Too Aggravating.

...—What made you tell on me ...I was whispering in school?

...—Because you wern't whispering ...nough so I could hear what you ...talking about. — Detroit Free ...

...Hungarian House of Representa... ...s the largest in the world. It has ...embers.

Those Kindly Persons.

It happened in a railway station.

The baby cried and cried and cried.

"Perhaps he desires his bottle," suggested a fatherly looking old party.

"He has not been raised on the bottle," cuttingly replied the handsome young woman who held the infant.

The baby's shrieks grew terrific. He made unmistakable signs that he wanted his dinner.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the elderly party, "but may I suggest that you—er—permit the child to—er—take nourishment?"

"This baby belongs to my sister," replied the young lady, blushing furiously, "and she won't be here for half an hour. I'm holding it for her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Philologically Logical.

Mrs. Gayboy—That's where you are wrong. You don't seem to understand the use of words. If a thing is "round" it can't be any "rounder."

Mr. Gayboy—Then there is no such thing as a "rounder." Thanks, dear. You won't call me one again, will you?

Table Mustard.

Common, ordinary, every-day table mustard obtained its name in a remarkably curious way. It is said that Philip, Duke of Burgundy, granted to Dijon some armorial bearings on which was the motto, *"Moult me tarde."*

This was later carved in a stone archway of the city, but as the years went by the central word became effaced. A certain firm in the city was engaged in the manufacture of sinapi, which was the former name for mustard, and, wishing to label its products with the city arms, copied the incomplete motto.

Thus, ignorant people seeing the name *"moult-tarde"* on the jars, fell into the custom of calling the contents by that title. In time *"moult-tarde"* was contracted to *moutarde* (mustard).

COMES FROM THE TICKS.

Alleged Origin of Spotted Fever of the Rockies.

Several surgeons of the marine hospital service claim to have practically demonstrated as a fact that the terrible spotted fever of the Rocky Mountains is caused by the infections of ticks, says the Washington Star. The discovery, if further experiments show it to be positive, is a most important one, and the marine hospital service is awaiting results with deep interest.

The spotted fever is especially virulent in the Montana mountains, although it is well known in many other sections. The victims become fearfully and wonderfully spotted during the course of the disease, which is fatal in a large number of instances.

There has been a widespread belief for years that the fever was caused by the piroplasma carried by ticks, as the fever always appeared during the tick season. Physicians have disputed this view, however.

In April last Surgeon General Wyman of the marine hospital service detailed Dr. King and Dr. Ricketts to conduct a most careful examination. They have reported that their experiments indicate that the tick is at the bottom of the disease. In their report they state that the fatality from the disease was too great to justify experiments with human subjects and they were compelled to resort to animals. They found that guinea pigs and monkeys were susceptible to the disease to direct inoculation with the blood of fever patients. The typically fatal disease was frequently produced in animals in this way.

To test the tick infection theory Dr. W. W. King procured four ticks—one male and three females—and sent them to Washington. The male tick died in transit. The three ticks that were left alive were placed upon a guinea pig suffering with spotted fever. They remained until the animal died, two days and a half later. The ticks showed some enlargement. Nine days after removal from the guinea pig the ticks were placed upon a healthy guinea pig. One was killed by the pig, but the others remained until they dropped off in five days. Three days after this the guinea pig began to show symptoms of fever, all being of the nature of a spotted fever patient. The pig died. The pig was kept in a separate cage from other pigs. Another pig was inoculated from the heart's blood of the tick-infected pig and sickened and died.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

As Mr. Hill put on his coat preparatory to going out for the evening his wife called him back to the sitting-room. "Thomas," she said, doubtfully, "I wonder if I could trust you to find out a little about that hall paper of the Saffords. It's such a pretty one, and if we could afford it, I'd like to get that same pattern in green, where theirs is blue, you know. I meant to ask Mrs. Safford to-night in a roundabout way, if this cold hadn't kept me at home. Could you lead up to it easily with Mr. Safford and not offend him—or her?"

"Yes, indeed," said her husband, cheerfully, "you can trust me, my dear. I know how to introduce a subject easily, I hope."

On his return he drew a slip of paper from his pocket and handed it to his wife.

"There's the place, price, shop and clerk's name," he said, proudly. "I got 'em all from Safford inside of five minutes."

"How did you introduce the subject?" asked his wife.

"Why, just like this," said Mr. Hill. "As I was taking off my coat in the hall I cast my eyes up toward the ceiling, and I said, 'Pretty tint that is, Safford; just matches your paper; and a mighty pretty paper, too. My wife was saying to-night that if we only knew where you got it and how much it cost, we might find we could afford one just like it in blue; not in green, you understand; she doesn't care for the color of yours,' I said; 'it's just the pattern we admire.'

"I had it all down in black and white in no time. And as I came away I assured him that with the difference in color nobody'd ever know it was the same pattern.

"Now didn't I do well? Women beat around the bush so I wonder they ever find out anything."—Youth's Companion.

A Reliable Substitute.

"I'm afraid I haven't many good arguments for our side of the question," said the orator.

"No arguments?" responded the campaign manager. "Then quote statistics. They sound wise and everybody would rather take them for granted than try to understand them."—Washington Star.

Even Worse.

"I can't imagine anything more unsatisfactory," remarked the chronic kicker, "than a meal at our boarding house."

"No," replied the sentimental youth. "Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Advice.

"Always hope for the best, my son."

"All right, dad."

"And expect the worst."—Philadelphia Ledger.

There are some women so good they would prefer not speaking to a man unless they know he has been baptized.

Haunting Notes.

There was a peculiar sound from the direction of the woods as the member of the Birdlovers' Society sat in the window of her friend's country home one summer afternoon.

She quickly took her small "Bird Guide" from her ever-present bag, and rapidly turned the leaves. At last she paused with a smile of satisfaction, and listened, with her finger between two leaves of the little book, till the sound came again.

When it was repeated an expression of doubt flitted across her features, but still she was hopeful.

"You probably know many of the bird notes, living so near the woods and in such a quiet spot," she said to her friend. "Can you tell me what bird that is?"

"That," said her friend, briefly, "is our goat. We shall have to move him farther off."

Recompense.

"They say that suburban life is not so bad."

"No; I suppose not. We must remember that a great deal of the suburbanite's time is spent in the city."—Pittsburg Post.

Ninety per cent of the wealth of the United States is held by 10 per cent of the people.

Uncle Allen.

"I suppose there is such a person as the foolkiller," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, "but he has either retired from business or he's hopelessly behind on his orders."

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