

BANDON RECORDER.

He Swung the Lantern. A southern senator was at one time counsel for a small railroad. At a point on the line where it crossed a prominent highway they had an old negro watchman, whose duties consisted in warning travelers of the approach of trains.

The railroad company won the suit, and the senator took occasion later to compliment his witness on his eloquent testimony. The old fellow was profuse in thanks, but before they parted blurted out: "Lordy, Marsse John, I sho' was skeered when dat lawyer gin to ax me 'bout de lantern. I was afeared he was goin' to ax if it was lit or not, 'cause de oil in it done give out some time before de axdent."

The Perfect Head. A perfect head, viewed from the side, falls within a perfect square, averaging nine inches for a man and eight inches for a woman. The width of the face is equal to five eyes. The distance between the eyes is equal to one eye. The size of the eye is two-thirds that of the mouth. The length of the nose is one-third the length of the face. The ear is, at all ages, as long as two eyes.

As His Child Saw Him. A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few evenings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one little daughter while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was coming on, and the little girl was anxiously watching for her mother's return.

The River Was Frozen. A new theatrical story is always welcome. Here is one whose novelty is vouched for by one of our readers: When Miss Delaville Barrington was playing Miami in "The Green Bushes" at the old Mary Street theater, Cork, a ludicrous incident occurred. Miami has to jump into the Mississippi, but when Miss Barrington reached the rocky eminence from which she had to leap she saw there was no matress below to receive her; also the ledge of rock in front of the supposed river was too low to conceal the actress after her leap.

Respectfulness of Chinese Cooks. If there is one sphere of European domestic life in which more than another, says a traveler, the Chinaman finds scope for the exercise of his own peculiar ingenuity, without doubt it is in the regions dedicated to the pursuit of the culinary art. Here he will allow no obstacle to daunt him, no unforeseen contingencies to catch him unawares. Should you, having ordered two chops for the dinner of yourself and your wife, suddenly, all unthinking, bring in a friend to share your humble meal, you will find the cook out of two chops has miraculously created a third—created it so skillfully out of odds and ends of meat deftly strung together that only the practiced eye may discern the difference.

Beefsteak on the Gridiron. Sitting on the balcony of the Anglo-American club, Brussels, a Yankee and an Englishman spent a lazy afternoon gazing each on racial and national foibles and traits. The conversation veered into flimsy "yours," "mine" and "theirs," "reminds me of nothing so much as a gridiron, a dented big gridiron, don'tcherknow?" "And yours," was the quick comeback from the American, "reminds me forcibly of a beefsteak—a darned big beefsteak, but not so big that we can't cook it on our gridiron!"

Vanilla For Mental Weakness. Vanilla is one of the most powerful restoratives known in cases of weakened vitality, when a large dose is given. South America in general shows a much slighter tendency to madness than any of the countries which may be called civilized. Statistical authorities attribute this fact to the ignorance and thoughtlessness of the population, but they themselves give the credit to vanilla. At the first sign of mental disturbance they ply the sufferer there-with.

Wigg—No; I can't say that Talkalot is a friend of mine. I merely have a speaking acquaintance with him. Wagg—Most people only have a listening acquaintance.—Philadelphia Record.

POLLY LARKIN

"I'm going to be a rich man some day," was the remark I heard a young man make to a friend who was dining with him the other day. "I hate poverty," he continued. "In fact, I think I have abhorred the idea of being poor from my very cradle and from the time I could go to school I commenced saving my cents and dimes and strived to do something to earn something to put in the little iron bank that had been given me by a thoughtful old uncle when he found the bent of my ambition was to be a rich man and well iron, ride in my own carriage and dwell in my own house. He even went so far, in spite of his being considered the stingiest and closest man in the village, as to put in two bright silver half dollars as a starter. They proved to be a great incentive to add on to the dollar, and how I did work. I carried wood and chopped kindling and got my pay at the end of the week. Sometimes it was 25 cents, but usually 10 cents. I planted radishes, onions and lettuce, and supplied not only the family but the neighbors every morning with these vegetables fresh from the garden and covered with dew. I raised rabbits, and cried every time I sold one of my pets for the table, but I was making money. It was a day long to be remembered when one day my father took me to the bank and put the contents of my little bank in safe keeping with a \$5 gold piece added to it to start my bank account. It was the proudest minute of my life when they handed me my bank book. Then I worked harder than ever. I spent my Saturdays and holidays in doing errands or picking fruit and wild blackberries. I learned to set type in a country office and received many a dollar for assisting them when they were rushed. You may think that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' but in spite of all the little schemes I had for earning my dimes and dollars I had my fun with the rest of the boys. When I played it was with all my might and when I worked it was in the same way. I had no better chance than the other boys of my acquaintance, but I learned the lesson sooner than they did of knowing the value of a dollar and how to keep it when I once got it, and I have my father to thank for it. This is the key to my success in life."

