

ORIGIN OF THE WORD BOURSE

Established at Antwerp, Belgium, Many Centuries Ago.

Already in the fourteenth century, there was a building at Antwerp, Belgium, set apart for the meeting of merchants and brokers and known as the bourse.

The word originates from the city of France, which, earlier than the fourteenth century, was known as the bourse of the north, being at that time one of the most important commercial centers of Europe. In this ancient city, the merchants met in an open square upon which was the residence of a family by the name of Bourse.

DEATH NOT WORST OF TERRORS

Scholar Cared Nothing for Life if Deprived of Wine.

Of the great scholar and writer, George Buchanan, the 400th anniversary of whose birth was recently celebrated, it is related that he was told by his doctors that if he abstained from wine he might live five or six years, and that if he continued to drink he could hold out three weeks at longest.

"Get you gone," he exclaimed, "with your prescriptions and your course of diet, and know that I would rather die than three weeks without drinking wine."

Too Late to Repent. Because Charles P. Morris flirted with his Morris, his wife, before he married her, Judge Park, of Kansas City, refused to give him a decree of divorce.

The plaintiff is not an injured or innocent party, sternly said the judge. "Morris may be a good man, but an indiscreet one. He says himself that he flirted with the woman who made his wife while on a street car, and that flirtation led up to an acquaintance and marriage. I will never allow my court to be reduced to a divorce mill, especially in cases where men do not use ordinary discretion in the selection of wives."

It was the duty of Morris to ascertain what sort of a woman he was marrying. In the course of time your court might be found that will sympathize upon him, but he will find no sympathy here."

Mosquito Bite Blinds. John Bodin, a Westport man, 35 years old, was rendered totally blind by a mosquito bite. The medical profession here is much interested in the case. Mr. Bodin is in the North-west hospital and the entire staff of the institution is participating in the treatment.

After four days in the hospital the patient is able to tell day from night and his ultimate recovery is hoped for.

The mosquito bit Mr. Bodin upon the side of his right eye. The lid swelled and when Mr. Bodin awoke the morning he was blind. Bodin suffers no pain, but says that the bite of a mosquito is acute agony to him.—Northwalk, Conn., Correspondent N. Y. World

Eels Ran Up His Trousers. William H. Stewart, a manufacturer of Brooklyn, N. Y., is at the family farmhouse with his wife and says a dispatch from Port Jervis, N. Y. Mrs. Walker, a Brooklyn woman, on Wednesday caught a four-foot half pound pickerel in the Delaware river. Mr. Stewart, not to be outdone, tried his luck, but only eels were biting.

Two boatloads were out, one of worms from the city. Mr. Stewart had caught a dozen good-sized eels, when two of them wriggled up a leg of his trousers. Efforts to dislodge them were futile, and despite the fact that the other boat was in close proximity Mr. Stewart was compelled to wade himself of his clothing to extricate the eels.

The Unequal Struggle. The hungry mosquito made several attempts to get into the house, but was itself barred out by wire screens.

Tired of my living by the iron grid, it hummed, plaintively. Weighed by its exertions it flew to the margin of the pond where it came.

MANY MYSTERIES OF SLUMBER

Philosophers Slept Soundly While Soldier Was Wakeful.

Great men sleep less, most of them, than the cumbrous farm hand. Napoleon, according to easily beguiled biographers, was content for years with four or five hours a day. But Descartes slept ten hours every night. Kant had to be routed from bed with a sponge of cold water and Montaigne lived in his nightcap.

A serious-minded person inquires, Why do we sleep? To rest. But why to rest? Our hearts do not suspend action in rest, at least not occasionally. Our lungs neither. There is a mystery in this simple subject, sleep, and the thoughtful English, brilliant French, solemn German, simple Russian, scintillating Italian scientists have failed to explain more than the mummery, the yawns and drooping, the closed eyes and stentorian tones.

Why do we sleep? The soul's unconsciousness, a writer in the London Spectator surmises, is necessary to our (moral or mental) well-being. It is a naive idea, but are dreams provided as well for our education, and if so, why should pie, proaic mince or poetic cherry in too great quantities provoke strange elf and monster?

What of the curtain drawn about the world, and of the dramas and the tragedies crowded on the narrow stage of dreams? "In thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men. Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the half of my flesh stood up." What be these visions of the night that Job, too, saw, and whence these transient wounds?

In this wan borderland, where wanders every man so quietly, there are mysteries yet untold. Is there no message of them?

OCEAN GIANT HAS MANY USES.

Blubber Not the Only Valuable Thing Taken from Whale.

