

## HIS PAPERWEIGHT.

Travels of a Bottle of Wine and Its Ultimate Fate.

A paperweight consisting of a piece of thick glass with a tokay wine label fastened on the back and showing through is a part of the desk furniture in the library of a man who goes to Europe nearly every year. "People look at the thing," he said, "and wonder what the wine label is doing there, and when I see the question coming I always tell the story.

"Some years ago I went to Raab, in Hungary, where I called on an old lady who in Vienna years before had shown much interest in and befriended a young American student at the university. The poor student had grown to be a rich physician, and he wanted me to call and present his compliments. When I was about to leave after a pleasant visit the woman handed me a bottle of wine which had come from her estate and asked me to take it to our mutual friend. I carried that bottle all over Europe, paid duty on it several times and finally landed it safe and sound here in the house. A few days after my return we invited the doctor for dinner, and the bottle was brought in with much ceremony. I made a little presentation speech and then in handing it to the doctor dropped it on the floor where you see that stain. That's the label under the glass."—New York Tribune.

## HORSE AND DOG.

Contact With Civilization Lessens Their Cunning and Sagacity.

The dog is no doubt the most intelligent of our domestic animals, and I yield to none in my affection for him. I can almost eat and sleep with a fine dog winter and summer. But I try not to deceive myself about his intelligence. It seems to me that if the dog had the least spark of wit akin to our own—that is, power of reason—his long association with man would have fanned it into a flame, however small.

But after all these thousands of years of human companionship and love he has less wit in some respects than his wild brothers, the fox and the wolf. Having been spared the struggle to live that falls to their lot, his cunning and sagacity have deteriorated. The same is true of the horse, which has less intelligence than the wild stallion of the plains and for the same reason.

These animals do not grow wiser as they grow less wild. They do not civilize or develop. We train them into certain ways that make them serviceable to us; we humanize them without adding to their mental capacity. In other words, we cannot cross our intelligence upon theirs and make it fruitful in them. The germ will not take.—John Burroughs in *Outing Magazine*.

## English House Names.

House owners are sometimes rather unfortunate in their selection of names for their abodes, and in suburbia house naming is occasionally rather ludicrous. Thus "The Maples" has never a maple near. "The Rosary" only exists in imagination. "Sunnyside" is the most depressing villa residence, and houses named after the English lakes no more suggest the lake district than Fleet street suggests the Bois de Boulogne.

The Anglo-Saxon word "hyrst," signifying a forest or wood, has become "hurst" in house naming, and "wood" and "holt" have the same meaning. All house names ending with these terminations are pretty and not unsafe to choose.

It is curious to note that in Hastings and St. Leonards quite a number of houses have typically Saxon names, perhaps to commemorate the great Saxon tragedy of which the name Hastings is reminiscent.

## Pomp of English Mayors.

Chichester arms its chief magistrate with a gold mounted malacca cane of office, while the mayor of Guildford carries the stick presented to the borough by Queen Elizabeth. At York both the lord mayor and lady mayor are equipped with the silver mounted oak staves which have marked their authority for centuries. Among the official retainers of the mayor of Ripon is the municipal horn blower, who every night at 9 o'clock winds three blasts upon this aged musical instrument before the mayor's residence and again at the marked cross.—London Standard.

## All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Sergeant complains that you called him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, sur, I never called him any names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."—London Tit-Bits.

## Inevitable.

"So Nelson is dead. What killed him?" "You know he had one foot in the grave?" "Yes." "Well, some one pulled his leg."—Harper's Weekly.

## A FAREWELL CHAT.

Interview Between the Boss and the Man He Fired.

Neither of the partners had arrived, and the clerks that morning were indulging in their usual bout of gossip. "Did I tell you, chaps, that I was leaving?" drawled the languid swell of the staff, whose incompetence was as palpable as the splendor of his attire.

"Heard you'd got the sack," replied the spectacled cashier gruffly.

"I answered an advertisement yesterday for what looks like a first class job," resumed the overdressed one, ignoring the remark. "I've pitched rather a strong yarn, but you've got to do that if you want to keep up with the times."

Just then the senior partner entered, and all wrote intently.

