

SLUMBERLAND.

My little child, with yellow hair,
And eyes of April violets,
My heart is full of dreams and regrets
For the long journey you must go,
A little wraith in robe of snow;

STUPENDOUS SPIDERS.

Some Not Very Pretty Insects Found in the Tropics.

Tarantulas, Scorpions and Centipedes, and How They Conduct Themselves—Sand-Flies and Mosquitoes—Life in the Bahamas.

With the budding out of the fresh leaves and blades there come out of their lairs the only wild beasts of the Bahamas. They are tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions. They have lain hidden somewhere or other all winter, rarely showing themselves, but the first rains of spring put new life into them and they come creeping out, and turn up always where least expected.

The tarantula being the largest of the three, the most hideous, and, I think, the most dreaded, he is perhaps entitled to be looked at first. He is known by almost every body in Nassau as "the ground spider," but he is the real poisonous tarantula, the same as I have met him in Arkansas, in Texas, in Mexico and in Cuba. There are more of them in Arkansas, I think, than anywhere else in the world.

"Groun' spider, boss," one of them replied as soon as he could catch breath enough. We all went out to kill him armed with hoes, rakes, brooms and all the long-handled implements we could find, as well as a wagon load or so of good-sized stones. He sat among the grass and weeds, easily seen and watched on account of his intense blackness, and did not offer to move. None of the boys would go within eight or ten feet of him, because it is commonly believed that tarantulas can and do spring a long distance, being well provided with muscular and hairy legs for that purpose. I think, however, that this is a mistake. I have seen a great many of them and never yet have seen one jump or make any movement beyond a slow, crawling walk. Their legs are kept well under them when they walk, elevating them, I should think, about two inches above the ground. At any rate we all kept at a respectful distance from this fellow and pelted him with rocks. The first shot must have hurt him, for he made no effort to get away, and in a minute or two he was pounded into a jelly—a nasty, ha'ry, black jelly that no one would care to touch. When he was used up beyond all danger of resuscitation we cut him to pieces with the hoes and threw him over the wall. He was not a very large one for a tarantula—perhaps about four inches long and three inches broad. The hairy black legs make them look more obnoxious and disgusting than they otherwise would. It is hard to tell just how large and powerful the legs are on account of the thick black hair with which they are covered. After this the boys were cautious when they disturbed any big stones in the yard, and looked carefully into any thick cluster of weeds before they disturbed it.

Opinions differ as to whether the bite of a tarantula is ever fatal. Any colored person in Nassau will tell you that his bite is sure death. I have taken some pains to make inquiries for any

person who has ever known, of his own knowledge, of a fatal result from the bite of a tarantula. It is impossible to find any well-authenticated case.

The scorpion is the next gentleman to demand attention. He is very much smaller than the tarantula, much livelier, and not much handsomer. There are a thousand scorpions, I suppose, to one tarantula, and their bite is fully as bad. I must confess to having had a very vague idea about the scorpion before becoming acquainted with the tropics. I think if I had been driven to it, I should have described him as a creature with wings, black, and somewhere about the size of a humming-bird. This would have been about as inaccurate a description as can be imagined. He has no wings, he is not black, and he is nowhere near the size of even a half-grown humming-bird. There is an imaginary picture of him in all the almanacs, but it doesn't look very much like him—that sign of the zodiac. Referring to Mr. Webster to see how my experience compares with an authoritative description of him, I find that he is "a pedipalpus, pulmonary arachnid, of the genus scorpion," and I am glad to learn, of course, that he is a pedipalpus. Anybody would be one of them, if he could help it. But nobody ever does. We hear of snake-charmers, and lion-tamers, and tamers of wild beasts in general; but did anybody ever hear of a man fooling unnecessarily with a scorpion. A full-grown scorpion is from two to two-and-a-half inches long, and his color is a sort of ashy gray. He has eight legs, upon all of which minute hairs grow, and his tail is much longer than there is any necessity for, considering the size of his body. The tail is, in fact, only a continuation of his body, and I have included that in measuring his length. It is at the end of his tail that he carries his venomous sting, and when he curls up his body into a semi-circle, and brings that lively end of his tail to bear upon an enemy, the enemy can not drop him too soon. His body is no where as thick as a lead-pencil, but at the head it branches out into claws, or horns, or additional legs, whichever you like to call them; so that in shape he is somewhat like a tack hammer. He is shaped very much like a hammer-headed shark, only hammer-headed sharks are not familiar enough in Northern waters to serve for an illustration. He is a creature of moist and slime, like the snail. Let an old box lie on the ground, particularly in a moist place, till the bottom boards begin to decay, and your scorpion trap is ready. When you want your game lifted up the box and there is your scorpion. But be careful to take hold of the box near the top, and not get your fingers in the way, for the scorpion is very rapid in his motions and he will give you a sting before you know it. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than get the tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpions bite are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed upon decaying wood.

