

THE REIGN OF REASON.

By VIOLA ROSEBORO.

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Edith's eyes were a curiosity to see Ellen T. so one day I asked Jimmy to take me to visit her.

"I'll be proud to do it," he replied, without explaining whom his bride complimented. When he next went to mill, I went along and was put down at the door of the little log house below the hill.

"There's no need of lettin her know you are comin," Jimmy had told me, "for she and the house is always as spick and as span as all the company in the world could make 'em."

The house stood on a slight rise back from the road, and a wagon track led up to and away from it in a wide semicircle worthy a drive before a palace. It was all unenclosed, the wild greenness pressing up to the doorway. As we approached a tall, broad shouldered young woman came to the low, open door. I had time to take a good look at her, and it was a pleasant exercise. She stood with one hand on her hip, in an attitude of such simplicity and ease as the rustic obtains only in his most uncorrupted estate.

Her smooth, dark hair was parted and brought down behind her ears into a knot of eminent decency; her features were good, strong, rather large and were set off by a fine ruddy complexion. She came out to the wagon as we stopped and put up her hand to Jimmy. "Howdy," she said—not smiling, but fixing her gray eyes upon him with what was like maternal tenderness.

"Howdy, Miss Ellen," Jimmy answered, equally grave. "This is my cousin, Miss Addington—Miss Tod, Cousin Addie."

"I wanted to stop off and stay with you, if I might, while Jimmy goes to mill." "I'm pleased to see you," said Ellen Tod. "Wait, and I'll bring a chair for you"—a chair to help me alight.

Jimmy was right as to the spickness and spanness of Ellen and her house. Her innate superiority was shown in her dress, which was of that standard dark purple calico which knows no north or south, and it was made without a furrow anywhere. It was a model of the chief garment of modern woman reduced to its simplest elements, but it was beautifully clean and was perfect in its way, even the unrelieved band around the neck being becoming to so handsome a column. That touchstone of the southern housekeeper, the hearth, was swept so clean that its scoured stones attracted the eye, and the big bed in one corner of the room was radiant in brilliant patchwork. After I entered Ellen returned a moment to the wagon and shook hands with the departing Jimmy, who was to return in a couple of hours. For that time Ellen and I were left to each other's uninterupted society, for her father was away at work, and she and he composed the family. She was a charming hostess, full of hospitality and with an effortless gift of silence almost equal to Jimmy's own.

She took my hat, allowed me to sit in the back doorway, which looked out into the rear woods, and brought me a glass of cool buttermilk from the bucket in the spring. My soul was satisfied when she got out a big spinning wheel and went to work. I wondered if she spun when Jimmy came and was inclined to think that no woman could be ignorant of the charming aesthetic possibilities of the occupation. I could imagine Jimmy sinking into a deep and deeper degree of pleasure as he watched



She got out a big spinning wheel and went to work.

the swift, light moving figure passing to and fro while the big wheel whirled. I tried to get up the courage to talk to her about Jimmy, but I couldn't. She was too big and grown up; she made me feel too small and light minded. She actually smiled at me, however, when the wagon returned. I felt now as if a handshaking all around were justified, for it seemed as if I had spent a pleasant, dreamy, drowsy lifetime in that back door.

"I ain't very lively company; I never was," Ellen said as I put on my hat, scarcely apologetically, but as if the fact were an undeniable drawback. She took Jimmy some buttermilk—he did not leave the wagon—and I delayed my appearance while he drank it.

"I don't know as I'll ever see you again," she said, as she gravely gave me her hand, "but I'm glad you come, and I wish you well. Take care of yourself," she said as we started, including me in the kindly gaze she turned on Jimmy.

I did see her again, but before the second meeting Cousin Betsey had learned of her as a possible daughter-in-law. I came in from a tramp the day before I left, and found mother and son in a terrible and contented interview. Poor Jimmy was sitting in his mother's room with his bowed head supported in his hands and his every line expressing crushed suffering, but with hardly so limp as might have been expected. The little masterful mother stood with her knotted hands on the back of a chair in front of her, gazing at her boy with a touch of bewilderment in her pale, stern, lawyerlike face.

