

# NUMBER of the The British Museum

(Special Correspondence.)

It is a popular and cherished belief among Englishmen that any book which is not found in the British Museum is not worth preserving. The museum has the greatest library in the world, in the variety and high quality of its books and manuscripts, and the number of persons entering the national library at Paris contains more volumes, but excels in this respect only the library of the British Museum, which contains fully 2,000,000 volumes, many of which are extremely rare, besides more than 50,000 printed manuscripts, covering the history of the world from the earliest periods of antiquity as recorded through the medium of writings on material lighter than stone or clay.

The Tombs of the World, the caves of far lands, the most ancient and ancient misers, the Dorians of all nations, are to be seen in the museum.

In 1816, the accession of the so-called Elgin marbles—the sculptures from the Parthenon, secured to England through the ambassador to the Porte, Lord Elgin—made necessary the construction of a new wing to the museum, and in 1823 a general reconstruction was begun, which was brought to a termination in 1852.

The museum building is a great, low, massive granite structure of very plain exterior except on its south front on Great Russell street, which has an elaborate portico, facing an extensive courtyard.

The museum is more familiar, probably, than any other single building in Great Britain to American tourists, who frequent in great numbers the hotels and boarding houses that surround the museum.



She—Are you sure you could care enough to support two?  
He—Oh, well, he'd be one then, dear.

An Error in Judgment.  
Mr. Slinkey—"I don't believe the city water is safe. I notice it has a clouded appearance this morning and tastes sort of milky-ah-ah."  
Mrs. Starvorn—"That glass contains milk, Mr. Slinkey; the water is at your left. And, by the way, your board bill was due yesterday."—Cleveland Leader.

Friendly Encouragement.  
Pearl—"All of your friends advised them to elope instead of being married in the regular way."  
Ruby—"I don't see why their friends should care."  
Pearl—"Oh, yes, Elopers never expect wedding presents."

Looking Out for the Family.  
Shugart—"Aren't you working any more? It seems that every time I pass your house I see you looking out of the window."  
Duggs—"Well, some one has to look out for the family."

Taking Down the Swelling.  
"This hat's too small for me," said the man who had come into sudden prostration. "I'll have to have it exchanged for a larger one."  
"Ah!" exclaimed the hatter. "You haven't read today's issue of the morning Waag, have you?"  
"No, why?"  
"Just read what it has to say about you. I think that will fix you."—Phila. Delta Press.

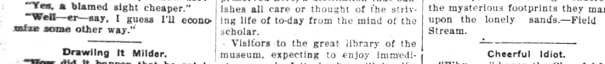
Forced to Change His Mind.  
"Timothy, I'm going to have to reduce your salary till business gets a little better."  
"Well, I see I'll have to smoke cheaper cigars."  
"Cheaper than those you now use?"  
"Yes, a blamed sight cheaper."  
"Well—er—say, I guess I'll economize some other way."

Drawing It Milder.  
"How did it happen that he got to the way of the brick? I tell you he was a fool to be there."  
"That sounds hard. There is a milder way of calling him the same thing."  
"What should I call him?"  
"An innocent bystander."

Premium on Single Life.  
"See—see by this paper that a single gentleman who is worth \$10,000. He is a judge from that statement that a single whale is worth more than a married one."

Running Into Money.  
"Heads! You know just how well that automobile run into things!"  
"Green—Well, I know that they run into money, all right."

Same Results.  
Philo Soffer—"Is marriage a failure?"  
"Please Soffer—Well, if you marry a healthy girl, it's almost as good."



"Smoking himself as others see him."  
"These are Grave Diggers."  
"Smoney—I guess Mr. Rostley ain't as rich as you think. You said he was anxious to work, but could just as well avoid enjoying himself wherever he pleased."

To the Last.  
"Wired Burglar—Bill was a burglar and he was sixty years old."  
"Wired Burglar—Is that so?"  
"Wired Burglar—Yep, an' de last 'ing he took was chloroform."

# Four Timepieces in Liberia

A young negro from Liberia, George H. Northam, is now visiting this country, from which his parents emigrated in the negro republic many years ago, spoke of an interesting phase of the trade in Liberia.

"It is a curious fact that we buy very few clocks. They are regarded, however, as an essential part of the furnishings of the home in civilized countries. The comparatively small number of our people who have fairly good incomes have clocks in their houses. But most of the Liberians are farmers and laborers, and they never think of purchasing a clock. They have no money, and I think the reason will interest you.

"You know, our country is only a few degrees north of the equator. The result is that for a good part of the year the sun rises at exactly 6 o'clock, or within a few minutes of it, and sets at 6 o'clock. Here are two points of time quite accurately fixed for us.

"When the sun is directly overhead it is noon. Of course, the sun in its apparent movements between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn varies a little in its position, but only a little anywhere in the tropics, and the most ignorant of our people soon become expert in determining the time for all positions of the sun.

"I do not suppose there is a man or woman in Liberia who cannot tell the time in any part of the day within fifteen minutes of the true time, and usually with a closer approximation. When the farmer is in the field he knows exactly when to go home to dinner, and his wife has the same waiting for him as he reaches the house.

