PHILLIPS HELD ON.

HE STAID WITH THE WHALE AND NOW IS WELL FIXED.

The Thrilling Adventure of a Long Island Truck Farmer Who Has His Share of the Qualities Generally Credited to Residents of His Part of the World.

"A whaling story? Well, there's a man here named Phillips, a truck farmer, and of course a whaler. About eight years ago he belonged to one of our boat crews. A big whale was sighted about three miles out, and the usual excitement occurred. Every man of a crew knows his place, and when the alarm is given he drops everything and makes for the beach.

"So, at the first cry of 'Whale!' the barber left his half shaved man in the chair, the man driving out of town drove back again, the storekeeper deserted his customers, and everybody ran.

"This truck farmer happened to be trimming some trees, and had no coat on, though it was a pretty cold day. He ran down the road in his shirt sleeves, knife in hand, just as he was. If a man of a crew isn't there, you see, a volunteer will get his place, and if the whale is killed, also his share of the proceeds. Phillips got there. The boats were manned—the oars, harpoons, lances, etc., are always kept right there under the boats for such an emergency—and with the general help got safely through the combers that were rolling in from a pretty stiff sea.

"Now, there's always a rivalry between whalemen as to getting in the first iron. The two crews were pretty evenly matched and reached the whale about the same time, taking either side, the whale's nose being toward shore. It is a trick they play on a whale, you see. He just lies there, looking from one to the other, as if wondering which he'd tackle or which was liable to tackle him. The bowman who was to throw the harpoon was as much excited in one boat as in the other. Both threw at once, and both fell short—yes, and both boats were swamped at exactly the same moment. The whale was so surprised to see everything suddenly disappear on both sides of him that he never stirred. It was a nasty situation.

"Phillips was thrown out of the boat right up against the side of the monster. Phillips was excited, and being a truck farmer from Long Island, hated to go out three miles and get only a wetting. He had the pruning knife in his overalls, and while every other man was trying to right the boats he drew this knife and struck the whale a terrible blow just back of his left flipper and killed it.

"Yes, that single blow killed it, but a whale never dies right away when he gets a death blow. Phillips didn't want to lose his knife, and he could not pull it out. While he was hanging on to it the whale dived to the bottom of the ocean, taking Phillips along with it. You never heard of a Long Islander letting go of anything voluntarily that had money in it, so Phillips held on. The whale soon came to the surface, or else the man would have been drowned, and as soon as he came up he made for the open sea, dragging Phillips alongside.

"The whale never stopped until he got ten miles out, where he rolled over on his side, as dead as a salted mackerel. Now, Phillips was sticking on the starboard side, you see, and when the whale rolled over the other way it brought the truck farmer on the upper side, and on a moderately firm footing. To be sure of not slipping off, he took off his suspenders and tied himself to his knife, still fast behind the starboard fin, and then went to sleep.

"Well, sir, a ship came along and found the man there asleep on top of the whale. The skipper hailed Phillips and woke him up.

"'What're ye doing there?' he says.

"'Sleeping,' says Phillips. 'D'ye want to buy a whale?'

"The skipper was a Yankee and saw that there was money in this job, so he offered to rescue the truck farmer and take him back to Southampton for nothing for whatever interest he had in the whale.

"'Not a cent less than $250 will buy me off,'" said Phillips.

"'Then stay on,' said the skipper, and he squared braces and sailed away, leaving Phillips where he was. He was a plucky man, and he knew what a whale was worth. And he said to himself, 'I'll stick to my whale till I get my price, if I have to live on blubber all summer,' and then he cut out a chunk for a lunch.

"But he was right in the track of vessels and was finally picked up at a bargain by a whale ship just going around to Bering sea, and they took in the oil and bone and paid Phillips a big salary to go along—more than he could make by his truck farm and summer boarders in five years. The skipper reasoned that a man who could go out and kill a whale alone with a pruning knife, and had pluck enough to stick to his find until he sold it, would be a good man to take on the voyage. And he was right, for the vessel had the biggest kind of luck, and came home full of oil. The share of the truck farmer gave him a good start, and he invested it in a sand bank and sold out to New Yorkers for country seats.

"He lives over yonder in that pretty cottage, but you'll know him by a scar on his nose, where the whale scraped him on the bottom of the ocean eight years ago."—New York Herald.

Proud of His Work.

"I hope you like your work, my lad," said a benignant elderly person to a messenger boy as they waited together to cross a street. "Men who take pride in their work are the men who succeed." "Oh, I'm a record breaker, the manager says." "That's the way for a boy to talk. Tell me how you do better than the other boys?" "I can take longer to carry a message than any of them."—Providence Visitor.