I started back from the door I had opened. "Come in, Addie," she said; "come in. Like as not it's no news to you that

this poor fool I brought into the world wants to marry a low down girl over there in the hollow, without a second gown to her back and to more raising than one of my helpers."

Jimmy did not stir. "If he could get himself up to tell me so, he's likely tell everybody else first. You needn't say nothing. I don't want to know what you know or what you don't, but I want to tell you you're young and foolish—that you've done a right enough thing if you've given him encouragement in his folly, or if you ever do. I can't believe he ever would have named such a thing to me if somebody like you hadn't give him some sustenance."

I felt a guilty thud in my breast as those luminous pale eyes fixed themselves upon me. I had not meant to give encouragement, but I saw now that Cousin Betsey was probably right and that my liking for Ellen had helped Jimmy to the courage shown in this declaration. He had an immense regard for my opinion.

"James," she said, "look at me." Jimmy raised a haggard, pain dazed face. "James, I'm going to say before Addie what I've told you I'd do if you won't give up this—girl. Will you give her up?"

Jimmy half gasped. "Mother," he began, then stopped; a dead silence. Its tenacity was painful, like a physical sensation. "Mother, if you'd just know her, it"— "I knew her father and mother before her, before you was born. My father kept her grandfather from starting to death. More's the pity, since it brings this shame upon me now. Her mother was a nameless brat. I know her enough."

"No'm, no'm, you don't. Ellen's not them. She'd make the best wife"— "Much you know or care about her making a good wife. You can't take me in. You're in love with her."

"No'm; no, mav. I'm not that bewitched"— "Will you or won't you give her up?" Jimmy staggered to his feet and to the door.

"Mother, mother," he repeated slowly under his breath as if it were a sort of prayer.

"Stop," she said. "Addie"—she took me by the arm—"I say to you that if he marries that girl he is no son of mine, and I'll never treat him as one, dead or alive."

The door closed behind Jimmy, and Cousin Betsey sank into a chair and let her hands fall as they would, one in her lap and one at her side. I knelt beside her and tried to stanch my tears. Cousin Betsey had all a man's preference for an unemotional atmosphere, and the first thing she said was to tell me to bring her knitting.

"Oh, why, why," I said, "did you say such a terrible thing?" "I said it because I thought it would stop him if anything would," she answered, with a firm mouth, though her fingers were a little shaky as she handled her needles.

"But if it doesn't?" "If it doesn't, he knows what to look for."

"Cousin Betsey, I've seen her. She seems nice. I believe she would be a good wife"— "Addie, get up! I don't want to hear any more foolishness. I'm the one that's likely to know who'd make a good wife for my son if it's a good wife you are both so bent on. I've taken care of him a good many years."

"Don't you love him? Don't you want him to be happy?" "Of course I do. That's why I've done what I could to stop this thing."

The needles were clicking well by this time. "But if he marries, and you do as you say, you'll make him miserable."

"I'll do what I say. I've had to do it for his good, and I'd have to do it not to be a liar. However, there's no use living through the thing before it happens. I don't seem to see Jimmy getting himself up to go and disobey me. He'd never have the spunk," and Cousin Betsey, with that almost appalling good sense so characteristic of her, insisted on returning to the serene tone of everyday life. She treated Jimmy for the 24 hours that I was still with them in exactly her usual manner, which was placidly kind, so far as it was anything, though it took less account of him as an individual entity than probably even the kindest of us in his place would have preferred.

Jimmy was much depressed, but he was in awe of his mother and felt bound to pull himself together and respond to her attitude as far as possible.

It was an evident relief to him when he and I were once more started on horseback for the station, and he was at liberty in the woods to be as miserable as he liked. He longed to have me do something for him, he did not know how to say anything, suggest something—and he turned his doglike brown eyes upon me with a heartbreaking force of appeal in them. But I was too conscious of the gravity of the situation to venture a word upon it. While we were waiting, however, on the little platform, with the falling leaves fluttering around us, he broke forth:

"Cousin Addie, you can see what a good wife Ellen would make for me, can't you? You needn't say anything. I know you've got to get to know her. It ain't that I'm in love with her, like I said. But I don't see how I can let Ellen go. I don't see how I can."

