

AN RECORDER.
STORY OF A FAMOUS POEM

How Gray's "Elegy" Made Its First Appearance.
One of the most celebrated of eighteenth century poems, Gray's "Elegy" made its first public appearance in the shape of a hurriedly printed pamphlet, which was sold for sixpence. This publication was the result of a curious race for priority. Gray completed the poem some time in 1750, but had no immediate intention of publishing it. A copy, however, found its way into the hands of a Mr. Owen, the publisher and proprietor of the Magazine of Magazines, a recently established periodical, and he wrote to the poet stating his intention of printing it in his magazine, and asking his co-operation. The proposal was not at all agreeable to Gray, but, seeing that publication was inevitable, he wrote at once to Horace Walpole explaining the circumstance and asking him to get Dodsley to print it immediately, but without the author's name. Walpole handed the poem to Dodsley on Feb. 12, 1751, and on the 20th a copy was in Gray's hands at Cambridge, so that it was probably published in London on the 15th or 16th. The Magazine of Magazines for February, according to the then custom, was published toward the end of the month, and may have come out on the same day. The rival editions must have appeared, it is pretty safe to say, within a few hours of each other. The action of the magazine editor was hardly justifiable, but it laid the reading world under a debt of obligation by forcing the poem into print. Several original copies of the "Elegy" in the poet's writing are in existence. One, which was sold for \$1,150 at Sotheby's in 1875, was especially interesting from the number of corrections and erasures made by the author's hand. In this manuscript Gray had substituted "Cromwell" and "Milton" for "Caesar" and "Tully" as he had originally written. His friend Mason is said to have suggested this alteration as well as the title of the poem, which Gray at first simply called "Stanzas."—Golden Penny.

DEER IN THE WOODS.

Their Appearance Deceives All but the Old Hunter.
Next to the difficulty of comprehending the wonderful senses of the deer is that of understanding how one looks in the woods. Your ideas are necessarily taken from pictures or from stuffed deer or tame ones in a park. You are almost certain to be looking for a deer, whereas you might better be looking for anything else. In the woods you seldom see half of a deer and generally much less, often only a part of the shoulder, or only an ear over a log or a leg under it, a bit of rump protruding from a bush or a head and bit of the neck reaching up for leaves. The arcade of maple lit up by the scarlet of the ginseng and bush cranberry, the little arbor where the wild hop is yellowing over the thorn apples on which half a dozen ruffed grouse are taking their breakfast, the edge of the pool where the water is clear through the water over which the choline is still nodding, or the darksome glade where the golden petals of the witch hazel are closing the floral march of the year would all make lovely frames for that charming artist's deer with individual hairs all glistening, the dark dew-claws shining, and even the split in the hoof flashing artistic light from its edges. But the glittering tines of the proud neck of the sculptured war horse, the shaggy chest and bulging rump with tail full of shining hairs are not there except at long intervals when you may not an old foot out of bed and get him twisted as to the points of the compass.—T. S. Van Dyke in Outing.

A Bit of Naval Red Tape.

The following story illustrates the severity of naval regulations and the strictness of the late Rear Admiral Skerrett. Admiral Skerrett was at the time of the incident a captain, and an officer who had been charged with an offense and ordered under arrest presented himself to be arrested. The regulations provide that on such an occasion the officer shall be in full dress and wear a sword. The officer wore his uniform, but had no sword.
"I can't arrest you," said Captain Skerrett, looking for the missing sword, "unless you come prepared to submit your sword to me."
The officer explained that he had not received his sword from home, although it had been expressed to him.
"Well, you'll have to get one," was the reply.
So the officer skirmished about in the navy yard for some one who had a sword to lend. Finding one, he returned to Captain Skerrett promptly and regularly put rest, according to regulations, alpha telegraph.

Presence of Mind.

When president of France was in Paris, he was once in a restaurant when he was being conducted to the salon by an eminent artist. He saw a painting which pleased him. "What a drink!" he exclaimed. "Whose is it?" "That of the President," said his cicerone, "own work." "Ah," said the artist, "without any sign of embarrassment, when we particularly wish to do a thing, we always begin by drinking it down." And, true to his word, he purchased the offending painting and then.

His Many Thoughts.

"Don't you sometimes have thoughts," asked the soulful young thing, "that are absolutely unutterable?"
"I do, miss," answered the old poet. "And sometimes when I am digging for a rhyme that won't come I have thoughts that are absolutely unprintable."—Chicago Tribune.