Students of Many Colors.

I have had in my own study at Oxford not only Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Siamese, Japanese and Chinese, but I received only the other day a visit from one of the Blackfoot Indians, the first of that tribe who had ever set foot on English soil, a most interesting and intelligent man, who was bewailing to me the fate of his race, doomed, as he thought, to disappear from the face of the earth, as if Babylonians and Assyrians, Acadians and Hittites had not disappeared before. His name was Strong Buffalo (not Buffalo Bill), and a most powerful, determined and sensible man he seemed. He reminded me of a young Mohawk who also used to deplore to me the fate of his race. He came to Oxford many years ago to study medicine. He came in his paint and feathers, but left in his cap and gown and is now a practicing physician at Toronto.

These visits of strangers from distant lands are often highly instructive. I netted some knowledge of the Mohawk language from Dr. Oronyha Teka. One is thus brought in contact with some of the leading spirits all over the world. I have now, or have had, pupils, friends and correspondents in India, Burma, Siam, Japan, China, Korea—aye, even in the Polynesian and Melanesian islands, in South America and in several African settlements.—Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

The Vanished Descriptive Poem.

It may be fanciful to attempt to trace a connection between the rarity of the meditative mood among readers and the prevalence of short poems among writers, but certainly there is a falling off in long poems on the aspects of nature. It would be a brave Wordsworth who today would write an excursion and expect to have it read in the moments of leisure accorded to the normal man or woman. Somebody would read his in order to write a review of it, a short review that one could read while waiting to start on an expedition for enjoying nature, but very few other people would. We are so used to the transient and the various, we can go so quickly from one aspect to another, that we demand that our poets shall give us an impression, not a description, or we have so completely ushered into the quietest scenes the presence of contest, effort and attainment that we insist on some human suggestion or some dramatic contrast within the limits of so called poetry of nature. Our poets have realized that there is scant time for addresses and odes to the mighty manifestations of creative force, and content themselves with the reflection of a fleeting mood caught in a dozen lines and fixed on the page of a magazine.—Philadelphia Citizen.

A Naught of Soda.

The little girl came into the drug store.

"Pleath, thir," she said, "mother thayth have you a naught of soda?"

"A what?" repeated the clerk.

"A naught of soda," reiterated the little girl.

"Do you want a glass of soda water?" asked the clerk.

"No, thir. Mother thayth I can't have that till evenin. She thayth have you a naught of soda?"

"What can she mean?" muttered the puzzled clerk. The child grew impatient.

"A naught of soda," she said sharply. "Why, it ith a funny bottle wif a thquirter to it, and it goeth 'si-z' when you work it."

"Oh! You mean a siphon of soda," exclaimed the clerk.

"Oh! Thiphen? Thiphen? Yeth, thir, it wath thiphen. But thiphens and naught ith the thame, ain't it?"

And the clerk said that ciphers and naughts were the same.—Philadelphia American.

One of the Wonders of Physics.

An experienced mechanic who was asked what he regarded as the most wonderful thing for general utility replied: "The tracking of a car wheel is the most wonderful thing to me in the whole range of science and invention. Here are two rails, up hill and down hill, round the sharp curves and along false tangents, and upon them fly at more than a mile a minute, without jar or jostle, a dozen heavy cars drawn by an engine weighing 60 tons. Passengers realize no danger, yet there is only the little flange of a wheel between them and eternity. An inch and a half of steel turned up on the inner side of the wheel holds up the whole train as securely to the rails as if it were bolted there in grooves."—Albany Express.

The Origin of Mrs. Grundy.

How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of "Box and Cox," and she is referred to in his comedy, "Speed the Plow," which was first performed in 1798. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play. She is merely a mysterious personage whom Dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairey Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

A Veritable Curiosity.

Stranger—I've a curiosity for your museum—a woman 102 years old.

Manager—Pshaw! That's nothing.

Stranger—But this one has lost all her faculties, couldn't read through a telescope, couldn't hear Gabriel's trumpet, lost all her teeth, hasn't spoken intelligently in years.

Manager—Now you're talking! When can she come?—New York Sun.

Prescription by a Rival.

Florence—I should like to do something that would make him miserable for life.

Mabel—Then why don't you marry him.—Vogue.