I longed to probe his consciousness to see if any perception of obligation to Ellen could be aroused to re-enforce his abiding sense of the necessity of Ellen to him, so it was just as well that the pickety little engine came meandering around the corner just then. Leave takings and responses to the cordial, hospitable greetings of the conductor occupied all the time I felt justified in delaying the other passengers, and I left without committing any new indiscretions.

One day in the following April I was in the old flower garden, wholly absorbed in the care of the camellie bed, when one of the servants came out to me, saying that there was "some mighty cur'ous 'pearin' company" up to do house—and that they asked for me.

I did not, to tell the truth, think of Jimmy and Ellen, but when I found them the moment my eyes fell on them it seemed as if I had been expecting them all along. They had refused to go into the house and were waiting for me on the back "gallery." As I came up their horses were just being led off to the stables. The look of people about to be married was upon them. I am a

WASP STINGS.

People Who Have Died From the Effects of Them.

In an article on the stings of wasps a British medical journal cites the two following cases which have come under its notice: A strong, healthy girl of 27 was stung on the neck by a wasp and fainted. On regaining consciousness she complained of a general feeling of numbness and partial blindness and vomited. She suffered severe abdominal pain. She recovered in the course of a few hours. Two months later she was stung again, this time on the hand. Her face became flushed, she again complained of numbness and blindness, suddenly became very pale, fainted and died 25 minutes after she was stung.

Another case was that of a girl of 22 years, who was stung by a wasp behind the angle of the jaw. The sting was at once extracted and ammonia applied. In a few minutes she complained of faintness and would have fallen if she had not been supported. Her face assumed an expression of great anxiety and a few minutes later she was tossing on the bed, complaining of a horrible feeling of choking and of agonizing pain in the chest and abdomen. Brandy gave no relief. There was nausea, but no vomiting. She rapidly became insensible and died 15 minutes after receiving the sting. The most probable explanation of such cases seems to lie in what is known as idiosyncrasy—that is, abnormal sensitiveness in particular individuals to certain toxic agents. It is well known that drugs vary much in action on different people. What is a safe dose for one is dangerously large for another. The inability of some people to eat strawberries or shellfish is another instance of the same phenomenon. The active agent of bee stings is generally believed to be formic acid. It therefore seems very desirable that we should have more accurate information regarding the reaction of this drug on different species of the lower animals and through them on man himself.—Chicago Chronicle.



"If he marries that girl he is no son of mine."

groom. I seated them in the dining room at such a lunch as Aunt Merky was able, in her phrase, to "scare up" and went into a place apart to commune with my own mind.

My brother and his wife were away. I was alone in authority. How could I turn out these waifs to get married in the desolation of a strange parsonage parlor when I felt sure that a touching gravitation toward sympathy was all that had brought them so far? Here was a chance to play a little part in a romance, to manage, to be important and benevolent.

I became infected with the passionate reasonableness characteristic of all the principals in the affair. I said: "Brother Arthur is away; he'll not have to bear any of the responsibility. They are going to get married anyhow. Cousin Betsey can't hurt me, and, after all, Jimmy is quite right about it. Ellen will make him a beautiful wife. Go to, I will be a patroness."

After the ceremony—besides the servants in the doorway only the most sentimental old lady in the village and myself witnessed it—Ellen had a little experience which I trust has never been repeated. She broke down from her usual caretaking, all sustaining, maternal self into a frightened, helpless woman who wanted to be comforted by somebody stronger than her self. She dropped down upon the sofa and began to cry softly upon Jimmy's shoulder. Poor Jimmy felt that matrimony was indeed a strange estate whose mysteries developed with incredible promptness and in the most unexpected ways. He looked so pitifully baffled and bewildered that Ellen when she saw his face straightened up into her more characteristic phase and slipped her hand into his to comfort him. It was not a traditional bridal scene, but it seemed to me a very natural and touching one.

There was nothing for Jimmy to do of course but to sink to the station of a renter. He went in on shares with his father-in-law that year and lived in the neat little cabin I had visited.

My brother recently passed through that part of the county, and he reports that Betsey has taken the surprising but simple course of treating Jimmy as she might treat any poor neighbor who she had long known, even letting him hand on good though not unbusinesslike terms, but never breaking either the letter or the spirit of her vow. Amos thinks this suits both mother and son admirably. As for Jimmy, he says he has more confidence of manner than of old despite his social fall and that he wears such a look of contentment as any other woman in Cousin Betsey's place would sorely resent.