Cutting the Counselor Short.

"Do you give me credit for wisdom?" asked the judge.
"Certainly," replied the lawyer who had just started on a long winded and wearying argument.
"Well, just remember," said the judge, "that a word to the wise is sufficient."—Chicago Post.

POLLY LARKIN.

Kite time, and there hangs a tale. In this instance, however, it shows the shrewdness of the man in business who is ever alert to keep his pet toady before the people. Early in the summer months a queer and rather mysterious looking little object appeared floating in space away above the buildings; in fact, it was so high in the heavens that it seemed but a mere speck. Hundreds of people watched it and queried what it might be. Some decided that it was a glorious creation of the Chinese art in kites that had slipped away from its owner, but gradually it came down nearer the earth and assumed the shape of a fancy pennant advertising some new cigar. Since then a number of these advertisements for different firms have been seen floating on slender cords across the blue dome of heaven, and they are read by old and young. How can they help it, when they are flaunting their cleverly constructed advertisement, written to catch the passing glance of the multitude that come and go in an endless procession? "Don't know who was the originator of this sky advertising," said a gentleman the other day as he read the various floating suggestions. "Neither do I," replied his friend, "but I'll warrant whoever it is he is a Yankee all right. It's a clever thing to have thought of, too."

Someone a few years back decided that it would be a good thing to advertise about the piers of the wharf. It was all right and worked like a charm. But people who had the say in giving permission to place the advertisements discovered that it was such a fine scheme that they raised the price for the privilege and finally took it out of the hands of the originators of the idea altogether. No one can say nay to the originator of the sky advertising, providing he can procure permission of the owner of some high building to anchor his advertising kite.

Window-dressing is another business which is a novel and attractive way of making a living. Some few ladies have taken it up, but it is work that is usually given to a gentleman who devotes most of his time to arranging show-windows. I watched a young man the other day dressing a lot of dummy figures in a show-window of one of our big drygoods houses in San Francisco. One after another he undressed and reattired in some of the new novelties in fall and winter suits. Off came the dresses in a flash, on went the dainty skirts and brand-new suit. The hat was tilted just so and gave the most coquettish air imaginable. A stylish umbrella was placed in her hand, and behind the dummy ready for a promenade. Another one was attired in a costume suitable for an afternoon tea; another to represent a sweet, pretty home dress; and then there was still another in an elegant party dress, all gauze and silk and lace, and enough to make the party-going girls turn green with envy. A dainty lace fan to match the costume was placed in her hand. How deftly he managed it all, and was seemingly wholly oblivious of the group of interested people (all ladies) who watched him from the street. He did not have to wrestle with the hooks and buttons for they seemed to fall in place.

A Machine that Increases Power.

A successful test has been made at the Pound Manufacturing Company's plant in Lockport, N.Y., of a machine which will beyond doubt revolutionize the application of power. The inventor is Harry L. Wright of Chicago. The machine promises to give railroads 125-mile-per-hour locomotives and to give ocean steamships power that will overcome the momentum of an ocean greyhound in one minute instead of five minutes now required to reverse a large steamship. The new engine is, properly speaking, a mechanism devised to increase the power and speed of any of the reciprocating type of engine. Doing away with the crank and rods, it increases power by means of a spiral shaft cross-head and a stub shaft, which gives a leverage hitherto unknown in any type of engine.

The electric tramcars at Coventry, Eng., are temporarily converted into postoffices at night. Letter boxes are attached to cars running into the city from outlying districts, enabling the public to post letters at the various stoppages en route. By this means letters may be posted two hours later than the dispatch from the postoffice in the locality.

The world's zinc production in 1901 increased 28,237 tons over 1900. The largest increase was in the Rhine district of Europe, 12,965 tons; the next largest, the United States, 12,802 tons.

Seventy thousand cochineal insects go to a single pound of dried cochineal. The world's crop of cochineal is from 300 to 500 tons.

Modern inks only date from 1798, at which date the researches of Dr. Lewis in the chemistry of ink began.

About 400,000 larks a year are sent from the Continent to London markets.

The best flyer ever yet invented is Time. It never fails to fly.

neat in my attire, even though the garments are faded and unbecoming. I fairly hate ugly clothes, and I could be rebellious and unhappy all the time, but if I allowed myself to get in that unenviable frame of mind, where would be the happy home-life for myself and the children? He thinks I don't care, but I do care and most bitterly at times."

Early Days of Anthracite Coal.

