

POLLY LARKIN

Plural Names of Edible Fish. A few days ago I was asked by a friend, "Why do you say 'two herrings' and 'two soles' and not 'two cods' and 'two salmon'?" I do not think my answer was very satisfactory, but the question suggested the thought that there are several cases in which it would be difficult to say whether there is anything like a consensus of opinion as to whether a plural form of the name of a fish is admissible. We all speak of soles, herrings, sprats, lampreys and anchovies, the singular form never, I believe, doing service for the plural. No one, I think, says mackerels, cods, salmon, trout, breams, shads, carps, plaices, basses, barbels, Sturgeons, perch, mullet, pike, turbot, tunny and skate but not unusually the plural form in "s."

Fishermen and fishermen are inclined to avoid the plural form in some instances where it is employed by the majority of educated people. In some cases there is considerable uncertainty. This I have ascertained by means of a fair number of tests. Among them are carps, shads, tenelles. Compilers of English grammars, so far as my experience goes, in treating of plural forms of nouns make no note of the names of fish which do not vary in the plural.—Notes and Queries.

Thackeray as a Showman. In Thackeray's case the justification of artificial names, if it is right to speak of justification, lies in this, that with all the solid reality of the life portrayed we are never allowed to lose sight of the author and his art in portraiture. He is ever at hand to underline the snobbish or laugh off the pathos. There is a strong strain of the satirist in him, and satire is akin to allegory. There is even a strain of the caricaturist ready to emerge in the midst of his noblest art.

He is especially fond of putting on the airs and graces of the showman. His preface to "Vanity Fair" is headed "Before the Curtain," and this great novel of real life concludes with "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." And we accept Thackeray's showman's humor.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Curious Styles of Letter Endings. Any one in the habit of perusing old letters is struck with the tone of great humility and deference which pervades the correspondence of our ancestors.

A few specimens of the style of beginning and ending letters may prove interesting as in striking contrast to the laconic "yours obediently," "faithfully" or "truly" of the present day. It would certainly be difficult to match the following subscription of a letter from the Duke of Shrewsbury to Sir Thomas Hamner, dated September, 1713: "I desire that you will believe that, wherever I am, I shall always endeavor to deserve and very much value your friendship, being, with a sincere esteem, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, Shrewsbury."

Frequently one meets with bellicose subscriptions, as in the case of the Earls of Huntly and Errol, who, in 1504, threatened "awful consequences" to the magistrates of Aberdeen unless they released certain gentlemen imprisoned in their city and inscribed, "Yours as ye will, either present peace or weir."

A Battered Bridegroom. A young couple were married in Fenelon Falls, and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old slippers and rice were showered on the happy pair as they boarded the train. When they got comfortably seated in the car, the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his jovial friends, threw the boot out of the window as the train was moving. It happened that the boot belonged to a well-known Toronto commercial traveler who had removed his boots to ease his weary feet. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay the bridegroom was compelled to purchase a new pair of boots for the drummer.—Toronto Globe.

A Married Suggestion. A young married lady is often criticized by her friends because of the freedom with which she accepts little attentions from friends of the other sex.

At a recent gathering which she attended she drew from her pocket her fine handkerchief, in which a knot had been tied in order to call to her mind some trivial duty.

"Dear me," said the popular young married lady to several gallants about her, "why is that knot in my handkerchief? I tied it in order to remind me of something. What could it be?"

"My child," said an old lady who overheard her and who is noted for the acrid wit of her repartee, "it was probably tied in order to remind you that you are married."

Swindled Again. "Ab," exclaimed Mrs. Oldenstie as she took a book from the table in the magnificent library of the new neighbors, "hand laid paper, isn't it?"

"Is it?" her hostess asked, looking at it doubtfully. "I told Josiah when I bought them books that that's one of the set of the set that he was paying a whole lot too much. I'm glad it wasn't me. If I'd of went and give such a price for something that was hand laid, I'd never hear the last of it from him. But he wouldn't believe it when I told him he was cheated, because I seen the same set with nearly three times more gilt on the binding's for a lower price. Josiah's awful headstrong in some ways."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rome's Aqueducts. The eight aqueducts of ancient Rome brought 40,000,000 gallons of water a day into the city. Had the Romans been aware that water always rises to its own level these huge erections on arches seventy feet high need never have been built.

