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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1900.

VOL. LXV. NO. 17

THE MESSAGE.

A bird is working all day long,
Beside my window in the tree,
And, holding, sings a happy song.
A song that has a note for me!
The wind and rain at night destroy
The work of yesterday, but joy
And God upon his throne may know
That from the joyful bird
The message that he sends abroad
Has happily been heard!
—S. E. Kiser.

My Fight With "Jacko" The Ape.

BY SAM BOLTON.
The Author is an Officer of a Well-Known Canadian Liner.
The Adventure Took Place Nine Years Ago.

I was only an apprentice boy at the time and was just 16 years old. I was not very big nor exceptionally strong, but just about the right size and sufficiently strong to make a fairly even match for "Jacko," an Indian ape, in the terrible fight we had, some eight years ago, one moonlight night in the middle of the Bay of Bengal.

Jacko, a fine specimen of the larger species of brown-haired Indian ape, had been presented to our skipper in Calcutta by a friend of his. Our ship was the Queen of England, a fine rigged steel vessel of 2070 tons, then sailing between Liverpool and Calcutta.

When standing upon his hind feet the ape's height must have been about 3 feet 6 inches. Not very tall, you might say, but anyone who knows the extraordinary strength of these animals and their wonderful agility will know that he was quite tall enough to be a formidable creature for a 16-year-old boy to encounter single-handed.

Somewhat Jacko, who was docile enough with any of the other men, seemed to have taken an especial dislike to me, and I could never pass him without being treated to a vicious "coo-oo," and a succession of wild leaps, any of which would have lifted him right upon me but for the sudden tautening of his chain, which, tugging at his neck, invariably "threw" him up his leap in a disgraceful way, as it twisted him suddenly round and brought him sprawling ignominiously on the deck. He was, during the fine weather, usually tethered to a ring-bolt at the fore end of the No. 3 hatch. Between this hatch and the main firerail was a goodly space of open deck, where was no other obstruction but the main deck capstan—a high "patent purchase" affair, with a double top—which stood amidships.

On the night of my set-to with Jacko we were somewhere about the middle of the Bay of Bengal. A light moonoon just contrived to bely out each sail and heal our ship over about five degrees or so. A fine, clear night it was, with a bright full moon above and a mill-pond ripple on the sea around.

The watch on deck had coiled themselves—as is the general custom in fine weather—along the deck to the lee side of the house, where, handy for any call, they snored in their sleep. The only hands aboard with their eyes open were the lookout man, away forward in the foremast, and the mate, who sat on the main firerail. I turned to go to leeward, and utterly forgetful of the presence of Jacko, walked sleepily past the capstan. The ape awoke, perceived me, gave his usual vicious "coo-oo" and sprang into the air towards me. Accustomed to these impotent leaps, I stood motionless, hands in pockets, awaiting the usual absurd ending of the performance.

This time, however, the chain snapped close to his neck, and almost before I was aware of the fact, the brute fell from the mainmast, and came flying through the air, and he was upon me.

He alighted fairly upon my shoulders, I staggered to leeward under the sudden weight and fell into the scupper, at the same time warding off with my arm his ugly face from mine. Brute-like, he seized that part of my body nearest his jaws and bit, fiercely, deep into my left shoulder; then, springing suddenly from me, he leaped into the main rigging, swarmed aloft, and stopped, a dozen or so rats high, to grin and "coo-oo" at me. During the whole time of this extraordinary struggle which followed I made no sound with my lips—why I do not know. And yet I was mightily scared of the ape. I fancy it was the suddenness of the attack, which gave me no time even to think of calling for help and awakening my shipmates.

Jumping to my feet excitedly, I stood upon the deck, with fists clenched and in a boxing attitude, awaiting Jacko's next spring. Except for the ape's low chuckling "coo-oo," we made no sound. I was barefooted, so that even my footholds were noiseless. Had I run, Jacko in all probability would have left me alone, but seeing me standing somewhat defiantly in his accustomed place, he accepted my attitude as a challenge.