The centipede is much larger than the scorpion, and I think even more to be dreaded. He grows sometimes to be six or eight inches long, but is slim and rather flat. He, too, travels rather fast (he ought to, he has legs enough), and he scratches rather than bites, leaving an ugly mark wherever he sets in one of his numberless claws. Like the scorpion, he lives under boards or stones or at the bottom of old walls. He is made up all in joints, like the tapeworm, and each joint has either two or four legs. I never examined one closely enough to see exactly how, for even after they are all cut into bits the pieces have an unpleasant habit of wiggling themselves about. They say about here that a centipede will not die before dark, no matter how much you cut him up; but I think that story will do to go with the yarn about snakes having the same bad habit. I have cut up a few dozens of them with hoes, here in Nassau, that I am sure I did before I was through with them. When I say in Nassau I mean here at Waterloo, which is a mile and a half out of town. These insects are rarely seen in the city, and American visitors often complain that they have to go home without a sight of any of them. The centipede's poison lies in his claws. There is a bent and very sharp claw at the end of each leg which sticks into the flesh, and if he gets one of these claws into you he quickly pulls himself up upon your hand, or whatever part of you he has hold of, and sets in the rest. I have talked with people who have been poisoned by centipedes, and they describe the sensation as anything but pleasant. He has not, of course, a hundred legs, but he has a great many, and makes them all count. One gentleman in Nassau described to me a thrilling encounter he had, with a centipede. On going to bed one night he put on that long white linen garment which is so comforting to the senses in a hot climate, and it did not take him long to discover that there was something in it. A moment later a centipede was fastened to his back, and the gentleman was trying to tear the linen off with as little delay as possible. The centipede by this time had given up all claim to the linen, but held on to the back for dear life. They stick very tightly, having to be almost torn off; and the gentleman had to call for help to have him pulled off. By the time assistance arrived the insect had crawled a foot or two up his victim's back, leaving a fiery red mark wherever a claw had touched. And all this time the gentleman was enjoying, the sensation of having a hundred hot needles run into him. From this and some similar experiences it is quite fashionable in the tropics to shake your clothes well before putting them on. I remember a lady—a new arrival at the hotel—asking me one day whether I hung up my shoes at night to keep the insects out of them? I try to imagine a man taking the trouble to hang up his shoes before going to bed, but can't quite do it. Centipedes are more plentiful than scorpions, but not quite so likely to sting. I have seen a barefoot man step on one without being hurt, probably because

the insect had no chance to turn and use its claws. They are just about on a par with scorpions as regards the effect of their poison. In some places the effect of a centipede's sting has been fatal, but it is not so here.

I wanted to end this chapter on tropical nuisances by saying something about my ancient enemy, the sand-fly, but words fail me. It is very seldom, and then only on remarkably still days, that there are any about in the winter. But during the rainy season they are exceedingly thick. No mosquito netting will keep them out, they are so small. They give no warning, like a mosquito, but proceed at once to business. You feel a sting on some part of your skin, and perhaps see there a black speck about the size of a pin's point. But he must be full of poison, for the bite swells up and itches, and you get twenty more of them, and you scratch till they're all sore and get little sores on them, make and you look as if you had small-pox. When I get back to New York no mosquito shall ever tempt me into impatience. I'll just think of the sand-flies and be content.—Nassau (Bahama) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE EARTH.

