

GIVEN RARE PLANTS.

Annual Compliment Paid to Congressmen by Government.

One Hundred Choice Varieties Are Selected by Each Member of Congress from the Botanical Gardens.

One of the many choice attentions the government pays to congressmen is the gift of a hundred rare plants every year.

The custom of sending palms and flowering plants to the homes or apartments of members to use in decoration at large social functions is now almost a thing of the past.

As the last of the assignments for this season are being packed the horticulturists look bare and uninteresting after the loss of the many thousands of plants this old custom entails.

BOW LEGS STRAIGHTENED.

Indianapolis Man Submits to Painful Surgical Operation to Correct Deformity.

Lewis Hoen, aged 24, will leave the St. Joseph hospital in Logansport, Ind., in about ten days, having almost entirely recovered from the effects of a singular operation for the correction of bow legs.

At first the surgeons refused, but Hoen showed a liberal supply of money, and stated that if the Logansport surgeons did not want to do it he would go elsewhere.

MODJESKA TO DEIFY CZAR.

The Noted Actress Will Visit Her Native Land Despite Order of Exile.

Mme. Modjeska has returned to her home in southern California after a successful season of 31 weeks in the east. She will not act next season, but instead will brave the czar's edict and visit her native land, Poland.

COSTS A PRETTY SUM.

Detailed Statement Regarding Expenses of United States Paris Exposition Commission.

The detailed statement sent to the senate of the cost of the Paris exposition commission from the date of its organization to December 31, 1899, shows that the total amount paid for salaries was \$167,768, and for traveling expenses \$33,397.

The commissioner general, Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, has received \$11,031 as salary and \$3,734 as traveling expenses, a total of \$14,765.

A Reason for Haste. A four-day ocean greyhound is promised. The object seems to be to hurry the passenger across before he has recovered from his seasickness.

IN SWARMING TIME.

How the Bees Are Then Persuaded to Take Up Their Lodging in a Hive.

"At the Bee-keeper's in Swarming Time" is the title of the following account in St. Nicholas, of the means employed to lure swarming bees into a hive.

"Let us imagine ourselves at a farmhouse far back in the country, where honey-bees are kept and cared for by the old-fashioned method. It is a pleasant forenoon in the latter part of May. The barefooted boy that Whittier told us about rushes across the yard from the old apple tree under which he and his friends have been playing, dashes into the house, breathless in his eager excitement, and loudly shouts:

"Mother, mother; the bees are swarming!" "Now, just why he should be in such a haste is not easily explained; probably the boy himself could not tell; but true it is that the swarming of the bees causes the boy and all others to rush around as nothing else would do but an alarm that the house or barn was on fire.

"The mother needs no second summons. She drops the work in hand, rushes out, and, shading her eyes with one hand, takes a hasty look at the cloud of bees hovering over and around one side of the old apple tree, and excitedly explains:

"Yes, Ned; they're swarming, sure enough! You must run to the barn-let cornfield, and call father and John."

"And away goes Ned, with his playmates trying in vain to keep up with him. "Mother goes back into the kitchen, and makes a mixture of vinegar, molasses and water, with which she soon scrubs the inside of an empty hive, to make the new home sweet and clean for the bees."

"The cloud of bees in the air settles lower and seems smaller as a cluster begins to form on one of the lower limbs of the tree. By this time Farmer Hood and his 'hired man' John have arrived. He first spreads on the ground a sheet that Ned has brought from the house. A small stone is placed on each corner to keep it smooth and flat. John brings the hive from the back of the house, where it has been turned bottom upward toward the sun to 'dry up a little.' It must be just yet—not completely dried out, and right not wet. A rail from the neighboring fence holds the hive in a slant position so that the raised open edge is directly under the cluster.

"When all is ready the farmer advances with one of the poles used in propping up the clothes-line in the back-yard, and the rest go back a short distance. There is a minute or two of breathless suspense, and then he hits the limb with the pole, and turns and runs.

"This is the signal for all to run in various directions. The cluster falls in a solid mass, but almost immediately about half the bees rise into the air, making a cloud of bees all the way from the hive to the limb, on which some settle. A few go in the hive, but often nearly all go back on the limb, and the process of knocking the limb and running away may be repeated several times. If the bees like the hive, fewer go back to the limb each time, and finally the few on the limb leave of their own accord and go into the hive with the others."

BRONCHO IN CHURCH WORK.

Horrible Example of Total Depravity, But Unexcused for Missionary Journeys.