He came stealthily and cautiously down the rigging to the top-gallant rail, watched me with a keen eye from there, and then swarmed the royal buckety to a height of about 15 feet—never taking his eyes off me all the time. Here he stopped and commenced to shake the buckety violently. But apparently seeing the uselessness of wasting his strength in this way, he presently stopped, then leaped into the air, and I saw his shapeless body, extended arms and doubled-up legs outlined in the moonlight as he descended towards me.

Stepping aside to avoid him, I hit him as he fell somewhere about the chest with my clinched fist. The blow changed the course of his fight, and his body struck with a thud against the corner of the hatch. Thinking I now had him at my mercy, I sprang upon him and seized him by the black

skin at his throat. I had reckoned, however, without a knowledge of the brute's astonishing strength. He put out his arms and clasped the back of my neck, and with all his strength endeavored to force me to him, gripping my waist at the same time with his powerful hand-like feet.

With Jacko clinging to me I fell heavily to the deck. For some moments we lay there panting, but motionless. His strength was such that my arms fairly ached with the effort to keep his formidable jaws from me as I lay there watching his hideous face and teeth. His nails dug deep into my neck; his teeth gave vicious snaps in the air; I could hear his breath forcing its way through his throat, which I had tried to grip as I held on to the skin around it. We must have lain there some three or four minutes when Jacko suddenly threw himself backward, wrenched his throat from my hand, and leaped upon the capstan to consider the next round.

Without giving me time to rise, however, he sprang at me again and seized my left arm with his hands and teeth. Usually when a monkey bites he gives a quick snap, and springs away grimed at his deed, for the average simian is an arrant coward. Jacko, however, departed from this custom, for he buried his teeth deep in my left forearm, and with the tenacity of a bulldog, kept them there.

I beat his face with my free hand and tugged his head on the deck, but all to no purpose. I had no waistcoat or jacket on, and my shirt sleeves were rolled up, so that he had the bare flesh to work upon. I staggered from him to my feet, and actually carried him to the hatch where, forcing him upon his back, I beat his body frantically with my free fist. So close, however, did he cling to me with his feet that my blows told with little effect.

Seeing this, I raised the big ape before me and holding my left arm with my right hand, rushed towards the capstan to the hatch; then, swift as lightning, he turned and leaped back again—a leap of some 14 feet from a hatch at least two feet lower than the capstan itself. From the capstan he jumped to the main firerail, thence across the deck to the lee rigging and, lastly, back to the capstan again.

I followed his every movement, determined not to let him get behind me. Apparently perceiving this, the ape changed his tactics. He came leaping down from the capstan and crawled slowly and deliberately along the deck towards me, until at length he stopped within a fathom's length of my feet.

Then he bounded upward and again landed fairly upon me. He gripped my throat in a manner that was almost human in style and intention. He clasped his strong hind legs around my waist, and made a vicious snap at my face with his awful jaws. I ducked my head, barely in time to save my features, and his teeth snapped in my left forearm. He was torn out. Fearful for my face, I put up my right hand to grasp his throat, my left arm having by this time become some what numbed from the effects of his savage bites. My hand strayed, however, as he dodged it, and it went between his teeth. He bit cruelly, and one of his molars went clean through, opening a vein from which the blood commenced to spout in an alarming manner.

The fight now became a wrestling match, while no other sound came from either of us save the hiss of our panting breath and the patter of my bare feet. We struggled frantically to and fro upon the deck. The blood spouting from my hand spread over Jacko's hairy head, neck and face, until he became a ghastly sight. I felt myself growing weaker from the loss of blood, while my powerful enemy appeared to be growing rapidly stronger. We staggered against the main firerail. With my growing weakness came upon me—fear of the horrible disfigurement my features would forever show should I become too weak to keep the ape's jaws from off my face.

Now the firerail was studded with iron belaying pins, placed there for the purpose of belaying the crossjack braces. One of these, luckily, was free. I put up my left arm and with it forced Jacko's head against the wooden rail, then seizing the iron belaying pin with my free hand, I raised it aloft and brought it down upon Jacko's brow with all the strength I could muster.

The second mate, wondering why I had not returned to report upon the side lights, and thinking I had probably sat down somewhere and gone to sleep, came down the poop ladder bringing with him one of the poop buckets; these, by the way, were always kept hung up at the fore part of the poop, and in hot weather were kept filled with water to prevent the wood from becoming too dry. It was the mate's unkind intention to rouse me in the time-honored fashion by creeping stealthily along the deck, he came to the main firerail, where he saw the moonlight a sight which caused him to change his intention.