If every little lad and lassie in the State would learn this lesson, it would be a good thing. There would be less money spent for candy, confectionery, etc., and less for amusements, but the little bank account which they would eventually have would more than compensate them for the sacrifice. I knew a wealthy man who counted his possessions in a good many figures, who made it a point to give his sons and daughters so much spending money a month, but he required them to keep an account of every cent they spent and report to him before the next pay-day came around. He had a way of borrowing a certain amount from them and paying a high rate of interest. They had to keep track of that themselves, figure out the rate of interest, and then he would settle in full. Every child he had knew the value of a dollar, and although he has long since passed by the reward, they have reaped the harvest of his determination that they should all learn thoroughly his own good business methods, and in place of losing the bequests through ignorance, they have added to the snug sum left them by their ever careful and watchful father, and are well-to-do men and women in this State to-day.

A year ago if a lady had appeared on the streets with her hands covered with silk mitts she would have looked as old-timey as you could imagine. To-day, or rather this season, silk gloves and silk mitts, some of them plain and others in lace effects are worn as much as the kid gloves that have held their own for years, the cool climate of San Francisco enabling them to wear them the year round, but fashion's wheel took another turn and has brought silk gloves and mitts into vogue again. "Next season they are likely to have full sway," says one of our glove dealers, "and they will be worn in all shades, from black down to the light shades to match your costume."

I learned something else about the fashion for this fall, and this is in regard to handkerchiefs. "Put away your dainty lace ones, Polly," said one of our leading merchants, "or else wear them out, for they will be back numbers in another year. Everything in the way of handkerchiefs is going to be embroidery the coming season, both in white and colored borders. They are going to be pretty, too." That may be; still I am sorry to see the delicate lace-edged handkerchiefs, many of them made by friends, laid aside. When fashion does give us something very pretty we are sorry to see them made back numbers just when they are at their best and everyone has laid in a supply of the pretty, filmy little handkerchiefs. However, although Dame Fashion has sent out the edict that lace handkerchiefs must go, it is safe to say that they will hold their own for some time yet.

The is something new in millinery, but it has not taken the popular fancy here yet. The fad of wearing fruit hats is not likely to become a very popular one. A hat trimmed in beautiful cherries and red velvet ribbon makes a combination that will please the most fastidious, and in fact some of them look like imported hats, they are so tasty

and rich in appearance. The hats trimmed with red or white currants and the green and white gooseberries are also pretty, but when it comes to hats made of bananas, peaches, apples or plums, Polly thinks that is going too far entirely, and I imagine that the woman who attempts to wear these fruit creations must look like freaks. I haven't seen the latter, but I have been told that they look top-heavy and are anything but attractive. They have no other trimming but the fruit. It is a fad that won't live many seasons.

As long as I have made this almost altogether a letter of fashion hints, I shall give you another in regard to neckwear. High collars that have tilted your head up or else left an uncomfortable and ugly looking red-stripe around your neck that eventually turned an ugly brown, are going out slowly but surely. The new neckwear, if collars are low cut, but little strips of embroidery with parallel edges on both sides with places for running baby ribbon or narrow black velvet are worn over silk collars of any shade you may desire and tied in pretty bows in the back. The insertion that comes for running wider ribbons through the center have an edge of either lace or embroidery whipped on. They are dressy and very pretty, but woe betide the girl who has ruined her neck with these high stiff collars that have been popular so long. They are in despair, for the ugly brown marks cannot be removed in a day or a week or a month, and meanwhile the collars are getting lower and lower until it is predicted that at no very late day the dresses will be finished off at the neck with just a simple little lace edge or ruffle, such as they used to wear in the time of our great-grandmothers. "This is a welcome change," says a lady physician, "when that time comes there will be less throat trouble than we have to-day, when the throats are banded up in season and out of season."

"Unlucky Sue": So you are in trouble again. You state that that is only the natural state of affairs and rather the rule than the exception. You borrowed a book, dainty and white as a snowflake, the bridal gift of a friend, with the result that now you are ready to return it, you find that it is grimy and soiled looking, and you are in despair. You say you cannot well purchase another on account of the name and sentiment inscribed on the first page, and you haven't the courage to confess your carelessness, so you want my advice on the subject.

