

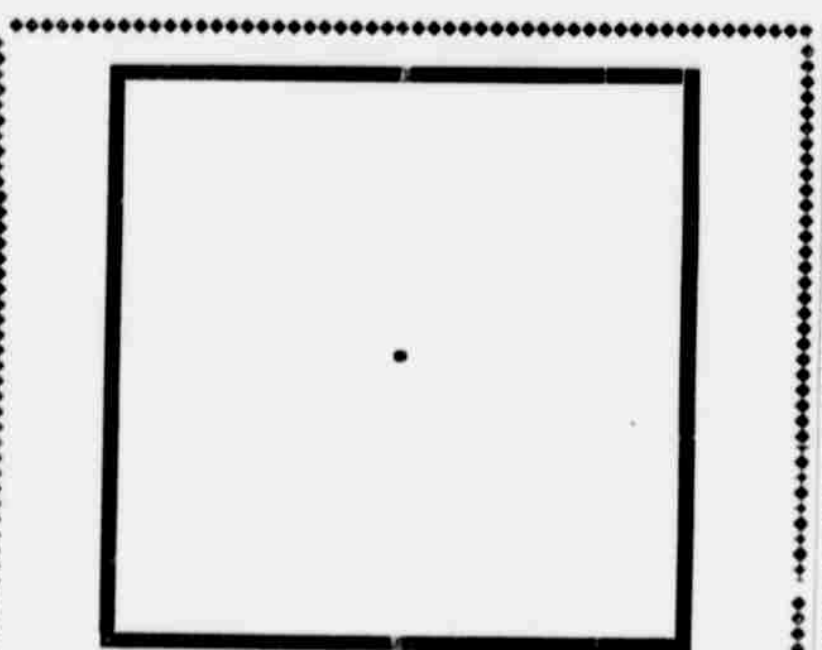
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Surplus and undivided profits, 1,452.38  
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**THE 360 DAY YEAR.      STRENGTH OF THE TIGER.      THE CROCODILE.**

**Why It Had to Give Place to the System Now in Use.**

There is a story in Plutarch which must convince every reader that one myth at least relates to an alteration made in the Egyptian calendar to extend the length of the year from 360 days to 365. A year of 360 days existed in Egypt at an early period. The lunar month, from new moon to new moon, being twenty-nine and one-half days in length, the convenient round number of thirty days was taken as a standard, and twelve months, of thirty days each, made up the year. The solar year is more difficult to observe than the lunar month, the intervals being longer, and a year of 360 days was a very convenient and reasonable approximation to it. At any rate, the year of 360 days came into use, and a curious custom at Acanthae, near Memphis, seems to allude to it. A perforated vessel was filled with water by 360 priests on each day of the year. In the island of Phaeac, again, 360 pitchers were placed around the tomb of Osiris, for making funeral libations, and were filled every day by the priests with milk. With 360 days in the year the zodiac circle of the heavens, as represented in the charts, would be divided into 360 equal parts, and we must regard it as a relic of this time that the circle is still made to consist of 360 degrees. But so erroneous an estimate of the length of the year would soon be corrected by experience.

It is evident that in about seventy-two years a cycle would be accomplished in which the New Year's day would sweep through all the months, remaining only six years in each. The same month, so far as its name was concerned, would now be in the inundation time, now in the season of sowing and anon in the time of reaping, and the agriculturist must have been perplexed. A text in the papyrus Anastasi makes reference to such perplexity, and may receive its explanation here. Goodwin translated it: "May Amen deliver me from the cold season, when the sun does not shine, the winter comes instead of the summer, the month is stormy, the hours shortened." Similar confusion would overtake the religious festivals, the New Year, for example, coming five days before its proper time, and then ten days before, and so on, and it might be thought that its observance at the wrong season would displease the gods. The year of 360 days had to give way and ultimately did so in favor of one of 365 days. The precise date of the change is not known, but it is referred to in inscriptions of the time of Amenemhat I. (circa 2100 B. C.) and may of course have been introduced much earlier. When this was done the original months were not altered, but a "little month" of five days was interpolated at the end of the year between the month Mesori of one year and the Thoth of the next. —Westminster Gazette.

