FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Since the Franco-German war 115 statues have been erected in France.

—Francis Bouvin, the French genre painter, has become blind. He has painted forty years.

—Queen Margaret of Italy does all her shopping in person, with no more fuss than any of her subjects, and goes early in the day to avoid the crowd.

—A boat containing fourteen persons has been successfully worked on the Seine with artificial wings, acting on the air and propeled by a rotating wheel.

—The Queen of Roumania, already an eminent poet, has engaged to deliver a course of lectures on "Modern Literature" at the Bucharest high school.

—The census of France for 1886 shows a total population of 38,218,903, against 37,672,048 in 1881. The population of Paris has increased only 75,000, against an increase of 280,000 recorded in 1881.

—The Government of Norway has prohibited the killing of the beaver in that country except during three months of the year. Hitherto the animal has been destroyed at all seasons, on account of the injury it did to forests in taking trees for building its huts.

—Mr. Gladstone's birthday gifts included among other things, a red kerchief for his neck, at least a dozen bottles of his favorite jam, one mutton and three mince pies and a box of pills, the last named from the husband of the woman who forwarded the mutton pie.

—The Berlin *Borsen-Courier* says, apropos of an offer of a German house to engage a trained velocipede traveler to make a tour of the leading German sugar refineries and machine works, that the representatives of a prominent Berlin firm has completely renounced railroad traveling, and calls on his customers, even those of Switzerland, exclusively on the bicycle.

—"Leprosy is curable" was the bold declaration made some months ago by Dr. Urbino de Freitas, professor of the medical school in Oporto, and now the *Coimbra Medica* (published at Coimbra, the seat of the only university in Portugal), explains in detail the reasons for this assertion, and declares that several cases of leprosy have been cured—by electricity principally.

—The editor of the *Deutsche Feuerwehr-Zeitschrift* publishes annually statistics concerning the burning of theaters, the latest improvements for making them fire-proof, etc. The year 1886 has been in this respect the most favored of any since the burning of the Ring Theater, only six theaters having been destroyed by fire, including the Hindu Theater of Tinnevelly—the only casualty which involved any serious loss of life. The figures for the past few years were: 8 in 1885, 10 in 1884, 22 in 1883 and 25 in 1882.

STORIES OF DOCTORS.

Queer Things About the Men Who Hold Our Lives in Their Hands.

A woman in New York near fifty has been a cripple for years, and has suffered intensely. She spent thousands and thousands of dollars in obtaining the best medical advice, but to no purpose. Lately she consulted a mountebank, who gave her a prescription which expelled a tape-worm, of which the regular practioners had entertained no suspicion.

A doctor who has been in practice in New York for nearly forty years had, some months ago, an agonizing pain in his loins which unfitted him for work. As doctors rarely treat themselves, he had recourse to about a dozen of the most distinguished physicians in town for their diagnosis. Each one differed from the other, and not one's opinion agreed with his own. Many predicted his speedy death; but he cured himself in a few weeks, and has had no return of the disorder since.

Recently, a well-known rich financier, having suffered for months from severe headache, sought relief at the hands, one after another, of all the doctors in Boston. They told him that his brain was affected, that his kidneys were diseased, that he had liver complaint, that it was the indirect result of neuralgia, etc. Each and all prescribed a remedy. He tried the various remedies, but none of them was of any avail. Finally he went abroad for his health, and, being in Vienna, consulted an eminent physician there, who told him he had a polypus in the nose, and that it ought to be removed immediately. The operation, a simple one, was performed, and the financier had no more pain in his head.

A successful doctor will claim that the patient has an abscess in the liver—a very serious affection, and will puncture the flesh with a small, sharp syringe, and pretend to withdraw the pus, reported to be a chemical mixture he has furtively introduced into the instrument. The effect of this on the mind of a man believing himself to be afflicted with so dangerous an abscess may be readily imagined. The fancied pus removed, the abscess will heal; a complete cure is wrought. Who would not pay liberally to be thus rid of a mighty peril.

After the Empress Eugenie had given birth to the Prince Imperial an important operation was necessary, and all the celebrated doctors of Paris and several American doctors resident there were called in, among them Dr. Johnson, now dead. During her treatment it was found to their consternation that the blood had left her brain. She was in momentary peril of losing her life. A solemn consultation took place. Nobody could advise except Johnson, who declared he could remedy the evil. He held her up by the heels and the blood flowed back to her brain. He saved her life. Not one of the Parisian sages would have dreamed of offering so monstrous an indignity to the Empress of the French, but the indignity, as they afterward acknowledged, was preferable to her death.