Within five minutes the "old man," who had been opening letters, called the last speaker into his room, and the following dialogue became plainly audible to those outside:

"Have you been in our service seven years?"

"No, sir; only fifteen months."

"And is your salary £4 10s. a week?"

"Eh, no, sir; 30 shillings."

"And are you in entire charge of the counting house?"

No reply.

"And are you leaving us because of a difference with the firm regarding the management of our colonial branches?"

Dead silence and a short pause.

Then the old man:

"You should be more careful in your statements, sir. This is a small world. The advertisement you answered was for the situation you are leaving on Saturday. That will do."—London Tit Bits.

## THE LAND OF OPHIR.

Where Was It—In Mashonaland, South Arabia or India?

One of the most interesting and important questions concerning Biblical sites perpetually invites research and persistently evades solution. "Where is the land of Ophir?" Dr. Karl Peters at a public meeting in Berlin declared emphatically that this famous Biblical region is located between the Zambezi and Limpopo rivers. He told his German audience how he has discovered many shafts of ancient gold mines, 500 temples, fortifications and other ruins of Phoenician origin. Dr. Peters affirms that coins unearthed in Mashonaland belong undoubtedly to the time of King Solomon. His opinion is that no other part of Africa could have exported the ivory, silver and precious stones which are recorded in the Bible as coming from Ophir. Against this theory, founded as it undoubtedly is on very plausible evidence, Bible students are still likely to maintain, on the testimony of Genesis x, 29, that Ophir was a section of South Arabia. Here down to the time of Ezekiel the Phoenicians still landed to procure gold and gems which which those famous sailors and merchants of the ancient world traded in many countries distant from their Syrian shores.

Many erudite writers have attempted to identify Sofala, on the east coast of Africa, with Ophir, while yet others have located it in India. One of the most learned essays written on the subject is from the pen of Professor Hommel, who argued that the ancient land of gold was Arabia Felix.—Hottellic Review.

## A Man to Be Envied.

"Do you know," remarked a visitor to a Broadway hostelry, "I'm always inclined to envy the clerk in a hotel like this. He is always well groomed and smiling, has a wider acquaintance among the wealthy or well to do than I can ever hope to have and is always so aggressively at peace with the world and himself; also he wears more often than not, a diamond scarfpin or ring which is certainly beyond me. It's a pretty comfortable berth."

Several hours later the hotel clerk reached for his coat and hat. As he left the office he turned to a comrade: "Say, Ned, can you let me have \$10 till the first? Rent due at home tomorrow, and I'm shy. Doctor's bills hit me pretty hard this month, and I don't want to lie awake tonight if I can help it."—New York Globe.

## Her Poor Memory.

A woman who belonged to an ancient but penniless family married a rich plebeian, but she never forgot the misalliance nor allowed any one else to do so. One day, attended by a servant, she went into a store and gave an order.

"And where shall I send it, madam?" said the shopkeeper.

"Jean," said the woman, turning to her servant, "tell the man your master's name. I never can remember it."

We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathy.—Goethe.

## INSULTS TO ROYALTY.

Some of the Things That Constitute Leze Majesty in England.

Many people think that leze majesty—giving insult to royalty—is not a crime in Great Britain. The English statute books, however, contain many penalties for such offenses.

Placing a postage stamp on a letter upside down is a punishable offense, as is also the defacement of a coin bearing the royal image. This is insulting the king's effigy.

Private individuals may not raise the royal standard over their dwellings. This is the emblem of the regal authority to be displayed only where the king is present.

While an agitator may talk against royalty in the abstract as much as he chooses, contemptuous or insulting personal references to the reigning sovereign opens the offender to a heavy fine and imprisonment.

The slightest slap upon the face of the king or queen—or any other part of the anatomy, for that matter—is punishable with the death penalty. In the reign of Queen Victoria a Lieutenant Page struck her across the face with his cane. He was sentenced to death, but the queen commuted his sentence.

It is likewise a crime to bring the uniform of the sovereign into contempt. To garb a low comedian or a villain of the stage in a discarded uniform of the army or the navy is sufficient to bring heavy censure from the government. For this reason theatrical managers usually see to it that the uniforms worn are not exactly copies of the real things.

## ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

The Most Brilliant Illumination Is Not Always the Best.

A writer in an engineering magazine offers some disconcerting information on the subject of illumination, disconcerting because the reader will probably find that he has been, innocently enough, following a course of procedure there described as injurious. For instance, in the case of eye strain he may have felt that even the dim light by which he worked was too strong, and so turned down the light, thus increasing the difficulty, or what is more likely to be the case, when the strain has been caused by too brilliant illumination he fancies that what is needed is stronger light and so increases it.

Overstrain from too bright a light is said to manifest itself by an itching sensation in the eyeballs, with the tendency to rub the eyes for relief. The proper course, then, is to see that the light is more perfectly diffused or softened and that it falls in the right direction. After these precautions have been taken it is worth while to try a smaller quantity of light, this trial to continue long enough in time for the eyes to become fully adjusted to the change. The value of illumination is not to be judged by the apparent brightness of the lights when looked at directly—the brighter the light the better—but by the effect on the object to be looked at, and the most desirable effect, so far as the eyes are concerned, is not always produced by the most brilliant lights.—Indianapolis Star.

## First Come, First Served.

A minister who sets his face against bazaars once related an incident emphasizing his feelings on the matter.

"Once upon a time," he said, "a man was going along a dark street when a footpad suddenly appeared and, pointing his pistol, began to relieve his victim of his money."

"The thief, however, apparently suffered some pang of remorse. 'It's pretty rough to be gone through like this, ain't it, sir?' he inquired.

"'Oh, that's all right, my man, the 'hold up' one answered cheerfully. 'I was on my way to a bazaar. You're first, and there's an end of it.'"—London Telegraph.

## Modern Plays and Players.

We no longer demand that a man or woman play a part. We insist that the part fit the man or woman. This condition no doubt is largely the fault of managers, who instead of requiring impersonation pick performers for their likeness to the characters to be assumed. "Have you a father?" one can imagine them inquiring of a candidate. "Yes." "Then you won't do. This man's father died twenty years before the beginning of the play."—Argonaut.

## Reformed.

"Did she marry her husband to reform him?"

"I guess so. She reformed him, all right."

"Why, he drinks like a fish."

"I know it, but he didn't use to before she married him."—Houston Post.

## Impossible Combination.

"The time, the place and the girl! How seldom we find them together!" "Bah! The combination that we seldom find together is the man, the shower and the umbrella."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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## HOME OF THE DOLL.

Methods of the Ingenious Thuringian Toymakers.

Dollmaking did not become conspicuous as an industry in the Thuringian mountains until the middle of the nineteenth century, when a citizen of Sonneberg brought from London a doll which was regarded as a great curiosity.

It had come originally from China, and its head, legs and arms were movable. This furnished an inspiration to the ingenious Thuringian toymakers, who promptly improved upon it.

Up to that time they had made dolls only of wood and leather, but soon they evolved the wax head—at first a crude article, the wax being applied with a brush, but later brought to high perfection, thanks, it is said, to an accidental discovery. A man engaged in making the heads dropped a thimble into his pot of fluid wax and on taking it out found it covered with a smooth and beautiful coat of the substance.

He was not slow to seize the idea, the result being the adoption of the dipping process, the final touches of color being put on with a camel's hair pencil. Later on the movable eyes and closing lids, to feign sleep, were added, and the fleece of the Angora goat was substituted for human hair in the making of wigs, holding its color and curl much better, the doll as it is known today thus assuming its final and highly artistic form.

Dressing the dolls after they are made has become an industry in which numbers of women and girls are employed. For the small, inexpensive dolls little chemises, finished with a ruffle of lace around the neck and arms, are made by hundreds and require no skilled labor for their construction.—Renee Bache in Circle.

## Too Broad a Hint.

"You've got a fellow in there that won't wait on me again, not much," said an irate customer, as he emerged from the dining room and slapped his money down on the pay desk. "I'm not stingy," continued the customer, "and don't mind giving tips, but when a waiter hangs round till a fellow has nearly finished eating and whistles, 'Do not forget me,' I think it is about time something was done."—London Mail.

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