**Two of a Kind.**

The Rev. Mr. Roberson was called upon to attend to two workers who had received fatal injuries in a riot. The reverend gentleman was most anxious that the men should confess who had been their accomplices. One of them died without uttering a word on the subject. As the other lay at the point of death he beckoned Mr. Roberson, who hastened to his side in the full expectation that he was about to learn the fateful tidings. This belief was strengthened by the first words of the sufferer. "Can you keep a secret?" he gasped.

"I can," was the eager response of the clergyman.

"So can I," said the dying man, and immediately afterward he calmly passed away. —Westminster Review.

**Two Swallows.**

"Hello, Mick! Have you heard about that awful affair?"

"What awful affair?"

"About the man swallowing the girl."

"Swallowing a girl? Go 'long! Couldn't be done."

"Yes, fact. Swallowed a little milk made hot."

"Well, that's good! But, look here, old pal, what about the railway man that swallowed his mate, eh?"

"Give it up."

"Well, he swallowed a little Dublin porter cold!" —London Mail.

**The Correct Count.**

As a prisoner was brought before Judge Sherman for sentence the clerk happened to be absent. Judge Sherman asked the officer in charge of the prisoner what the offense was with which he was charged.

"Bigotry, your honor. He's been married to three women."

"Why officer, that's not bigotry," said the judge; "that's trigonometry." —In Kansas City Star.

**How This Fierce Brute Kills and Carries Off Its Prey.**

I have taken considerable trouble to find out how tigers kill large game, writes an assistant comptroller of forests at Perah. Some time ago I was asked to come and see a full grown bullock that had been killed by a tiger. On examining it I found the animal had its neck broken, and there were claw marks on the nose and shoulder and nowhere else. There was no doubt that the tiger had jumped at the bull and landed on the shoulder, and when the bull turned his head to gore the tiger he must have put his claw out and with a sudden jerk broken the neck.

On another occasion I went to see a young buffalo which had been killed by a tiger and found the same thing had happened. There were similar marks on the nose and also on the near shoulder, which clearly indicated that this animal had been killed in the same way. Malays who have actually seen a tiger killing a buffalo told me they saw the same thing happen; also that in dragging off a heavy carcass, such as buffalo or bull, he gets most of the weight across his shoulder.

This must be fairly correct, as I have often followed a kill, and the marks left indicated that only a portion of the animal was trailing along the ground. I have known a full grown bull which ten men would not move dragged two miles by a tiger in a heavy jungle, where roots of trees and swamp had to be gone through. In no case have I seen the pug marks facing the wrong way except when stopping to feed, which proves he must carry a portion of the animal over his shoulder.

The old idea of a tiger killing large game by a blow from his paw is nonsense. Besides, in this country a tiger never faces his prey, but attacks him on the flank, unless charged. Another curious fact that may seem very like a fairy tale is that a tiger does not seem to mind a small lamb being tied over a kill about ten feet high, but will come and feed. I have known three occasions when this has been tried, and each time a tiger has come to feed upon the carcass. —London Field.

**Art of Pleasing.**

A woman cannot charm because she wants to. A man is not agreeable because he sets out to be. The proper effect must, like repartee, be spontaneous and unpremeditated. It must be radiated naturally, like light and love. Books there are that pretend to tell how it is done. They do so quite as completely as grasshoppers teach entomology. The ability to charm, to be agreeable, to entertain perfectly and to be perfectly entertaining is an art apprehensible only through influences generally prenatal, but always prolonged. The mere technique is so volatile that it must be inhaled. Like the Mayfair intonation, little by little, it must be absorbed, says Edgar Saltus in the Delineator.

Kings and thugs may alash the amateur in the art of teasing, but the artist is at home with them. He puts himself in harmony with them. In the ability to do that is the whole secret of the art of pleasing.

**A Disgusted Salesman.**

Henry Sweetser many years ago was a salesman for Joel Goldthwaite, carpet dealer, of Boston. One day he was called to show carpets to a lady who had plans of all the rooms of a house for which she wished to select suitable carpets. Thinking it a chance for a good sale, for two hours he showed carpets, helping her with his judgment to make a good choice for each room, and, having decided on the carpets, he said, "Now we will have these cut off, and where shall we send them?"