It is just a century ago that Daniel Fell made the first successful test of hard coal in Luzerne county, Pa., for heating purposes. It is said that the Indians knew of the "black stones" and made pipe bowls of them. Moravian missionaries early came across the strange mineral in their long journeys through the woods. Even then the coal had begun to be mined it was difficult to sell any. The people did not understand how to use it and asserted that it would not burn. Signed certificates that "stone coal will burn" had to be sold intending purchasers. Even as late as 1821 the Lehigh and Navigation company sent but 365 tons to Philadelphia. Hard coal was first successfully used at the wire mills of White & Hazard, Falls of Schuylkill, through an accident in December, 1824. The coal cost \$28 a ton. But the men could not ignite it. In exasperation they pitched a quantity of coal into a furnace, shut the doors and went about some other work. Some hours later the furnace doors were found to be red hot and the interior a mass of fire. William Henry, a manufacturer of muskets near Nazareth, had secured some of the coal in 1798 for his forges. His blacksmith told him the neighbors called him a fool for trying to burn the "black stones." In 1808, however, he built a mill and successfully used hard coal in it.

Expensive Hose.

Five hundred dollars for a pair of stockings! This seems like a Babylonian dream, yet there is a shop in Fifth avenue, New York, which actually has such a pair for sale. It is supposed that they come in boxes of half a dozen pairs, yet a single pair of pedal legments brought this price. Who bought 'em? Sh, sh! Was it Lilian Russell? No, indeed, though the "airy fairy one" has plenty in her wardrobe that cost \$100 or so. This pair was bought for a lady of rank and social distinction. The conclusion must not be jumped at because the Duchess of Marlborough has departed this life, that the pair were indeed it may be said in confidence that she was not the recipient. Yet a young beau of the modern Babylon actually pushed \$500 in currency across the counter to settle for a single pair of hose. Yes, they were silk, but they were also something more. Wonderful wrought flowers-de-luce set in emeralds and rubies enticed into the scheme of decoration, the whole giving an effect—well, the effect may be imagined.

Tricks of the Trade.

In the laboratory of the Massachusetts state board of health a package of honey in the comb of which is a dead bee, drowned in its own sweetness, holds a prominent place, but the unromantic analyst tells you that the honey is an artificial product and the bee was placed there to deceive the buyer. It is asserted on good authority that Vermont publishers have received orders to forward thousands of papers to Iowa. Are the Iowans anxious to inform themselves concerning the everyday happenings in the Green Mountain State? No. These papers are used to wrap up the Iowa made but Vermont labeled maple sugar, a product composed of hickory bark and glucose, made into cakes the size and shape of the Vermont product, wrapped in newspapers published in that state, labeled "Pure Vermont Maple Sugar." Even the elect are deceived.

A Universal Language.

Esperanto is the hopeful name of a new universal language. The structure of Esperanto is simple and its roots few. There are only seventeen grammatical rules, which for reading purposes may be ignored. The time which it can be acquired may be reckoned in hours. Invented by a Russian physician, one Zamenhoff, in 1887, it has of late made vast strides, and its adherents, to be found mainly, but not exclusively, in Latin countries. France, Spain, Canada, etc., have been estimated at 80,000. It is patronized by the Touring Club de France, and betwixt its professors, of whatever kindred or nation, there has come to subsist a sort of "freemasonry." The propagation of the language is carried on in five reviews: "The Esperantiste" (France), "The Linguo Internacia" (Hungary), "The Lingo" (Canada), "The Rondirano" (Bulgaria) and "The Esperanto" (Spain).

A Musical Ballot Box.

Here is a suggestion from Paris which might increase registration and attract the dilatory to the polls. One ingenious person there puts forward a new scheme of his own. Why not make voting an attractive pastime? he argues. To this end he has invented a musical ballot box. This instrument plays popular tunes at intervals while the polls are open for the amusement of electors, who will thus be persuaded not to neglect to vote. Moreover, this contrivance possesses another advantage. It records votes automatically and musically. When the one hundredth player has been dropped in, it will play a certain tune. The two hundredth will start a second and a different melody, and so on. The only difficulty which may arise is that it may be found impossible to tear electors away from the enchanting sounds of the musical ballot.

A Grand Blaze.

Farmer—You had a fire at the manse this morning. Any serious loss?
Minister—Yes; ten years' sermons were completely burned.
Farmer (with a memory of many a weary Sunday morning)—Mon, they made a grand blaze, they were so dry, ye ken.—London Tit-Bits.

