

HAS FOUNDATION IN ROCK

Remarkable Church in German Town Around Which There Linger Superstitious Tales.

In the quaint old German town of Oberstein an ancient church stands built in the great rock rising from the river. The front of the building is of stone, but the church itself is hollowed out of the rock and penetrates far into its heart. Tradition says that in the fourteenth century the count of Oberstein, one of the old robber barons, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighboring knight. His brother also sought the fair maiden's hand and the two suitors had a violent quarrel. The upshot was that the count flung his hapless brother from the top of his castle wall, high up the precipitous cliff. Repenting of his awful deed, the count vowed that he would build a church where his brother's body first touched the ground. He did so, excavating the church in the rock, and tradition goes on to say a miraculous spring of clear water sprang from the crack as a token that Heaven was appeased. This curious church is now the only Protestant place of worship in the town.—Wide World Magazine.

SEEMED LIKE THE OLD TIMES

Young Man's Visit to Telephone Exchange Was with a Definite Purpose.

A hush fell over the young women in the telephone exchange when they saw him enter. It was not a perceptible hush; the noise of the instruments and of the operators who were engaged in saying "Hello!" kept it from being that.

The visitor was a young man, but his face was full of ennui and other foreign expressions. These all vanished as he heard the din of conversation and machinery about him.

"Who is he?" asked one of the young women.

"Him?"

"Yes."

"Why, he is a man who was once a swell, but he lost his money and his friends. Whenever he begins to pine for his old associations, he comes up here and thinks of old times and feels happy."

"I don't see what he wants to come here for."

"Why, he listens to the noise, and imagines he's at a five-o'clock tea."

Unwarranted Assumption.

A youth from the Horton neighborhood went to Nevada and got a marriage license. He supposed he was the girl's first choice, although he had never come to any "definite understanding" on the subject. The Sunday following the purchase of the license the couple went to church, and during the progress of the service the young man unfolded the certificate and, showing it to the girl beside him, said: "Let's go up after the preacher gets through and get married." The young woman was so shocked that she could not speak for a few moments. Then she told him he had spent his money foolishly and asked that he never speak to her again. The "sympathy of the community" is divided.—Kansas City Star.

Houses of Corncocks.

In certain parts of Europe corncocks are utilized for building purposes. The cocks are taken to a factory, where heavy compresses crush and mold them into blocks of various sizes. Just as bricks are variously molded, these blocks are then bound with wire so as to make them hold together. They are then soaked in tar in order that they may be watertight, and, after this last operation, they are ready for the market.

This product is, of course, much lighter than brick; and they are always dry, which cannot be said of the brick. It is said that the corncock construction affords a good house for the poorer class.

Two-Headed Snake.

We saw with our own sober eye on Wednesday of last week the double-headed young rattlesnake caught a couple of weeks ago on an island in Duck Creek swamp by Messrs. Hafz and Hartog. It was a sure-enough rattlesnake, some six or seven inches long, about the size of the largest part of the body of a pipeworm and beautifully developed. There was a little button on the tail, showing that its age was about a year. For a sight of this great curiosity we thank W. R. Lard.—Branwell People.

He Had a Choice of Churches.

A young man who travels in the west for a local manufacturing firm was telling his friends of his trip. "Last Sunday I was in a little town that boasted one small hotel," he said, "and I asked the landlord where I could go to church."

"Well," he said, "I guess you want to know the different denominations. You can take your choice of what we got. We got a Reformed Presbyterian, an' we got a United Presbyterian an' we got another Presbyterian that ain't neither reformed or united."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Must Deliver the Goods.

"Statenmanship has its cares," said one eminent citizen.

"Yes," replied the other; "when a statesman travels, he has to get up speeches for the people to read, instead of merely sending home post cards."

HIS HURT A FINANCIAL ONE

Little Alfred's Pain Was Apparently Located in the Region of His Pocket.

Under the teacher's chaperonage Alfred's little sisters had twice visited the dispensary where, for the consideration of a quarter each time, they restrained their tears and permitted the doctors to thump their chests and look down their throats. Last Friday Alfred brought the message that he wanted teacher to take him around to the dispensary after school.

"Why, Alfred," she said, "I didn't know you were sick. What is the matter?"

"I hurt," said Alfred.

"Where?"

"Here."

She unbuttoned his little jacket and shirt and examined the region about his heart. So far as she could make out Alfred was quite sound. Nevertheless, she took him to the dispensary. The doctors thumped and punched and applied all manner of instruments, but although Alfred stuck to it that he hurt, they couldn't find out what made him hurt. But when he started home the cause of his indisposition was artlessly revealed.