In the first place, "Unlucky Sue," it would have been better to have never borrowed the book, particularly when you knew how valuable it was to the owner. In the second place, after borrowing the book you should have covered it nicely and have been very careful about handling it, putting it away where it would have been safe and not left where every one, unconscious of its value, could handle it carelessly and throw it down when they were through with it. And now I have a remedy that will turn your despair into rejoicing. Get five cents worth of pumice stone powder from your druggist, take a soft cloth, and dipping it into the dry powder, rub the cover gently. It will take a little time but the result will amply reward you for your pains, for the book will come out of this "dry wash" as white and spotless as you wish.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Bad Air in Street Cars.

While the average adult should inspire 396 cubic inches of fresh air a minute, this is impossible in the street cars of to-day. A New York sanitary engineer found as much as 26.2 parts of carbonic acid gas per 10,000 volumes of air in the trolley cars of New York City. This is to some extent, due to insufficient heating of the cars, the windows being in winter necessarily tightly shut. The cocoanut husk mats on the floors of the cars have been examined, single fibers one and a half inches long, holding from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 bacteria. And yet this air compares favorably with that found on many railroads. In the Mont Cenis tunnel the air contains 107 parts of carbonic acid; in cars in the Mersey tunnel, in England, 26.4; in an electric car in the new Boston subway, 24.97; and in the Metropolitan Railway tunnel in London, 89.4 parts per 10,000 volumes.

Bird Surgery.

Some interesting observations concerning the surgical treatment of the wounds by birds were recently made by a Swiss naturalist. The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the following day, when he found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings of down from other parts of its body, fastened by congealed blood, and a sort of splint of interwoven feathers to both limbs.

The wasp, like the bee and almost every other insect, is infested with parasites. Wasps have been captured which had two or three dozen parasites clinging to their bodies.

Mr. Asquith, the English statesman said recently that nearly every member of the British Cabinet had worked for the press some time or another.

Almost a quarter of the women of Germany earn their living by their own labor, mostly in farm work.

Few people ever really want a thing until they see others chasing after it.

Hypocrites pray cream and live skin-milk.

A STORY OF HENRY BERGH.

One of His New York Experiences in Protecting Dumb Animals.

Like a well dressed, somber ghost he went striding down the snowy street, and at University place he found the car that he had expected—a car packed inside almost to suffocation, both platforms packed outside, with men clinging like big burs to bottom steps and dashboard rails, and before it, within a cloud of steam, two ill fed, bony horses with bloodshot eyes and wide, red nostrils flaring in their effort to fill laboring lungs with air, with heaving sides and straining backs and flanks, while they madly scrambled feet struck fire from the slippery stones as they strove in vain to start against the awful weight behind them. Curses, odd jerked bell and assisting yells of passengers fell off of effect. The driver's whip was raised ready for the stinging blow, when suddenly the straining effort ceased, the horses' heads drooped low, and through the thick air there loomed up before them a tall, dark form, with hand up and distinct tolaonic words reached all ears: "Stop! Unload!"

"Who the blank are you?" furiously demanded the driver. "And where's your authority for interfering with this trip?" He knew well enough whom he was talking to, so silently Mr. Bergh turned back the lapel of his coat to show his badge, for in those days he had to do constabulary work as well as official, then repeated, "Unload!" But, being tired, hungry and mad, the floodgates gave way, and the passengers' wrath burst forth. Abuse, satirical comment, threats, filled the air. To a few who remonstrated decently with him he expressed regret, but with grave politeness insisted on lightning the load, telling them they could see for themselves the utter inability of the horses to get them to the end of the line and gently urged them hereafter to note the condition of crowding before taking a place on a car.

The conductor was especially ugly and became unpleasantly demonstrative. His example worked like a leaven on the rest, and a spirit of riot began to show distinctly in the crowd closing about the tall, calm, self possessed man. All faces scowled, and evil names were tossed upon the air. He had just said, "You are yourselves increasing this delay; you might have moved two minutes and a half ago," when a scurrilous great brute came close up to him and, with an unmeasurable epithet, shook a dirty fist directly in his face. Without the flash of an eye or the quiver of a muscle in his quiet face Mr. Bergh caught the ruffian by the shoulder, whirled him around, grabbed the seat of his breeches and the nape of his neck, and with a splendid "now all together" sort of a swing, he fired him straight across the street, head on into the snow bank.