We are only just beginning to recognize the great value to mankind of the whale. Prof. Muller, who has spent several years on and near the Canadian coast, has found a means of extracting the milk of the whale, and analysis of this shows it to be quite as nutritious as ordinary cow's milk. It contains, at the same time, additional valuable medicinal properties somewhat similar to those contained in cod liver oil and it is distinctly pleasant to taste.

The professor has also had various inner skins of the whale scientifically tanned by a new process, with the result that he can supply an excellent leather in a single piece, measuring 300 feet long by 3 1/2 feet broad. Such dimensions have never been possible before.

The flesh has been subjected to a treatment which makes it quite edible, and the mammoth skeleton is ground to bone powder, making a splendid fertilizer; while the gristle and cartilage are converted into glue.

Conceit That Had a Fall. Gov. Pardee of California was talking about a fire insurance agent who had disappointed him.

"This man," said Dr. Pardee, "had spoken so generously at first about the payment of all claims in full that my disappointment at his later expression was incredibly great."

"I was as disappointed as a man who had just returned from a month's vacation. This man got out of the trap with his bags and valises, and with expanded chest trudged homeward through the hot city, pleasantly conscious that he looked as brown as a berry, as hard as nails—in the pink of condition after his long month in the sun and wind."

Suddenly he met a friend. This friend shook him by the hand, peered hard in his face and said, anxiously: "Hello! Going out of town for a few days, I suppose from your luggage? Well, I'm glad to see it, for, by George, you need a change. You certainly do look tuckered out."

History of the Dime. That neat and lovable little coin, the dime, has had a most useful history. As far as we are aware it is unique among the world's coins, having no nearer equivalent than the English six pence, which is worth two cents more. It is one of the handiest of coins, being about as small as a silver piece can conveniently be. Being less in size and weight than the nickel, which is worth only half as much, it is vastly more convenient.

Appropriate Clothier's Sign. Oscar Hammerstein, whose new opera house in New York is one of the finest in the world, said at a dinner, apropos of a certain joke: "That joke is far fetched, very far fetched, indeed. It is as far fetched as the sign that a tailor once put up in his boyhood home."

BOTH FORETHOUGHT AND TACT.

Irishman Seemed to Have Both Equal Developed.

Thomas F. Kelly, the noted Irish weight-thrower, had been told that the Irish were very popular in America.

"I can readily believe that," Mr. Kelly replied. "The Irish are popular everywhere. The secret of their popularity is tact."

"An Irishman sat at home with his wife one evening, he reading the newspaper, she doing various household jobs."

"Firstly the lady rang for the maid, and said: 'Here, Anna, take this post-card and put it in the letter-box outside.'"

"Then the 'tactful' Irishman exclaimed: 'Surely, my love, you can't think of making this poor girl run down three flights of stairs and up again for the sake of one post-card. Just give her a quarter and let her fetch me two bottles of beer and three cigars at the same time.'"

MAIL IN DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Millions of Missives Go Astray Through Carelessness.

More than 11,000,000 pieces of mail went astray in these United States last year because they were not directed even well enough for the experts to decipher the names and addresses. Millions of this immense total went to the dead letter office, where a lot of it was opened, the addresses of the writers ascertained and the letters or packages returned. But in a good many cases the writer's address is never found and the letter is really "dead" when neither the sender nor the prospective receiver can be discovered.

Two Strange Uses for Fruit. "Peached pork" would sound well on a menu, said a San Franciscan. "Quite as well as the familiar 'celery-fed duck,' eh? I once passed a season on a ranch where the pork was actually peach fed, where every day barrels of delicious peaches were thrown to the fat and pampered hogs. The market, you see, was so glutted with peaches that it didn't pay to haul and ship them. Hence they went to the pigs."

I know places in California and in Florida where oranges are used as soap to scrub the floors. The fruit, cut in half, is rubbed like soap over the boards, which it cleans and whitens beautifully, for orange juice is a great destroyer of dirt. If we had a Standard Oil system of economy in our agriculture, though, I don't think that we would see peaches fed to hogs or oranges used as soap, would we?"

Caution. "In sawing splinters of deer yuh patent medicines," ruminatingly said old Brother Borax Jones. "Not dat I enguls any of 'em, muhsaf, nussah—I's too po' a man to aff'd to be snatched from de brink of de grave at a dollar a bottle. But when I see de pictures in de newspapers of some of de white gentlemen dat has been cured by 'em, I don't notice mo' dan about one in fourteen dat I wouldn't be unskered to meet in a dark alley wid 'em—I had a good big polly club wid me—yassah! To de rest of 'em I'd be bleeged to 'spose muh heels, I would, and say, 'Good-by, sah! I's uh-swine fum yo'!"—Puck.

