

THE MERRY BRITISH BEGGAR.

I brave the day, I brave the night, I throw my sorrows to the wind, And try to keep a cheerful mind, Although my coat is thin and light, Although my hat is wondrous at.

Chinese Points for Hosts. "Don't eat with your ears," says Yuan Mel, a Chinese writer, "by which I mean do not aim at, having extraordinary out of the way foods, just to astonish your guests."

How to Acquire a Foreign Vocabulary. Perhaps one of the best ways of fixing the words and idioms of a language in one's mind is to teach them to somebody else.

Frosted Glass. The frosty appearance of glass which we often use when it is desirable to keep out the sun or for a protection against inquisitive eyes, is brought about by using a paint composed as follows:

A Little Brute. Nearsighted Lady.—The boy who is trying to tie that tin can to that poor dog's tail ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life—the horrid little brute.

A Tribute to the Frog. The bullfrog is a combination of piscatorial, venatorial and aquatic delights. From his cradle to his grave he is an ornament and an honor to the land.

A Poetic Child. My oldest boy, who has not yet reached the mature age of three, has, I think, a poetic way of expressing himself.

Cloth and Paper Made from One Tree. The paper tree of the South seas is a species of the mulberry. Its inner bark is so delicate that a soft and pleasant feeling cloth is made from it, which the natives use in making their "best suits."

In the abysses of the oceans, below 500 fathoms, many animals have either imperfect eyes or none. Their condition in this regard affords a suggestive parallel to that of cave life, and the causes are probably the same.

A writer on social affairs in Iceland says there is not a single prison on the island; that such things as locks, bolts and bars are unknown, and that there are neither watchmen nor policemen.

In the line of eating the Manchus, who have ruled in China since its conquest by them some 250 years ago, are strongest in baked meats. The Chinese excel in soups.

Old French furs are being sold very cheap. A French artist has bought the Fort du Guesclin for about \$1,100. They go from a few hundred to \$1,000.

Reckoning by Her Time. "Hold the baby, please; I'll be back in just a minute," said she. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. Baby awoke and yelled as if seven ghosts were after it.

"Thanks." Baby screaming, head thrown back, face red, eyes shut, back stiff, kicked off one little red shoe and made its mouth and hands go. Half an hour, no wife. He carried the baby to the dressmaker's, where he was told:

He trotted the screaming child on his knee, laid it on its back, rolled it over on its stomach, tossed it in the air, stuffed a handkerchief in its mouth and hummed "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He asked for a rattle box, but the dressmaker got mad and said she wasn't married. Half hour, no wife. He took the child to the milliner, who said:

"Your wife isn't here. She has just left for home. Oh, what a cute little mouth; that child has been crying!" "Hain't it!" He started for home and met his wife on the street. Tossing the child into her arms he strutted away, muttering:

Lord Castlereagh's Ghost. In one of the standard British biographical works may be found the story of Lord Castlereagh and the ghost. It seems that when quite a young man Castlereagh commanded a militia regiment in Ireland. One night he was stationed in a large, desolate country house.

The figure advanced slowly toward the drowsy but thoroughly puzzled general, seeming to grow with surprising rapidity at every step, until, coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the proportions and appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with bleeding wounds across the brow, eyes seeming to glow with rage and despair.

The Sweetest Visits. There is a pleasure in little, "scrappy," unexpected visitings with friends, which is often wanting from the planned and rounded comings when the "fire is bright and the cake basket ready in the closet."

Did Not Know What Was Going On. There is a fact about the French revolution more wonderful in its way than any which can be discovered in old newspapers. It is the fact, gathered from private letters of the period, that in those stirring times, when all the world was ringing with the events in Paris, there were actually people in that city living in absolute ignorance of the horrors around them.

What the Present Was Used For. There was once a school teacher who received from her pupils a most elaborate jewel casket of glass and silver. Not long afterward she announced in family conclave, "That thing is horrid, but we really must use it."

Seventh Pig Had Seven Legs. Friday night last a sow belonging to C. W. P. Howell gave birth to a litter of seven pigs. In this there is nothing very remarkable, but that the seventh one should have seven well formed legs is somewhat strange, to say the least.

A Knowing Cabbage. A cabbage with fourteen heads can be seen in our counting room window. It was raised by Charles F. Mendall on the James Sherman place on the King Philip road, this city.—New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

Birds and the Statue of Liberty Light. A few evenings ago I took the steamer, with a party of naturalists, to Bedloe's island, as the electric lights at the top of the statue are known to attract multitudes of birds every spring and fall. There had been cold weather for a few days before, and millions of birds were hurrying south. We obtained a permit, and went up to the topmost gallery of the statue and waited. The night had not far advanced when all the heavens seemed to become full of wings, which produced a tempest of whirring sound.

The leaders made all the noise and preserved order. I know not how many flocks went by of teal, wood duck, black duck, mergansers, curlew, snipe, plover, pewees, phoebe birds and what not, but none could mistake the kingfishers as they went, with their scolding laughter, through the dark.

A Stamp Fad. "It makes us swear." "It's the most senseless fad in the world."

A Club of Ocean Travelers. A number of gentlemen in India, whose business or pleasure calls them frequently to England, have formed themselves into what may be termed a travelers' co-operative association, with the object of lessening the expense of their voyages to and from the east.

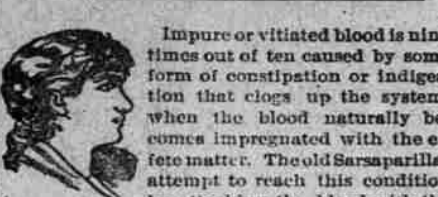
Lake Erie Drying Up. Mr. J. T. Wamelink had occasion to visit the building inspector's office in the city hall, and as one or two of the officials are, like him, fond of hunting, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

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Bad Blood.



Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempt to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash."

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A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless tea, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black tea.

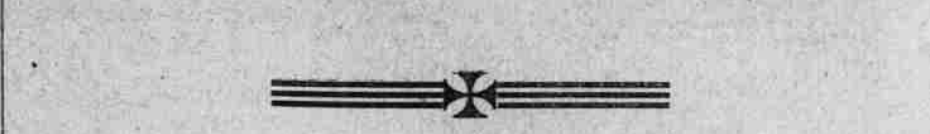
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