How This Terrestrial Habitation of Ours is Growing.

Careful mathematical calculations have been made recently to ascertain the residuum left on the earth by the deposit of meteoric matter. It is known that the region along the earth's orbit abounds in meteors, and that at two points the orbit passes through streams of meteors where these little planetoids are unusually thick. These two points are encountered in August and November, when the precipitation of the little bodies marks the firmament with lines of fire. But meteors are falling to the earth all the time—in other months of the year as well as August and November—in the day time as well as at night. Very brilliant ones have been seen shooting across the sky in broad daylight, and one who observes the sky patiently and attentively any dark night may count them. A careful estimate makes the average number to be seen by a single observer in a limited quarter of the sky about twelve per hour; and another estimate makes the precipitation of meteoric matter to the earth from the whole heavens two and a half tons per hour. In rare instances the meteorite, or part of it which is a solid body, reaches the earth in an uncomsumed state, but far the greater number are entirely consumed in the conflagration set up by their passage through the earth's atmosphere, and only the ashes or meteoric dust reaches the soil. But even when the meteorite is thus burned to ashes, no part of it is lost. All its original elements survive in the residuum of ashes and vapor, which, thenceforth, belong to our earth. These meteorites or planetoids are iron rocks, and if one of them as large as the St. Louis court house, in passing through our atmosphere, were entirely burned up, it would still bring as much increment to the earth as if it fell to the surface in a solid mass. The estimate of this steady and perpetual increment to our earth's weight is two and a half tons per hour, or sixty tons a day, or 21,900 tons a year, or over 2,000,000 tons every century. It would take 100 ordinary railroad freight trains, therefore, to haul the meteoric deposit which the earth gathers from the sky every year, and if this matter could be gathered into one mass and made to revolve round our planet it would make a respectable little satellite added to the earth every year. The earth is demonstrably growing in size and weight all the time. Relatively, however, the increment is small, though it appears large when considered by itself. The earth has been weighed. If anyone wants the figures, here they are: 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. It will take ages of steady precipitation of meteorites to appreciably increase this enormous mass of matter, and the estimate of it recently made has no other interest, therefore, than as an astronomical curiosity.—St. Louis Republican.

TOUGH TO THE LAST.

An Authentic Account of the Last Hours of Yankee Sullivan.

I was very much pleased to meet last week with Judge McGowan, one of the Argonauts who, in 1849, discovered the golden fleece, which has—to coin a term—royalized California. In the course of our conversation the Judge told me the concrete history of the tragic end of the famous prize-fighter, Yankee Sullivan. Sullivan, whose real name was Ambrose Murray, was arrested and imprisoned. He feared that the Vigilantes would put him to death, though, as Judge McGowan tells me, his apprehensions were unfounded. The purpose of that body was to ship him back to Australia on the first clipper ship that sailed to Melbourne, it having been definitely understood that Sullivan, or Murray, was an escaped convict. The poor devil, however, was so frightened that he took no stock in the hope of escape from the harsh business of Judge Lynch. He called eagerly from his prison windows for a priest, feeling that death was settling close around him, but was answered by jeers from the mob without. Finally, in sheer desperation, he opened the veins of his left arm with a case-knife and bled himself to death.

Yankee Sullivan was one of the finest prize-fighters in the records.—Washington Hatchet.

The Suez Canal is very largely used by English merchantmen. It is said that ninety per cent. of the enormous trade between England and British India passes through the canal. Two-thirds of the business done through the canal is of Anglo-India origin.

Stage robberies have become somewhat numerous on the Pacific coast, one stage alone having been pillaged no less than four times within six months.—Chicago Times.

During the last nine years France has spent nearly \$5,000,000 per annum on increasing and reorganizing her university institutions.

THE AMAZONS.

An Account of the Famous Women-Warriors of Dahomey.