A silence of utter amazement was suddenly broken by one great, swelling laugh, and then followed the always thrilling sound of three gloriously hearty American cheers. Many men shook hands with Mr. Bergh before beginning their long tramp homeward. Some admitted their error in adding the overloading.—Clara Morris in McClure's Magazine.

Morbid Sensitiveness.

The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while appraising your own ability and intelligence at least as impartially as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self you will never either appear at your best or do the best of which you are capable, says a writer in Success. It requires will power and an unflinching determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held down by it for years have by their own efforts outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.

Mind Action Revealed by a Watch.

"If I suspend my watch directly in front of me by holding the end of the chain with both hands, I find that the watch will swing in the direction of which I am thinking," says a psychological writer. "If I think of it swinging in a circle, it swings in a circle. If I think of it swinging from right to left and from left to right, it swings in that manner. I try to make no movements with my hands, but find it impossible to keep them from it for any length of time, if I concentrate my attention on the movement."—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Where Things Are Made.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired, "By the bye, do you attend my church?" "No," was the reply; "when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London. They make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

A Ghostly Joke.

Raynor—Yes, I believe in ghosts. I have seen at least one in my life. Shyne—Well, I have never seen any. You have a shade the best of me.—Chicago Tribune.

Mistake in the Programme.

"She married him to reform him." "And what was the result?" "She wishes she had reformed him to marry him."—Chicago Post.

When a fool gets angry, he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.—Chicago News.

Enough to Settle It. A wag after having witnessed an unusually villainous performance of "Hamlet" remarked: "Now is the time to settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Let the graves of both be dug up and see which of the two turned over."

Suffering. To suffer on your way and for one we love brings us nearer in spirit to him than many years of joyous companionship, for only in sorrow does the heart reveal itself.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Too Much Pingpong.

"Hello, Jinks! Why, I haven't seen you for several weeks. How's your health?" "Poorly. Every little thing thing seems to affect me lately. Well, at any rate, you are looking like a king kong."

"Feeling that way except for a slight touch of spring fever?" "Yes; spring fever always affects me, too; makes my head ring long."

"What in thunder is the matter with you, old man—the way you've got to talking?" "Nothing though," said Jinks, making a swiveling movement of his arm through empty air as his friend backed away in amazement and alarm.

"I hear that you have become a great devotee to the fashionable fad of table tennis?" "Yes," he said wildly; "I like to have my fling long and enjoy the banjo sing song of the game of pingpong at every racket's swing swung while the celluloid sphere is on the wing wong. I know that game's the thing though!" Gently the keeper from the asylum led him away to his padded cell, the first victim of the omnipresent game of pingpong.—Kansas City Independent.

Not That Kind of a Man.

"Say, ma?" "What is it, my dear?" "Is pa a self made man?" "No, darling. If any one asks you about it, you must say that your father is the architect of his own fortune."

It should be explained that she had just returned after a three weeks' visit in Boston.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Wouldn't Out.

"Here, here!" exclaimed the hotel porter to Uncle Reuben, who was pouring water on the electric light. "What are you doing?" "Well, I tried to blow 't' thing out," replied Uncle Reuben, abashed. "An' it wudn't blow, so I jes' 'tort I'd drown it out, b'gosh!"—Ohio State Journal.

Whither?



Marine Person—Yes; we're goin' to drag the river. Stimson Milkweed—So! Where are they draggin' it to?

Various Applications.

"I observe that you use the phrase 'critical operation' very frequently." "Yes," answered the physician; "it often applies. Sometimes it refers to a crisis in the patient's condition and sometimes to the remarks of our professional associates."—Washington Star.

Early Depravity.

"You have to scratch for a living as soon as you're hatched," said the young robin, "while I get my grub free."

Satisfied.

"Say, that dollar you loaned me was counterfeited." "Was it?" "It was." "Then it's the first loan I ever made you in which there was no loss to me."—Town Topics.

Long Winded.

Tess—Mary, Gayley's stories are rather broad, don't you think? Jess—Perhaps, but fortunately they are not as broad as they are long.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Poisoned.

"I won't marry her. She's old enough to be my aunt." "But she simply dotes on you." "Well, I don't need that sort of auntlydote."—New York World.

And It's Incurable.

Judge—What is your profession? Witness—I'm a poet, your honor. Judge—Huh! That's not a profession; it's a disease.—Chicago News.

A Chest Note.

"Is a lyre a musical instrument, pa?" "I guess so. A good liar is noted for his chin music."—Detroit Free Press.

She Fixed Him.