"I ain't ready to go yet," said Alfred. "Nobody ain't give me a quarter."

IMMENSE STAKE AT HAZARD

Great Fortune That was Won and Lost in a Single Minute of Chance.

No more fateful consequence ever depended upon the spin of the wheel at Monte Carlo than that by which the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia was a winner by \$720,000.

The grand duke, who died at Cannes the other day, was a familiar figure on the Riviera, where he had a beautiful villa, but for the last ten years of his life he never entered the gaming rooms. One night he happened to find himself beside an English peer, a friend of his, who was staking heavily. The grand duke gave as his reason for not playing that roulette was a child's game, at which the limit in stakes was fixed at \$1,200.

"How much," asked his friend, "would you like to put on, then?"

"Twenty thousand dollars each time," replied Michael.

"Good! Then suppose we leave the bank alone and play against one another," hazarded the peer. "Choose a number, and if it turns up I will pay you 36 times your stake. If it doesn't your money is mine."

This course was agreed upon and the grand duke chose number "7." It won and Lord — was the poorer by \$720,000.

A Parisian Circus King.

Charles Franconi has just died in Paris, the last of a long line of famous circus riders. His father, Victor Franconi, was the grandson of Antonio Franconi, who having killed a Venetian patrician in a duel at Venice by a clever fencing stroke was exiled and came to France, under Louis XV. When in Paris in 1793 he bought Astley's English circus, then in the Faubourg du Temple, and made the place a rendezvous of fashion during the Revolution and the First empire.

The Franconis after that, from father to son, ran circuses in the Champs Elysees and other parts of Paris, and for several generations they were the circus kings of Paris. The last Franconi circus disappeared only a few years ago when it was turned into a cinematograph theater. Charles, the father of Victor Franconi, was so well-known and brilliant a rider that he was commissioned by Napoleon III. to break in his saddle horses for him.

He Wanted Water.

John F. Wallace, the first chief engineer of the Panama canal construction under the American regime, tells the following, says the New York Press.

"There was a deacon in Georgia who had been slighted by the campaign committee during a vigorous campaign for prohibition. One night he was called upon to speak. He still smarted from the committee's previous neglect, and when he rose to speak he said:

"Brethren, I have searched the Holy Writ carefully and I have found but one reference to water as a beverage. "On that occasion the one who referred to it was in hell, where he deserved to be. And he, Dives it was, only asked for a drop of it!"

Independence of a Turkish Princess.

The young Princess Chadye, daughter of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, has refused to accept Ali Namih Bey, son of the ex-grand vizier, to marry whom she was recently brought from Salonica to Constantinople.

She has written to the papers protesting that she was not consulted in the matter, and the papers have published her letter. The princess is only 16 years of age, but she has displayed so much energy in this affair that in order to avoid scandal an official communication has now been made to the press announcing that the engagement has been broken off.

An Eternal Reason.

"You seem to be awfully bitter against old Rusby. What's the cause?"

"Oh, a money reason."

"I didn't know you had any business dealings with him."

"I don't. I hate him because he has more money than I have."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MAN CAN BE TOO HUMBLE

Sentiment All Right Before Marriage, But After That Should Be Forgotten.

No man ever yet got married without proclaiming humbly, at least to his personal friends, that he had found a girl who was too good for him, and in a sense he is usually right. Nevertheless, to proclaim it is a left-handed self-compliment, for if he selected a girl who was not good enough for him it would not speak very well for his judgment, good taste and self-respect. Of course, such a statement is usually moonshine, and yet withal a perfectly proper ante-nuptial frame of mind.

It should not be overly persistent, however. Unless a man gets over the feeling that his wife is better than he is there will be trouble sooner or later. A team to trot along steadily and without friction must be evenly matched. To insure a happy married life it must be discovered reasonably soon after the ceremony that one mate is just as good as the other. That ought to be admitted whether it is or not, for the same inconsistency which will cause a man to marry a girl who is too good for him will cause him to divorce her because she is not good enough. On the other hand, if she is really too good she should keep it to herself, for he will be sure to think she is not good enough if she insists upon being considered too good.

Anyway, comparisons are odious. As a matter of fact, no woman is too good for the man she consents to marry.

WIRELESS IN ONE MINUTE

Uncle Sam's Trained Men Can Put Up Working Portable Station in That Time.

"There is no other country with a trained squad of men possessed of apparatus which can be taken from a wagon, set up and put in operation, capable of sending a wireless message 25 miles and occupying one minute and eight seconds only from the time of command. 'Halt, open station!' to the first buzz of the wireless wave producing spark," says Popular Mechanics.

