beds in a row, Acres of coverlets white as snow.
Pillows and pillows, and sheets galore.
Blankets and quilts by the hundred score—
Ah, these are the sights that each night greet
The children who go to Slumber Street.

Hush-a-bys, hush-a-bys, solt and low-Rythmical murmurs, both fast and slow-Ditties and hymn tunes, balads rare, Melodies gay and with plaintive air, Luliabies tender and soft and sweet— This is the music of Slumber Street.

Visions delightful, happy and gay, Of wonderous toys and merry play, Fancaful pictures of rare delight. Of verdant fields and skies that are bright— Oh! these are the dreams the children meet Who travel each night to Slumber Street.

Oh. scores upon scores of weary heads Peacefully resting in miles of beds; Each pair of eyelids is closed up tight, And each pair of eyes is hid from sight, Resting bodies and tired little feet— This is the business of Slumber Street.

TRAINING CANARIES TO SING.

Six Months of Incessant Care Is Required for the Work. The musical academy of the canary breeder has its professors, the stamp of whose style is left on the pupils as distinctly as that of the vocal expert influences the students of the conservatory. Every breeder makes it his business to constantly he on the lookout for old Every preeder makes it his business to constantly be on the lookout for old cook birds of repute as songsters. These are never used for breeding, but are usually kept in small, darkened cages.

are never used for breeding,
usually kept in small, darkened cages.
They are the masters on which the musical education of the young birds depends.
When the nestlings are about six weeks
old the cocks are taken away, says the
Detroit Free Press, and put in a large
cage until they have developed properly.
After two months they are put singly
into smaller cages, and placed in a room
with the master bird, yet so that they
cannot see each other. Now comes the
testing of the young voices, and the
breeder listens carefully to judge their
quality and progress the birds are making.
The best singers are picked out and quality and progress the birds are making.

The best singers are picked out and put into what are called "single boxes," small wire, darkened cages, placed inside a tin box. At one side is a curtain, which is withdrawn when the bird is to sing. The greatest care is taken

tain, which is withdrawn when the orea is to sing. The greatest care is taken that the canaries never hear an inferior bird, or, in fact, any other sort of bird, as they are apt quickly to learn wrong notes and so spoil their song.

The birds, too, are kept very quiet, and the birds, too, are kept very quiet, are colly under pleasant

months he is supposed to have acquired his musical education, although a talent-ed pupil is often left with the master somewhat longer, in order to gain special finish.

JOURNALISM IN AUSTRIA.

Ludicrous Revelations of an Editor

Some curious facts have been brought to light in the course of an action for libel brought against the editor of The Neunkirchener Zeitung, a provincial weekly paper with a large circulation in Neunkirchen and district. Neunkirchen is a flourishing town about 60 miles. from Vienna.

The editor, Carl Kulf, urged in exten-

uation of his misdemeanor that he was so occupied with his duties as a shoemaker that he had no time to properly discharge his editorial work, which he only undertook as a supplementary occu-pation. His salary as editor was 25 per

Judge—You do not seem to possess the training and education necessary to n editor. Herr Kulf—That is not necessary at

Judge-But an editor must at least be able to write an article.

Herr Kulf-Oh, no. I cut all my arti-

cles out of other papers.

Judge—Who acted as editor in your Herr Kulf-A hatter lived next door to the office, and he used to receive the cor-respondence and hand it over to the printers. The printers published what

interested them.

Judge—These are extraordinary conditions for a town so near the capital of Austria. Herr Kulf-It is not only in Vienna. that proper ideals of the mission of the press are in vogue. I always praise the townspeople who deal with me and pay their bills regularly, and "pitch into" those who buy their shoes elsewhere and do not settle their debts. The Neun-kirchener Zeitung is a paper with prin-

ciples. It receives a subvention from local authorities.

Judge—How did you obtain the sub-Herr Kulf-I undertook to fully report all the mayor's speeches, chronicle his small doings and shower praise on his

administration.

Herr Kulf was finally sentenced to a fine for not exercising that supervision over his paper which an editor is in Austria legally compelled to do.—London.

Mail

The three most famous statues in history are the Colossus of Rhodes, the Sphinx and the vocal statue of Memnon at Thebes, and of these the last is the most remarkable, in consequence of its property of emitting sounds when its lips were touched by the rays of the rising sun so that it seemed to greet the coming day. It was originally a portraitmodel of King Amenophis III., and was
one of a pair of statues between 60 and
70 feet high, carved out of single blocks of sandstone and transported from the

quarries to Thebes, whereas the Sphinz was carved from the living rock in situ. Of statues other than stone the most remarkable is that of Buddha at Nars, The earliest known mention of the pianoforte was in a playbill dated May 16, 1767. The principal attraction was given thus: "Miss Buckler will sing a song from 'Indith.' accompanied by a About 1,500 tons of iron and brass wire are yearly manufactured in Britain into pins.

Tounded by a glory of nate 78 feet ind diameter, on which 15 images, each eight feet long, are cast. Two smaller images, each 25 feet high, stand in front of the larger one. The total weight of metal in the main figure is about 450 tons of which 500 pounds consists of said.