After a four years' experience of Ellen as a wife the one conviction of Jimmy's life seems justified.

Never Wanted Horset.
Benevolent Old Lady (to little girl)—My little dear, do you wash your face and hands every morning?

"No, mum."

"Good gracious! That's perfectly dreadful. Do you wash your face in the middle of the day?"

"No, mum."

"Dear me! When do you wash yourself?"

"I never washes."

"Terrible! It is shocking how depraved the lower classes are! I must organize a society to see that children are properly washed. Tell me, little one, do you really never wash yourself?"

"No, mum. Mamma washes me every morning."

Collectors Needed.
Weary Waddleton—De world owes us fella's livin'.

Willie Worknot—Dat's right, but it's ourful slow pay. Wot our pertushun needs is a collection agency.—Ohio State Journal.

The first royal speech transmitted by telegraph was that delivered by the late Queen Victoria when she opened parliament on Nov. 15, 1837. The speed of transmission was 55 words a minute.

Quite a Relief.
Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You don't swear.

Wife—No; but I can think with all my might and main what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.—New York Weekly.

DEPTH OF A RAINFALL.

The Method by Which It is Accurately Measured.

Probably one question that has puzzled the lay mind is how the depth of a rainfall may be accurately determined. The way it is done is this: A funnel whose larger aperture represents a surface of 100 square inches is placed in a position where it may catch the direct fall of the rain, with the rim of the funnel extending perhaps an inch or more beyond the platform to which it may be fixed. This is for the purpose of preventing any rain from being washed into the funnel and increasing the true fall. From this funnel the water runs to a tube which bears an exact and carefully determined ratio to the area of the funnel's mouth, say one-tenth.

If, therefore, the tube shows water to the depth of an inch, it is clear that one-tenth of an inch of rain has fallen. The tube is provided with a carefully graduated scale so that the fall may be readily seen. Three inches of rain would show a depth of 30 inches in a tube one-tenth the size of the receiving aperture, and the decimals of an inch could be quickly noted by observing the scale.

If placed on the roof of a building, the apparatus should be kept away from the edges to prevent any peculiar slant of the wind carrying into the funnel a larger proportion of rain than would fall into it under normal conditions. The larger the aperture of the receiving funnel is made the more accurate will be the results obtained.

A curious fact that has been noted in connection with rainfalls is that gorges appear on the roof, usually gather less water than those placed on the ground. This is accounted for on the theory that the rain in falling absorbs some of the moisture of the air, and the greater distance it falls the larger will be the bulk of the individual drops.—New York Herald.

THE DEER'S HORNS.

They Present All the Phenomena of Animal and Vegetable Growth.

Why and how is the deer so peculiarly unlike any other of the bovine race, the horn differing so materially from all the horned cattle in its composition, growth, maturity and decline? It presents all the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth. It sprouts from the brain without any prolongation of the frontal bone. It rises and breaks through the sinews and takes root on the bone, growing the same as a vegetable. It is nourished by and secretes albumen upon the surface and disposes of the fibrine the same as an animal.

It is clothed with a skin and hairy coat very different from that on the rest of the body. This covering and hair possess a property unknown in other animal bodies—that of being a styptic to stanch its own blood when wounded. It carries marks of the age on the buck by putting out an extra branch each year, which shows an additional power each year to produce them. And this power does not exist in the female. So this difference is more distinctly marked than in any other class of animals. Again, the horn possesses properties unknown in any other animal matter. It is entirely inodorous, capable of resisting putrefaction and almost impervious to the effects of the atmosphere.

And still water at 300 degrees F. will dissolve these horns readily, even though they are not soluble in alcohol and resist the action of acids and alkalis. It is the only vegetable substance that we know of that does not perpetuate itself by procreation.

The male and the female are sustained by the same nutrition and elements, and the male only produces horns. This phenomenon is quite as much of a curiosity as the absence of the horn in the buck after shedding.

Plattner From the Mirror.
Does your mirror do you justice? You may think so. Or perhaps you would like it to flatter you just a little. If so, you can arrange it so the glass will reflect in a more complimentary manner than usual. If you do, you only have to notice the milliner's oldest secret, and the thing is done.