A millionaire named Parrish had a grave ailment and several leading physicians were summoned, but none of them gave him relief. Then a doctor, able, but often rude in manners and speech, was called in and rendered the desired service. His bill was one thousand dollars, which Parrish declined to liquidate on the ground that it was exorbitant. The doctor, with an oath, declared, which was true, that he had saved his patient's life, but the late patient still demurred. Then suit was brought and the full amount recovered, much of which the plantiff had to part with for lawyer's fees. Some months after the patient had a recurrence of the trouble, and Sayre was again summoned. He went, but refused to do any thing until the sufferer had drawn a check for one thousand dollars, which he did immediately. If the sick man had been poor, the doctor would, probably, have made no charge, but he was resolved that Parrish should not benefit by his skill without liberal recompense therefor.—*Boston Journal.*

A BAD CUSTOM.

Some Reasons Why a Man Should Not Loan His Lighted Cigar.

A placid and callow-looking young man, who wore a silk hat, a fur-trimmed coat, light over-gaiters, and patent leather shoes, tripped nimbly up to a well-fed man seated in the Lindell Hotel lobby and raised a mutilated "snipe" to his lips with, "A light, if you please?" The well-fed man continued to work his half-smoked cigar while he made a careful search of seven of his pockets for a match. The placid dude kept an uneasy gaze at the burning cigar. Two minutes passed in that way, and the well-fed man was tired, and he showed it.

"I haven't a match, but you can probably get a light at the cigar stand," said he, rising to point out to the young man an alcohol blaze not ten steps away.

"Beg y'r pawdon," gasped the callow one, while a flush of indignation chased over his face.

The well-fed man resumed his seat and puffed away serenely at his cigar. There seemed to be nothing new to him in the occurrence, but it was not common, and those about recognized it as a rare instance of courage, and it was the theme for the next half-hour's chat.

"That was right," observed the first to speak, "and, though it is a little innovation of the popular custom, it is a common-sense act. I always carry matches for the benefit of my friends, as well as for myself, that I may be able to smoke my own cigar, but if I chance to be caught without a match I never have the courage to refuse to turn over my cigar when asked for a 'light.' I consider it impertinence to ask a man for a light off his cigar, but custom has established that impertinence so firmly you are criticised if you attempt to inaugurate a new era for smokers."

"It is an old, weather-beaten and foolish idea that courtesy makes it necessary to let every stranger, without consideration of his occupation, handle your cigar," offered a gentleman on the other side of the well-fed man. "If I am smoking a cigar and it is half or three-quarters burned, I am not going to let a stranger handle it and then return it to my mouth. A gentleman who thinks before he acts would not expect me to, and when I happen to be without a match and do not feel flush enough to buy another cigar, I politely inform the man that I am without a match. It is only occasionally you run upon a man who is so rude as to ask you why you don't give him your cigar."

"But if he should?"

"Well, in that case my explanation is adapted to the length of time I have to spend with the person. There are a thousand and one objections to the practice."

"It was only yesterday," interrupted an attentive listener, "that I saw a physician stop cutting the diseased flesh of a patient and light a cigar. Three minutes later a man dropped around and asked the physician for a light. He gave it to him. I would not have touched his cigar, nor would I have allowed him to touch one I was smoking, for man is naturally a careless animal. There is an immense number of persons whose business it is to handle poisonous substances, and in addition to these there are not a few who accidentally touch a matter of which a small particle will taint a cigar. The most minute speak of poison will cling to the moistened part of a cigar, and, touched to a chapped lips, may destroy your comfort and the beauty of your face for weeks. The drug clerk, compounding prescriptions in which are deadly poisons, runs out to get one of the ingredients at another corner, and while on the way considers it his unquestioned privilege, under the present custom, to ask you for a light. The chemist, the scientist, the physician and mechanics employed in certain kinds of labor are equally dangerous men to give or receive a 'light' from. One workman may have brass-dust on his fingers as he goes home from work, but he does not consider that. I will, and hereafter my cigar will be inviolate."—*St. Louis Republican.*

—The twelve-year-old daughter of Hans Hansen, of Pipestone County, Minn., plowed 112 acres of his farm for him last year.—*Chicago Journal.*

BREEDING FOR BEEF.

