

A RACE AROUND THE HORN

MASTER has the right to be proud of his ship and mine is a clipper—a "wind jammer"; but I've left many a first-class tramp astern of me, yes, and there, too, I haven't broken any records; I can't claim to have sailed 433 1/2 statute miles in a day, as did the Flying Cloud, or even 419 miles, the record of the Sovereign of the Seas. Records like those were made when ships carried a big crew, regardless of expense, and spread out their stun's and moon-screws until the hull was no more compared with their canvas than the basket is to a balloon.

But my bark Daisy does all that can be expected with her crew of twenty-two men, and my owners gave me a gold watch and chain when I beat the giant France on a clear run across the Western ocean.

I was loading timber in Burrard Inlet, just up the harbor from Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I was feeling pretty good, because, since my last visit, my investment of \$500 in town lots had turned itself into a good \$1,500 with the growth of the city. And as to the

leader to the forecastle head, I felt half inclined to hall him, but why should my boy's stead look like a cat, slink in the shadows, instead of going about like a man? I thought I saw the gleam of a knife in his hands. Then I ran full tilt along the lee side of the deck, for if the man meant mischief it was mine I knew. I took the steps at three jumps.

When I gained the forecastle head I saw nothing at first. Yes, there he was over the bows, his head just showing, moving from side to side as though he were at work.

I bent down over him, and found him quite unconscious of my presence, washing with a long knife, cutting away the most vital gear in the ship—the gunnions of the bowsprit! I flew at his throat, half strangled him, and dragged him from his perch, until I had him hanging over blue water. But I was too late, for with an awful crash, the gunnions parted, the bowsprit flew into the air, rearing straight on end. A yell from me sent the mate to the wheel.

"Luff!" I shouted.

But before he could bring her head to the wind, she gave one heavier roll than usual, and with one tremendous smash all three masts, no longer supported by the stays, broke off like cut-ropes and went whirling down over the side. Then I hauled Mr. Diego Ramirez aboard, and battered him senseless.

The Daisy lay a total wreck in mid-ocean, her masts and spars, a tangled mass of wreckage to leeward, were charging into her like a battering ram with every roll, and, worst of all, the whole of the standing rigging was of steel, which no ax could cut for our release.

At once I had all hands at work to deal with the disaster. One watch rigged a sea anchor, with a cask of oil burred with an auger, which we put overhead to seaward and so broke the seas. Meanwhile I got the other watch to work cutting the wreckage adrift as best they could.

Only when daylight came had I time to go forward; time to deal with Diego Ramirez, Esq., my boy's, caught red-handed wrecking my ship. Even though I could appreciate the dash and cunning of the man, his mastery knowledge of seamanship. The chance had been a thousand to one against his being caught, so simple was his plan, so certain his success. No masts ever built could have borne so sudden and so fierce a wrench. It was a comfort to me that I had marked Diego Ramirez for life. But I had not killed him, nor would I while he could be held alive in evidence of his crime.

I put the man in irons, with nothing but bread and water, and on the third day he confessed that Jones had bribed him to come on board at Vancouver, had paid him \$250 in cash to commit the crime. That was Mr. Jones' idea of racing, and certainly the way things looked he would have no trouble in reaching England ahead of me, claiming the \$5,000 from the stake-holder at Vancouver, and cashing the check before I could interfere. As to the money, I had no redress, for the law would not back me in a gambling transaction, but I swore he should be punished for wrecking my ship.

Well, from the moment we lost our masts I had all hands, including my self, working night and day, saving what could be saved of the wreckage, and using the spars, tackle and canvas to jury-rig the ship. I had thirty feet of foremast, eighteen feet of mainmast, and six feet of the main to build upon; and, if you'll believe me, I turned the Daisy into such a rig as was never seen before in the world. We rigged her as we went along under a jury fore-

mast, and before we passed the Western Islands I had turned her into a sort of four-masted jackass bark, with a sprit-sail over her jury bowsprit, and even booms rigged out over the side to carry small sails. My sailmaker laughed until he split his sides at some of my jury canvas, but we did five knots an hour before the wind. Every ship we sighted howled at us, but I begged, bought and borrowed something from each of them, of spars, rope and sails to add to my rig. I even hoisted sails on the boats in my davits, and Providence helped me with jugs and windlass I wanted, kept my hands in good humor with plenty of grog, and you should have heard them cheer as we sighted Ushant!

