

NEW AND CURIOUS.

In far Japan the oxen wear shoes. The Japanese teamster is very considerate to the animals which do most of his work. He would not think of letting an ox go out without having placed a sort sandal on his forefeet, which protects the animal's hoofs from injury. These sandals consist of a sole braided of rice straw, which is fastened to the hoof.

The unreliable character of much that passes for knowledge is aptly illustrated in the following statement, taken from an American almanac of 1812: "California is a wild and almost unknown land covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthy. On the northern shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights." The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers.

Worry wrecks more lives than work. An outgrowth of one of the psychological whims of the time is a chain of "Don't Worry" clubs. Without subscribing to all the tenets of these organizations, almost every individual could better his condition by adopting and trying to live up to their motto. The substance of their belief is beyond dispute, and may be summarized in a few words: Worry never yet bettered the condition of any individual; it never yet failed to make worse the condition of the person given to worrying. There ought not to be need of anti-worry societies. The instinct of self-preservation should array humanity in opposition to the adversary, worry.

For the rebuilding of a Buddhist temple at Kioto, Japan, a large number of Buddhists who could not afford gold or silver, gave the hair from their heads. This being sacred and symbolical of life, it is a great sacrifice for a follower to part with his or her hair. Under the direction of the Buddhist priests these gifts of hair were made into ropes — ropes that could lift the heaviest timbers used in the restoration of the temple. So great was the aggregate quantity of hair contributed by the faithful that fifty-three long lines of rope were made of it. These ropes, placed end to end, would measure 9,972 feet, and their combined weight was 23,517 pounds. Certainly devotion to religion is not confined to Christianity.

Having successfully made honey without the aid or consent of the bee, science now steps in and announces that it can manufacture

butter and cheese direct from grass and corn without the intermediation of a cow. Science in the present instance is represented by Willard G. Day of Baltimore, who declares he has discovered a marvelous process whereby, with the aid of electric light of immense potentiality, butter can be made directly from the vegetables which form the chief food of the cow. More than that, his electric light will kill the microbes which are propagated and nourished at the roots of the plants and thus the elements which cause butter and cheese to decay will be removed and the product of his genius will last indefinitely.

Just for Fun.

Sky-pilot—"I hope you've turned over a new leaf with the New Year?" Laborer—"Same to you, Sir!"

"Huh!" snorted the husband, who had been inveigled into attending the rendition of a sermon. "Call him a boy preacher! He is forty if he is a day." "He does look that way" said the wife, "but," she continued, in her anxiety to plead, "don't you think he has the mind of a boy!"

"Gib us dis day our daily bread," shouted the colored deacon from the interior of a hired shanty, upon which a generous baker from outside threw a loaf in at the window, accidentally smashing it. "Gib us dis day—dat'll do, good Lord dat'll do; tupp'ny loaf right fro a ten-penny winder."

Willie (at the close of Christmas day)—Ma, didn't you say that Santa Claus only brought presents to good boys.

Mother—Yes, dear.

Willie—Well, if Santa Claus thinks all of the fellers he brought presents for at Christmas are good boys he must be easily fooled.—[Pearson's.

The late Senator George of Mississippi was an Agnostic, while his wife was deeply religious. She placed a neighboring Baptist minister on his trail, and he got no peace. Once, riding slowly home from Carrollton and reading his mail, the preacher burst out of the woods on his right hand and began. They came to a creek and crossed it. It was, in the senator's language, "saddle-pocket deep." On the further bank he dismounted. "Git down," he said, fiercely. The minister looked at him doubtfully. He feared a personal encounter. "Git down!" He got down. "Now," said George, "I'm tired o' bein' harried around th' kentry like I was a cotton-tail rabbit an' you was a pack o, nigger dogs. Baptize me right here." It was winter time, but the venerable statesman would not be denied. The two men waded into icy water up to their arm-pits, and the ceremony

was performed. Senator George climbed into his saddle and looked down on the shivering evangelist. "Now," he said, "you go home and stay home. I'm through with this damn business."—[Argonaut.

A good many years ago we heard a minister pray, and in the course of his remarks to the Almighty he took the liberty to suggest that a larger measure of wisdom would not be hurtful to the congregation. We agreed with him, but Christian ministers have been asking God to give their people wisdom for a long while, and we have never seen any sign that he has heard their prayers.—[L. K. Washburn.

Does the Devil smoke cigarettes?



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