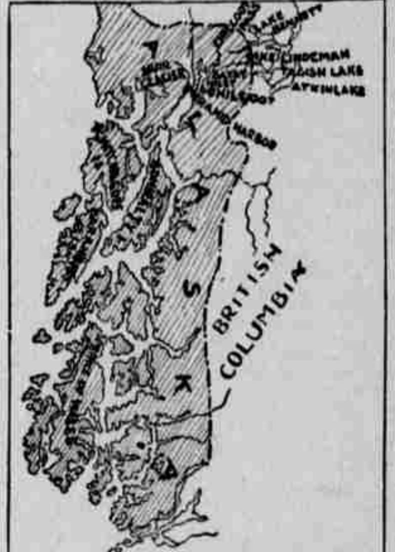
ALASKA-CANADA LINE

EXPLANATION OF THE TREATY SO MUCH DISCUSSED NOWADAYS.

Some Expect Trouble Between the Two Governments Over This Matter, but Very Likely It Will All Be Fixed Up by the State Departments.

If you are a newspaper reader, which, of course, you are, else you would not be reading this, you have been puzzled over and over again by the almost daily allusions to the dispute about the boundary between Alaska and Canada, and it is quite possible that you have formed an opinion as to the right and wrong of the matter, perhaps without really knowing much about it. It is the opinion of the present writer that— But this article is to be informing merely and not inflammatory and will deal with facts and not preferences.

In a way the differences between the queen's colonists and Uncle Sam's men are a legacy from the Russians, since the treaty between Russia and the British defining the eastern boundary of Russian America was accepted by the United States when Alaska was purchased from the Russians in 1867. No trouble arose until a few years ago, when parties of American and Canadian engineers were sent to locate the line. The British interpretation of the treaty differs from



MAP SHOWING DISPUTED TERRITORY.

the American interpretation; hence all the talk. Briefly, the provisions of the treaty, so far as the present contention goes, are as follows:

From the fifty-sixth parallel of latitude (north) "the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the one hundred and forty-first degree of west longitude," but "whenever the summit of the mountains shall prove to be at a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean," the boundary line now in dispute "shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

This seems simple enough, but in this case, as in so many others, appearances are deceptive. In the first place, there is no mountain range "parallel with the coast," and so the three league line must be laid out. The question then hinges on what is "the coast." There are two English and Canadian interpretations. One is that the boundary line should be construed to extend parallel with the outer shore of the islands strung along the mainland, and the other that the line shall be run parallel with "the general coast line of the capes and points of land at the mainland." The American contention is that the line shall be uniformly 30 miles back from the main coast line. If the first of the English contentions shall be adopted, there are places where the Alaska boundary line will not touch the mainland at all. If either be accepted, much territory that has heretofore been considered belonging to the United States will be Canadian territory, but the acceptance of the American contention will leave the line about as it now figures on the school maps.

From an agricultural point of view the territory in question does not amount to much, but gold mines, diversely described as not of much account and of surpassing richness, have been found there within the past few years; hence the claims put forth by some Canadians and some Americans that the "other fellows" are trying to "hog on" to what they ought not to be allowed to have.

Some there are who expect trouble between the two governments over this matter, while others hold that it will be settled peacefully in due time. Some there are on both sides who consider the territory in dispute to be well worth fighting for, if need be, while others say the more territory either government possesses in that part of the world the worse off it is. At all events there is little likelihood of a war about it until after both American and Canadian engineering corps have reported on the whole business and the state departments of the two governments have had a chance at it.

Those Alaskans and others who most strongly resent the present claims of the Canadians say these claims never would have been put forward had not the gold deposits mentioned been found. Canadians, on the other hand, declare the present claims to have been put forward long before the goldfields were discovered. It is worthy of note that if the dispute be settled in favor of the Canadians they will have the seaport of Juneau, the largest town in Alaska, which commands the entrance to the goldfields. Juneau is located on the mainland, 150 miles to the northwest of Sitka, the capital of the territory, and is the starting point of all mining and prospecting parties bound for the interior. Miners go over the divide from Juneau as early in the spring as possible, usually in April or March. This enables them to materially reduce the distance over which they must pack their plunder, there being plenty of snow for sledding at that time.

TIDE WAVE FORTY FEET HIGH.

Awful Bore That Sweeps Everything Before It on a Chinese River.

Twice a year—at each equinox—the famous tides of the Tsien Tang river, that flows from the borders of Kiangsi, Fuhkien and Chekiang to Hangchow bay, attain their greatest height, and a bore of sometimes over 40 feet in height sweeps irresistibly up its shallow and funnel shaped estuary, often producing tremendous havoc to the surrounding country; hence its name, "money dike," from the amount expended in successive centuries on its embankments.