Magnitude of the Loss Resulting from the Mistakes of Stock-Raisers.

Breeders, feeders and butchers of cattle scolded when the folly of raising and feeding beeves for the production of soap-fat was shown, six or eight years ago. Yet they saw, what every practical cattle man will see readily, that three-cent tallow can not be profitably made by feeding good grain to stock. It may be true that the feeder will receive for his over-fat beeves prices that will pay richly for the corn fed, but the loss is there still. The consumer pays it. Part of the tallow is saved to make soap or oleomargarine, and that makes the loss to humanity somewhat less than it would be if all the tallow went to the dogs, as a great part now does.

To get a correct understanding of the magnitude of the loss of food resulting from the mistakes of breeders and feeders, one should note how much fat is left on the table after the roast or the steaks have been eaten; he should see how much fat the cook has put aside before sending the meat to the table; he should estimate the quantity thus rejected from the whole carcass, and finally calculate what the aggregate is from all the ripe bullocks slaughtered. Meantime it will be well to keep in mind the fact that not less than 4,500 to 5,000 pounds of corn is fed in fully ripening an average bullock. That grain will make from 500 to 600 pounds of beef, of which the greater part, say 375 to 450 pounds will be indigestible tallow. Thus the feeder succeeds in condensing from 3,320 to 3,690 pounds of nutritive breadstuffs into 31½ to 32½ pounds of dry nutrition, or its equivalent. Truly that *is* condensing the product of the farm—but the little nutritive material left after the process seems to have cost the world something. If it be assumed that the corn is worth 30 cents per bushel the nutrition resulting from feeding it to steers will cost at least 89 to 92 cents per pound, while the nutrition in the corn would have cost only eight-tenths of one pound.

I will say nothing here of the tallow eaten, nor hint at the bad effects thereof on the digestive organs of the eaters, for of that there will be diverse opinions. Each may decide for himself, if he can, how much he is benefited by the fat he eats. What all will admit, for all will of course be more anxious to uncover the truth than to uphold the breeders, is that tallow can be worth no more for food as meat than it is as a material for imitation butter, and that is probably not far from three cents per pound. But it may be well to drop this line of thought, lest it lead dangerously near to the conclusion that the growing of beef or human food is a most wasteful use of land and labor, for which there is the one excuse only that man will not live by bread alone, but demands a little butter therewith, and a slice of meat also, be the cost what it may.

Feeders have been thinking of these matters, and a few of them have determined to try feeding for the production of tender, juicy and lean meat. They think that, handicapped as they are by the strong hereditary tendency of highly-bred beeves to make fat of the food they eat, cattle can be made, by intelligent treatment, to go on day after day adding to their weight of flesh, increasing very little the while their store of fat. The task may be a difficult one, for the feeder will have to conquer strong tendencies fixed by generations of breeding for the purpose of intensifying the very qualities that may soon be declared useless, if not worse than useless. A few men are preparing to feed beeves for the production of the greatest attainable percentage of juicy, lean meat, that light may be thrown on the question whether or not such beef as will be profitable to consumers, and palatable, can be made with profit to the feeder. The carcass which won the sweepstakes at the last Chicago Fat Stock Show, and the one which was next to that sweepstakes carcass in the estimation of judges, were of bullocks fed on rations consisting largely of oats. In both cases the habit of feeding maize was so strong that the feeders could not resist it, but made one-quarter of the rations of that fattening grain. Both steers were of races having a powerful hereditary disposition to put fat on their carcasses, yet, with all these disadvantages the animals turned out beef in which there was a large percentage of eatable meat.

Some skillful breeder will be found ere long with courage to cut free from old traditions and enter squarely on the new line of feeding for the interest of the consumer, by giving to his cattle rations composed as nearly as practicable of blood and tissue making material. He will find no difficulty in selling at a good profit every ounce of such beef as he will make by such a course, for while the public generally may require educating up to the point of appreciating nutricious beef, there are plenty of people who will welcome any opportunity to get meat while lean and muscular, shall at the same time be tender, juicy and toothsome.—*E. W. Perry, in Country Gentleman.*

GROWING HOPS.

