

Which Was Shot?

There was a Jere Clemens who was a United States senator and in his day enjoyed the usual senatorial fame—a fame which perishes whether it spring from four years' service or forty. After Jere Clemens' fame as a senator passed away he was still remembered for many years on account of another service which he performed. He shot old John Brown's Governor Wise in the hind leg in a duel. However, I am not very clear about this. It may be that Governor Wise shot him in the hind leg. However, I don't think it is important. I think that the only thing that is really important is that one of them got shot in the hind leg. It would have been better (and nobler and more historical and satisfactory if both of them had got shot in the hind leg. But it is of no use for me to try to recollect history. I never had a historical mind. Let it go. Whichever way it happened, I am glad of it, and that is as much enthusiasm as I can get up for a person bearing my name. But I am forgetting the first Clemens, the one that stands farthest back toward the really original first Clemens, which was Adam.—From Mark Twain's "Autobiography in North American Review."

The Great Composers.

At what age did the great composers write their masterpieces? This question is answered in the London Musical Times. The following table gives the composer's name, his recognized masterpiece, the age at which it was composed and the composer's age at death:

Bach.....	Mass in F moll.....	43	65
Handel.....	Messiah.....	54	74
Haydn.....	Creation.....	45	77
Mozart.....	Don Giovanni.....	31	35
Beethoven.....	5th Symphony.....	35	56
Weber.....	Friesschutz.....	30	33
Schubert.....	Cinderella.....	31	31
Mendelssohn.....	Elijah.....	37	38
Schumann.....	Piano Concerto.....	31	40
Wagner.....	Meistersinger.....	44	69
Brahms.....	D Requiem.....	52	63

This goes to show that composers between thirty and forty created the greatest masterpieces. Yet the composers above forty should not despair, seeing that Bach composed his mass in F moll at the age of forty-eight, Wagner his "Meistersinger" when fifty, Handel his "Messiah" when fifty-six and Haydn his "Creation" when sixty-five years of age.

A Turkish Joke.

A certain sultan of Turkey was very fond of gossip and sent for the banker, Abraham Beg, to learn the small talk of Pera and Stamboul. As Abraham was being conducted to the sultan's residence by the master of the horse that functionary begged him, should the sultan question him on the subject, to say that the funds were at 30, his majesty having been so informed by his ministers.

For Abraham consented. He had not been long with Abdul Aziz when he was questioned as to the funds and replied as he had promised.

To the horror of the banker, the sultan expressed himself delighted and handed Abraham a large bundle of bonds to sell for him.

Abraham sold at 12 and paid Abdul Aziz 30. The sultan had originated that little "joke."

The Last Word.

"Having the last word," said a naval officer, "reminds me of a story I heard not long ago. A certain man died, and a clergyman was engaged to offer a eulogy. This worthy minister prepared a sermon of exceeding length and strength, but just before he entered the pulpit to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:

"My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?"

"He didn't have none," the boy replied. "Ma was with him to the end."

Absentminded.

La Fontaine, the famous fable poet, was a most absentminded man. Meeting one day in a saloon a young man, he was so favorably impressed by his conversation that he expressed his admiration for him in the most flattering terms. "But he is your own son!" exclaimed a guest in astonishment. "Is it so?" replied the poet. "Then I am the more delighted to make his acquaintance."

A Remedy.

"For some time past I've been buying a dozen eggs every week at this store, and I invariably find two bad ones in every dozen. Something's got to be done about it," said an irate housekeeper.

"Well," said the new clerk naively and with a quiet smile, "maybe if you only bought half a dozen you'd only get one bad one."—Grocer's Literary Gazette.

It Lasts.

When a man writes a proposal of marriage to a woman he has written something that will last forever. A woman never destroys a letter that contains an offer of marriage.—Athens Globe.

Proper Breathing.

According to a lecturer on health, people that breathe through the mouth, habitually neglecting the nose, the proper channel for the air supply, "have short upper lips, flat cheeks, irregular and decayed teeth, pigeon chests, pointed chins and pointed or upturned noses"—a dreadful list of dire penalties, in truth, fearful enough to convert us all in a moment, yet greatly exaggerated, of course. However, as we have heard many times, usually never heeding as we pass by, it is decidedly injurious to breathe through the mouth. Moreover, if we stop to consider a bit, we shall be able to see for ourselves several common sense reasons that ought to make us supply our lungs with air through the nose. Taken in by way of the mouth, the air reaches the lungs by a much shorter route and without the beneficial warming and cleansing process so well afforded by the longer nasal passage. In winter especially should we take care to breathe only through the nose, thus lessening greatly our chances of taking deep seated colds. It is merely a matter of habit and simply a question of trying after all.

Love Potions.

Love potions as used by the peasants of lower Austria and Syria are generally taken by the person who wishes to be loved. The common habit is to consume minute portions of white arsenic, which will in a few weeks develop a thin, pale girl into a plump, rosy cheeked beauty. Great care has to be exercised in taking the arsenic or death results, and when the habit is once formed it usually lasts for life, since the body becomes uncomfortable and even diseased, showing all the symptoms of arsenic poisoning, if the habit is broken off.

Some of the eastern nations use love potions differently. If a girl loves a man and he seems cold, she contrives to give him a drink of hashish, obtained from Indian hemp. The man's brain becomes fogged, and he is ready to believe anything that is suggested to him. The girl suggests to him that she is beautiful and thus compels him to regard her unlovely features as she desires.

The Human Electric Battery.