Her Version of the Eden Incident.

"I suppose you regard Eve as to blame for tempting Adam to eat the apple?"
"Not at all," answered Miss Cayenne. "Eve was too generous to want the apple all for herself, and Adam was not gentlemanly enough to let her have it."—Washington Star.

Canada has become quite a cotton manufacturing country, and few persons realize that 550,000 cotton spindles are running. Three of the mills are located in Hamilton.

CHOICE MISCELLANY NEW SHORT STORIES

Doubles.
At a London entertainment recently Sir Frank Burman... the celebrated English humorist and editor of Punch, and Robert Noble Acutt, who is well known in South Africa, had a rather awkward experience. The latter, it appears, arrived first and soon became embarrassed by people whom he never saw before smiling and bowing. The South African returned the nods. But matters went too far when an elderly lady rushed up to him and almost folded him in her capacious arms, with the remark: "How do you do, Sir Frank? Delighted to see you." When Mr. Acutt realized that he was being taken for the editor of Punch, he was perplexed. In the midst of his embarrassment he saw the real Burman coming and resolved to ask his advice. He walked up to him and said, "Sir Frank Burman, I believe? The distinguished author started and said in an affected sepulchral tone, "Yes." "You'll excuse me, Sir Frank, but the fact is I wanted your advice, if you will kindly give it to a stranger. Ever since I came into this affair I have been taken for you, and—" "I don't wonder," interrupted Sir Frank. "I thought you were myself!" This was too much for Mr. Acutt, and as a result of the merriment Sir Frank and his double are now personally acquainted.

The Deacons Were Provided For.

At a church function in which Bishop Potter recently took part, says the Brooklyn Eagle, several deacons happened to be present. One of them called the bishop's attention to that passage in the liturgy which reads, "O all ye priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord," and complained that there was "no mention of deacons."
"Yes, indeed there is!" replied the bishop. "Don't you remember, 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord.'"

Visitors at the Chateau.

George Ade is repeating a story he heard recently and which, according to the irrepressible and entertaining "BIT" Hall, runs as follows:
Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Lackaye last summer visited the suburban home of Henry E. Dixey at Mount Vernon, N. Y., where the comedian has a bijou cottage of five rooms. Mr. Dixey had carefully rehearsed the village hack-



"MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS."

man, who wore a long linen duster and a wisp of whisker on his chin, and when the guests alighted from the train and were welcomed by their host the hackman stepped up and said:
"My lord, the carriage waits." And Mr. Dixey replied, "Tis well, Gonzabo." He then led the way to the town hack, and when "Gonzabo" got on the box he turned deferentially and asked:
"Where to, your grace?" And Mr. Dixey said, "To the chateau." And Mr. Lackaye fell out of the hack.

Laughed at His Tragedy.

When the fretful critic Cumberland said of a performance of "The School For Scandal" that he was surprised that it provoked such immoderate laughter, as it did not make him even smile, Sheridan, the wit, orator and playwright, is said to have remarked, "Cumberland is truly ungrateful, for I saw a tragedy of his played a fortnight before at Covent Garden, and I laughed from beginning to end."

Had Only Himself to Blame.

In his book, "The Outspan," J. P. Fitzpatrick tells this story: "A person of my acquaintance was once referred to in an up country newspaper as 'Mr. Chimmage.' He wrote to the editor, explaining that his name was not 'Chimmage,' but 'Shimmolovitch.' The editor in making the correction added, 'He has only himself to blame for the fact being known.'"

Bonded by Statute.

Before Pitt died early last century more than \$15,000 was subscribed by his admirers toward the erection of a statue in his honor. Then the joke became current that he was bound over in this sum for his good behavior during the rest of his life.

Will Try to Cultivate Bamboo.

Bamboo is the very mainstay of Japan, and it is a material which would find many uses in this country if it did not cost so much to import. The agricultural department is therefore trying to introduce its cultivation here. It requires a hot climate, with plenty of moisture to the roots, and it will not stand frost. It is believed that it will flourish on the waste lands of the southwest.

A Matter For Wonder.

Mrs. Peck (who has returned from Niagara)—I stood speechless—
Mr. Peck—Wonderful, wonderful! (To himself)—I wonder how Niagara did it?—Detroit Free Press.

A Word Too Much.

She—You're not paying attention to May Roxley nowadays.
He—No; she had entirely too much to say to suit me.
She—Really?
He—Yes; she said "No."—Washington Star.

CORN BREAD.