The Soil and Precautions Necessary to Their Successful Cultivation.

Any land adapted to growing corn will be suitable for hops. The soil should be good and well prepared, just before the time of setting, which should be done as soon as the ground will admit of being well tilled. The roots, or hop setts, as they are called, are sprouts thrown out from the crown, and are full of eyes, and may be cut in pieces two or three inches in length. There should always be two or three eyes on each piece. The setts are sold by the bushel. Two or three roots should be put into each hill. They should be planted by hand in hills six feet square or seven feet by eight. In rich land the wider space is preferable, as the vines will fully occupy the ground, and if placed closer together they could not be cultivated with a horse. The land may be marked out to indicate the places for setting the roots, and afterward a hill of potatoes or corn—the first being preferable—may be planted between each hill of hops in the same row, and another row half way between the hop rows. If these are made equal spaces apart, all of the rows will be in line so that a cultivator may be worked between them and the land be kept clean. By this plan a good crop may be had in the hop ground the first year, and the land be kept clear of weeds—grass and weeds will spoil a hop crop, and on this account freedom from foulness is imperative. Before cold weather two or three forkfuls of manure must be thrown directly on the top of the crowns of the hop plants to protect them through the winter and to give them a start in the spring. The second year the poles should be set, one or more in a hill, or wire should be stretched across the field along the rows on high posts with wires hanging down to which to attach the vines. The poling must be done early, so that the vines can be trained upon them, or to the wires as soon as they start. Every few days the yard should be gone over to fasten all stray vines to the poles or wires. As soon as the ground is fit a cultivator should be started and kept going enough so that the land will be mellow all the season and free from grass or weeds. In the spring, after freezing weather is over, the manure on the crowns or hills may be raked out and put around the hills. Each autumn there should be the same manuring; each spring the same care should be observed with poles and stringing the vines, and the same careful culture should be given. When all this is done a yard will last a half-dozen years or more and do well. There is not much difference in the cost and labor between the pole and wire systems. The latter is patented. Poles can be had at various prices, according to quality, cedar being the best as well as the dearest in first cost. They mostly come from Canada. Hops, when well set and cultivated, will often produce as good a crop the second year after planting as afterwards. As soon as the hops are ripe they should be picked and the poles stacked. Pickers are paid by the box-full usually, and not by the day's work. The price varies in localities, and according to the scarcity of help. A smart picker expects to make $2 to $3 a day.—*Rural New Yorker.*

ORIGIN OF FETICHISM.

Religious Systems Resulting from Simple Modes of Thinking and Reasoning.

So soon as intelligent curiosity began to mingle with the dull wonder with which human beings had long regarded unusual natural events—such as, for instance, an eclipse, a flash of lightning or a flood—the only explanations that could suggest themselves would be the logical result of the prevalent habits of thought, of such simple analogical reasoning as has been referred to. All moving things being vaguely felt to be living, the sun in eclipse would be thought of as sick or wounded; the lightning as a creature like a rattlesnake that makes a noise, glides swiftly and strikes suddenly; the flood as the river itself in a rage or passion. Such vague explanations as these of the nature of the external universe, or of special events in it—explanations so little self-conscious and so little reasoned as hardly to deserve the name of "explanations"—would seem to be in the natural course of evolution the first notions that could be called religious; but such notions are pure fetichism. The characteristic of such a state of thought is, that the moving principle is not thought of as separate from the moving thing, nor the living principle as separate from the living being, nor the spirit of other men or animals as separate from their bodies. The observances appropriate to such a religion would consist in appeals to those external beings or imprecations upon them, similar to those appropriate between man and man, because those beings would be regarded as living and so not felt to be wholly different from men; but in every case the thing or object itself, and not any thing unseen, would be the object of any ceremonial observance.

A community of children between the ages of two and five might naturally evolve a somewhat similar religious system. The baby who cries out, "Nanghty door!" when it pinches its fingers in the hinges; the child who urges a spinning-top to continue spinning, or is angry with it for stopping; or who listens with wondering awe to a watch and asks if it is alive, long before any of them have any notion of spirit or ghost, or of unseen causes of action—all illustrate how naturally fetichism results from simple modes of thinking and reasoning. Similar habits of thought account for much of both ancient and modern mythology, without the intervention of spiritism, they appear as a revival in civilized nations in the astrology and alchemy of the middle ages, and may to-day be traced among many savage tribes.—*George Pellew, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Prof. Hughes says a silk ribbon is a better lightning conductor than a metallic rod.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

LITTLE WOMEN.