"There is more to opening a wireless station than hauling the apparatus from the wagon. It means erecting a mast 40 feet high, spreading for 150 feet each four stranded wires which perform the double purpose of holding up the mast and of serving as the antennae of the wireless set, spreading another smaller set of insulated wire at the base of the mast for a 'ground' and connecting the instruments and the source of power.

"When the first portable wireless was made in this country a few years ago a 50-foot mast was required, demanding a complicated system of guys, a troublesome ground and several hundred feet radius of clear space for the erection of the station. The writer well remembers seeing the first tests of erecting this mast at Fort Myer, Va., and thinking that a hostile force would have little trouble finding time to demolish such an outfit during the three-quarters of an hour it took to get it in working order."

Twelve Minutes Saved.

"Experience," said Mark Twain in the smoking room of the Bermudian, "makes us wise, but it also makes us hard. Consider the old, experienced man in the busy restaurant. He took a seat, looked round him and, pointing to a well-dressed gentleman who had not yet been served, he said to the waiter:

"Waiter, how long has that gentleman been here?"

"About 12 minutes, sir," the waiter answered.

"What's his order?"

"Porterhouse and French fried, sir, with mince pie and coffee to come."

"The old man, hardened by experience, slipped a quarter in the waiter's hand."

"Waiter, he said, 'I'm in a hurry. Put on another porterhouse and bring me his.'"

An Old Racing Town.

Lincoln, England, where the "sad diting bell" which is not a saddling bell "rings" today on "the Carholme," which is not Lincoln, for what is not "the opening of the racing season," has had a long connection with the turf.

King James I. held "a great horse race on Lincoln heath" in 1617 and probably paid the jockeys with long speeches delivered half in Latin and half in Caledonian. Possibilists who assert that our present day "sprints" tend to equine decadence will be surprised to learn that the course on that occasion was only "a quarter of a mile."—London Chronicle.

Hooked a Big Turtle.

L. L. Betts, John Miller and H. J. Saxon made one of the most remarkable fishing catches yesterday ever recorded, says the Miami News-Record. The gentlemen went out on the yacht La Poupee and while trolling about Mr. Betts hooked into a 150 pound log gerhead turtle.

The monster put up a game fight and for fully two hours it was nipped and tuck between turtle and man, but the man triumphed, as nearly always he does, and his turtleship was hauled aboard and brought to port. The capture of the turtle is remarkable first because they seldom take a hook and second because Mr. Betts had only a light rod and reel and slender tackle and was not prepared to undertake such a "killing."

ADVICE FOR NERVOUS MAN

Seek Relief in Work, Says One Who Has Found It to Be Successful Cure.

The famous Harvard geologist, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who died about four years ago, was a man of singularly wide range and vivacity of conversation. In a single hour, says a correspondent of the New York Nation, he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of the fossiliferous, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him, and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not overbusy.

"No," he replied. "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home, and ever since I've been trying to work it out."

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion—apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity school how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly-graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity.

After a moment's thought, the professor said, in substance:

"Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners. Possibly you'll know more about men than you do now."

The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahrs.

SYMPATHY NOT IN ORDER

Most People Will Agree That Ungenerous Woman Got Merely Her Just Deserts.

It seems a pity to attempt to point out the moral of the following story, for its lesson so much depends on the experience of the individual reader. A gentleman, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, wished to make his wife a present of a lace scarf, but had no desire to pay an extravagant price.

"I want you to buy a new lace scarf for Cousin Amelia," he said to his wife. "Choose something nice—something you would get yourself."

The wife, however, had her own ideas as to generosity in buying presents, and the purchase, when she made it, consisted of a very simple article.

"H'm!" said the husband. "Is that what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"Exactly!" she replied.

"Well, my dear, keep it. I meant it for you!" he exclaimed, with an amiable smile.

A Nice Calculation.

Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be sold for two popular concerts. They wanted tickets for both nights, but alas! those for the second evening were all gone. This was the more popular entertainment of the two.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We did want to go, didn't we, and we wanted to go both nights?"

"You couldn't give us two tickets for each night?" inquired the other, of the clerk.

"No, ma'am."

"You haven't two seats anywhere for the second night?"

"No, ma'am. Couldn't give you nose room."

A great resolution beamed upon her gentle face.

"Then," said she firmly, "give me four tickets for the first night. We will make them do."

"Why, sister," quavered the other, "you going to invite somebody?"

"No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights—" She paused, bewildered, quite out of her calculation. Then a happy thought struck her, and she added, "We'll go twice the first night."—Youth's Companion.

Just Exchanged Hats.