Ferrets and Young Ducks. A fortnight ago a young dealer of Dix threw two cracked duck eggs to his ferret, which has four young ones. He was very much surprised two days later at seeing two ducklings waddling about the cage and seeming quite at home with the ferrets.

The old ferret had completed the hatching and is mothering the duck. This is the most extraordinary case in nature, as the ferret is the most deadly enemy to fowls. It is a very amusing sight to see the mother trying to keep her foster children in the nest with her own young.—Country Life

Marital Confession. "Don't you think it's about time our daughter began to look out for a husband?" asked Mr. Green, mildly. "She is getting on, and she'll be an old maid if she is not careful."

"Indeed, yes, it is time," answered Mrs. Green, "but she is just the same age as I was. I never thought of marriage until my mother warned me that if I were ever to marry at all I had no time to lose. I tell you I was so alarmed that I made up my mind to take the first fool that offered, and that very evening you came!"

Gave Clerk Due Warning. An old-time English barkeeper was John Williams, a sarcastic wit and a bachelor with an intense prejudice against marriage. His clerk one day asked him for a holiday to get married, and some months afterward, on entering his chambers, Williams found his dead body suspended from the door. He engaged another clerk, and asked him if he was married. "No," the clerk replied, but, thinking that Williams would regard marriage as a guarantee of steadiness, he added: "but I am going to be." "Very well," replied Williams, "but understand this—when you hang yourself, don't do it here!"

MISJUDGMENT COST HIM DRINK.

Professional Beggar Found Two Could Play "Dummy" Act.

A professional beggar, plying his trade on John Stevenson's dock, between the visits of his arch-enemy, the policeman, whose beat lies along the water front, made a misjudgment of human nature that cost him the price of a drink.

He picked out a prosperous-looking individual on whom he thought his hard-luck story would have the desired effect. His specialty was "dumbness," he gurgled, in his frantic effort to tell how hard up he was for a little coin. Words formed on his lips, but the only sound that came was a noisy Kentucky breath. He shook his head from side to side in self-pity. To add an extra heart throb the beggar made his fingers spell out his troubles at lightning speed.

Then light seemed to break in upon the subject, and he opened fire on the beggar with a return volley of finger twitching. With a disgusted look the mendicant said:

"He's a real dummy; I guess I got it bad."

"I guess you did," said the "real dummy," in a very audible voice. "I can't talk on my hands any better than you can, but they come in handy once in a while in finding out if a 'dummy' is really dumb."—Detroit News.

CONFECTIONS SOUR HOTEL MEN

Swiss Landlords Threaten to Boycott Firms in Advertising War.

During the last year or so the principal points of interest of the Bernese Oberland have been the scene of a war of advertisements between the principal makers of Swiss chocolate, says the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Big metal signs are nailed on the facades of the most interesting old chalets, and the very rocks are made to proclaim of rival confections.

This week the interests of Inter-laken have taken decisive steps that have brought about most satisfactory results. The association of hotel-keepers of the region has notified a general boycott against any chocolate maker who does not proceed to the immediate removal of his signs from certain prominent points. The chocolate makers have taken fright and are now busily engaged in removing their signs.

The power of the boycott has been pretty thoroughly instilled into the Swiss mind by the successful tactics of the united automobile clubs of the world, which have forced the recent opening of the Brunig pass.

Doted on Him. The cook was a conversational soul and she confided to her new mistress, on the second day of her misadventure. Now, the mistress' master was a critic of renown; that is, in the winter. In the summer he was a sealer after amusement, so when he heard of the cook's confession he made a bee line for the kitchen porch, where Mary sat peeling potatoes. "Mary, I hear that you love art and literature," was his greeting. "Oh, don't I just!" and Mary threw him a soulful glance. "Then what do you think of Ibsen?" Wicked little devils were dancing a cancan in the master's eyes. "Ibsen?" Mary became thoughtful. "Now, I don't believe I know him." "Oh, you must, Ibsen; now think." Mary's hands flew up in surprise at her own stupidity. "Ibsen, of course, the gentleman who draws the Ibsen girls. Well, I guess I do know him; and I love him, Mr. Brown, simply love him."

Unsympathetic Monkeys. "Monkeys make poor nurses," said a zoo keeper. "When they live near a stream of water and one of the colony becomes sick they invariably toss him overboard. They don't want him around, his signs and groans annoy them so. Here in captivity I have to remove at once any monkey from his comrades' reach. Otherwise they would soon kill him. When they can, well monkeys take a strange joy in tormenting an invalid. They bite the end of his tail, they drag him about, they pinch him. Finally, when he dies, as many as can find room sit on his body, close together, very solemn, as though engaged in some religious rite."