She—They held a mirror over her face to see if she was alive. I don't understand that. He—Why, you see, if she was alive she'd open her eyes and look in it.

"Aim high lad, aim high," I heard an old gray-haired grandfather say to his little grandson who was practicing shooting at a target. Again and again he had aimed too low to get within the charmed circle. Taking his grandfather's advice he "drew a bead" on the dark spot in the center of the target and the next minute sent a bullet crashing through the center of the bull's-eye. "Good!" cried the delighted old man. "The prince of ninnyrods could not have made a better shot than that. That's the way, my boy, through life. Aim high, even though you have to fall a bit. The trouble with most men and boys is that they are content to aim low and never try to get any higher. They reach a certain point and then just simply crawl along through life's journey, making no progress toward a higher life but content to eke out a miserable existence. I've no patience with them, lad, they are only a blot in this fair world, where all things are possible to the courageous man who is willing to work, not only with his hands and feet but his brain. He must learn to think as well as act. If he is a coward at heart and hesitates to act because he is afraid of failure or that his efforts might be ridiculed by others, then his case is hopeless. I have the greatest respect for the one who aims high. I'm not afraid that he'll give up the fight, even though success does not crown his efforts at first, but he will keep up his courage and aim a little higher next time. I tell you, lad, that there is no such word as fail for one of these progressive natures. Just pin that motto, 'aim high,' in your hat, my boy, where you will see it the first thing in the morning. Keep it in mind the livelong day and try and live up to it."

This was good, sound advice the silver-haired grandfather had passed his three score years and ten gave to his grandson, who showed that he had, even in his childhood, a good deal of the grandfather's sterling character and good common sense. Would that every boy and girl would "aim high." It is a good deal the way we start in life whether we will succeed or not. If we are content to go along in the same sing-song way, taking no pride in advancing, our case is not only sad, but a hopeless one.

Children many times have a fancy and they set their hearts on doing some one thing that is anything but the high calling their parents have marked out for them. For instance, one little lad, a friend of Polly's in bygone days, used to drive his parents nearly wild by playing "hooky" from school to ride on an express wagon. It was the height of his ambition to own an express wagon and a good horse and drive from morning until night for a grocery store. He vowed and declared his intention almost from babyhood. To-day he is the manager of one of the biggest papers in the Northwest, a leader in society circles. Another boy wanted to be a dairyman and do nothing but herd the cows, driving them up at milking time from the flower-strewn hills with all their "bells ringing," and assisting in the milking. His mood or his fancy changed, and to-day he is one of our Supreme Judges and a terror to evildoers. The romance of country life has fled forever. A pale, delicate little boy, who devoured all the hunting stories and books of travel he could get, wanted to be an explorer and search for new countries and kill big game; none of your little jack-rabbits, birds and wild ducks, but elephants, tigers, lions, etc., something that would make his wildness howl when he got in his deadly shot. To-day he is a well-known physician and surgeon. He is an explorer, not of new countries, but of diseases, and while he does not make the wilderness howl, he makes his patients frequently go through that unpleasant experience. A schoolmate of this boy used to make his school friends stand around him in any way he chose. He simply commanded them to do this and do that and they obeyed. He unblushingly told them that some time he would be "Governor of the State and maybe President of the United States, and when that time came he intended to hang about half of them." To-day he is a barkeeper in one of the lowest saloons, and he doesn't hesitate to ask his old schoolboy friends for a dime when he sees them. Another boy was going to be a soldier true. He was fairly going to mow down regiment after regiment of the enemy as he rushed up the hill to take the fort he was helping to protect. Just when the danger was greatest and the battle thickest he was going to rush out and wave "old glory" in their faces. For this he would be rewarded by one of the highest positions in the army, and his name and picture would appear in every history as a great hero. To-day he is fighting his satanic majesty as a preacher in a little country town, and while not satisfied, he is glad to enter in his yearly report the names of the few recruits who have deserted from the ranks of the evil one and joined his little army who are ready to fight or labor for the cause.