The Amazons of Abome, of whom there are at the most six thousand, are nominally the wives of the King, and as such form a body guard which is said to be superior to the male soldiers in courage, discipline and loyalty. But although these Amazons accompany the King on all his wars, I think they are more for show than for service. Among all the savage and semi-savage tribes, singing and dancing are considered as essential as drilling and drumming among ourselves. It is natural that the Amazons, having from their earliest childhood been educated as warriors, dancers and singers, should be as superior to male soldiers in these accomplishments as our guards are to the reserves. The Amazons of the "chacha," all of whom have served in the army of Abome, are women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and as the "chacha" does not go to war they are naturally only kept for show. They have no separate barracks, but live, like the thirty-male soldiers, in different quarters of the town, whence they are called together whenever wanted. At their first entrance, when, marching up in a long procession, they saluted their lord and master, I was astonished at the military exactitude of their movements. Imagine sixty young women, strong and slender, who, without losing anything of their womanliness, present a decidedly warlike appearance. Among Europeans the warrior could not be imagined; here it is explained by the peculiar formation of the negro skeleton. The skeletons of negro women (in striking contrast to those of the mulattoes) are strikingly like the skeletons of male negroes. The assertion is untrue that the female warriors of Dahomey have their breasts cut off, like the mythological amazons of the ancient Greeks. Their picturesque uniform might furnish our masters of the ballet with fresh ideas. Their fresh young faces look regally from under the white, trimless yoke-cap, ornamented with black pictures of animals, such as lizards, birds, and others. The feet are bare; short knickerbockers of green, red or yellow material come down nearly to the knees, and a bright-colored tunic of striped silk or velvet, which leaves only the neck and the arms free, covers the upper part of the body, which is supported by corsets of native manufacture. A broad belt of many colors heightens the slim appearance of the female warrior. At the left side of the belt a short sword is fastened, and a small cartridge pocket in front. A scarf of white or light green silk is worn like a Scotch plaid. The armament consists of swords, battle-axes and guns, which latter are put aside during the dance. Quite apart from the effect of combined dancing and singing, the performances, which went on for several hours uninterruptedly before our eyes, were quite in the style of our corps de ballet, with the only difference that perhaps no other corps de ballet would dance with equal exactitude. First came a tall and somewhat elderly woman. She was the Captain, and as she entered the son of the "chacha" whispered to me: "Just look how well my mother dances." Then followed, with battle-axes uplifted, the younger officers, and in their rear the still younger troops, now dashing toward us in their sham-fight, now wheeling round, dispersing, and again uniting. And all this with rhythmical movements half warlike, half comical; but never clumsy, the elegant play of the bare, round arms recalling to the mind the limbs of ancient classical statues. All dances which I have seen performed among savage and demi-savage peoples have been grotesque, and to a certain degree voluptuous. Here for the first time a performance was given which would have held its own before a serious critic and aesthete.—Cor. Kolnische Zeitung.

A PHYSIOGNOMIST FOOLED.

He Has a Little Experience with a Polite Young Man.

An old gentleman with a philanthropic look boarded a Ridge avenue car and cast a coaxing glance at the crowded seats. Directly a young man arose and proffered the aged citizen a seat. "Ah!" exclaimed the grateful old man, "I knew I would not have to stand long. Thank you, my young friend," he continued, as he placed his hands on the shoulders of the polite passenger. "When I see a young man so kind to the aged I can always tell which of his parents he resembles most." "That's interesting," observed the other, feeling it incumbent upon him to make some reply. "Now, don't you look like your mother?" cheerfully asked the aged man. "Perhaps," was the laconic reply. "Ah, I knew it," delightfully exclaimed the grateful passenger. "I think the resemblance is so striking that I would recognize your dear mother if I should meet her." Then the young man left the car. "My gracious!" the old gentleman was heard to remark in a few minutes, "I have lost my watch." "Perhaps the youth who looks like his mother took it," suggested a youth with a dinner-pail. "But I don't know him," sadly observed the aged party. "You might know his mother," piped up a little woman. "Thunderation with him and his mother!" retorted the victim as he relapsed into silence. Subsequently he told the police about his loss, giving his name as Josiah Greenleaf. He lives at Roxboro'.—Philadelphia Press.