This Year's National Conventions

Meet in Splendid Auditoriums.
Details about the Republican, Democratic and Populist Gatherings.



REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Final arrangements for the political national conventions which will signalize this year have been made. The Republicans will meet in Philadelphia on June 19th, the Democrats will gather at Kansas City on July 4th and

appointed sergeant-at-arms of the Republican National Convention, is a man of acknowledged ability for organization and executive work. In the handling of political conventions he is already experienced, having been assistant sergeant-at-arms of the Republican National Convention of Chicago in 1888, at Minneapolis in 1892 and in St. Louis in 1896. Mr. Wiswell is a Wisconsin man by birth, and is now forty-eight years old.

Convention Hall, Kansas City, where the National Democratic Convention will be held July 4th, is situated at Thirteenth and Central streets, four blocks from the retail district of the city. It has been classed by travelers as one of the largest and most perfectly constructed auditoriums in existence.

The building was erected at a cost



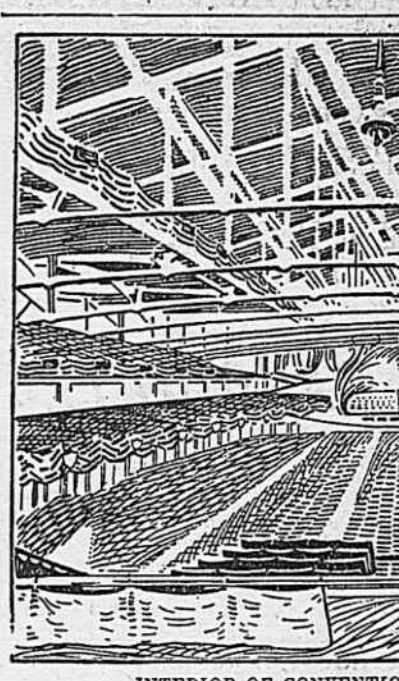
HALL FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, KANSAS CITY.

of \$225,000, which was raised entirely by public subscription. It occupies a piece of ground 314 by 200 feet in extent, is two stories high and is built of native stone, cream brick and terra cotta. The first story is of the Renaissance style of architecture, and the second story is of Peristyle form, with groups and columns. The building is of bridge construction, without a column, the roof being supported by great steel girders that span its 300 feet of breadth. Its general seating arrangement is modeled



G. N. WISWELL, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

arcades and connecting buildings are mostly of wood, with brick walls, so that the three connected buildings make one mammoth exhibition hall of 1000 feet in length by 400 feet in width. The entire area of the main building is 167,200 square feet. It is divided into six sections, which can be readily converted into one vast auditorium, the length of which, instead of extending north and south,



INTERIOR OF CONVENTION HALL IN KANSAS CITY.

as at present, will, with the side wall taken out and the hall enlarged, extend east and west.

The body of the hall will seat 2000 persons. The number of delegates and alternates will be more than 1800. That leaves room on the main floor for 200 persons—deputy sergeant-at-arms, doorkeepers and guests.

Rising on three sides of the hall are tiers of seats which will hold 1000 guests more. The stage could be made to accommodate say 200 to 300 persons. But the committee hope to have 600 newspaper correspondents, as well as the officers of the convention and distinguished guests.

The sergeant-at-arms suffers most under the new order of things. He will be bombarded with applications for tickets which he cannot fill, and every delegate is going to hold him responsible for his disappointment.

The sergeant-at-arms will be overruled with applications for appointment, because a badge will admit the wearer to the floor of the hall. When he tries to fit 10,000 visitors and claiming citizens into 500 seats he will find his office most unbecomingly full.