"I have said that the bronco was the best possible horse for missionary journeys, and so he is," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of "A Missionary in the Great West," in Ladies' Home Journal. "He is an ugly, ill-tempered, vicious, cross-grained, underminded, half-starved, sea-bitten, abandoned little beast, and he gives the missionary abundant opportunity to practice the sublime virtue of self-restraint. As a horrible example of total depravity he beats anything that I know of. He is apt to do anything—except a good thing—at any moment. When he appears most serenely unconscious, look out for him, for that is the hour in which he meditates some diabolical action. He bucks when he is ridden and balks when he is driven, but once get him going and he shows his mettle. He can go, and go like the wind, and go all day, and live on one blade of grass and one drop of dew, and keep awake all night—and keep you awake, too—and go again all day, and keep it up until he tires out everything and everybody in competition with him; for when you get him started you can depend upon him. He never gets sick nor breaks down, but he does not believe he ever dies, but it is awfully hard getting him started sometimes."

Humanity in War.

The horrors of war in South Africa have been softened by many acts of magnanimity on both sides, and fierce foes in combat have forgotten animosity when moved by the appeal of human needs. Before the relief of Ladysmith a message went from the camp of the Boers to that of the British, requesting for the relief of men in hospital, a certain kind of medicine which the Boers' medical department lacked. The request was instantly granted. The Boers' confidence in the humanity of their foes was as touching as it was creditable to the British who inspired it.

Reparation.

Mrs. Wiggles—I noticed that your husband put ten dollars on the plate at church Sunday. Mrs. Wiggles—Yes; I noticed it, too. He must have done an awful mean thing in business to somebody last week.—Somerville Journal.

STORY ABOUT A STORY.

A Case of Literary Bunco That Was Worked on an American Magazine.

"The best of literary editors are caught napping occasionally," remarked a bookish gentleman at a news stand to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but it is very unusual to see a high-class periodical bunked so badly as one of the leading American March magazines."

"I had supposed," he continued, "that every well read person was familiar with the pathetic little story of the poor old French count who had fallen on evil days, and, finding himself a guest at a banquet, slipped some dainties into his pocket to carry home to his sick child. Before the party leave the table a valuable diamond which had been passed around for inspection suddenly disappears, and some one present insists that everybody be searched. The count alone refuses, knowing that the ordeal would uncover his store of cakes and bonbons, and, of course, suspicion turns in his direction. Ultimately the diamond is found, so all ends well, and this petty and pitiful tale, which was written by one of the greatest of modern French masters, is certainly almost as widely known on this side of the water as on the other.

"You may therefore imagine my surprise when I opened the current number of one of our big monthlies and found the same story. Identically worked into a New York setting and occupying a place of honor among the fiction. In the new version the poor old count has become a priggish bishop and the sick child is his somewhat shrewish wife. It is hardly necessary to say that the narrative has not been improved by the metamorphosis, but the fragrance of the thing strikes me cold. I would like to know exactly how the manuscript came to be accepted and printed. There must be some interesting facts lurking in the background."

"PAID FOR HIS LEVITY."

The Fresh Young Man Got Factions and Was Charged Accordingly.

There was an oyster famine in Detroit on Good Friday. It was partly owing to the nature of the observance and partly to the fact that the season for these popular bivalves was waning. And, as usual when an article is scarce, there was a great demand for oysters. The downtown restaurants were fairly besieged with orders that they could not fill. It seemed that everybody, including those whose religious leanings impelled them to taboo animal food, was hungry for oysters, says the Detroit Free Press.

At one place the last stew had just been served to a young man who regarded it with suspicion. Gently stirring the milky water with his spoon, he was unable to perceive more than the proverbial lone oyster working there, and he was softly humming "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" when a stylishly dressed young man entered and called for oysters, too.

"There isn't another oyster in the house," he was told, "and I don't believe you'll find any in town." "Say," said the first young man, "now I like to be accommodated, and you may have this stew. I haven't touched it, as it just came off the fire. As a matter of fact, I ordered steak anyway, but I guess I was misunderstood."

"No, thank you," said the stylishly dressed young man, "I'll try somewhere else." He, too, seemed suspicious. Then the young man that had been the victim of circumstances and an oyster famine went on a fishing excursion, using a cracker as a bait. He caught two.

"This is a case of oyster stew, oysters, too, and oysters, too," he remarked, regardless of the feelings of those around him. And the waitress charged him double price for revenge.

An Excuse That Failed.

The making of an apology when one has been in the wrong is not an agreeable thing. A gentleman was to make one to a woman friend, and in order to render the job as light as possible she directed the very, very Irish servant as follows: "Now, if anyone comes, Kate, say I am not at home, and then ask the name; if it is Blank you must invite him in, for I am expecting him, but if it is anyone else excuse me."