Did you ever notice the softest drapery of pure white hung about a mirror? That is the trick. After your mirror of faultless glass is thoroughly polished frame it in pure white gauze, with the material gathered in the center at the top and falling away on either side. Then notice the effect. The true tints of the complexion will be there a little emphasized. The expression of the countenance, the light of the eye, the color of the hair, will be accurately reflected, all softened and made more harmonious than your mirror showed them before the gauze was used. You may believe that that subtle bit of white material makes the glass tell nearer the truth than it did without it.

Thoughts on Marriage.
A little girl in England was asked what was the sacrament of matrimony. She said, "It's a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and a better world." "That," said the curate, "is purgatory. Put her down to the bottom of the class." "Leave her alone," said the parish priest. "For anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

"Conjuring," said an Irishman, "is like dying. Sure, a man must do it for himself."—E. J. Hardy's "Concerning Marriage."

Varicose Veins.
An exchange gives the following cure for varicose veins, contributed by a person who was cured by it in less than three weeks: Peel a potato; grate it fine; place it on a white cloth long enough to well cover the ulcer. Warm it a little and apply in the morning. Renew at noon; also at night before retiring. Let it remain all night. Put on three new poultices next day just the same and continue to do so until the ulcer is entirely healed. Wash the ulcer every time the poultice is renewed.

Conns His Toes.
He—They say a good pugilist must learn how to handle his feet as well as his hands.

She—Then I wonder if the baby will be a pugilist. He handles his feet all day.—Chicago News.

An effort is being made to establish in one of the Scotch universities a chair for the study of the Scotch language and literature. The old Scottish tongue as written by James V is almost unintelligible to the modern Scotchman.

Not Satisfactory.
"No," said the doctor, "I haven't voted yet, and I am not going to vote. I am not feeling well today. Isn't that a valid excuse?" "No," responded the professor severely; "that's an invalid excuse."—Chicago Tribune.

Forever Dry.
There is a youngster in Girard college who combines the poetic instinct with a keen sense of humor. He is not a close student—in fact, he regards books as instruments of torture. One of the professors picked up a textbook belonging to him the other day and found on the fly leaf this bit of verse, which no doubt expressed the student's opinion of it:

Should there be another flood,
For refuge hither fly,
And should the whole world be submerged
This book would still be dry.

KNOW THE NOON HOUR.

A Pair of Horses That Stopped When the Whistles Blew.

A pair of intelligent horses attracted the attention of a large crowd on New York street at noon one day last week. They were attached to a heavily loaded ice wagon coming down the steep grade between Cedar street and Maiden lane and were holding back the wagon with a noticeable effort. When they were half way down, the whistles blew for 12 o'clock. Suddenly the horses drew in toward the curb and began to plant their hind feet well forward to stop the wagon.

The driver made no effort to check them, and their hind feet at once attracted notice. Pedestrians looked at the horses and then at the driver, who had a broad grin on his face. By hard work the wagon was stopped. The driver sat still and watched his animals. One of them immediately began rubbing his head against the neck of the other and with nods and pushes succeeded in rubbing his bridle off. Then the other horse took his turn at rubbing, and his bridle came off.

Fully 200 persons had watched this, and when it was completed the driver got down from his seat and swung a bag of oats over the nose of each animal. They stood there and ate their midday meal. The driver was patient and proud of his team. He petted them and talked to them and when they were through drove off whistling.

"Talk about the laboring man dropping his shovel at the sound of the noon whistle," said one man, "that beats anything I ever saw. No one hereafter need try to convince me of the intelligence of the horse. That ice wagon team settles it."—New York Sun.

Roguish Ravens.
The raven of southern Europe is a bold fellow—not unlike the crow, the rook. Some notices of the bird, given by an English traveler in Corsica, offer amusing proof of this.

A youth whom I employed to carry my camera could never look on ravens with any equanimity, for he had suffered much from their thievish impudence when sent to the bush to gather firewood.

On one occasion he lost his dinner, a loaf of bread wrapped in a napkin, although he was working close to the spot where he had laid it and had turned his back for only a minute.