The organized bodies which attend national conventions will be bitterly disappointed in the Convention Hall arrangements at Philadelphia. Their favorite performance is to march into a hall headed by a brass band and

somewhat upon the plan of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The floor space is divided into arena, arena balcony, balcony and roof garden, boxes skirting the arena and the arena balcony. The stage is situated in the center of the arena. The total seating capacity is nearly 20,000, and with standing room the building is

Franklin's retirement from active printing did not lessen his interest in his trade, and every possible improvement in the art received attention from him. Nothing proved better the printer's attachment for his calling than an amusement of his during his diplomatic service in France. In his own home he set up a press and types, all of which he or his servants cut, and with them occasionally printed little bagatelles and skits of both his friends' writing and his own, usually in very small editions. These "printing materials, consisting of a great variety of fonts," he brought with him on his return to America, and sold "fifteen boxes of type" to Francis Childs, the New York printer, and still more to Matthew Carey. It was at his own request that the printer of the book, Benjamin Franklin Baobe, in "business as a printer, the original occupation of his grandfather."

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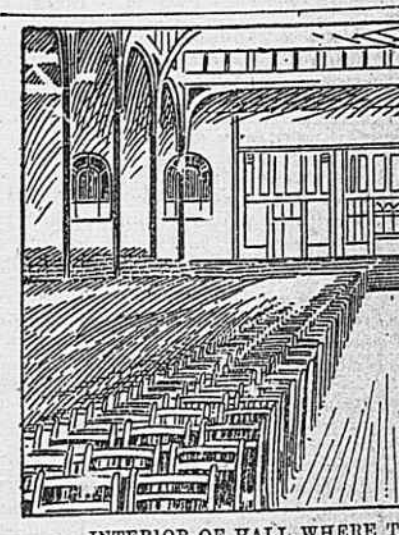
SIoux FALLS AUDITORIUM IN WHICH POPULISTS WILL MEET.

capable of holding more than 22,000 people. The arena alone seats 4000. To each side of the arena and under the first balcony are numerous committee rooms, which have their separate street entrances. The building has no stairways, the upper galleries being reached by means of inclined planes. Separate exits are used for

South street, Philadelphia, is one of the strangest in the world. This is due to legislation by the ancient Quakers, who managed the affairs of the city when South street was one of the most important in Philadelphia. Laws were then enacted that sidewalk vendors, street-keepers, wagons containing produce and open-air cinders could only use one side of the street for such purposes six months in the year. Thus from April to September, the south side of the street is well-nigh impassable, while the other six months it is deserted.

A Misnomer.
"Liberty Park" is the name of what was meant to be a pleasure resort in a certain Georgia town. A coroner's inquest was held for an after-noon's recreation, writes:

"Two policemen were stationed at the gate. On entering, I was confronted with the following signs:
"Keep off the grass."
"Fifty dollars fine for breaking the shrubbery."
"One hundred dollars fine for interfering with the animals."
"Fifty dollars fine for carrying your initials on a tree."
"Fifty dollars or two months in jail, for loitering around after the gates are closed."
"Twenty-five dollars for spitting on the gravel walk."
"Ten dollars, or thirty days, for eating lunch on the grass."
"God bless us all!" exclaims our patriotic correspondent, "and save us from 'Liberty Park.' I was glad that I escaped with my life. One of my companions is still missing; but I dare not venture back to institute a search for him!"—Atlanta Constitution.



INTERIOR OF HALL WHERE THE REPUBLICANS WILL MEET.

with banners flying. There will be no room at Philadelphia for any brass band except the one hired to fill the paces between the speeches. George N. Wiswell, who has been

"DOLLARS MEX."

The Common Currency of a Great Part of the Far East.
Reports of recent military operations in the Philippines include statements that the American troops have captured from the insurgents so many thousands of Mexican dollars. Such statements must not be interpreted as mere verbal artifices to magnify the importance of the exploit by using a small unit of value in reckoning the booty. The public are thoroughly familiar by this time with the distinction so common among the Americans at Manila between "dollars Mex" and "dollars gold," and the fact that one of the former is worth less than half one of the latter, but the treasury of Aguinaldo was, in all probability, stocked neither with paper money nor with coins of the United States mints, but with actual Mexican silver dollars.