"Well," the lady said, "my husband is looking at a lot, and if he buys it we shall build this house, and then we shall want the carpets."

Mr. Sweetser was too astonished to speak, and she walked calmly from the store after bidding him good morning. —Boston Herald.

**Reed's Only Bird Hunt.**

Thomas B. Reed used to tell the following:

I never felt more ashamed in all my life than I did one day after killing a bird. I never shot but one bird in my life. I spent a whole day doing that. It was a sandpiper. I chased him for hours up and down a millstream. When at last I potted him and held him up by one of his poor little legs I asked a small boy who had been looking on what he thought of it.

"Oh," he replied, "I was only thinking of how big you are and how small the bird is!" —Boston Herald.

**She Missed Him.**

A poor woman who kept a small shop in a northern village and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse. A lady who frequently made small purchases at the shop called to see her and to offer her sympathy, though well knowing that the man's death must in a certain sense come as a relief, as the wife had often suffered from his violence. She was not, however, quite prepared for the stoical way in which the wife took her bereavement.

Said the lady:

"I am sure, Mrs. G., you must miss your husband."

"Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till." —London Tit-Bits.

**A Dilemma.**

Young Bellarine had at the same time a sore throat and pains in his stomach. So he went to the doctor, who said that he must take something sweet for his throat, but he protested, saying that it would be bad for his stomach. "And," said the doctor, refusing to listen, "for your stomach you must take something strong."

"But," protested once more the victim, "that will be bad for my throat."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the doctor, out of patience. "You are a little too much. Decide instantly whether you prefer a sore throat or stomach trouble." —Il Riso.

**Ne Other Animal Can Look So Dead and Be So Much Alive.**

There is little in the animal kingdom that can look so dead and be so much alive as a crocodile. The number of unsuspecting persons who have mistaken him for a log and have failed to discover their mistake until it was too late to be of any benefit to them will never be known.

In ancient times, several years prior to the British occupation of Egypt, some of the people of that country worshipped the crocodile as a god, there being nothing else like him. They fed him on dainties and tormented him out with jewelry. In other parts of Egypt, however, the natives looked upon him as a devil. Having no firearms, they did not fill him with lead, but they managed to immobilize him successfully with such weapons as were fashionable at the time.

The crocodile is not so numerous in the Nile as he was in the days of the Rameses family. In fact, he rather shuns the river now below the second cataract on account of the annoyances inseparable from tourist traffic. It seems impossible for a tourist to see a crocodile without trying to plug him with a revolver, and to a reptile that is fond of a quiet life this sort of thing is simply insufferable. He will not molest a man unless he can take him at a disadvantage, and so long as man does not unthinkingly step on him the crocodile will go his own way and calmly await his opportunity.

He feeds on fish, but for a course dinner he would rather have humanity, black preferred, which shows that there is no accounting for taste even among reptiles. His methods of capturing large game are plural as well as singular. Sometimes he will lie on a river bank partly covered with sand or mud until an absentminded native wanders within reach. Having grabbed his prey, he will waddle into the water and there drown the struggler. He will then drag his victim ashore and bury him in sand or mud and wait for days before he gorges himself. —Pall Mall Gazette.

**She Was Excited.**

"It's funny the way some women act when they get excited," said a conductor on the Broadway line. He continued: "A well dressed, refined appearing woman ran out of a store and jumped on my car just as I was about to pull the bell for the motorman to go ahead. She stood up in the aisle and said: 'Wait a minute; don't go yet! My husband will be here soon.' Her husband wasn't in sight, so I decided we'd have to go. When I reached for the bell cord she grew excited. 'I told you to wait,' she said. 'My husband will be here in just a minute.' 'We cannot wait for him, madam,' I said. 'We're running on schedule time.' It was then that she did something funny. She grew more excited and said to me, 'Young man, if you don't hold this car for my husband I'll smash you in the face.' Just then her husband came out of a store on the run and climbed aboard. When he had dropped into a seat the woman looked at me and with a sweet smile said, 'Now you may go ahead, conductor.' 'Thank you,' I said. —Denver Post.

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