Insisted on Being "Boss." A new "Mark Twain" story is going the rounds. The humorist takes long rides in the country in his auto, and one day the mud was so deep that the machine stuck in it. On a railroad near by an Irishman was being bossed by a gang of Italians. "I called to him," said Mark, "and he brought the whole bunch over to lift the machine out. We clashed right away. The Irishman insisted on bossing the job and I wouldn't stand for it. 'All right,' said the Irishman, and he took his men back to the railroad. There was nothing for me to do but give in. I sat in the car for about an hour and then called for the Irishman to come back. 'Am I to be boss?' he asked. 'You are,' I said. And he was."

Device to Cool a Sick Room. I would like to suggest through your paper to the thousands who are obliged to remain in town—especially those caring for the sick—my plan for cooling the sick room. I place a pad made of a folded piece of old blanket on the stone ledge of the window (which the sun keeps very hot) and keep it wet all day. The rapid evaporation keeps the stone perfectly cool and the air passing over it is perceptibly cooled and gives much relief to the invalid.—N. Y. Times.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

Many Suffer from Maladies Which Exist Only in Their Minds.

Medical papers have just been telling us of still more wonderful cures of non-existent maladies. Burke always fancied that he had something in his throat, and was held by some to have shortened his days by the drastic treatment to which he submitted himself for his imaginary obstruction.

What wonder, then, that a traveler in Abyssinia, seeing one of his native porters bitten by a serpent, should find the man writhing in agony and with every symptom of snake poisoning? The man—must have his way, he really appeared poisoned. With Spartan courage he backed off his hand with a knife, and though he lacked antiseptics, straightway recovered.

When the caravan came across a doctor the hero showed up the latter his mutilated stump and the serpent which had bitten him. The doctor applauded the courage and wisdom of the man, but confided to the latter's master that the mutilation need not have been undergone—the snake was harmless. Imagination had made the native believe himself almost poisoned unto death.

ENGLAND'S REDUCED WINE BILL.

Big Restaurant Company Finds Tea is Hurting Its Profits.

The remarkable extent to which tea is taking the place of wine in England was indicated at the lamentful annual meeting of a great London company, Spicers & Pond, limited, which operates stores, hotels, restaurants, places of amusement, etc.

The bad showing for the year was explained by the steady falling off in the consumption of alcoholic drinks. In 20 years, while the population of the country has increased by 10,000,000, the consumption of wine and spirits has fallen off by \$5,000,000, and the consumption of beer in proportion.

At one restaurant in a single evening only a single bottle of champagne was ordered, while a few years ago 25 or 30 would have been required. The golden stream of profits, it was indignantly said, now flows from the teapot rather than the wine bottle. The railway restaurants have specially suffered.

Civic Pride, Indeed. "Civic pride," said Lincoln Steffens, the noted reform writer, "is all very well in its way. Humility, though, and discontent usually lead to better things than pride and complacency do, and whenever I hear any man boasting overmuch about his city's excellence, I think of the civic pride of an old resident of Peebles."

To this old man, who regarded Peebles as a finer town than Paris, a copy of Shakespeare's works was once loaned. The old man read the immortal plays for the first time. He enjoyed them mightily, and, on being asked what he thought of them, he snatched his knee and said in a loud, enthusiastic voice:

"They're fine. They're glorious. They far surpassed all my expectations. Why, sir, there are not 20 men in Peebles who could have written those plays."

In Praise of Tramps. Jack London, the brilliant novelist, was praising the tramp.

"Many a tramp," he said, "is more intelligent and honorable, and has a harder life, than the average rich man. Tramps are renowned the world over, too, for their humor."

I once knew a tramp named Boston Jack. It is said that Boston Jack knocked on the back door of a farmhouse one July afternoon, and asked for assistance.

The farmer's wife said sharply to him: "Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

"Madam," said Boston Jack, "with-out evading your question, may I ask of what practical utility moss would be to a man in my condition?"

When Poison Has Been Taken. In case of poisoning, empty the stomach at once, using as an emetic mustard in lukewarm water, a tablespoonful of mustard to a cup of water, salt and water, same proportions, or cold water ad libitum. The mechanical resource would be thrusting the finger in the throat or tickling it with a feather. An emetic frequently acts quicker than an emetic in emptying the stomach and bowels. The next thing is to give antidotes, lime water scraped from the walls if you can't get hold of any other form quickly; magnesia, white, rice water, wood ashes, all are effective, but get your doctor on the spot as quickly as possible and follow his directions. Remember, in all these instances prevention is far better than cure.