Since we had been delayed at least six weeks, of course there could be no hope of winning the race. Yet we were scarcely in our fresh course up Channel, the time being just after breakfast, when who should I see astern but my dear friend Jones. It was a clear judgment, in my mind, for he'd been driven south by a gale we just missed by a day, blown clean into the Antarctic, where he found a berg in a fog. Anyway, here we was rounding Ushant stern to us, and it was nothing new but a question of tugs, and I had one asking for a job already, the only deep sea tug, perhaps, in the chops of the Channel. So I made my bargain for Dartmouth, and soon I was making eight knots for Jones' nine. At noon, I being still a little ahead, another tug being in sight, and I being disabled, had a right. So away we went with two tugs, leaving Jones raging mad astern. He was hull down when I got a third tug, just to spite Jones, and went into Dartmouth like a royal procession.

Yes, I was first in an English port, first to send the cable to Vancouver, first to secure the stake. Moreover, I got Mr. Jones dismasted from his ship and charged, with his accomplice, in wrecking mine, and his owners had to pay the damage. Now Captain Jones and Diego Ramirez, his boy's, are improving their minds in her majesty's house of tuition at Wormwood Scrubbs.

The Daisy? Well, next time I put into Vancouver the merchants gave me a banquet, and I wear a gold watch and chain to Jones' memory.

A boy smoking a cigar is such a shocking sight that even men feel unpleasant in witnessing it.

FIVE BROTHERS IN THE ARMY.



John Jones, the proprietor of the Jackson House, in London, Ky., is the proud father of five sons, five of whom are wearing the blue in the service of their country. Three are in the Philippines, and two are in this country. Samuel and Wiley, aged respectively 20 and 24, are members of K. Troop, Third cavalry, stationed at Manila. Both have distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct on the field of battle. Caleb, aged 22, is a member of H. Company, Third infantry, Philippine Islands, and has won promotion by his faithful service. Christopher, aged 20, is a member of Company K, Twenty-third infantry, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. Chester, the youngest, is 18 years old, and has only been in service a few months.

Mr. Jones, the father, is an old soldier, having fought through four years of the Civil War under Gen. Grant, and says that, though he receives a small pension, he thinks the government ought to increase it now that he has five sons in the service.

Captain Joseph Garrard of the Fourth street recruiting office, this city, makes his headquarters at the Jackson House when he visits London to make enlistments. He says that in his thirty years of service he has never known of more than three or four brothers in the service at the same time.

There are three little fellows that are too young for the service, but declare that as soon as possible they will enlist. The oldest brother is married and has two children. His wife says that it is all she can do to keep him from slipping away and joining his other brothers.

HISTORIC POWDER HOUSE.

A noteworthy object to be seen in the region round about Boston is the old powder house that stands on an eminence on the road to Arlington. It is intimately associated with the early history of the country and is regarded with much interest by antiquarians. Originally intended for a windmill, it was solidly built of masonry and even at the present day shows few signs of decay. In its original state the old mill had three lofty abutments six feet apart supported by heavy lava timbers. It is about 20 feet high, with a diameter of about 15 feet at the base. Mallet, the miller, once lived near the mill, to which the farmers from far and near came with their grists to be ground.

In the year 1747 the mill was transferred by the builder's heirs to the province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, and it was never used as a windmill after that time, but it became instead a powder magazine for the storing of powder belonging to the province.

In September, 1774, when the old mill contained 250 barrels of powder, it was raided by General Gage and emptied of its precious store. When the news of this seizure was circulated it created the most intense excitement and several thousand of the inhabitants of Boston and other towns assembled on the common at Cambridge to give expression to their resentment and their indignation. This is said to have been the first time that the provincials had assembled in arms for the avowed purpose of opposing the king's forces. Thus it was that the old mill contained some of the powder used in the War of the Revolution. It is certain that Washington visited the old mill more than once, and it holds a prominent place in the history of the war for independence.