The actual Mexican dollar is, in fact, the popular currency, not only of the Philippine Islands, but also to a large extent of the Chinese coast, of the Malay Archipelago, and outside of such great mercantile centres as Singapore, of the Straits Settlements, as well as of Japan. Hong Kong and Canton have in general fallen in line with the pecuniary habits of the British colonists and traders, and Japan has a very convenient currency of her own, in harmony with advanced western ideas. But the yellow races of the East, as races, have taken a strong fancy to the white metal of Mexico.

The persistence in the preference is more easily understood than the manner in which the preference first gained its hold. A New York financier explained the original fact partly on aesthetic grounds. "The design of the Mexican dollar," he said, "is a bold and striking one, and it impressed those Orientals from the time the coin first began to circulate among them. That I suppose, was more than 50 years ago. At that period there was very little trade between this country and the Philippines or any of those far Eastern regions. Of course, among the population of the islands, the natives not being in an advanced stage of commercial civilization, the convenience of English small change was not apparent. Not being informed of the financial stability of the British Empire, they could not be expected to appreciate the stamp that gives the shilling and the penny value; what they did appreciate was the brightness and the weight and purity of the Mexican dollar, as well as the imposing appearance of it.

"As to how the demand came to be so well supplied, that is easy to understand when you remember that 'most of the silver in the world was then produced in Mexico, and that the coinage of it was free and unlimited. As the traders in the far East wanted Mexican dollars, it was to the interest of the Mexican mines to export their output in that form, and it cost them nothing to have the same metal stamped. They were only too glad to keep the coining of their dollars down below the point of glittering the market; in other words, it would have been possible to ship so much coined silver to the East, either direct through London or through London by way of New York, that the premium on it would fall.

"There is a premium on the Mexican silver dollar in that part of the world even now. Here, for instance, is a cable from Manila, dated Jan. 12, which quotes the Mexican dollars at 42 1/2 cents of gold. According to the current price of silver, the Mexican dollar was worth at the above date 44 cents. The difference is accounted for by local preference for Mexican dollars. The insurgents in the Philippines were well advised in using that coinage, because it is the coinage which the people of the country understand and like. If they were educated bankers, they would know that American money takes up less room in proportion to its real value, and they might admire the design of our dollars and dollar bills as much as the Mexican design; as it is, they don't thoroughly understand the theory of token money and national credit. And so Mexico goes on exporting her 40,000,000 silver dollars annually to be the popular currency of the far East."

Which will be held May 9. On May 23 the Republicans of South Dakota will also hold their State convention in Sioux Falls for the purpose of nominating a Congressional and State ticket and selecting delegates to the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia. The auditorium is a new building of better the printer's attachment for his calling than an amusement of his during his diplomatic service in France. In his own home he set up a press and types, all of which he or his servants cut, and with them occasionally printed little bagatelles and skits of both his friends' writing and his own, usually in very small editions. These "printing materials, consisting of a great variety of fonts," he brought with him on his return to America, and sold "fifteen boxes of type" to Francis Childs, the New York printer, and still more to Matthew Carey. It was at his own request that the printer of the book, Benjamin Franklin Baobe, in "business as a printer, the original occupation of his grandfather."

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THE VEGETARIANS.

When Aher Green, who many years had courted Mary Bankins, resolved to test his hopes and fears. But when the crucial moment came, his face grew "red as a beet"; his hands hung limp, his tongue grew lame, he shuffled with his feet. In fact, he felt, he later said, "Like 'pretty small potatoes.' But Mary, though she blushed as red as ripening tomatoes, set listening, demure and bland, and "cool as a cucumber." He blushed with his feet, and his heart bestirred to number. Now whether he or she at last? The question great propounded I cannot say; I only passed it. Just as a kiss resounded. Sometimes to him, more oft to her. His judgment of his case was good. But Mary always does over. "That he—the didn't know beans." Who cares a straw? Though this thing has made good sense out of a pepper, and they live together "happy as two peas in a pod."
—American Agriculturist.

HUMOROUS.

Jones—I say, Miss Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call? She—Oh, just luck.
Spunge—Talk is cheap. Kostick—You seem to think so, from the way you use my telephone.
She—That friend of yours is getting too big for his boots! He—What do you mean? She—Why simply that his hat doesn't fit him.
"When you hear a book agent try his voice," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "you know at once it is of some volume."
"Do you never work?" said Mrs. Subbans to a tramp who asked for a handout. "Never, m'm," was the proud reply. "I am an immoveable."
"Do you think a young man should marry on a small income?" "Oh, I can see no objection to it, if he has reached an understanding with her father."