The Difficulty They Experience in Obtaining Suitable Employment in Cities.

Few have any idea of the trials and tribulations of cultivated women small in stature, who seek honest employment in the city. The little lady may be modest, pretty, neatly dressed, affable in conversation and agreeable in manner, yet almost every avenue leading to a respectable living is closed to her. The shop-keeper picks his female help in the spirit that animates him when he makes a display of goods in his windows. And it must be confessed that practically, if not theoretically, he is right. A commanding and fine-looking woman will sell a sealskin cloak in five cases out of six where a little body would fail. The big woman can expatiate more grandly on its merits, and by wrapping it around her and parading before a mirror, show it off in all its perfection. The little lady may be refined gold, but there is nothing impressive about her. Her small stature is a misfortune that she can not remedy. She can not become a floorwalker in a dry-goods emporium, for she lacks the sweep and carriage and the lordly aplomb which awe employes and attract purchasers. She has great trouble in securing even a place behind the counter. Her fragility and tiny size are in the way. She can not reach the goods on a top shelf, nor can she return them after a sale is made without climbing to the counter, which ungraceful act would quench the last spark of dignity left by nature at her birth. She is out of place again in the parlors of a fashionable milliner or dressmaker. You may find her sitting in a little back room adjoining, stitching away in a bad light and a worse atmosphere, with her knees up to her chin, but you will never see her in the salesroom. "A small woman is out of place in a show-room," said the proprietor of a fashion warehouse, when one of her hands sought a situation for a worthy but undersized lady. "I have no use for her there. She can not sell even a pattern. People will not go to her. They will hardly ask her a question. They pass her by as though a child, and go to a saleswoman more stylish and commanding. One is prominent and the other insignificant in appearance, and the prominent figure invariably attracts attention."

A place for the little lady was found in the mailing department at six dollars a week. At the same time a tall woman of good figure, who carried her head like a Juno, neither well educated nor particularly agreeable, was placed in the show-room at fourteen dollars per week. She was not as refined nor as painstaking as the little one, but she had the physique so highly prized by an experienced modiste. The little one toiled ten hours a day with hardly a respite, while the big woman walked grandly up and down the parlor superintending sales and keeping every thing trim.

Petite women are rarely employed as forewomen in large business houses. Such situations are almost invariably filled by ladies of regular figure and hauteur. A few are pretty, some are intellectual, and less are charming. Many are Amazons by nature as well as in appearance. They are made majestic by size and bearing alone, and are nearly destitute of feeling for those of smaller stature whose lines are not cast in places so pleasant. Such forewomen command from twenty to sixty dollars a week. They can be found in every establishment where fashionable female attire is sold. Salaries seem to be proportioned to the size of the woman employed, and not on her ability. There are hundreds of little women holding comparatively pleasant situations, but even in these they labor under natural disadvantages. The salaries are light, and their figures forbid promotion. The little ones are to be pitied. With warmer hearts, keener intuitions, brighter intellects, more knowledge of human nature and more tact in many cases than their larger sisters, their business sphere remains narrow and contracted. Marriage alone can take them from the rugged road of life and transplant them to the pleasant gardens that line the way.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

CLARK UNIVERSITY.

An Educational Institution to Be Founded in the City of Worcester, Mass.

Jonas Gilman Clark, the wealthiest citizen of Worcester, Mass., has announced his intention of founding in that city an institution, for the promotion of learning in all its higher branches, to be called Clark University. He will start it with an endowment of $1,000,000. Eight well-known gentlemen of Worcester are associated with him in the petition for incorporation. Mr. Clark says he does not expect to start at once a university complete in all respects; but it will be on the broadest possible basis so far as instruction is concerned. It will not be, in sense, denominational. There will be religious teaching, but it will be free from any technicalities of belief. There will be in connection with it a law school, medical school, and possibly a school of theology. The main college buildings will set back from Main street near the Woodland street line. If the citizens offer substantial evidence of sympathy and support, Mr. Clark will further generously endow the institution as its needs become apparent. Mr. Clark's death will make no difference in the plan. He intends that the new university shall in time fairly rival Harvard in scope and National reputation, and he has ample funds to carry out his ideas.—*N. Y. Post.*

STUDY OF A BLUE-JAY.