The above are mere instances I have known of aiming high, or low, as the case might be. However, I believe like the old gray-haired father in "aiming high" and living up to it. It makes a boy or a girl, in fact, anybody, better for adopting it. The one who "aims high" does not, as a rule, resort to anything low or contemptible. It has a

sort of refining influence on him that does not countenance anything questionable or low. People respect the boy or girl who "aim high" and who does not attempt to deny it. Another thing in the favor of the one who possesses this trait is, that you never find them untidy or slouching around as if they didn't have a friend on earth and that they were ashamed of themselves for casting even their little shadow on the earth. In spite of all argument to the contrary, "aim high" is a good motto to both preach and practice.

In answer to your question, "Little Gretchen," that peers at me from the query-box in regard to making an album for your stamp pictures or photos which will be the work of your own hand, is to take gray or brown paper, unglazed and of a heavy quality. Cut the leaves or pages the desired size, mark out the places for pictures, and then with a brush and burnt umber paint water-colors preferred, put a graceful little design around the place for each picture. For the cover take sheepskin, either in gray or brown, and put a dainty design in scroll work or some little pattern like pine cones or ferns, and I think you will be satisfied with the result. To fasten the pages and binding together use a brass band and you can also use a satin ribbon of the color of the decoration to finish it. The burnt umber will give much the effect of burnt leather and be quite as pretty.

BRIEF REVIEW.

The Longest Beard. Jean Coulon needs a shave more badly than any other living man. If his strength lay in the length of his hair, this Frenchman would be a very Hercules. His beard measures ten feet ten and a half inches in length, while his mustache is over a yard and a half long. Of course he has taken his time to cultivate these amazing adornments, as you may gather from the fact that he is 76 years of age. He is very proud of them, and this is perhaps one reason among many why he does not permit the vulgar to gaze on his grandeur every day of the week. The inhabitants of Montlucon, in the Department of Allier, where Coulon resides, are very proud of him, and by way of acknowledging their appreciation, the man with the unlimited beard exhibits his luxurious growth to all and sundry who care to come and see him any Sunday. Indeed, it may be said that for him, the Sabbath is scarcely a day of rest, for when not in view he is carefully dressing his amazing appendage and mustache. During the week he rolls his beard in a sort of bag, so that he may be able to go about his occupation the more conveniently.

THE HOLY CITY.

Jerusalem Still Resembles a Great Fortress of Middle Ages. Jerusalem is literally "built upon its own heap." Below the houses, courts and paved streets of the present unkept city are the distinguished remains of eight older cities—those of Solomon, Nebuchadnezzar, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godefroy, Saladin, Suleiman—writes Walter Williams from the Holy City to his paper in Columbia, Mo.

Jerusalem has been besieged twenty-seven times, a record of vicissitude unparalleled in the history of the world's cities. It has been burned, sacked, razed to the ground, its inhabitants of every faith put to the sword, all the woes uttered by its own prophets against it have come to pass, yet Jerusalem still resembles a great fortress of the middle ages. Seen from the Mount of Olives its massive gray walls, its flat roofed houses, its mosques and churches with their conspicuous towers and minarets, present a marvelous picture, beautiful, sublime, unending, from the picture gallery of the mind.

The city itself has narrow, dirty streets. The water supply for its 70,000 people comes in a four inch pipe. The open courts are few and small, and the houses are bunched together in a marvelous picture, beautiful, sublime, unending, from the picture gallery of the mind.

Estimate of the World's Age. One of the ways of reckoning the age of the world is that adopted by Professor Joly of computing how long a time must have elapsed for the sea, which was at first fresh, to become charged with the salt it now contains. Guided by the amount of chloride of sodium—otherwise common salt—which, according to Sir John Murray, the sea contains, Professor Joly concluded that the earth was 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 years old. Dr. Dubois has reported on this matter to the Academy of Sciences at Amsterdam, and he is led to dispute Sir John Murray's estimate of the amount of sodium carried to the sea by rivers, the outcome of his examination being to reduce the age of the oceans of the world to about 24,000,000 years. This agrees fairly well with Professor Sollas' calculation that the deposition of the geological strata, which began as soon as there was sea and land, has taken some 25,000,000 years—a million or two more or less does not matter. Professor George Darwin will not accept less than 55,000,000 since the earth threw off the moon as a needless incumbrance, and she had begun revolving on her axis long before.

Points About a Good Horse. There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on. The lower jaw bones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelids fine and erect and quick in motion. The top ear indicates dullness and stubbornness. When too far back, there is a disposition to mischief.

