

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The oldest man in the world is believed to be Michael Solis, a half-breed living in Bogota, in San Salvador. It is certain that he is 180 years old.

Sir Edwin Arnold says he has written 8,000 editorial leaders, each of them averaging over half a column in length. He enjoys editorial work greatly, and is never happier, he says, than when pegging away with a pen. He always smokes a pipe when writing.

Mrs. Harrison and the Princess Louise are the only two women who have been permitted to set foot within the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California. And even after their visit the ground trodden by them was at once reconsecrated with solemn ceremonies and much fasting and prayer. The monastery is the oldest but one of the twenty-four missions established in California by the Franciscans at the close of the last century, and is the only one now occupied by the friars of the order.

The Pullman brothers, of palace car millionaires, were once poor cabinet-makers in Grand Rapids, Mich., but the man who invented the first wood planing machine was a physician and surgeon. Edison, the nineteenth century wizard, was never a mechanic, but his inventions have affected more or less nearly every trade in existence. The first gang saw and the first wood mitering machine were invented by men, it is said, who never spent a day in either a machine shop or a sawmill or carpenter shop.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., the prominent pastor of the Brick Presbyterian church of New York, (one of whose sermons is printed on page 11 of this issue) is one of the most popular New York preachers. He is eloquent and forcible in his delivery and his style is polished. He is very popular as a preacher to college students, frequently being asked to occupy the pulpit at Princeton and at Harvard. In the meetings of the New York presbytery he frequently takes a prominent part. He was chosen as the leader by the adherents of Dr. Briggs in the recent trial, and also is known as a staunch supporter of the revision movement.

Eugene Field takes up the cudgel in favor of pet names for girls. "When," he says, "an American calls Ellen Nellie he obeys a noble, manly instinct: he loves to regard his mother as 'little mother,' his sister as 'little sister,' his sweetheart as 'little sweetheart,' his daughter as 'little daughter,' and this tender and beautiful sentiment he expresses when he employs the diminutives Nellie, Carrie, Susie, Mamie, etc. A powerful argument in favor of the custom is the fact that the girls themselves approve it. I believe in and stand for everything that shall show to the world that our girls, our sweethearts, our wives and our mothers are our pets and are petted."

It is said "on very good authority" that the Prince of Wales has decided that on his return to London he will take up and interest himself in, more diligently than he has hitherto done, the important question of the dwellings of the poor. The majority of the people know that the prince has already done much in this direction. In addition to presiding at conferences on the subject, he has figured as a champion "slummer." He has visited some of the most notorious quarters in the east end of the metropolis, peering into thieves' dens and other still more disreputable places, where filth and squalor have been painfully conspicuous. Of course, his royal highness has not been known at these times except to perhaps one individual, who accompanied him. On more than one occasion he has not been content with donning shabby attire, but has assumed a wig and a false beard. The prince, however, apparently feels very keenly on the subject of the amelioration of the poorer classes and is desirous to do his best on their behalf.

Prince Bismarck's old chef, who is now head cook in a big Berlin restaurant, recently won a novel bet and gave a surprising exhibition of his mastery of the culinary art. He had wagered \$25 that he could kill, clean, cook and serve a chicken, all in six minutes. The wager was decided at night in the cafe of the restaurant, in the presence of a big crowd. The cook appeared at 9 o'clock on an improvised platform, upon which stood a gas cooking stove. He held a live chicken high above his head, and the fowl cackled loudly. One blow of a keen carver severed the head from the neck, and the cook began to pick the feathers with great swiftness. It took just one minute to get rid of every feather. In less than another minute the expert had opened and cleaned the fowl and had placed it upon a broiler on the gas stove. The cook busied himself at the broiler, seasoning the fowl as it cooked. It lacked just a second of the sixth minute when he stepped from the platform and served the chicken to the nearest guest, to great applause.

Mr. Lofters Jones Parker, of Washington, has unquestionably the largest head in the world. His head measures a little more than thirty-two inches around. The girth of the average man's head is about twenty-one inches. Mr. Parker is 48 years old, and is a respected citizen of the capital. He has been a business man, with a place on Louisiana avenue, near Seventh street, but for about twenty years he has been leading a retired life. He did not retire upon the accumulations of an active business career, as many worthy men do, but upon a bonus or subsidy given by three noted physicians of Washington, who wanted to secure his remarkable head for an autopsy when he came to shake off the mortal coil. That subsidy was taken twenty years ago. He was then 28 years old, and the enterprising medicine men thought then that he would not live much longer. They could not see how a man with so big a head and so small a body to feed it could hold out beyond 33 years, the average of human life. So the endowment was set aside for his maintenance, the conditions being that he was not permanently to leave the District of Columbia, and that the doctors were to have his body for scientific purposes when he had no further use for it. He has a pretty clear head, but there is a striking peculiarity about his mental processes which he has led some of the experts to think that has in his prodigious skull two distinct brains, which sometimes work in unison and sometimes do not. Dime museum people have been after him for ten years, but being provided for amply his sense of family pride has led him to refuse all offers.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Goslin—"Aw, I have a very bad headache this morn'g, doncher know?" Cuspid (a dentist, absent-mindedly)—"Why don't you have it filled?"—Greenburg Sparks.

Mother—I think our John is courting some girl. Father—Hey? Is he beginning to have vaseline on his hair? Mother—No; he is beginning to have it on his shirt bosoms.