Fond Recollections of the Days of the Hoosecave and Flagjacks.
With good meal and a cook following the lessons and traditions of the old regime delicious bread may be baked of Indian meal. But we have grave doubts whether it can be baked as well in a stove as in an open fireplace; but alas, of the latter only a few remain. The asheake, of course, must have ashes. They are indispensable. As well try to produce a mint julep without mint. On the other hand, "flagjacks" need only a well greased frying pan, but skill is required to turn them. That is done by pitching them out of the pan into the air and making them come down flap on the other side. The corn pone may be cooked in a stove or range.

The hoosecave was originally cooked on a hoe in the fields and in the negro cabin. A skillet will do well enough for it, but must be well greased at the bottom. So, too, with respect to egg or batter bread. As for corn muffins, the appliances of a range are admirably adapted to them.

We wish some millionaire would fit up a Virginia country home in antebellum style and among other things have in it a big open fireplace, a black cook in a gingham dress, with a red bandanna on her head, and also have an half acre mint bed, an icehouse and an old time garden filled with raspberries and gooseberries, thyme, sage, currants and all the ordinary table vegetables.

When one of those old time homes and gardens and gateposts is restored and the host and hostess have entered into possession, we desire to be listed as a frequent guest, with a reserved seat in the chimney corner. Then all we shall want will be the zest, the appetite, the voraciousness we possessed when we could eat eighteen rolls and six eggs for breakfast and consume a whole watermelon between meals. But, alas, it would be easier to restore old walls and open fireplaces than to bring back the digestion and storage capacity of a youth that's gone, of a time that's past and never can return.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE COOKBOOK.

Put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water when boiling salmon. This makes it a beautiful red color. When roasting fowls, put them into an intensely hot oven until carefully browned; after that cook slowly, basting frequently.

When gravy is being made from roast veal, lamb, beef or chicken, use milk instead of water added to the brown drippings left in the pan after the fat has been poured off.

Before baking a bluefish the creole cooks pour over it a sauce made from fresh or canned tomatoes in which garlic is chopped. It is then baked until the flesh of the fish flakes, admitting the sauce.

For a quick cake beat until thick four eggs; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of flour, a little cinnamon and lemon rind; beat well and spread on a baking pan; bake in quick oven and cut at once.

Cooking teachers say that the ingredients for pancakes, fritters and the like should be mixed fully two hours before the batter is needed. This, they explain, gives the flour a chance to swell, and the batter is better and more wholesome.

A Clever Horse.

A great many horses are fed on the streets from "catbags" drawn up over their noses and wabbling about in a manner which must make it very uncomfortable to eat one's dinner in that way. The Boston Herald tells of a bright horse down in "Pie Alley" which had nearly reached the bottom of his bag. It wobbled awfully, but the oats were sweet and he was hungry. In front of him stood a wagon, and the wagon had a wheel. Happy thought! He walked up to the wheel, rested his canvas bag on the top of it and finished his dinner to the last oat in a comfortable, leisurely fashion and with a twinkle in his eye. If that was not a triumph of mind over matter, what was it?

How to Keep Young.

One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple jointed is to continue to practice the activities of youth after it ceases to be a habit. It is to stiffen the muscles by its suggestion of age limitations. If men like Peter Cooper and William E. Gladstone, who kept up the vitalizing exercises of robust manhood when far into the eighties, had succumbed at forty to the thought of approaching age, how much of their valuable life work would have remained undone!—Success.

The Hat Was Taken.

Johnnie McCraw was a bit of a character in a country village in the north of Scotland. He lived on the charity of the villagers, but sometimes found it particularly hard work to do so. One day, when the springs of sympathy seemed to have dried up, Johnnie made his way to the house of the local doctor and said:
"I've come to get a' my teeth taken out, doctor."
"Dear me!" said the medical man. "What's wrong wi' them?"
"Oh, they're a' richt, but I've nae use for them; I've naething to eat."
"Yes," said the doctor, who saw the joke; "here's sixpence for you to get a hat."—Pearson's.

Depends on Circumstances.

She—Do you regard marriage as a necessity or a luxury?
He—Well, when a man marries a cross eyed girl who says silly things, whose nose turns up at the end and whose father is worth about \$2,000,000, I should say it was a necessity.—Chicago Record Herald.

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ELEPHANTS.