It is seen at its best at Hangchow, the prefectural city not far from its mouth. Twelve or 14 minutes before it is visible a dull, distant roar is heard, momentarily swelling, until the wall of muddy water, tall as the bulwark of the biggest liner, as overwhelming as a glacier, sweeps into sight round the bend a mile away.

Not a boat is to be seen on the lately crowded river. All are hauled up on to the huge embankment and moored fore and aft with a dozen rattan cables, for none but ocean going steamers could stem the current, and even they would need skillful navigation.

As the eagre nears the roar becomes deafening as a storm at sea, drowning the excited shouts of the thousands who line the walls, until finally it foams past in turbid majesty, hurrying toward the heart of China.

The Chinese annals tell how, 1,000 years ago, Prince Wu Shu made 500 "daring" archers shoot half a dozen arrows each at the advancing flood, and then, after praying to Wu Tsz-si (the tutelary deity of the stream, and originally an upright minister, whose body was cast into the river after Wu had committed suicide), put the key of the dike water gate into an envelope and threw it into the stream, whereupon the waters retired.

But as by that time they would have flowed back in any case, even the Chinese did not regard the experiment as very miraculous.

A couple of hundred years later the emperor, Kan Tsung, had ten iron plates, each weighing about 150 pounds, sunk in the river by way of propitiating the spirits, but the water promptly carried away both charms and embankments.

Only last century a Hang-Chow tea merchant leaped into the river, like another Marcus Curtius, to avert the annual disaster.—Black and White.

Mining by Hog Power.

"I was riding through the mountains in Trinity county a few days ago," said a prominent mining man yesterday, "when I happened to take a trail that led by old Burlap Johnson's cabin. You know he has always been called Burlap Johnson because he was never known to wear a pair of boots, but always kept his feet sewed up in burlaps like cans was packed hams. I took dinner—cold corn bread and bacon—with him, and then sat down for a smoke.

"'Wouldn't you jest as soon do your smokin outside, podner?' he asked.

"'Certainly,' said I, 'but you don't object to the smoke of a cigar, do you?' I was naturally surprised, for he was already puffing away at an old corncob pipe.

"'No, course not, seein as I've smoked nigh on to 50 years, but I keep my hogs at work.'

"My curiosity was aroused, but I said nothing. He took down a double barreled muzzle loading shotgun and his powder horn. Then he went out to a shed and got a pan of shelled corn. He sat down on a bench at the cabin door, rammed down a couple of charges of powder and poured a handful of corn into each barrel. He put on a percussion cap, pressed it down with the hammer, cocked both barrels and blazed away at the side hill across the little gulch. The roar had not died away till a drove of hogs came running, grunting and squealing, and commenced to root the sidehill for the corn. Whenever they slacked up in their work, the old man fired another charge of corn.

"'That's a mean trick,' I said. 'Why don't you feed it to them in a trough?'

"'Feed it to 'em?' he repeated in amazement. 'Then they wouldn't work. Besides, they don't need it.'

"'What do you want to make them work for, and why do you waste corn on them if they don't need it?'

"'Why, man alive! They do as much work as four men would. They root up the dirt, and when the rain comes I sluice it.'

"Then I understood that he was using the hogs to help him mine."—San Francisco Post.

A High Priced Hangman.

L'Intransigeant says that some years ago Charles Castellani, the Parisian painter, wanted to paint a picture of M. Deibler, the executioner, to be exhibited in a panorama of Parisian notabilities. He didn't, because Mme. Deibler demanded 20,000 francs for the privilege of taking the "famous" hangman's likeness.

In a Hurry.

Guest—Geewhittaker! You've spilled that coffee all over me!

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I was hurryin to get through.

Guest—I'm in no hurry.

Waiter—No, sir, but it's most time for a gentleman to come in so it won't always fees me, sir!—New York Weekly.

Knowledge and Money.

Raggs—Some people have more money than they know what to do with.

Taggs—They seem to know what to do with the dimes I ask them for.—Detroit Free Press.

Garble originally meant to cull over, as beans or peas would be examined to free them from pebbles. Wyclif's translation of the Bible says that "Gideon garbled his host."

For dandruff an excellent preparation is made of two ounces of powdered borax, an ounce of powdered camphor and two quarts of boiling water.

PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

A DEFINITION OF THE FORMER AND EXAMPLES OF THE LATTER.