"If he has an appointment at 3 p. m., and also has the habit of punctuality, he meets his engagement almost on the minute. Our farmers say they have not the slightest use for clocks. I presume Liberia is the only country with any claim to civilization that does not regard clocks as necessary in the business of life.

"I am told that down in the Congo Free State the missionaries teach the natives to read the information that a clock gives. This is very well as a matter of information, but the natives understand the relation of the sun to the time of day, as well as we do, and I do not think a large number of clocks will ever be sold there."—New York Sun.

# Easy to Be Mathematicians

A certain representative in connection with a Brooklyn district used to teach school. You know, he was a former pupil in the person of a prominent young merchant of Manhattan, who now has youngsters of his own old enough for school. The merchant was an mild-mannered man as one could hope to find.

"Congressman," said the business man, "do you remember telling my father once what a remarkable mathematician I was developing into?"

"Very well," said the representative. "Have you retained your interest in mathematics?"

"No, I never had any interest in mathematics," said the business man. "Indeed!" said the representative; "why you were the best mathematician I ever had."

The business man laughed.

"Say, do you remember what a remarkable class you taught ours was for mathematics?" he asked.

"The best school ever had," the lecturer declared.

"And do you remember how often 'Fat' McGowan used to fall down stairs?"

"A certain representative had forgotten 'Fat's' mishaps.

"Well," said the business man, "for the sake of speed in class work, you used to get the name in the class after each name put the answer to the problem given out to that particular pupil. You forgot who it was that discovered that you kept this list on your desk, but one of us did, and after that we used to get you out of the room for a long enough time to copy that list. We had a good many different contrivances, but the favorite one was to have 'Fat' McGowan ask to leave the room and the fall down stairs. While you were out picking up 'Fat' we used to run to your desk and get the answers to the problems.

"I will say, though," he added, "that you made me ashamed of myself once during that performance. After you told my father what a fine mathematician I was becoming he gave me half a dollar. I can remember even now how I was a little ashamed to take the old man's 50 cents."—New York Press.

# An Old Kentucky Earthquake

This vivid description of an earthquake was written by Audobon, the naturalist, as it occurred in the year 1812. "Traveling through the hills of Kentucky in the month of November, I was jogging one afternoon when I remarked a sudden and strange darkness rising from the west on the horizon. It proceeded at a mile when I heard what I imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, on which I spurred my steed, with a wish to gain the first possible place of shelter; but it went by without doing the animal any harm, though I was forthcoming, an instead of going faster, so near to a point that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground with as much accuracy as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him as he was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when he suddenly fell a groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan.

"I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his saddle, but he did not move, and at the instant all things ceased, and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ripples of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the horse resumed his usual gait, as if he had become oblivious of what he had just experienced. My horse brought his feet to their natural position, raised his head and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

"Should succeeded shock almost every day or night several times, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for the first time had a notable gathering as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. The earthquake produced more serious consequences in other places.

"On September 18, 1808, Sept. 17-21, 1809. On September 18, 1808, I left for the anniversary of the battle of Chancellorsville. It is supposed to celebrate this memorable event, which was the result of the military operations of the year 1862, a grand reunion of all the regiments that participated in the battle of Chancellorsville. This reunion will be held at the National Park, between Washington and the Potomac. The reunion will be held at the National Park, between Washington and the Potomac. The reunion will be held at the National Park, between Washington and the Potomac.

# Tells of Japanese Traits

Traitors among the Japanese officers are not treated pleasantly when their conduct is discovered. On a recent tour in his new book on Japan tells of an instance. Two Japanese transports laden with all stores and heavy siege artillery had been captured by the Russian Vladivostok squadron, one was sunk, the other captured as a prize. The Russian check for the Japanese was ultimately paid to the Japanese official in Tokyo, one holding a rank and engaged in the admiralty.

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# A Cruelly Deceived Woman

If it wasn't for the children the woman would get a divorce. She has been deceived for ten years. That is the period of her married life. The country had led up to that point contract covered two years. In that time the man and woman wrote many letters. The woman wrote 746 and the man 715. The day before the wedding she was told that she had been deceived.

"From one I love." His pillow also was an ornate affair. As soon as the woman and her husband went to bed she placed the pillow on the sofa. When they began to get drowsy she packed them away in dusty tissue paper and hid them in a dark closet. One week she took them out and patted them and said, "Dear Henry."

"Henry, have you kept all my letters?"

"Very one," said Henry.

"How sweet of you," murmured the woman. "Now, I'll tell you what we will do. I have made two sofa pillows, one for you and one for me. I am going to stuff them with cotton or feathers or sweet balm we will fill them with our old love letters and keep them forever and ever. Won't that be lovely?"

Henry said he thought it would be. The woman gave him the pillows. It was very pretty, also it was appropriate. It was made of green satin, embroidered in gold. It said, "From one I love."

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," said Mrs. Anne T. Ewack in testimony, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I walk as straight as ever. They are simple, and guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at Whiteside & Mitchell, and Cobb & Cobb's drug stores; price 25c.

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