His Her Love. Charles Dickens, though he married Catherine, one of George Hogarth's three daughters, in 1836, was later devotedly attached to her sister Mary. Why he did not marry Mary in the first place is not certainly known unless it be that Mary, a young woman of great loveliness, great character, had successfully concealed her own affection for Catherine's betrothed in order to save her sister from disappointment. Percy Fitzgerald, a friend of Dickens, expressed this idea in an article in Harper's Magazine entitled "Dickens in His Books."

Pensioners in Various States. The State in which there is the least number of Government pensioners is Nevada, in which they number only 275. There are 800 in Wyoming and 850 in Utah. Ohio and Pennsylvania together have 210,000—only 10,000 less than the total number of persons engaged in the Federal service of the United States at home and abroad.

Be careful in business matters. This thing of slack business transactions causes half the hard feelings and more than half the lawsuits.

Have faith enough in yourself to read the creeds of all men; to be narrow is to wrong yourself.

Trials and defeats will season a man if he has the proper material in him to stand seasoning.

The road to heaven should be a ladder whose every step should be a kind and honorable deed to man and beast.

Hide your gloom from the world; it has enough of its own.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.

TWO ODD FISHES.

The Changeable Pink Hind and the Rainbow Hooded Parrot Fish. The clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies have above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook, half hoping to see a bevy of mermaids and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale green sea lettuce, there a group of great purple sea fans, yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree, while among them all swim lovely fishes that take the place of the fairies that should dwell in this magic land and fascinate you by their gorgeous colors and their graceful, wavy motions.

There is a great green "parrot fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake, the bird, showing himself boldly and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each one is bordered by a pale brown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his sandy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner and thought the hind would make a good first course this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night, he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder and send him away in a fright.—Professor C. L. Bristol in St. Nicholas.

AMERICANS "SOLD."

Two American women residing in the City of Mexico afforded considerable amusement to the patrons of the Renaissance theater the other day by becoming credulous victims to a comic ruse of two of the performers. One of the artists, who was singing on the stage, was to all appearances abruptly interrupted by a member of the audience and told in Spanish that he sang like a canary. The singer apparently took the matter very much to heart and there and then demanded satisfaction from the intruder, inviting him into the street to settle the matter. The challenge being accepted, the two started for the street, the majority of the people in the audience being "wise" to the circumstances. The American women, however, imagined they were witnessing a real tragedy, and grabbing their rich silk skirts in both hands, started screaming down the aisles to the stage, not discovering their error until in full view of the entire audience, which by that time had set up a good round of applause, in which the theatrical people took a prominent part.

THE BLACK DEATH.

It is recorded that the "black death," which devastated many countries in the middle of the fourteenth century, was preceded by "stinking mists," and earthquakes were frequent just before the outbreak, and volcanoes assumed unvoiced activity. The air over the sea was infected as well as that over the land. It was a putrid typhus, styled "black death" because the bodies turned black with rapid putrefaction. In 1348-49 at least half the population of England died, or 2,500,000 out of 5,000,000. Between 1347 and 1350 one-fourth of all the population of the world was carried off by this pestilence. Not less than 25,000,000 perished in Europe alone. The deaths in Venice were 100,000, in Florence 60,000, in Paris 50,000, in London 100,000, in Avignon a "number wholly beyond calculation." This form of pestilence has not occurred a second time. It may be that its second time is come with the belching of noxious gases by the volcanoes of the tropics.—New York Press.

TWO GLIMPSES OF EUGENIE.

I can still hear the strains of "Parrot Four la Syrie," which the bands played in honor as she embarked in the imperial yacht Albatros on leaving the harbor at Cairo, and the salutes by which her departure was proclaimed. The ball took place in November, 1893. I did not see the empress again till a few months after. It so chanced that one hot, dull afternoon in London, in the mid-September of 1870, I was waiting for some friends at the Charing Cross railway station, when I saw a one horse fly, driven by a coachman whose shabby livery and dirty white Berlin gloves proclaimed him as belonging to some second rate ivory stable, stop at the station. Its sole occupant was a lady attired in very dusty black, looking weary and travel worn, and all alone. The lady was the Empress Eugenie.—"The Story of the Kieudve."

RUINED BY RATS.