One of the stories told in connection with the old mill is that of an Acadian peasant girl who was among the girls of this class who were separated from their homes and parceled out among the different towns by the cruel policy of their conquerors. This girl's name was Claudine. Disguising herself in boy's clothing she ran away from a cruel master. Reaching the home of Mallet, the miller, at nightfall, she asked permission to stay all night, and begged to be allowed to sleep in the mill. "This permission was granted, and the disguised runaway climbed to the loft and went to sleep on the grain bags she found there. In the dead of night her master arrived in pursuit of her. Arousing the miller, the prisoner demanded that the mill be opened and the girl be given to him. The frightened runaway was aroused from her sleep by the voice of her master commanding her to descend. When she refused to come down the enraged man, whose name was Richard Wynn, climbed the ladder to bring her down by force. When her pursuer had reached her hiding place the girl tried to escape down the ladder. The man sprang after her, and she fell headlong through the opening at the head of the ladder. He caught at a rope in his descent and clung to it, heedless of the miller's wild cry for her to let go or he would soon be a dead man. The miller's weight on the rope had set the mill in motion, the great arms began to revolve, the man was caught in the machinery and before the mill could be stopped and the victim released he was injured beyond recovery and he died in a few hours.

What great excitement there is among the women when a woman who has been married some time appears in handsome new clothes!

The men also get new underwear when they marry, but they don't advertise it.

A long walk is a severe trial for the human understanding.

Little Gray Sheep" is the title of the new novel by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who is a sister of Marion Crawford, from the Lippincott press.

Paul Leicester Ford, whose marriage has recently occurred, had sold his first novel, "Janice Meredith," 248,000 copies on the day of his wedding. Ten thousand more were then in press.

Punch announces the immediate publication of a three-part serial by Frank R. Stockton. It is entitled "The Gilded Idol and the Couch Shell," and deals with American life on the side of politics.

A study of the modern social conditions as they affect the Jews in the United States is presented by Miss Emma Wolf in her novel, "Heirs of Yesterday," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago.

A new edition of Charles Kingsley's works is in course of preparation by his daughter, Mrs. Harrison (Lucretia) Mallet. Her introductions to the various volumes will contain much interesting unpublished matter.

American authors, it seems, are helplessly exposed to the depredations of Russian publishers. An illustration of the pillage which constantly goes on is seen in the fact that Benjamin Ide Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great" is now being reprinted in the Nevva, a Russian magazine published in St. Petersburg. The biography first appeared in the Century magazine, and then was published as a book with drawings by Andre Castaigne, which are also being pirated by the Russian magazine.

A picturesque event happened recently at Garden River, a part of the Ojibway Reservation, nine miles from the Canadian "So," as Saint Ste. Marie is familiarly called, when Miss Alice Longfellow, and her sister, Mrs. J. G. Thorp, of Cambridge, and other descendants of the poet Longfellow, were formally adopted into the Ojibway nation. The party who have been camping in Georgian Bay, about thirty miles from Garden River, the latter place being the ancient residence of the Ojibway Kings, who ruled there a hundred years ago, when this nation was supreme among the aborigines, the last King of the Ojibways being the father of the Chief Bukwak Jimini, who taught Longfellow the legends on which his "Hiawatha" was founded. This country is supposed to have been the scene of most of Hiawatha's exploits, and here the Ojibways, who are entertaining the Longfellow party, presented a dramatized version of Hiawatha for their guests, which was given out of doors with much realistic effect. The morning after the adoption of the Longfellow into the Ojibway Nation, Miss Longfellow presented their hosts with a handsome portrait of her father, framed in birch bark, which will hang in their Council House at Garden River. The whole story is not only one of much interest, but should form a striking episode in all future lives of the poet.

A POLITE HORSE.

An Anecdote Somewhat Out of the Usual Run.

It is seldom that horses show their intelligence in any striking manner, but they sometimes do things that would make their mental processes extremely interesting if we could understand them. I once owned a beautiful gray horse named "Douglas," and in every way he was essentially a family horse. He generally knew what was required of him, and would try to do it. He was so gentle that he could safely have been driven by means of two pieces of strong line (thread, and he was so thoroughly trustworthy in regard to standing without hitching, that we left him anywhere we pleased, contrary to the custom of the day, always certain to find him in exactly the spot where he had been left.