"Archie, dear, did you ever love anybody before you met me?" "I thought I did, Florie, a hundred times, but I see now I was only rehearsing."
Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, The cat is on the wall, Some with wifes and some with steam, And some with gasoline.
Little three-year-old Flossie saw a man walking along the street with his arm in a sling. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "there goes a man with his arm in a hammock."
Conductor—"We have missed the connection, and will have to wait at this station six hours. Old Lady (who is a little nervous on the railroad)—Well, I'm safe for six hours, anyhow."

"I wonder if all men are fools," snapped Mrs. Enpeck during a little domestic tiff the other morning. "No, indeed, my dear," replied her husband. "I know a number of men who are bachelors."
The Daughter—"Don't you think Mr. La ght is a finished gentleman, mamma?" The Mother—Well, if he's not, and your father comes down and finds him in the parlor until after midnight, some time, he will be.
"George," said the fair maid, "I hope you will keep cool when you call to interview papa." "You can bet I will!" muttered the faint-hearted youth. "Why, it gives me a chill to even think about calling on him."

"Here's the clock key, mamma," said four-year-old Tommy, "will that do?" "Will it do for what, dear?" asked the astonished mother. "To wind yourself up with," replied the little fellow. "I heard you tell the doctor that you were all run down."

"SHOOTING STARS" A MISNOMER.
But Lovers May Still Be Blind to "Meteor's" Claims.
It is hardly necessary to say that the shooting stars are not stars at all, as the name seems to indicate, and as people sometimes think, writes Professor Young in the New Lippincott. This was the mistake of a sailor on a British naval vessel the star shower of 1866 to count as the meteors he could see in a given fifteen minutes. When his time was up he begged to be allowed a minute longer, "because," he said, "I had my eye on a star that wiggles awful and can't hold on much longer."
Shooting stars are only little masses of matter—bits of rock or metal or cloudelets of dust and gas—which are flying unresisted through space just as planets and comets do, in paths which, within the limits of our solar system, are controlled by the attractive force of the sun. They move with a speed of several miles a second, far exceeding that of any military projectile, but are too small to be seen by us except when they enter our atmosphere, and, becoming intensely heated by the resistance they encounter, light up and burn for a moment; for to use Lord Kelvin's expression, a body rushing through the air at such an enormous velocity "immersed in a blow-pipe flame," leaving a temperature comparable with that of an electric arc. As a rule they are completely consumed in the upper air, so that nothing reaches the surface of the earth except, perhaps, a little ash, settling slowly as an imperceptible "smoke." Occasionally, however, some mass larger than usual survives in part the fiery ordeal and its fragments fall to the ground as specimens of the material of "other worlds than ours."

Large Screech Owl flew through a window into the circuit room at Monday Ind., the other day and stayed in proceedings. It flew straight for Miss Mand Pugh, the writing clerk, who screamed and fled. The session at once broke up, and the jurors and bailiff, I. E. Starr, started to catch the bird. Starr caught it, but in doing so was viciously clawed on his hands. Other persons were also clawed. Several articles thrown at the owl by persons fearing an attack went flying hither and yon and ad to the confusion. Judge Le... adjourned court until next day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Monte Carlo is in Monaco, a principality of Europe, now virtually under French control, located in the southern part of France on the Mediterranean sea.

490 Strokes to Shave a Man.
"It is wonderful how many razor strokes we take during a day," said a barber in one of the larger downtown shops.
"Did you ever figure up on it?"
"Yes, I've been taking up an average for the last three weeks," replied the barber, "and I've surprised myself with the figures. I find I average 490 strokes of the razor for each man shaved. I note 1023 strokes on one man, and several of my customers who have stiff beards run up 700 and 800 strokes. Then there are tender faces that I shave only once over, and they take, perhaps, only 250 strokes. I shave on the average twenty-one and a half men a day. One day I shaved thirty-seven and another only fourteen."—New York Mail and Express.

More than 20,000 Parisians earn their living as fortune-tellers.