A Few Specimens of the Better Class of the Lowest Form of Wit—Tom Hood the Prince of British Punsters—He Puns as Naturally as He Laughs.

Is the pun a legitimate form of wit? Some people think not, and Dr. Johnson said that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. But the fact is that the general objection to puns is because of their frequent lack of wit—that is to say, it is directed to bad puns. We do not want to discuss bad puns—or even to hear them. The point is, whether good puns are admissible as legitimate and commendable expressions of humor. It is of no use to say, like Sydney Smith, that puns ought to be in bad repute, and, although one finds an incorrigible punster—often, it is true, an incorrigible bore—in every little circle of social life, one does not find the race of pickpockets to be increasing alarmingly in numbers. Nor do the statistics of crime seem to bear any relation to the productions of Planchet or Brough or of Gilbert to the spread of burlesque and the cultivation of Bab balladist opera.

It is probable that there are a few, even in these days of culture, capable of appreciating the profound witticism which De Quincey discovered in the jests for which poor Ælius Lamia was put to death by Domitian.

Cicero bad the name of being a great punster, although not many of his witticisms have come down to us. There is one, however, that may be appreciated even without a knowledge of Latin. Once a Jew attempted to get the cause of Verres into his own hands, and Cicero, who believed the Jew to be a mere tool of the culprits, opposed him by asking, "What hath a Jew to do with swine's flesh?" The Romans called a boar "verres," so that the point was neat and appropriate.

If we want to argue the legitimacy of puns we are obliged to fall back on the old discussion as to the difference between wit and humor. The definitions are legion of course, but not one of them is wholly satisfactory. "Knowledge comes and wisdom lingers," Tennyson says, and perhaps we might found upon this a parody, with some approach to truth—that wit sparkles and humor permeates. But there is little profit to be got in analysis of this kind. What is funny isn't necessarily witty, but what is funny must have in it or suggested by it some of the essence of humor. Thus Charles Lamb was not so far wrong when he said that the most far-fetched and startling puns are the best.

The familiar inquiry, "Is it true that the first apple was eaten by the first pair?" is farfetched, but one cannot deny the humor of it. Again, in the conundrum, "Why is blind man's buff like sympathy?"—"Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature," there is a direct application which is also unquestionably humorous. Then, as another example of a pun which is absurdly apparent, there was Douglas Jerrold's remark about a man to whom he had repeatedly written in vain for some money.

"I have written him," said Jerrold to an acquaintance, "but got nothing."

"Strange," said the other, "for he is a man full of kindness."

"Yes," rejoined Jerrold, "unremitting kindness."

A pun which requires explanation in brackets is indeed simply intolerable. The Oxford scholar who, meeting a porter carrying a hare through the streets, asked, "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare or a wig?" required no commentator. This same story is sometimes attributed to Charles Lamb. Nor did Tom Hood, who, when all is said and done, remains the prince of British punsters. He puns as naturally as he laughs. A babe can see the point of his jokes, and the crustiest dry-as-dust cannot resist them.

Theodore Hook is thought by many to be equal to Hood as a punster, but Hook was labored and slow in comparison. There is an impromptu air about Hood's puns which is incomparable, and an unexpectedness, even when you are looking for them, that is delicious. Frederick Locker once or twice seemed to have Hood's unconscious ease, as thus:

> He cannot be complete in aught
> Who is not humorously prone.
> A man without a merry thought
> Can hardly have a funny bone.

John Hill Burton relates a legal joke which is, to the legal mind, has all the charm of a pun. One day a bailiff, serving a writ, had been compelled by the defendant to swallow the document. In a state of great agitation and anger the officer rushed into the court, over which Lord Norbury was presiding, to complain of the indignity. He was met by the expression of his lordship's hope that the writ was "not returnable in this court."

Bret Harte, by the way, is not usually regarded as a professional wit, and yet among the good things which cling to one's memory is the couplet in the "Heathen Chinee:"

> Concealed in his nails, which were taper,
> What is common in tapers—that's wax.

Somebody has written a parody in which a candidate for examination even beats the record of the Mongolian:

> Concealed in his palms, which were spacious,
> What is common in palms—and that's dates.

Speaking of palms recalls the famous pun of the bishop of Oxford, who, when asked by a lady why he was nicknamed Soapy Sam, replied, "Because, madam, I am always getting into hot water and always coming out with clean hands."

Perhaps it may be well to say that few of these examples are not true puns. But a pun is not necessarily a twisting of spelling and a contortion of syllables, as the writers of burlesque and "comic" papers seem to think. To play upon words, and to be really entitled to be considered witty should play both upon the sound and the sense, if possible.—Philadelphia Press.