How Grow Nine Feet High, the Majority Being Under Eight Feet.
The average term of an elephant's life, although there is no precise information on the point, is seventy or eighty years. The elephant is not in full vigor and strength till thirty-five. The most ready way of forming an approximate idea of the age is by the amount of turn over of the upper edge of the ear. In young animals, sometimes up to the age of eight or nine years, the edge is quite straight. It, however, then begins to turn over, and by the time the animal is thirty the edges lap over to the extent of an inch, and between this age and sixty this increases to two inches or slightly more. Extravagant ideas are held as to the height of an elephant. Such a thing as an elephant measuring ten feet at the shoulder does not exist in India or Burma. Sanderson, who is admitted to be the best authority on the subject, says the largest male he ever met with measured 9 feet 10 inches and the tallest female 8 feet 5 inches. The majority of elephants, however, are below eight feet, and an animal rarely reaches nine feet, the female being slightly shorter than the male. The carcass of an elephant 7 feet 4 inches tall weighed in portions gave a total weight of 3,000 pounds, so an elephant weighing two tons should be common enough. The skin was about three-fourths of an inch thick.

TACTLESS FANNY.

Jannaschek's Reason For Opening Her Season in Syracuse.
A Syracuse man tells a story of Mme. Jannaschek when she was a prominent star. The wily advance agent went to Syracuse a week or so before the local theater opened there for the season and proceeded to fill up the gullible newspaper men with the statement that Jannaschek had said that she would open her season in that place or not at all. Her manager wanted Chicago, but offered to compromise on Boston or Philadelphia, but the madame was firm.

Naturally Syracuse was delighted at the honor. Jannaschek got puges of advance notices, and when the opening night came the theater was packed as never before.

After the first act an ambitious reporter "went behind" to interview Mme. Jannaschek.

"Syracuse feels very proud that you have started here this season," he said, "and my paper would like to tell the people for you why you have so honored us."
"Great heavens," said the tactless Fanny, "I had to open some place!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

How to Read History.

Perhaps the best way to read history is to take up the life of some great figure that attracts our imagination and be drawn by that into the study of the general stage upon which he was only a single actor. Certainly it is not a good plan to begin with those elaborate documentary histories in which you cannot see the wood for the trees. It is better to be wrong in a few of your facts or even contract a bias from some partisan historian than to lose yourself in a morass of documents, says Success.

The best histories are the vividest. If they occasionally lead you astray, you can always correct them by the more sober colored chronicles. Maratby may have been prejudiced, and so may Froude, and so undoubtedly was Carlyle; so, again, was Gibbon; yet, none the less, these are the great historians, the historians who set you up on the peaks of time and enable you to see history as it lies beneath in wide views and broad masses.

Texas Vernacular.

"Speaking of Texas," said a young lawyer who once lived in the Lone Star State to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "reminds me of a peculiar conversation I heard in a grocery store a few years ago in one of the smaller places of the state, and the story will amply illustrate the peculiarities of the vernacular in certain more remote parts of Texas. I happened to be in the grocery store in question when a little girl came in to buy some eggs, and the following conversation was carried on between the girl and the keeper of the place: 'Ain't you got no kegs?' asked the little girl. 'Ain't said I ain't,' the storekeeper replied, whereupon the little girl replied after this fashion: 'I ain't ask you is you ain't you. I ask you is you is you. Ain't you? That's the way they talk some sections of the state. The little lassie who used the expression made herself clear and she got the eggs.'"

Punishment in Persia.

Among the Persians the usual mode of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great severity, frequently so as to render the sufferer almost a cripple for life. The victim is thrown upon his face and each foot is passed through a loop of strong cord attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twisting it round, tighten the ropes and render the feet immovable. Two executioners then strike the sole alternately with switches of the pomegranate tree well steeped in water to render them supple. A store of these switches is generally ready for use in the pond which adjoins the courtyards of the houses of the great. The punishment frequently lasts for an hour or until the unfortunate victim faints from pain.

Terminal Not Yet Arranged.

"You have discovered a new disease, have you, doctor? What are you going to call it?"
"That is a matter requiring some thought," responded the eminent medical specialist. "I have decided upon a name so far as the first three or four syllables are concerned, but have not made up my mind yet whether to classify it as an 'itis' or an 'osis.'"—Chicago Tribune.

All He Needed.

Ascum—I hear that French count your wife and daughter met abroad is going to visit you.
Richman—Yes; I believe he is.
Ascum—Better take French lessons, hadn't you?
Richman—Oh, I'm fixed. I got a professor to teach me how to say "Sorry, but I have made it a rule never to lend money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.