"I heard an entirely new one to me the other day," said a man who hears all kinds of queer things in his business. "I was standing near the telephone booths at the Grand Central when a woman began to talk to a friend, apparently uptown. She said that a friend of hers was coming to New York in a few days and didn't want to go to a hotel."

"I hear you are going to Chicago," she said. "Well, my friend has a nice flat on the Lake Drive and just like yours, with a good servant. Why don't you two swap. You take her flat while you are in Chicago and let her take yours." And the uptown woman seemed delighted with the arrangement.—New York Sun.

Would Be More Popular.

If the ladies' tailors will make it the fashion for a woman to wear dresses she can put on without the help of her husband, the cook and a monkey-wrench, they will be popular with the fellows who pay the bills.—Washington Times.

TURNED TABLES ON ROOT

Secretary's Familiar Little Remark Didn't Seem as Funny as It Used To.

Senator Dewey told a little story on himself and Senator Root in his speech at the dinner in Washington to Mr. Root by the New York Republican congressional delegation.

"When Root was secretary of state," said Senator Dewey, "I went over to see him and asked him if he couldn't do something for me in the line of consular appointments. He said: 'Senator, I'm sorry, I would like to do something for New York, but (and Mr. Root picked up a paper from his desk) I see that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent!'"

"Well," continued Senator Dewey, "I kept going to see Senator Root for a year. Every time I went to see him he would remind me that New York's quota was exceeded by 14 per cent. Finally I said: 'Mr. Secretary, I think you're a great statesman, but your mathematics are inclined to be automatic.'"

"After Mr. Knox became secretary of state," Senator Dewey said, when the laughter had subsided. "Senator Root went up to see him about consular appointments. 'I'm sorry,' said Mr. Knox, 'but (and he turned to a document file) I find that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent!'"

BOY'S LOVE OF ADVENTURE

Not the Slightest Reason for Alarm If He Looks Forward to the Life of a Pirate.

The love of adventure is an expression of boyhood's abounding vitality; there is always hope for the boy who looks forward to being a pirate and carrying the Jolly Roger through the seven seas—provided that at the same time his mind is making acquaintance with other aspects of life which may finally prove almost as desirable as piracy, declares a writer in the Delinquent.

A child's nonsense is his mind's play and safety valve, which may be developed into a sense of humor that will help to keep him sane, or degenerate into a mere habit of foolish and cruel practical joking. His curiosity may prove a key wherewith to unlock stores of wisdom, or a means of purveying base and even vile things to his mind, while his sentiment—and we may be sure that it is present in the average boy's strangely assorted spiritual baggage—may sink to a sentimentality which shall sap his manhood or be refined into an attribute of honor and devotion.

Baby "Owns" All Holland.

It is questionable whether there is a royal child so adored as the little Princess Juliana of Holland, whose birth set all hearts at rest in that little kingdom. It is painful to think of the disruption of the state had Wilhelmina remained childless, but now all, from the mother to the humblest subject, are blest indeed. The little princess is nearly eight months old, is and has been from the first a vigorous and promising child; the queen is said to exercise the most constant and jealous oversight of everything that pertains to her welfare. The cutting of the first tooth of the little princess was known all over Holland as soon as it was through and inquiries as to its health and its growth in every way, mentally as well as physically, is of the greatest importance. It is noted as an instance of the kindness of heart of the queen that when the child was baptized all of the queen's former instructors were present. They are now white-haired men, but greatly gratified to be so remembered.

Kossuth Disciple's Wealth to Poor.

A few days ago, at the age of 82, there died at Zombor, in Hungary, one of Kossuth's followers named Stefan Komjovits, who had always led an eocentric existence and had been regarded as a man of merely moderate means. But on his death his will showed that he was one of the richest men in his province and had hoarded his wealth chiefly for the purpose of distributing it at his death in benefiting his fellow citizens.

His bequests include 80 morgen of land and 60,000 kronen for an institute for the blind, 200 morgen and 400,000 kronen for a school, 1,200 morgen and 30,000 kronen for a cadet training institution and 250,000 kronen for a church.

Two hundred and fifty thousand kronen was left to a priest, his servant and stewards receive 200,000 each, and 120 other persons 3,000 kronen each.—Lokal Anzeiger.

A Bit of Negro Humor.

Robert Edeson tells the following story of a negro servant that is worth repeating:

One day last summer, Mr. Edeson noticed that Lindy was in an unusually good humor while doing her work—singing all the time. He called her in the room and saw she was arrayed in colors that would have shamed Solomon, including as they did all the bright hues of the rainbow.