Mr. Stedman, a merchant of Essex, England, became bankrupt the other day, and when the court asked for an explanation he surprised it by saying that rats were the cause of his ruin. All his money, he said, had been invested in large storehouses containing provisions, and during the last couple of years rats had got in and destroyed the food.

When asked if he had tried to exterminate them, he replied that he had used enough poison to kill millions of rats, but that it had not produced any appreciable effect.

IMPORTANT IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The ebbert of Branly, upon which wireless telegraphy depends, is a tube of metallic filings whose resistance to an electric current is varied by the transmitted waves. A new and more sensitive and durable coherer of the same inventor consists of a tripod of iron or other metal with rusted feet resting upon a polished steel plate.

Little Bertie had been taught not to ask for anything at meals. One day poor Bertie had been forgotten, when he pathetically inquired, "Do little boys get to heaven when they are starved to death?"—London Tit-Bits.

The grave-digger rises to remark that every man finds himself in a hole sooner or later.—Philadelphia Record.

The next hardest thing to getting up in the world is to keep from getting down.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Ready Wit, Ready Money. The University of Pennsylvania has not a large endowment, and that it finds the means to pay its current expenses and put up new buildings is due in great measure to its provost, Charles C. Harrison. His little black subscription book is well known in many a downtown office—too well known, a prominent broker told him not long ago. Mr. Harrison was pleading persistently with him for a subscription, but in vain. Finally the broker said: "See here, Mr. Harrison; I will give you something on one condition."

"Very well, Mr. T.," said the provost. "Name it." "The condition is that you promise never to come into my office again until I ask you to do so." "Certainly, Mr. T.; I agree to that," said the provost promptly and walked out smiling with a check for \$1,000. A month or so later the broker heard a knock at his door. "Come in!" he called, and in walked Mr. Harrison. He had the black book under his arm. "Good morning, Mr. T.," he said. "I want you to help me with a little university matter I am—"

"Look here, Mr. Harrison," the broker continued, "when I gave that last thousand dollars wasn't it on the express condition that you shouldn't come into my office again until I invited you?"

"Why, yes," returned the provost. "I believe that was the understanding. But didn't you say 'Come in!' just now when I knocked?"

"They say the check this time was for \$5,000."

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Druggist's Cure. "John, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career. "Yes, darling," answered the sorrowing husband. "What is it?" "When I am gone," said she, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful John. "Yes, John, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable length of time you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my mind? Now, there is that charming Widow Simpkins across the way. She has acted rather friendly toward me ever since you were taken ill. Of course, dear, she could never fill your place, but she is young, plump and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

"John Henry Jenkins," exclaimed the female whose days were supposed to be numbered as she partly raised herself up on the pillow, "if you ever dare install that red-headed, freckled faced, squint eyed hussy in my shoes, I'll—I'll— And then she fainted."

But the next day Mrs. Jenkins was able to sit up, and two days later she was downstairs.—Chicago News.

His Conclusion. "I understand that you have made a life study of volcanoes," said the interviewer. "I have," answered the scientist. "What do you regard as the most important conclusion to be deduced from your researches?"

"Simply this. If you live near a crater that starts to smoke, take steamship passage for somewhere else."—Washington Star.

Went the Limit. "And so you were victimized by the sharpers while you were in the city?" asked the pastor of the traveled member of his flock. "Victimized?" said the member. "Why, parson, I was skinned so good and clean that what was left on me would discourage a chiroprapist."—Baltimore American.

A LUCKY ANIMAL.

Weary—Dey say a camel kin go nine days without eatin'. Muddy—Chee, but dat's a fortunate creature! Jest think o' bein' relieved o' de exertion o' chewin' yer vittals fer nine hull days!

PRECEDENCE.

Edmonia—Mrs. Topnotch is what I call impertinent. Eudocia—In what way? Edmonia—Why, she is not a Colonial Dame, but when she came to the Colonial reception she had on a more elegant frock than any one of the Dames. —Detroit Free Press.

THE CARELESS THING.

Dr. Adjutant Bird—So you have taken the whole bottle, eh? Well, it's very strange that you don't feel any better. The Ostrich—Do you know, doctor, it has just struck me that I forgot to remove the cork?—Puck.

PRACTICED.