MUST BE ENFORCED.

An Arkansas Justice Who Was Determined to Enforce the Laws of the State.

Abraham Stockton, who, during many years lived in the southern part of Arkansas, was, in honor to his great learning and also to the fact that he had once killed a mad dog, elected justice of the peace. The people were very anxious to see a case taken before the old man, for every man knew that Stockton's opinion would be one which the Supreme Court could not reverse. The opportunity came. A man named Eschford sued Mr. Chesley. The litigation grew out of a dispute concerning the ownership of a lot of sheep. A jury was empaneled, the evidence was taken and the lawyers made their speeches. The verdict of the jury declared that the sheep be equally divided. Before discharging the jury, the magistrate said: "Gentlemen, you've did your duty, but you ain't made no provisions fur the cost in this thing. The Constitution of the United States says that when jurymen make such a oversight, the Judge shall take the matter into his own hands. Gentlemen, I'll charge you two dollars a piece. I have heard a heap o' people talk about the Judge's charge to the jury, an' I reckon some o' you will talk about this one, but I'll whale the whole kit an' bin' o' yer." "Your honor" said a lawyer, "you can't make the jury pay—" "Can't I? Well, now it's funny if I don't. They don't get a bite to eat till the thing's settled. Boys, get your p'p an' keep your eyes on the jury. The laws of this State have got to be enforced."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Possible Danger.

He looked like a dude and apparently had not enough strength to hurt a fly; but he got into a dispute with a street-car magnate. The magnate became abusive, and the angry patron of the company suddenly shot out his right hand and lauded the magnate on his back. Too much amazed to get angry, the official picked himself up and humbly asked: "How under the canopy did you get such strength in your arms?" "Hanging for twenty years on to your street-car straps," was the chilling reply. No charge for the moral.—Philadelphia Call.

Mr. Dolby, in his book about Dickens, refers to Boston as the "Hut of the Universe."

CHANGE OF SCENE.

Advice to Invalids Which is Well Intended, but Often Fallacious.

That is indeed a strange idea that the sick, simply on account of invalidism, should take himself away from home influences, pleasant relations and cheering companionship and his accustomed climate, for the sake of securing a "change of scene." It may have originated in the distracted brain of some disheartened and unsuccessful medical adviser, as the most available means of having a patient of a very critical character die in the hands of a stranger, in some different clime, advising "traveling for health." Home is the place for the sick, where loved ones may sympathize with them and attend to every want. Aside from circumstances and conditions unconnected with illness, severing the pleasant relations of the sick, condemning them to hotel life, among strangers, is unnatural, unphysiological, not to say cruel! The sick can not well tolerate excitement, the unrest which is necessarily connected with a life among strangers, while it is often true that the changes are too abrupt, seriously affecting the health. If there are any unfavorable natural circumstances, if the climate may prove unfavorable to some particular form of disease, rarely true, it may be well to make a slight change, one of latitude rather than of longitude. It is generally injudicious to remove to any locality in which the temperature differs widely from that in which one was born. It is still more injudicious to remove to a much warmer climate, where the enervating influences must reduce the recuperative powers, lessening the prospects of a recovery. Modern science has demonstrated the fact that it is safer to remove to a colder climate, rather than a hotter one, though all abrupt changes, in all respects, are to be avoided. If one is the constant victim of foul miasmas, breathing the noxious gases of some filthy district, a change of the latitude is imperative, if the locality can not be renovated, made inhabitable. When one has only an unpleasant home, if he is denied the ordinary comforts of life, has only unpleasant companions, a "change of scene" may be desirable, an ordinary boarding-house being an improvement. Even in such a case, constant travel is unfavorable to a restoration, since there are not many of the robust who are improved in health by such travels. If one has dismal surroundings, if he is bereft of pure air and sunlight, if he has no companionable society, if he is constantly irritated, he may safely "change the scene," but never simply for the sake of a change.—Golden Rule.

YOU WILL PROBABLY ROAM UP AND DOWN THE CAR.