But the most unpardonable insult he had ever received happened on a day when he was out gathering wood. As he was stooping down to bind a bundle of fagots a raven suddenly swooped from behind, lifted the cap from his head and flew away with it to a lofty crag, from which she uttered croaks of triumph.

The cap was subsequently seen lined with straw and serving for a nest.

A Chiroprapist's Advice.
A chiroprapist advises that foot callous is much enhanced if all callous places on the feet are made perfectly smooth. This can be done easily and the feet kept in excellent condition by using a fine pumice stone every morning after the bath. The pumice stone should, of course, be wet, and if rubbed daily over the points on the feet that have hardened or shown tendency to harden the places can be made and kept smooth. After a corn has been removed, too, a light rubbing daily of the place where it has been will often prevent its return.

An Armless Wonder.
Bulwer in his "Artificial Changeling" makes mention of one John Simons, a native of Berkshire, England, born without arms or hands, who could write with his mouth, thread a needle, tie a knot, shuffle, cut and deal a pack of cards, etc. This wonderful personage was exhibited in London in 1853.

She Gave Herself Away.
Judge Davis was one day in his private office when he was president of the senate and acting vice president. A woman came into the room to see him. He turned and said, "Well, madam, what can I do for you?" She was neatly dressed in black, with an air of extreme poverty. She told a wretched tale of sorrow and suffering, winding up with the climax that she and her little family were actually starving and had not tasted food for two days. The judge seemed deeply moved. He expressed himself for not attending to the case for the moment, as the senate was nearly ready to open.

He looked at his watch with an air of vexation, as if it were not going, and said, "Can any one tell me what time it is?" His visitor pulled out a gold watch and told him the time. The judge said, "Can it be true that your children have been without food for two days when you have a gold watch in the house?" The woman saw the point of the judge's question and called out, "You are a hateful old thing!" and flounced out of the room. She was a professional dead beat.

It is expected in the near future oranges will be grown in Washington as palatable as those of Florida. The trees are now bearing, but the fruit will not be ripe until fall, so the real flavor cannot be determined. The experiment has been carried on by H. J. Weber, an expert in plant breeding, who obtained hybrid fruit of 12 of the hardest oranges known in the world, and the prospects are promising.

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The Sort of Table He Wanted.

The following conversation was overheard between a joiner and his customer a short time ago:

Joiner—Please, sir, I've brought the table you ordered me to make.

Customer—Well, put it down here, my man, and let's see what sort of a job you've made of it.

The man set it down in the middle of the room, and the customer examined it with the air of a critic.

Customer—Why, my man, there is here a crack filled up with putty.

Joiner—Yes, sir, well, sir, I know about that, but it won't be noticed when it sets hard.

Customer (coming across some more putty)—But here's some more, my man. What is the meaning of this?

Joiner—Well, sir, you see, a little bit of wood chipped off the corner, and I just put a little putty there to fill up. It won't do no harm, sir, when it sets hard.

Customer (finding some more putty patches)—Look here, my man, this won't do. Why, here's a big lump right in the middle of this leg. What can you say about that?

Joiner (scratching his head and trying hard to find some excuse by which to retrieve his honor)—Well, sir, that's no harm whatever, and the putty when it sets hard will be firmer and harder than the wood. So, you see, it will be all the better if you use it.

Customer (sarcastically)—Here, my good man, just take this table home and bring me one made of putty altogether. I want a good strong one, and you can fill up the cracks with wood.—London Tit-Bits.

Ferguson's Turn Game.

Mr. Ferguson, back from Europe, told his adventures at the Porphyry. He had been warned against the captain of the Bulgonia, who was a fine example of the traditional old sea dog whose brutality and profanity were considered as the efflorescence of seamanship. Ferguson was at first deathly sick, but he managed to stay on deck. He saw the captain coming, and he hailed him: "Good morning, sir. Isn't it pretty rough?" To which the captain answered: "Rough? Why in mischief shouldn't it be rough the first day out, you blankety blank?" etc.

Ferguson went below. The next day, again on deck, he saw the captain watching him. Ferguson had learned his lesson. The captain broke the silence. "Well, sir, you are looking better today." Ferguson roared out, "Why in mischief shouldn't it be better the second day out, you blankety blank?" etc.

The captain put out his hand, "Come into the cabin and have a drink, and won't you sit at my table?"—Boston Journal.