We had such faith in him in this respect that we got into the bad habit, when we were visiting at a house, of leaving him standing at the door and thinking no more of him until we came out. One afternoon my wife and I were making a call at a suburban house, and as usual left Douglas standing outside. In a little while, glancing out of the front window, I was amazed to see the horse slowly moving along the driveway. I was about to go out to him, but as he very soon stopped and stood perfectly still, I remained where I was, and almost at that moment two ladies came in. They were also paying a visit to the house, but on foot.

One of them remarked to me that I had a very polite horse, and as I did not understand this compliment to Douglas, she explained that when they reached the house they found my horse sitting on the porch, and that the ladies, who would have induced Douglas to move from the place where I had left him, were so surprised that they were unable to enter.

I have nothing to add to this anecdote, except to say that it must have been a very strong sense of politeness, or else a word or two from one of the ladies, which would have induced Douglas to move from the place where I had left him.—Frank R. Stockton, in Youth's Companion.

Several gentlemen in the lobby of the Arlington the other evening were discussing the different phases of the currency question during the last half century and the effect thereon of the recent election.

Col. J. G. Berret, formerly postmaster and Mayor of Washington, told of an interesting and extraordinary disproportionate bet as to odds made by gentlemen in this city in 1820 to illustrate the comparative value of money current at that time, says the Washington Star.

"In 1820," said Col. Berret, "there was a mile track situated near what is now Brightwood, though it was before the day of horses that vicinity. President Andrew Jackson was then in office. He was a patron of the turf and was very fond of horses. He had a stable of thoroughbreds, but it was, of course, run under the name of another person, his stepson. The races were running races in heats of four miles and repeat, as was then the custom, and I recall that I once witnessed four successive heats with a short interval of rest between heats, run to decide a race.

"At one of the events a gentleman standing near me offered to bet \$100 in bank bills to 25 cents in silver coin that a horse he favored should win. A friend of mine took him up. He then repeated the offer six times at the same odds, which were accepted, and, his horse losing, he handed my friend \$700 in current bank bills, as against \$1.75 in silver coin. This shows the relative value of the currency of the period."

Wolsley Merely a Strippling.

It is pleasant to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people, are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field Marshal Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty-five years ago went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Sulej campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1848 and later he fought through the ill-managed Crimea. Twenty years later he was made commander-in-chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghan operations.

The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolsley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane on the floor and shouted:

"Wolsley! Wolsley! A clever lad, I'll admit, but a mere strippling, sir, is only 67, that settled it of course.—Philadelphia Post.

The Singer and the Porter.

M. A. P. tells a story of how, once upon a time Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junction, waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of tempers. While chewing the cud of disappointment, an old man recognized him from the published portraits, entered the waiting room.

"Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said.

"Good evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready for information rather than for a heap of money," he remarked.

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Reeves.

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard. Not so hard as I do, for instance. But I desay you earn praps ten times what I do—eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.

"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Sims Reeves opened his chest: "Do, sir, do—do" he sang, the last note being a ringing top note. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone!"

A Careful Speaker.

"What did you expect to prove by that exceedingly long-winded argument of yours?" asked the friend.

"I didn't expect to prove anything," answered the orator. "All I hoped to do was to confuse the other fellow, so that he couldn't prove that I didn't prove anything."—London Answers.

American Keeping the Lead.

British railway manufacturers are indignant at the manner in which they have lost the contracts for rebuilding the South African railways. It seems that America has ousted the British contractors. Major Gleaner, an American, who has absolute charge of the reconstruction and direction of the Transvaal railways, is responsible for this, seeing that he has invited American firms only to submit estimates, etc.,

Met on a Screen.

One of the happiest events by that wonderful and many-named invention, the moving-picture machine, appears in a story told in the London Music Hall.

A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures, when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening, when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.

She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group on the screen of a cinematograph!

Death from Hunger.

In England 500 people a year die of hunger, 100 of whom are inhabitants of London.

"It is folly to meet Old Age half way," "I think so; I wouldn't meet him at all if I knew how to get out of it."

1800 A FEW CONTRASTS 1900

During the century the Bible has been translated into more than 450 languages, which one-tenth of the human race can read.

Today the Christian religion is accepted by practically 200,000,000 people.

The first iron was raised built in the world was the United States steamship Michigan, which is still on duty on the great lakes.

In 1800 the Indian canoe was the practical only floating vehicle on the great lakes, which held one-third of all the fresh water in the world. Today the lake boats number seven thousand steel steamers.