Some of the Amusing Things Done This Highly Intelligent Bird.

Investigating every thing in the ... is one of my bird's greatest pleasures and most attractive of all he finds drawer of my desk, on the edge which he stands delighted and bewildered by the variety before him. Of would be the havoc if I were not th and the curious thing about it is he will pull things over carelessly, one eye on me, to see if I object, on touching some particular thing sees that I do not approve—and recognizes my sentiment as quickly as a bright child would that thing, and that only, he have. At once he snatches it and away across the room, and I may him in vain. He regards it as a got up for his amusement, and no ever equaled him in dodging; he not be driven, and if cornered he his wings. I simply put my wits against his, follow him about till he has to his load to breathe, when a sudden sends him off, and I secure it. cover up any thing he knows at is some forbidden treasure, and devotes all his energy and cunning, which are great, to uncovering and possessing himself of it. He opens any by delivering sharp blows under the edge of the cover, hides my postage-stamps books and magazines. He hops across the floor in a heavy way, as often sideways as straight, and holds his close together as though he had tight boots all his life. If startled bounds up into the air in the oddest way, a foot or two, or even more, generally turning half around, and coming down with his head the other way. If much alarmed, he will bounce across this way half a dozen times in succession, and should he happen to be on a table at the time he usually ends by landing on the floor. His alighting from any flight is most singular; he comes to the floor in a crouching position, sprawled, body horizontal and not touching the matting, looking like a bird gone mad; then instantly springs up six or eight inches, half turns, and stands upright, crest erect, and, becoming excited, almost frightened if much disturbed, he comes down with wings half open, tail held up, and every feather awry, as if he were out in a gale, uttering at the same time a harsh squawk. He is the most expert catcher not only seizing without fail a nut or seed thrown to him, but even flutterbits of falling paper, the hardest of all things to catch.

The blue-jay is a bird of opinion about most things, and able to express himself quite clearly—as, for example, when he found himself under a cage without rounds, on which he like to perch, he stood and looked around on every side, and made a low, complaining cry, plainly a protest against such unnatural a chair; and again when he scolded at the rain that came in strong gusts against the window, or chattered furiously at the the crack under the door when he heard sweeping on the side. In general he is very quiet when one is in the room, but the moment the door closes behind the last person his voice is heard whistling exactly like a boy, or else squawking, and occasionally making a sweet though not loud song, which is varied by a sound like rubbing a cork against glass. The most quiet approach silences him. When under strong emotion he may squawk or scream before spectators, but he never whistles or sings when he knows only one is in the room. When out of sight, and so long silent that he has forgotten me, I have now and then heard the song.

The funniest thing this knowing fellow does is to stamp his feet, and this is a genuine expression of impatience or displeasure. When I take something away from him, or he thinks I mean to do so, or refuse him something he wants, he stands still, and jerks his feet in such a way that they stamp with a loud noise, as if they were of iron. It is very funny. In serious anger he adds to this, bowing and curtsying by bending the body, snapping the bill, pecking, and following up with the body without bending the feet.—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Atlantic.*

Average Length of Life.

It has been reckoned by scientific men that the average length of life of animals is some four or five times the period required to grow to full or adult size. And this holds true as regards human beings as well as the lower animals, every one would be able to reckon his or her probable length of life by remembering the age at which full growth was attained. Hereditary weakness and the accident of contageous diseases or violence are the only elements that seem to disturb this calculation, which in a healthy climate would bring the average of life up to about seventy-five years in women and eighty-five in men. Wherever it falls frequently less, we are at liberty to believe that there is something important in the rearing and living of the people bringing down the average.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Why He Shouldn't Laugh.

Old Mr. Jones, of Austin, who has lost nearly all his teeth, was visiting the family of a neighbor, and playing up little Tommy, he began dancing him on his knee, laughing gayly. Tommy laughed.

Suddenly Tommy looked very earnestly at Mr. Jones and said:

"Why do you laugh so?"

"Oh, I laugh because you do."

"You mustn't, Mr. Jones, for when you laugh you show all the teeth you haven't got!"—*Texas Siftings.*