The superstition that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is believed by the French to have for its foundation a scientific fact. They affirm that each human system is in itself an electric battery, the head being one of the electrodes, the feet the other. Their proof was discovered from experiments, which the Academy of Sciences was allowed to make on the body of a man who was guillotined. This was taken the instant it fell and placed upon a pivot free to move as it might. The head part, after a little vacillation, turned to the north, and the body then remained stationary. It was turned half way round by one of the professors, and again the head end of the trunk moved slowly to the cardinal point due north, the same results being repeated until the final arrestation of organic movement.

The Tobacconist's Sign.

One of the most peculiar things in the whole history of signs is the fact that while all other shopkeepers were patronizing the embryo painters the tobacconist always called upon the woodcarver on the continent as well as in England. As long ago as Elizabeth's reign the wooden image of the black boy was the favorite sign of the tobacco dealer. Later the customary sign was the Highlander or a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Holland, for some strange reason, the tobacconists adopted the dairymaid as their sign, with the motto, "Consolation for sucklings." The Indian, naturally enough, has always been the predominant sign in this country, although once in awhile a reversion to type crops out with the ancient black boy.

The Great Jenner.

An Englishman had occasion to go often to an eminent physician and said to Jeames, "You will be tired of opening the door for me." "Not at all, sir," was the gracious reply; "you are but a hunk in the ocean." Another Jeames was accustomed to say during his master's occasional absences: "You had better try hoppersite. There's a very respectable man hoppersite as we often sends to when Sir William is absent. His name is Jenner."—London Mail.

The Original "Village Blacksmith"

Dunchurch, near Rugby, claims that its smithy is the original forge which inspired the famous verses on "The Village Blacksmith." It is a picturesque old place, and the "speading chestnut tree" still flourishes in front of it.—London Strand.

No Need For a Leader.

The society reporters always speak of a bride being "led to the altar," just as though a bride couldn't find her own way there blindfolded.—Philadelphia Record.

IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL.

Where the Christmas Angel Visits Suffering Children.

In one of the German hospitals of our country is observed a custom quite in accordance with the beautiful sentiment the Germans weave about Christmas.

Christmas belongs to the children—everybody knows that—but it belongs to them in a deeper, more beautiful sense than "everybody" knows. One is reminded of it, however, if he witnesses such a scene as is portrayed in this hospital on Christmas eve. One of the nurses dresses in a long, soft flowing robe of white, bearing in her hand a fir bough covered with snow. The snow is cotton sprinkled with diamond dust. This is the Christmas angel. The children are told of the gentle visitor and wait in their little cots. When darkness is outside they hear the strains of sweet music in the distance. The nurses are singing Christmas carols, and the sounds come through open doors. Then the Christmas angel comes. She goes to each little cot, bending over each little form to listen to the whispered secrets. Each one tells her what he wants on Christmas day. Then, with a tender word, she passes out, and to the sound of the carols they all fall asleep—those who can slip away from pain.

When the day dawns all the children are taken into the kindergarten. Some are carried, some are rolled, and some can walk. Sure enough, each finds there what he asks for—drums and dolls and trumpets and books. On a long, low table is a plate for each one, filled with candies and queer little German cakes. On one wall is a tableau of the Nativity made of small wax figures, and a painting on the wall completes the perspective of hills and shepherds and the guiding star. Hanging from the wall in the center of the ward is a large hoop covered with laurel. At intervals around it are set lighted candles. It is suspended from the ceiling by four wide ribbons.

In the fever ward, where the contagious diseases are cared for, the little patients of course cannot leave, but they have their Christmas too. Two large, fine spruce trees stand in each end of the ward, brilliantly illuminated by tiny, many colored electric lights.—Philadelphia North American.

Another Triumph of Art.

A young New York artist says that he was in Vermont on a sketching trip one summer. One day while strolling along a pretty lane he overtook a particularly picturesque little fellow who was sauntering along with a fishing pole on his shoulder and a string of small fish in his hand. He looked so much the part of the small country boy of poetry and fiction that the artist decided he would like to make a sketch of him, and after considerable negotiation this was arranged for, the lad, in accordance with directions, perching himself on a rail fence. As the artist worked away at his sketch an old countryman came down the lane and stood looking over his shoulder.

"By gum! That certainly beats all benlocks!" the old fellow presently exclaimed admiringly.

"Like the picture, do you?" the artist asked, with a pleased flush.

"Oh, 'tain't that, though it ain't so bad. What I meant was the way you manage to keep that boy quiet so long."—New York Herald.

To Tell a Fashionable Restaurant.

"When I was young," said an old bachelor, "at all the fashionable restaurants you wrote your order." That was the way to distinguish the really fashionable restaurant. You wrote your order there, whereas in the common one you gave it to the waiter orally. Ordering is a difficult matter. It is a thing, especially when one has guests, that one is likely to get flustered over; hence I always liked to write my order. It kept me cool. But a waiter, standing over me, suggesting dishes I didn't want, hurrying me, had the power to rattle me completely. But fashionable restaurants no longer are to be distinguished by this writing business. Writing has disappeared from them. They are to be distinguished now by their French menus—better some things that call a sweetbread a ris de veau, a pottle a vol au vent and a leg of mutton a gigot."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Is This Man's Way?

Man wants to be comfortable as a cat on a warm hearth rug, to feel no prick of conscience, to see nothing unpleasant, such as tears or a wan face. It exasperates him to madness when he is obliged to see his wife sad, but it never occurs to him to try to prevent her sadness.—Spinster in London M. A. P.

A Good Wife.

"Thank you, doctor, for prescribing a trip to the Spa for me. Now, will you please ask my husband to give up smoking and drinking beer, and then my trip will be easily paid for."—Magensdorfer Blatter.

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