Tramcars for Consumptives. The idea of utilizing old horse tramway cars for consumptive patients has been carried into practical operation in Leith. In a field with a southern exposure near the Pilton Hospital for Infectious Diseases, four old cars have been stationed. Very little has been done to them. Merely the window-glass has been knocked out on the south side, and one of the seats fitted up for two bunks. On the top of the cars the fixed seats are cleared off and garden chairs placed ready for the patients when the weather is sufficiently favorable to allow of them sitting without shelter.—London Hospital.

CLAIMED EVERYTHING IN SIGHT

Major Was Long on Patriotism but Short on Geology.

The following story of the early days was told by the Hon. T. B. Wilgus. He said: "In the early days of Leadville there was a singular character living by the name of Maj. Martin McGinnis. The major was the important man of the camp; and when any distinguished parties came to the city they were received by Maj. Martin McGinnis and presented with the freedom of the camp on a gold plate. The French government sent three mining engineers over to examine and report upon the mineral deposits of this locality. They were received by Maj. Martin McGinnis, who put them in carriages and took them around the camp. As they were going up California gulch the Frenchmen suddenly jumped out of the carriage and commenced to hammer and chisel upon a large black bowlder that lay alongside the road. The major watched them, gesticulating to one another, and he finally said to the interpreter, 'What do they mean? What are they talking about?' The interpreter said: 'They say that rock don't belong here. The major said, 'The hell it don't. You say to those foreigners that I won't stand for them coming over here and running down our country. Tell them that they can find anything, anywhere in Colorado.'"

"The Frenchmen were right, however, for this black rock was a meteor and had fallen from the skies."—Leadville (Colo.) Herald Democrat.

WIFEY KNEW A THING OR TWO.

Why Hubby's Clever Scheme of Postals Came to Naught.

Smith's wife had gone to the mountains, so he prepared a stack of postals, gave them to his stenographer with instructions to mail one every day, and went to Saratoga with a few friends.

Mrs. Smith got postal No. 1. "Working away at business this hot weather. Miserable without you. "Poor man," she murmured, "he must be lonely."

Next day postal No. 2. "Home seems a queer place. Miss you terribly. "Poor John," said Mrs. Smith, "it's a shame for me to be here enjoying myself while he slaves away in loneliness."

Postal No. 3 came the next morning. "Can hardly live without you. Life a blank." Mrs. Smith packed her trunks and went home.

There was trouble. This year Smith thought he'd be wise. The first postal he left for mailing to his absent wife was: "Getting along splendidly. Having a great time."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Smith. "Next postal: 'Beat time of my life. Stay as long as you like and don't bother about me. I'm all right.' This time Mrs. Smith started home the second time."

When she arrived there was trouble again.—N. Y. American.

Peculiarity of Rivers.

Great rivers which flow from north to south, like the Mississippi, or from south to north, in the southern hemisphere, may empty into seas the surface of which is much farther from the center of the earth than the points at which the rivers rise. In that sense the Mississippi flows uphill, and the elevation which its waters climb is measured in miles, not in feet. The explanation is, of course, that the whirling of the earth on its axis makes its motion much greater at the equator than nearer the poles, and the waters of the oceans are piled up toward the equator, just as water on a grindstone tends to fly off the rim when it revolves rapidly.

Britain Wants Dust of King. Englishmen are now talking about "repatriating" the dust of Richard Lionheart, which has been lying these many centuries in the abbey of Fontevault, near Saumur, in the valley of the Loire, France. Negotiations to this effect are now pending between Sir Francis Bertie, British ambassador at Paris, and the French government, and it is expected that Britain's wishes will be complied with. As long ago as 1869 Lord Derby begged Napoleon III. to permit the removal of the remains to England, but the negotiations were interrupted by the Franco-German war.

Men's Fashion Folly. "Bustles were ridiculous," said an antiquary. "Do you remember the bustle of 1855? It shot straight out from the waist, a broad seat on which, honestly, an adult could have sat. Yes, bustles were ridiculous, but no more so than the tournures of Francis II. The tournures were worn by men. They were bustles—front instead of rear ones. Yes, in the time of Francis II. portliness was considered stately and men tied on tournures or false stomachs in order to achieve an air of dignity."

Truck Farming That Pays. Fourteen thousand dollars net profit on the planting of 35 acres of land is an achievement not to be despised. The crop was potatoes. The average production per acre was a few barrels more than 100. They sold for \$5 per barrel, or a total of \$17,500. They cost a dollar a barrel to put on the market, or \$3,500, leaving a net profit of \$14,000. That is the record made by a Charlestonian, in Colleton county, who is planting truck on lands formerly devoted to rice culture.—Charleston Post.