"Lindy," said he, "why are you so happy to-day?" This evoked the reply: "Marse Bob, I just buried my fourth husband yesterday." "You did," said Mr. Edeson. "Well, it seems to me that it would be more befitting you to array yourself in garments of a somber hue."

"Dat's alright," said Lindy, "but I'm one of dese folks dat carries dese griefs in de heart instead of on dere clothes."—Utica Observer.

"SETTLER" FOR THE ORATOR

Boy's Question Ended the Speechmaking, and Almost Put Stop to Banquet.

Daniel H. Grady, the brilliant young Portage lawyer, comes to Milwaukee almost every week, and usually has at least one new story to tell, says the Free Press of that city. This is the last one Mr. Grady passed out for the delectation of a group of Democratic politicians.

Col. "Jim" Burke of Mauston, was an enthusiastic Irishman, and an orator who belted in using "the floor" as long as he could keep it on the rare occasions when his fellow townsmen permitted him to make a speech. The colonel responded to the toast, "The Emerald Isle" at a big St. Patrick's day banquet some years ago, and he made good his ancient reputation as a long-distance talker. After recalling the history of Ireland during all the distressful centuries with close attention to details, the speaker paused for breath. The audience was glad of the respite.

"And now I've told ye a few of the great evints of the glorious history of the ould sod," said the colonel, mopping his brow. "Is there anny wan who wishes to ask anny questions?"

A little lad at the far end of the room stood up timidly.

"If O'm not out of abrdar," he piped shrilly, "O'm not out of abrdar, O'd loike to ask just wan question."

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'd be happy to answer if I can."

"Well, thin," said the lad, "would ye be so kind as to tell me what toime o' the night of the marin' it is?"

The band struck up the "Wearin' o' the Green" to head off the incipient riot.

BETTER THAN GOLDEN EGGS

Figures Prove That Product of Prize Hen Was Far Greater Than That from Fabled Goose.

Recently a hen was exhibited at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and took all the prizes as the best of her kind. So important did she grow in the estimation of the holders that her owner was offered \$10,000 for her but refused it. At about this time the hen laid an egg and, that it might be evident that she was a producer as well as a show bird, her owner allowed the product of her labor to remain in the pen with her. This was a tactical blunder, for the egg was purloined shortly and has not been seen since.

Now there is a well-known story to the effect that a goose of the dim and distant past once laid a golden egg. Taking it that the historian was sure of his facts, this goose of fame has no such claim upon renown as has the Wilkesbarre hen. Here is a bag of gold containing \$10,000 in the treasury at Washington which visitors are allowed to lift to get the idea of just how heavy that much money is. It weighs something like thirty pounds. Now, if the egg of this hen, with the prospect of being hatched into a creature as valuable as the parent, is estimated as being worth one-tenth as much as she is, the stolen egg would be worth \$1,000—which amount of money would weigh three pounds or as much as two dozen eggs. So the egg of the Pennsylvania hen is worth 24 times as much as the greatly-touted goose egg and deserves fame in accordance.

Big Turtle Caught with a Light Rod.

L. L. Betts, John Miller and H. J. Saxon made one of the most remarkable fishing catches yesterday ever recorded. The gentlemen went out on the yacht La Poupee and while trolling about Mr. Betts hooked into a 150-pound loggerhead turtle.

The monster put up a game fight and for fully two hours it was nipped and tuck between turtle and man, but the man triumphed, as nearly always he does, and his turtleship was hauled aboard and brought to port. The capture of the turtle is remarkable, first, because they seldom take a hook, and second, because Mr. Betts had only a light rod and reel and slender tackle and was not prepared to undertake such a "killing." It was skilled manipulation of the reel more than anything else that made the capture of the turtle possible.—Miami News-Record.

"The Old Man in the Belfry" Is Dead.

John Denham, known for many years as the "old man of the belfry," and for 40 years elder and trustee of the Church of the Sea and Land, is dead. He was a familiar figure on the East Side, and his time was solely devoted to the amelioration of the lot of the poor. Mr. Denham was born in Scotland in 1826, and came to New York in 1860, working for many years thereafter as a tailor. He became a elder and trustee of the church, and when he retired from business, fifteen years ago, he took up his residence in the belfry of the building, so that he might be near the needy persons in the neighborhood.—New York Post.

Table Rapping New Fad.

"What in the world is that noise?" asked a visitor as a continuous dull thumping sounded just over her head. "That is the family above us," said the hostess. "They are interested in psychical research, and are making a table rap, as they often do of an evening. Yes, it is quite annoying, but they are good neighbors and we don't complain. The two daughters of the house are quite expert in this line and last week a society woman hired them to entertain her guests for an evening. They tell me it was a great success."