Only fifty years ago but one woman worked to every ten men. At present the ratio is one to forty.

One hundred years ago it took a month to cross the Atlantic. Now the trip is made between two Sundays.

In 1800 there was not a cooking stove in the United States. Now we are beginning to cook without fire by the aid of electricity.

One hundred years ago one-sixth of the people of the United States were slaves. Today there is not a slave on the American continent.

Within the century the population of the United States has been multiplied by four.

In 1800 only 4 per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities. Today 30 per cent live in cities.

A hundred years ago the largest fortune in the United States was \$250,000. Now there are several fortunes of more than \$200,000.

During the century the center of population of the United States has moved from a point twenty miles east of Baltimore to Western Indiana, a distance of 500 miles.

During the century a total of about 38,000,000 people have come from foreign countries to make their homes in the United States.

In 1800 the total revenue of the United States government was \$10,848,000. For 1899 it was \$315,522,000.

The first practical steamboat was built in 1802 and the first railway locomotive in 1825.

In 1800 a man could travel only by coach or on horseback. Today there are more than 250,000 miles of railroad track in the United States alone, being more than six times the mileage of any other country.

The proportion of passengers injured in the "good old stage coach days" as compared with the present is as sixty to one.

The total value of the agricultural products of the United States in 1800 was \$100,000,000. In 1900 it will be approximately \$2,000,000,000, while the farms of the country are worth five times as much.

Up to 1791 there were but three banks in the United States with an aggregate capital of \$2,000,000. Last year there were 3,861 national banks in the country.

The first savings bank in the United States was established in 1818. In 1920 there were ten savings banks in all, with 8,632 depositors. In 1899 there were 842 savings banks, with 6,687,000 depositors, and with total deposits of \$2,230,000,000.

The first Y. M. C. A. was organized in 1849 by George Williams. There are now 1,429 associations in North America alone, with 230,000 members.

In 1800 there were 103 postoffices in the United States and 1,875 miles of postal routes. In 1900 there were 75,000 postoffices and 497,000 miles of postal routes.

In 1816 it cost 25 cents to send a single sheet by mail a distance of 400 miles. In 1900 it cost 4 cents to send a letter of 100 words by air mail.

Merchandise was first admitted to the mails in 1861.

The number of pieces of mail matter of all kinds which passes through the United States mails annually at the present time is about 6,570,000,000.

In 1800 there were not more than thirty colleges and other institutions of higher education in the United States. At the close of last year there were 480, with a total of 12,000 professors and teachers.

By act of the Continental Congress, passed in 1785, one thirty-sixth part of all the public lands belonging to the United States were set apart perpetually as an endowment for the public schools of the country. Under this and succeeding acts 71,000,000 acres have been granted during the century for the support of public schools, and 1,365,000 acres to universities and colleges.

The modern Sunday school dates from 1786, when the first school of the kind was started by Robert Raikes at Gloucester, England. At present there are 110,000 Sunday schools in the United States, with 2,500,000 teachers and 4,000,000 pupils.

In 1800 all surgical operations were performed without the use of anesthetics. The use of chloroform was not discovered until 1847. Ether was first used to deaden pain in 1846.

In 1800 the total exports of the United States were \$33,000,000. This year they are \$2,000,000,000.

"Is Miss Triller an obliging singer?" "Oh, yes; half the time she refuses to sing."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Pay as you go," is my rule. "Yes; so many people won't believe you when you say you'll pay as you come back."

"Why do you call that speckled hen 'Macduff' and the pig 'Barbary'?" "Because Macduff lays on and Barbary is willful."—Lover.

Myer—I wonder what causes concussion of the brain? Gjer—A collision between two trains of thought, I suppose.—Chicago News.

Bride (to a formerly a widow)—Oh, Harry, what would I do if you should die? Harry (doubtfully)—I don't know, dear, but I think I can guess.

Who was William the Conqueror, 'Sammy?' asked the pretty school-marm. "McKinley," replied 'Sammy,' promptly.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

He—I point out your faults because I love you. She—Nonsense! If you really loved me you would think my faults were excellences.—Chicago Record.