That night, says the Louisville Times, the bell rang and the hostess leaned over the banister to hear the confab. It was not Mr. Blank, for she recognized the voice. "Is Miss B— in?" asked the caller. "Yes, sorry; she's in," said the Irish lady. And the gentleman started to take off his hat. "Excuse me, sorry," said the girl, "but are you Mr. Blank, because if you are not you must go away." He wasn't Mr. Blank and he went away in a gale, and the lady has never been able to set matters straight since. As for the Irish lady, she has departed. She was too much of a comedy of errors to have for keeps.

Mount Auburn.

The first of the large country cemeteries of the United States is located in Cambridge, Mass., and was formerly known as "Sweet Auburn." It was consecrated in 1831, and the grounds are extensive and beautiful, being laid out with great taste and containing many fine and costly monuments. It has been commemorated in poetry and story.

One Thing He Does Not Know. Every man knows how mean his acquaintances are, but he is never absolutely sure about himself.—Chicago Daily News.

FUN AT A MOCK CONVENTION.

New England Debating Societies Hold a Political Gathering at Boston.

After four hours of the liveliest kind of work and almost continuous laughing and shouting, the mock convention which the debating societies of New England held at Boston Faneuil hall failed to nominate a candidate for the presidency. Six names were presented to a house of 652 delegates, Bryan receiving 187 votes, McKinley, 133; Roosevelt, 120; Olney, 116; Long, 80, and Thomas B. Reed, 21. Dewey's name was not presented.

A republican platform was adopted, the republican party in the convention having far and away the greater strength, but splitting its vote sadly. An organized attempt to stampede the convention for Long was headed by the Washington state and New Hampshire delegations, but was not carried through.

There were 31 debating societies from colleges, high schools, Y. M. C. A.'s and other organizations represented. Each club's delegates represented a state, but in many of the states the vote was all broken up among the various candidates. The nominating and seconding speeches were all well done, and were marvels of comprehension of national issues. A number of fake telegrams were read from the leading politicians of the country, all expressing sentiments exactly contrary to the man's real belief, and some were so personal as to be almost insulting to the people credited as the writers.

CANNOT LOCATE GRAVE.

Trouble in Placing the Monument for President Lincoln's Mother.

Recent investigation as to the site of the grave of President Lincoln's mother in Spencer county, Ind., has raised a serious doubt as to whether the exact spot can be located when the time comes for the Indiana commission to erect a monument and improve the grounds, and there is much question as to whether the stone that now marks the grave is really over the grave of Mrs. Lincoln.

Some time after the burial of Mrs. Lincoln the bodies of Dr. Cessna and Mrs. Gentry, pioneers of the county, were buried near the grave of Mrs. Lincoln, but for many years no stone marked any of the graves. When the headstone was placed at one of the graves, supposed to be that of the president's mother, there were conflicting opinions regarding which grave contained the body that it was placed in position without a certainty as to the fact.

Since then there has been much discussion of the matter, but no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. Descendants of Dr. Cessna and Mrs. Gentry now live in Spencer and Dubois counties, but none of them are able to say where the bodies were buried, except that the three graves were very close together.

APOLOGIZES TO NETHERSOLE.

Washington Pastor Disclaims Any Intention of Libel on Well-Known Actress.

Rev. Dr. Chalmers Easton, pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian church, Washington, made a statement to his congregation at the close of his sermon the other night with reference to the suit for slander instituted against him a few days ago by Miss Olga Nethersole, the actress. He said in part: "When I quoted the words 'lewd actress' in speaking of Miss Olga Nethersole in the role of Sappho, I had reference not to her personal character, of which I have no knowledge, but to the character of the role she is playing. I had not the slightest intention of denouncing Miss Nethersole's personal character, but that of the persons she impersonated, involving, as it does, a widespread and pernicious influence upon society. This explanation is given so as to be as public as the original discourse."

WORK ON WARSHIPS.

Satisfactory Progress Made in Construction of New Vessels for the Navy.

Favorable progress in the construction of naval vessels is shown in a statement just prepared by Admiral Hitchborn, chief of the bureau of construction and repair. The battleships Keating and Kentucky at Newport News, the protected cruiser Albany at Armstrong's, England, and the torpedo boat Goldsborough, building by Alf & Zwickler, are practically completed, less than one per cent. remaining to be done. Other vessels nearing completion are the battleship Alabama, at Philadelphia, 95 per cent.; battleship Wisconsin, at San Francisco, 91 per cent.; the torpedo boat destroyers Lawrence and MacDonough, at Fore River, Mass., 90 per cent.

HONORED BY THE KHEDIVÉ.