If you have been reared in extreme poverty and your mother supported you until you grew up and married, so that your wife could support you, you will probably sit for four seats at the same time, with your feet extended into the aisles so that you can wipe them off on other people, while you snore with your mouth open clear to your shoulder blades.

If you are prone to drop to sleep and breathe with a low, death rattle, like the exhaust of a bath tub, it would be a good plan to tie up your head in a feather bed and then insert the whole thing in the linen closet.

In the dining car, while eating, do not comb your moustache with your fork. By all means do not comb your moustache with the fork of another. It is better to refrain altogether from combing the moustache with a fork while traveling, for the motion of the train might jab the fork into your eyes and irritate it.

If your dessert is very hot and you do not discover it until you have burned the rafters out of the roof of your mouth, do not utter a wild yell of agony and spill your coffee all over a total stranger, but control yourself, hoping to know more next time.

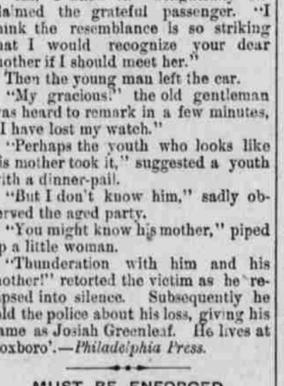
In the morning is a good time to find out how many people have succeeded in getting on the passenger train who ought to be in the stock car.

Generally, you will find one male and one female. The male goes into the wash room, bathes his worthless carcass from daylight until breakfast time, walking on the feet of any man who tries to wash his face during that time. He wipes himself on nine different towels, because when he gets home he knows he will have to wipe his face on an old door mat. People who have been reared on hay all their lives generally want to fill themselves full of pie and colic when they travel.

The female of this same mammal goes into the ladies' department and remains there until starvation drives her out. Then the real ladies have about 13 seconds in which to dress.

Bulldozing.

[Life.]



"Say, mister, give us 50 cents to go to the roller rink or I'll set the dog on yer!"

The Pleasures of Imagination.

[The Journalist.]

Poor old Horace Greeley came down to the Tribune office one cold morning, and, approaching the radiator, took off his hat, sat down and began to examine a pile of exchange. He looked comfortable and happy. The office boy observed him, and, approaching the venerable editor, remarked: "Please, sir, there ain't any steam on in that heater." Mr. Greeley cast a withering glance at the youth and squeaked: "D— you, why didn't you let me alone! I was getting warm."

Did She Mean Anything Personal?

[Arkansas Traveler.]

She was playfully feeling in his vest pocket, and he asked: "What are you seeking, darling?" "Oh, a nickel, or a quarter, or a dollar—anything," she replied. "Why," said he, "you do not expect to find feathers on a hog?" And she answered, with the most innocent smile and naive expression: "No, dear Walter, I was not looking for feathers." And he refused to go back until he knows whether she meant anything personal or not.

Two Simple Fish Tails.

[Norristown Herald.]

It is related of a famous cook that he prepared fish so exquisitely that they returned him admiring and grateful looks from the frying-pan. We can readily believe this story. It is no more remarkable than the conduct of a trout, which, upon hearing an angler lying about its weight, looked up with a painful expression and softly murmured, "Oh, come down a couple of pounds."

How to Behave on a Railroad Train.

[Bill Nye.]

Many people have traveled all their lives, and yet do not know how to behave themselves when on the road. For the benefit and guidance of such these few, crisp, plain, horse sense rules of etiquette have been framed:

In traveling by rail, on foot, turn to the right on discovering an approaching train. If you wish the train to turn out give two loud toots and get in between the rails, so that you will not muss up the right of way. Many a nice, neat pedestrian tourist spat-tered all over its first mortgage.

If you never rode in a varnished car before, and never expect to again, you will probably roam up and down the car, mauling over the feet of the porter while he is making up the berth. This is a good way to let people see just how little you had left after your brain began to soften.

In traveling do not take along a lot of old clothes that you know you never will wear. Never walk through a car staring everybody out of countenance, like a Jim Crow detective hunting for the James boys.



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