Tailor—"How wide a collar shall I put on your overcoat, sir?" Customer—"Make it so wide that when I pass you on the street I can turn it up so you won't recognize me."

Mrs. Argonot—"Drunk again! Oh, John, you promised me you would never put a glass to your lips again." Mr. Argonot—"Right, M'riar. Wuzn't glass: wuzer bottle."

Singleton—"I am suffering dreadfully; cutting my wisdom teeth, you know." Doubleup—"Don't say? I didn't cut mine till after I was married."—Kate Field's Washington.

A young physician on returning home from his vacation found his patients as lively as crickets. "Hump," said he grimly, "I'll stay at home and look after these people hereafter."

"I hear you fought a duel with Parker." "I did." "Weren't you afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?" "Not with Parker holding it. I'm insured in his company."—Harper's Bazar.

A Crisis in Spain—Queen of Spain—"Moi Gracia! The baby king has the stomach ache." Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—"Woo-o! Call the Secretary of the Interior!"—Good News.

Cholly—You say you—aw—wouldn't marry an intellectual infeliah? Miss Keene—I wouldn't. Cholly—Well—aw—I would, doncher know. Miss Keene—Ah! But where would you find one?

"There is the poulitice; put it on his stomach." "But I thought you said that it was his heart that was affected, doctor." "Well, you always reach a man's heart through his stomach, don't you?"

Teacher—"I shall have to punish you for being late to school." Tardy Boy—"It was Johnny Smith's fault, who lives next door. His pa was to give him a lickin', and I had to stay to hear him howl."

"Now, you never smell the odor of liquor on my breath," said the young clergyman, expostulating with Staggars, for his bibulous propensities. "No; what do you do for it?" asked Staggars, with deep interest.—Epoch.

Famished Finnegan (politely)—"Young lady, would yer please ax yer mother if she can't give a poor man a bite o' cold lunch?" Miss Witherupp (aged 38)—"Sit right down here, poor fellow! I'll get you some myself."—Judge.

"I have the reputation," said a silly top to a bright young lady, "of having the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty." "Indeed," exclaimed the young lady, spontaneously adding—

"Then as like as two chips
Are your head and your lips."

Wanted a Change. Long Term William—"What did you want to tell that kind lady you were in for a double murder, your petty larceny thief? A. J. Hallack—"I'm tired of tracts and kill-me-quick cigars; what I want is sweet smelling posies."

Mamma—Why did you pull that hair from mamma's head? Didn't you know that it would hurt poor mamma? Little Innocent (who has just pulled out a gray hair from her mamma's raven tresses)—"I didn't pull out no hair mamma, 'twas only a bastin' freck."

A little girl aged nine called her father to her bedside the other evening. "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice." "Well, my little dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday.—Texas Siftings?"

Paterfamilias (furiously)—"You scoundrel! why will you elope with my daughter?" New son-in-law—"To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding." Paterfamilias (beamingly)—"Thank heaven, my daughter got a sensible husband, anyhow."

Fond mother—"How do you like your new governess, Johnny?" Johnny—"Oh, I like her so much." "I'm so glad," said the little boy with a nice teacher at last. "Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not, so long as pop pays her salary."—Good News.

"Mr. Lightemup, you said you once officiated in a pulpit. Do you mean by that that you preached?" "No, Your Honor; I held the light for the man who did."

"Ah! The court understood you different. It supposed that the discourse came from you." "No, sir; I only throw'd a little light on it."

The daughter of the rector taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came. "Well, Johnny," said Miss X, "I hope you haven't forgotten this new tune, for we depend much on you." "Now, Miss; not a bit. I've been a-skeering the crows with it all the week."

"What's the matter, Gus?" asked Willie Wishington. "I've discovered that I'm no exception to the rule," said Gus de Jay disconsolately. "I've got a skeleton in my closet, don't you know." "Maybe not," was the comforting rejoinder. "Go not," said the other, "back and take another look, dear boy; paws it was youah twousahs-stretcher you saw."—Washington Star.

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie, (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling knowingly), you may tell us what it is." "We've all got our winter hats."—Texas Siftings.

"Fair charmer," exclaimed the enraptured youth, "be mine!" "Alas, Adolphus," sighed the lovely queen of the chorus girls, "there are obstacles in the way!" "Name them!" he cried impetuously. "Nannette, Iphigenia, Lucille, Helen and Arabella—my grandchildren, you know. They might not like you." And the wild winds moaned and whistled without and the sun sank like a huge ball of frozen blood in the gloomy west.—Chicago Tribune.

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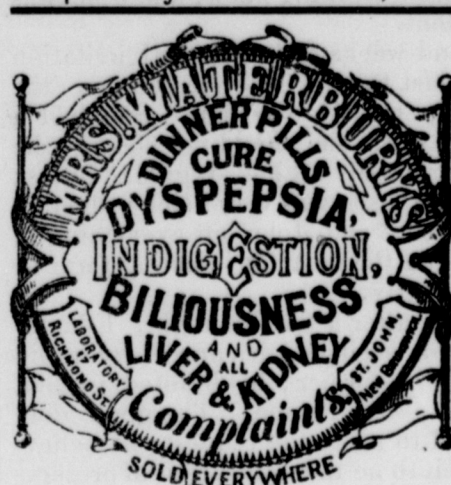
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