First Fan—That right felder is mighty light on his feet. Look how he went into the air for that fly. Second Fan—Well, he ought to be. He's jumped eight contracts so far this season.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

REMINISCENT.

"How time does drag!" wearily ticked the pendulum of the clock. "Oh, I don't know," said the mercury in the thermometer, rising to respond. "It seems only a short time since I was in the 'thirties.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

The Beauty—B-but you told papa you could keep me in the style I was accustomed to. The Beast—So I could, dear. It is the frequent changing of the styles that breaks me.—Life.

TALKED ABOUT HIM.

Wiggles—Hicks is an old friend of yours, isn't he? Waggles—Yes, Why? Wiggles—Oh, I heard him talking about you this morning.—Somerville Journal.

NO LUCK AT ALL.

"Unfortunate in love, you say?" "Well, rather. I always seem to select a girl who admires physical prowess, and then I find I have a rival who is bigger than I am."—Chicago Post.

HER SWAY.

She—You don't love me as you once did. Before we were married you considered me absolutely perfect. He—Exactly, and now you're perfectly absolute.—Philadelphia Press.

MANUS OF AUTHORA.

In a recent article on the "Mania of Authors" in the Revue Universelle of Paris we are told that Darwin always practiced on his old fiddle before writing; Chateaubriand while dictating to his secretary was in the habit of walking in his bare feet; Schiller and Goethe could not write unless their feet were on ice; Lord Derby always filled his mouth with brandy cherries; Fenimore Cooper used to chew gumdrops; Byron filled his pockets with truffles; Theophile Gautier burned incense.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The exports of India exceed its imports. In Welsh plingpong is known as pling-pyngdiath and the devotees as pling-pyngddwr. The Geological service estimates that Belgium has coal deposits worth \$8,500,000,000. Trolley cars and motor buses are driving the familiar London omnibus off the streets. The national forests reserved in the United States aggregate in area nearly 47,000,000 acres. The ratio in Great Britain of children per marriage has fallen from 4.36 in 1884 to 3.63 in 1900. Most of the abestus used in the United States comes from the mines near Quebec, Canada. The elephant beetle of Venezuela is the largest insect known. One has been found to weigh seven ounces. During the decade ended in 1900 the lumber products of Michigan fell from \$83,000,000 per annum to \$54,000,000. Hard times in Germany are said to have caused a large diminution in the consumption of wine and spirituous liquors. By order of the czar, the Popoff system of wireless telegraphy is to be introduced into the whole Russian army and navy. Vesuvius has taken to emitting vapor saturated with hydrochloric acid, which, falling as "rain," has done grave damage to vegetation. The largest parliament in point of numbers is the Hungarian house of magnates, which has 751 members. England comes second with 670. Selling elevated railroad tickets for 50 cents apiece is the latest ruse adopted by swindlers who prey upon newly landed immigrants at the Battery in New York. Chinamen are the merchant seamen of the future, says a consular report from Shanghai. Over 1,500 British vessels entered the port last year manned by Chinese crews. Dickens' Great White Horse Inn at Ipswich, whose winding corridors led to Mr. Pickwick's embarrassing adventure with the middle aged lady in yellow curl papers, has been sold at auction for \$75,000. Etikabo Ekyokussaba Kwabantu Bona is the way the title of the book of common prayer reads in the language of Uganda. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has just printed the translation. It is said that the Georgia peach growers consider the full of the moon in April the date on which the fate of the season's crop has been decided. If there has been no bud killing frost by that time they feel safe. The attendance at the larger universities of the United States is: Harvard 5,576, Columbia 4,422, Michigan 3,812, Chicago, 3,727, California 3,540, Minnesota 3,535, Cornell 3,245, Wisconsin 2,812, Yale 2,680, Pennsylvania 2,520. An arithmetic man calculates the newspaper and periodical output of the United States at 2,865,466,000 dailies, 1,208,190,000 weeklies and 263,452,000 monthlies; total, 4,337,108,000 copies, an amount of printed matter equal to 2,000,000,000 average novels. Germany and the Netherlands contemplate providing a joint subsidy for cables to the Dutch islands in the East Indies to connect with the projected American-Philippine cable. This will make a connection between Europe and Asia by way of America. Liverston, England, has a "Two Glasses a Night club," with about 200 members, each of which is pledged to drink no more than a couple of glasses of beer during any evening. No limit is placed