"Jones proposed to Mary last night." "Is he well fixed?" "Yes; she refused him."—Judge.

Easy Enough, But—

"This is easy enough to sit at your desk and to write a poem of power and passion. A paragraph polished and witty and bright. Or a single of folly and fashion."

"This is easy enough with a plot in your mind. To work up a story and tell it. Oh, writing is easy enough, but you'll find that it isn't so easy to sell it!"—Boston Herald.

Fair Warning.

He (nervously)—Who is that tramping around overhead? She—That's papa. He always gets restless toward morning.—Town and Country.

Affects One's Imagination.

"When a man gets good an' mad," said Uncle Eben, "he's 'lible to 'magine he's a volcano when he ain' nuffin but a firecracker."—Washington Star.

The hide of the hippopotamus for some parts is fully two inches thick.

JEALOUSY AND PRIDE.

Through One Writer's Spectacles These Two Appear as Virtues.

There is a little jealousy in all persons and especially in all women. It springs from deep love, which always desires to be first in the affection of the one beloved. A lover, whether man or maid, who is not susceptible to occasional twinges of jealousy is not truly in love.

While jealousy, considered with reference to its origin, is not an ignoble emotion, it is frequently absurd in its outbreaks. A father is sometimes upset with jealousy because he imagines that his wife loves the children more than she loves him. Mothers are frequently jealous of the husbands or wives of their daughters or sons. Wives become jealous of the sisters or mothers of their husbands. No one is immune against the little green bacilli of jealousy.

Generally the tears or frowns of jealousy are swept away with a few kind words and a caress, but there are some unhappy persons whose jealousy is chronic and who make themselves ridiculous and annoying by their fits and storms of jealous passion. The jealousy of such persons is beyond reason. Indeed, it is a form of dementia which begets every sort of violence.

Pride is the strongest controller of jealousy. The theologians reckon pride among the seven deadly sins, but as a matter of fact pride is at the bottom of much of the virtuous action in the world. Pride is the root of most bravery, fortitude, courtesy, magnanimity, humility and industry. Pride is the essential spirit of thorough breeding, and in spite of being enumerated among the deadly sins pride is not connected with turpitude.—San Francisco Bulletin.

ONE MAN'S FINE CONCEIT.

Missing of Men, He Says, Means Strength; of Women, Bonnets.

"It's an odd thing about women," remarked Jones to his wife as he settled himself for a special effort. "We admire you intensely in the individual, but we adore you when taken singly, but it's a strange, sad fact that when a few hundred of you get together you lose distinction. A multitude of rare women brought together in one building for a common cause are far from venerable. Look at Sorosis. The club is undoubtedly made up of ideal mothers and wives, but one resolutely refuses to find it anything else than a convocation of bonnets. Earnest, intense women recruit the ranks of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, but its mass meetings only amuse the rest of the world. An exclusively feminine foe was never an object of envy to those who pass it by."

"And what of you men?" suggested Mrs. Jones. "Are you all so much finer in a crowd?" "Undoubtedly," replied Jones. "It isn't open to dispute that a 'gang' of men is at all times convincing. If it is only a mob with a rope looking up a criminal, the sight does not lack impressiveness. The imagination plays about a 'smoker' and speculates as to the quality of the cigars and the stories. And a good share of the world's work has been done by men in mass for a purpose. Union to us is strength, and the novelist has always remained below when the door of the banquet hall was opened for the filing out of the ladies."—New York Tribune.

Small Things That Count.

It is said that Cesar chose his generals according to the length of their forefingers in comparison with that of their second fingers. No man whose forefinger was over one-eighth of an inch shorter than his middle finger had a ghost of a show. Men with very short forefingers are supposed to be effeminate. I believe it is so. Napoleon's generals were selected by their noses. Cromwell believed that bow-legged men made the best soldiers. Washington preferred men with high cheek bones. Receiving forehands were the rule among his generals. Alexander the Great judged men by their teeth, those having very large canines being preferred as commanders.—New York Press.

Life in New York.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become in that city for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life—simplicity, the domestic affections and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality and the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."—Century.

Easy Enough.

The New Arrival and the Experienced Maid are the dramatic personae of a brief comedy published in Life. The New Arrival was in doubt about the use of the blower on the open fireplace.

"When will it be time to take this blower off?" "Lave it alone," replied the Experienced Maid, "till it do be too hot for yez to touch; then lift it off."

Evolution of a Name.