Ethelbert Watts Consul at Jamaica, Given Imperial Order of the Osmanship of Third Class.

Ethelbert Watts, United States consul in Jamaica, has just received information from Cairo that the khedive of Egypt has conferred upon him the Imperial Order of the Osmanship of the third class in recognition of services rendered while he was on the staff of the United States consul general in Egypt. Mr. Watts was recommended for the distinction by the Egyptian minister of foreign affairs, Doutros Pasha. The rules of the United States consular service prevent Mr. Watts from wearing the insignia of the order until his retirement.

LANDING IN DURBAN.

A Place Where Passengers Are Sometimes Compelled to Go Ashore in Baskets.

A novel method of leaving a steamer is in vogue at Durban, in Natal. The originality of the method arises from the peculiar character of the bay, which is a long, landlocked lagoon, connected with the open sea by a narrow channel, which flows between two breakwaters intended to prevent the formation of the bar, and so to maintain free access for ships into the harbor. That bar is the battleground of political parties in Natal. The Bishop of Natal, writing in Good Words, explains that politics turn more on proposals for fighting the bar than on any question of liberal or conservative policy.

In the meantime the bar holds its own, and the mail steamers are too big to get into the harbor. The outside anchorage is a rough and restless place, and nine days out of ten tugs are afraid to lie alongside a gangway. Thus it happens that passengers are driven to the alternative of escaping from the ship by the same method by which St. Paul escaped from Damascus—in a basket.

"We owe gratitude, however, to Empress Eugenie," says the bishop, "for since the day that she came to Natal on her sad errand, the basket has increased its dimensions. It is, in fact, almost as large as the elevator in a London mansion, affording room for three or four people to sit or stand."

In this commodious receptacle the passengers are hauled aloft by a steam crane, and dropped with much care and precision into the tug lying alongside. The sensation of swinging aloft and dropping into that heaving tug must be anything but pleasant.

The above gained, the visitor to Durban has a chance of making the acquaintance of the Natal rickshaw boy, who will gallop him up to the Royal hotel in good shape.

These Zulu boys are good specimens of their race—a race of children. They have tremendous spirits. They would think it very tame to wait their turn for a fare, like the London cabbies. When a traveler comes out of the hotel there is a wild charge of rickshaws across the street. The boys enjoy the race, and shout and leap into the air.

The dress of the rickshaw boy is a picturesque medley. It is a common thing to see one wearing the discarded tunic of a private of an English line regiment, his head covered with a child's or a lady's straw hat, ornamented with tags of lace and tied with a ribbon under the chin. Others affect the ferocious style, and adorn themselves with enormous feathers or a pair of cow's horns tied to their heads.

A PATHETIC STORY.

Related of a Scotch Missionary, Omnivorous Indian, and Church of England.

A very remarkable story was told by Senator Vest, of Missouri, to the Washington Post a day or two ago.

"The most pathetic scene I ever witnessed in my life," said he, "was the outcome of a very singular and curious condition of affairs. Up in British North America there was a tribe of Indians under the control of native sorcerers, and practicing all manner of savage rites. Among other things, these Indians were cannibals. A Scotchman, named Duncan, went among them, and at the risk of his own life civilized them. He taught them every dogma of our religion except the Lord's Supper. His great work had been to win them from cannibalism, to teach them that capturing and then roasting and devouring human beings was barbarous. He was, therefore, afraid to acquaint them with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, because they would, in turn, ask him why it was wrong to eat each other and yet a part of religion to eat their God. He doubted his ability to explain the matter satisfactorily—to their untutored minds, and so for fear that they would regard him as an impostor and return to their barbarous ways, he let the matter rest.

"This was not satisfactory," continued Senator Vest, as he told the story, "so the governor of the province of Vancouver or the bishop of the English church, both of whom demanded that he should either administer the sacrament or else give up his lay ministry in the church. Duncan explained the reasons which had actuated him, but they were not accepted as sufficient. He appealed to the highest authorities of the Church of England, and was overruled. He went back to his Indians and asked them if they would accompany him to Alaska, where they would be under a flag that guaranteed religious freedom. Almost the entire tribe of 1,200 Indians decided to follow him.

"When I was there the Indians were taking the doors off their houses, the ashes from their windows, and their sooty furniture from their rooms, preparatory to sailing away in their great canoes, in order to start life over again in a new country. It was as I have said, the most pathetic scene I ever witnessed. It was more than this," added Senator Vest, speaking with almost vehement emphasis. "It was the most conspicuous example of religious prejudice and fanaticism I have ever known."

His Best Terms.

The plain—What are your best terms for the theatrical profession? Country Hotelkeeper—"Stobs," "Lead-beats," "stiffs" and "lobsters."—Puck.