The Parent—My boy, do you want me to tell you what happens to boys who tell lies? The Boy—Yes, pop; but, golly! can you remember back that far?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Lie: "Just as soon as a man has satisfied his conscience that it's all right to tell a white lie," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "he becomes colorblind."—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Meddlergram—Well, them New York folks has certainly gone the limit now. Mr. Crosslots—What they do? Mr. Meddlergram—Goin' to have a horseless horse show.—Baltimore American.

Schoolmaster—Now, Muggins Minor, what were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head? Muggins—I expects he wuz awful glad it war'n't a brick.—Fun.

"All the world's a stage," "All the world's a stage, Sam, and the men and women merely players." "Yes, massa, but if dat's so, whar 'yo' gwine to git your audience and orchestra?"—Collier's Weekly.

Mistress—You say you are well recommended? Maid—Indeed, ma'am, I have thirty-nine excellent references. Mistress—And you have been in domestic service? Maid—Two years, ma'am.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Newton—Lend you a V? Why don't you borrow it from Markley? He is easy. Borrow it—but I don't know him as well as I know you. Newton—That's just it, and he doesn't know you as well as I do.—Philadelphia Press.

Hazlitt—So you really think that Miss Mezzotint is a genuine artist? And yet you never heard her. Barsad—No, but she freely admits that she sings her selections. She does not claim that she "understands" them.—Boston Transcript.

Tess—I remember Miss Krusty actually paid me a compliment the other evening. Jess—Not quite, but she came as near it as could be expected of her. Tess—What did she say? Jess—She said you were "very charming—but"—Philadelphia Press.

Wide Open: Briggs—Well, old man, how is that Automobile Club of yours getting on? Giger—First-rate; we have made a rule that no one can belong to it unless he has written a book. Briggs—Is that so? I had an idea that it was an exclusive affair.—Life.

Benedick—It is said that most of the people who commit suicide are unmarried. How are you going to get around that? Otobach—Oh, well, I suppose after a fellow has been married a while he gets so he can put up with almost anything.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Clerk (to patent-medicine man)—Here is a curious experience from one of our customers. Medicine Man—Read it, Clerk—Before I took your elixir my face was a sight. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law.—Larkspur Life.

"Hello, Jones, moving again so soon? I thought you were perfectly satisfied with your present home." "I was, old man, but the fact is our sitting-room is covered with a goldenrod pattern, and I can't cure my hay fever at all. The landlady won't repaper it, and so we have to move."—Puck.

Owens—Is Mr. Lenders in? Boy—Not yet, sir, but I expect him every minute. Owens—It's 10 o'clock, isn't it? Boy—Nearly. The clock will strike in half a minute, if not sooner. Then it goes! Owens—All right. I promised to be here at 10 o'clock and pay him some money. Tell him I called and he wasn't in.—This.

Aunt Rachel—Mandy, what's the trouble between you and Mr. Hankinson? I haven't seen him here for several evenings. Miss Mandy—He seemed to be getting a little too confidential the other night, auntie, and I told him to take his arm away. Aunt Rachel—Well, he did, didn't he? Miss Mandy—Yes, he took it clear out of the house, and he hasn't been back with it since.—Chicago Tribune.

Teacher (of English)—Michael, when I have finished, you may repeat what I have read in your own words: "See the cow run; isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse." Future Mayor of Boston—Git on to do, ain't she a beauty? Kin de cow git a gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow ain't it wid de horse.—Judge.

Seeks to Avoid School.

A new story of the precocious boy questioning his papa at the breakfast table is told by a South Side school-ma'am in the following terms:

Boy—What is an inventor, papa? Proud Father—Why, an inventor is a great man who discovers and perfects a machine or process for saving much of the labor of brain and body.

Boy—Oh, such great men are all right, I suppose, but I do wish one of them would invent some way for avoiding the labor of going to school!

Full of Water.

"How do you feel now?" asked his rescuers.

"Like a drowsy trout," gasped the half-drowned man, faintly.

Then they rolled him on the barrel some more, for they, too, were financiers.—Harper's Bazar.

For Safe Keeping.

Mr. Pijit—Say, that's the rottenest tobacco I ever smoked.

Mrs. Pijit—Oh, George, you're smoking up my fancy stik! I put it in your tobacco jar for safe-keeping.—Ohio State Journal.

All women are equally fair—when the lights are extinguished.