THE THREE GREATEST ACTRESSES.

Bernhardt, Modjeska and Duse Said to Have No Living Rivals.

There are perhaps only three living actresses now in active life to whom the title "great" would be applied by common consent. These are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska and Eleonora Duse. Janauschek, alas! although still upon the stage, belongs to the past, while Ellen Terry, with all her dainty skill and radiant charm, has not yet reached those heights to which genius alone can aspire. Each of them excels in ways peculiar to herself.

Bernhardt, after carrying off all the laurels offered in the artificial and declamatory school of French tragedy, has devoted her maturest powers to the illustration of the most violent passions conceivable by morbid imagination. Her achievements in this direction have been extraordinary, and her dramatic genius cannot be disputed, but some of her latest triumphs have been won in defiance of most of the laws of nature and many of the rules of true art.

Modjeska, if less potent in the interpretation of the fiercest emotions than her French rival, need fear no comparison with her in poetic tragedy, while in the field of poetic comedy she is unrivaled. Her performances of Juliet, Rosalind and Ophelia are almost ideally beautiful.

Eleonora Duse, whose fame has blazed up with meteoric suddenness, is preeminent above all actresses of her time for versatility, that rare gift of impersonation, still rarer among women than among men, which can conceal the real beneath the assumed identity without resorting to the common expedients of theatrical disguise. The phrase that such or such a part was assumed by this or that actor is heard every day. It is a convenient, conventional and meaningless expression. In the case of Duse it is used correctly and signifies just what has happened.—"Eleonora Duse," by J. Ranken Towse, in Century.

ENGLISH AND ZULUS.

Count Tolstoi Says They Are the Two Most Brutal Nations.

Count Tolstoi says the English and Zulus should be bracketed together as the two most brutal nations on earth.

Both worship their muscle, and while the Zulus go about naked all day long, English women strip themselves half naked before they dine.

The count wishes he had time to write a book about them and their brutality.

Apropos, some one has found time to write a book about the count, and it promises revelations. This person is a lady who lived for ten years as governess in the Tolstoi family.

The following story is told about the pretended vegetarianism: "The old count always demanded that vegetarian dishes should be brought to the table for him, while his wife and the rest of the family ate beefsteaks and other flesh foods.

"It often happened that the countess would put a little chicken on her husband's plate, but he, with indignant looks, would push it back, murmuring: 'No, I will not eat meat. Absolutely, I will not.' But I have often surprised him going to the sideboard for a piece of roast beef which the evening before he had solemnly refused at table. The carnivorous instinct having been awakened, the enormous piece of meat would be swallowed in one bite by this apostle of vegetarianism."—New York World Letter.

The Diplomatic Clerk.

"Henry, you haven't a room left, have you?" inquired a New York drummer of his friend of many years' standing on the other side of the counter. "Standing" is used advisedly.

"Not one," replied Henry, "but I'll look over the rack again and see if I can't find you a place somewhere."

"All right," said the New Yorker while his friend gave the slips his anxious attention. Light broke over his face in a moment, and he came back.

"A man up on the parlor floor gave up his room about an hour ago, but he didn't expect to leave it quite so soon. I'll send up and see if I can't hurry him a little."

The porter's bell was rung, a whispered colloquy took place between Henry and that blue shirted functionary, and in 15 minutes the man from the seaport of which Chicago makes such frequent use was ensconced in one of "the best rooms in the house."

But the clerk omitted to inform him that the previous occupant had given up his room at the precise moment when he had given up his life.—National Hotel Reporter.

An Archbishop's Absentmindedness.

A correspondent writes: "The stories of absentmindedness might be supplemented by the following instance in the life of Archbishop Trench: Dining at home one evening he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house, but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench, 'This soup is, my dear, again a failure.'"—Westminster Gazette.

How Icelanders Take Snuff.

A peculiarity concerning the use of snuff in Iceland may be of interest. The snuff is made into bars after the manner of plug tobacco, and is sold in that shape to the natives, nearly all of whom are addicted to its use and prefer it thus prepared. The Icelander allows the nail on the right hand thumb to grow long for the purpose, and when using the snuff scratches it off the bar with this nail on to the back of the left hand and applies it to the nose.

Anxious to Comply.

Professor (to student)—You should have written on this subject, sir, so that the most ignorant of your audience could understand all you have to say on the subject.

Student—What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?—Boston Commercial Bulletin.