We have traced it back and find that a Topeka woman some sixteen years ago named her baby girl Bertie. Later she was called Bertie, then Birdie, then Bird, and when she was graduated it was Byrdyrene. Mothers never know how simple a thing may result tragically.—Atchison Globe.

The Successful Chicagoan.

"I tell you," said the doctor, "it's the man who can pull himself along that succeeds best in this world." "Not at all," replied the professor. "It's the man who can shove others out of the way that succeeds best."—Chicago Tribune.

A Hot Come Back.

President of the Getyourocene Gas Company—Heavens, doctor! You don't mean to say you are going to charge me \$3 for pulling one tooth?

Dentist—Yes; a dollar for pulling the tooth, the balance for gas furnished at your regular rates.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TOWN HAD OFFSETS.

So His Claim For Damages Brought In Only \$119.34.

"I had been knocking about a Kansas town in the evening," said a drummer with a limp, "and in heading for my hotel I walked plump into an open sewer which had no red light of warning."

"I had a bad fall and broke my hip, and I wasn't yet out of the sewer when I made up my mind to sue for \$20,000 damages. I was taken to the hospital, and next day the city attorney called on me to know what I was going to do. 'I am going to sue the town, of course,' I replied.

"But what for?" he asked. "For personal damages. There should have been a railing or a light, but there was neither, and my injury will lay me up for weeks." "But don't you know what you escaped by falling into the sewer?" he asked.

"No." "Then let me tell you that the roof of the hotel fell in last night and killed three men, and if you had been in your bed you would have been crushed to pulp. You really owe this town something instead of talking about damages."

"When able to get out," continued the drummer, "I found that public opinion was against me and the people ready to stand a suit, and by advice of a lawyer I settled the case for \$125."

"I didn't even get all that. In tumbling into the sewer I broke two planks and brought on a cavell, and the damages were assessed at \$5.98 and taken out of the money."—Dallas News.

How She Made a Profit.

In Paris a gentleman who is very fond of fine paintings bought for 15,000 francs a work entitled "The Bride of Abydos" and was congratulating himself on becoming its possessor when he suddenly remembered that his wife disliked very much to see him spend his money in this manner.

"How can I avoid a scene?" he asked himself. "If I say that the painting cost 15,000 francs, there will be a awful time, and so I'd better say 7,000. No; I'll say 4,000."

By this time he had reached home, and when he saw his wife he told her unblushingly that he had just secured a beautiful work of art for the nominal sum of 3,000 francs. At this good news she seemed more disconcerted than pleased, but said nothing, and the painting was hung up.

Next day the gentleman was obliged to go to the south of France, and when he returned after a week's absence his wife met him with a beaming countenance and said: "I've done a good stroke of business while you were away. You know that painting you bought for 3,000 francs? Well, I sold it yesterday for 4,500, a clear profit of 1,500 francs!"

Hard Lessons in Good Manners.

School chaff is wholesome in most cases, but it may cramp what should not be cramped. As to the chaff which a man gives and gets at a university, however, we do not think there can be two opinions. It must do good, and it has not the opportunity of doing harm. Only those receive it who lay themselves open to receive it. The question who wishes to read or to talk apart need hardly ever come into contact with his fellows unless he chooses. The swaggering or bumptious man, the opinionated man, the offensive man—these are certain to be chaffed, and the chaff usually goes home; not at once perhaps, but it usually gets there in the end with satisfactory consequences. The personal remark may be rude, but rudeness is often a very salutary weapon. It is certainly one of the most valuable instruments of English education. Indeed it may seem a strange thing to say, but it is surely true that continued experience of calculated, formalized and well intentioned rudeness teaches people to be polite.—London Spectator.

Shifting the Responsibility.

An Irishman who traded in small wares kept a donkey cart, with which he visited the different villages. On one occasion he came to a bridge where a toll was levied.

He found to his disappointment he had not enough money to pay it. A bright thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey and put it into the cart. Then, getting between the shafts himself, he pulled the cart with the donkey standing in it on to the bridge.

In due course he was hailed by the toll collector. "Hey, man!" cried the latter. "Whaur's your toll?" "Begorra," said the Irishman, "just ask the droiver."

Ted and the Text.

The golden text for a certain Sunday school was, "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit" (Luke ii, 40).

Little Ted's hand went up like a flash when the superintendent asked: "Can any of these bright, smiling little boys or girls repeat the golden text for today? Ah, how glad it makes my heart to see so many little hands go up! Teddy, my boy, you may repeat it, and speak good and loud that all may hear."

And they all heard this: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit like 2:40."

The Way to Catch a Porcupine.