The Prodigal Son.

The prodigal son always starts out for a lively time and winds up in fast.—Chicago Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

He who gives a piece of his mind has little peace of mind left.—Ram's Horn. Waiter—"We have lamb, spring lamb and 1900 spring lamb." Diner—"What is the difference?" Waiter—"The price, sir."—Town Topics.

The strange thing about the husband who thinks he was roped in is that he always believes he was worth the trouble.—Chicago Democrat.

There is no escape. An Atchison man married a girl who was in an orphan asylum, and has been entertaining her kin ever since he was married.—Atchison Globe.

Patience—"Don't you think Hortense would attract attention in a crowd?" Patrice—"Yes; if somebody yelled 'mice!' she certainly would."—Yonkers Statesman.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for a man who can appreciate their value, but too many men judge both from the beauty of their covering.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Newbridge—"You know, John, you promised to let me have all the plum-money I needed." Mr. Newbridge—"Yes, dear, and you shall have it." Mrs. Newbridge—"O, you sweet thing! Well, I saw a pin to-day with diamonds and pearls in it, and I do want it."—Philadelphia Press.

A Realistic Novel.—Mr. Blazzy—"I've just been reading 'A Sea of Trouble.' How true to life it is!" Mr. Blazzy—"How do you think so? Why, I looked into it and thought it dull. There's no plot, little incident and less interest." Mrs. Blazzy—"Yes; so true to life!"—Brooklyn Life.

AN IMPROMPTU ADDRESS.

Not a Most Unfortunate Circumstance Made It a Lamentable Failure.

A hot presidential fight was just beginning to crackle. One of the two great political parties of a sovereign state was choosing delegates to the national assembly which would nominate a candidate for the chief magistracy. Upon the action of this state much depended, and all over the country telegrams giving the first news of the convention were anxiously awaited, writes H. C. Pearson in Woman's Home Companion.

The spacious hall of meeting was early filled with the miscellaneous assortment of small politicians who usually form the bulk of such a gathering. They were fairly seething with excitement, caused by the knowledge of their momentary importance in the eyes of the nation.

Presently the hum of conversation arising all over the room was varied by a burst of applause which originated near the main entrance and spread through the crowd like fire in dry prairie grass. The cause was not far to seek. The boss himself had arrived, and his followers hastened to greet him with the adulation which was his meat and drink.

Hon. Horton Lloyd advanced down the center aisle, his head and shoulders thrown far back, his right hand inserted in the bosom of his Prince Albert coat, a self-satisfied smile curving the corners of his mouth. As he prepared to seat himself, well toward the front, yet not upon the platform, cries of "Speech! speech!" came from the four corners of the hall.

It seemed a natural and spontaneous outburst, but a little gray man by the side of the boss chuckled quietly as he whispered to his companion: "They do that well, don't they?"

In response to the popular demand the boss mounted the platform and smilingly surveyed the audience as he waited for the tumult to subside. "Gentlemen," said he, when at length he was permitted to proceed, "gentlemen, fellow-members of a great political party (applause), I assure you that my heart is profoundly stirred by the warmth of the welcome you have extended me to-day. (Great applause.) I came here to sit among you and to participate with you in the choice of the men who will voice the sentiment of our state at the convention which will name the next president of these United States. (Tremendous applause.) I did not expect to be called upon to address you to-day, much less did I expect to be the cause of so great a demonstration as has just greeted me. Had I been forewarned I should have forearmed myself by preparing with care a speech as well suited to the dignity and honor of this body as lies within my ability. As it is I can only talk to you from the depth of my heart, speaking as man to man, without forethought of preparation."

Here the boss hesitated for a second, as if to hunt for an impromptu inspiration. There was an expressive hush in the hall, broken suddenly by the shrill voice of a newboy just outside the entrance: "Evening Sentinel! Great speech in full of Hon. Horton Lloyd at the convention this afternoon! Evening Sentinel!"

Vane That Contradicts Nature. One of the big western beef packing houses has an office near the North river, in the upper part of this city. There is a weather vane above the building which is a big gilded steed. It is a pretty weather vane, says the New York Herald, and probably extends to its business all right, but the man who put it up did not know much about the habits of the plains cattle, the remains of which are being sold by the firm that owns the vane. This gilded steed is so arranged that as he turns in obedience to the changes of the wind he faces the direction from which the wind blows. On the plains, during a wind, rain or snow storm all the cattle subjected to its violence invariably turn tail to the wind and bump their backs. There they will stand almost immovable for hours if the direction of the storm does not change, patiently chewing their ends, waiting for the storm to abate.