

HANDS RECORDED

THE SEWING MACHINE

Handwritten text describing the sewing machine industry.

The industrial beginning of the sewing machine industry in this country was Sept. 10, 1840, when Elias Howe, Jr. obtained a patent for what grew into the first really practical sewing machine.

While Howe's invention marked the beginning of a successful industry, he was by no means the pioneer in efforts to substitute mechanical for hand sewing.

The first recorded attempt at mechanical sewing was the invention of Thomas Saint, who took out a patent in England in 1790 for a machine which executed the old crocheted stitch.

Bartholomy Thimmonier patented in France in 1830 the first sewing machine put to practical use. Eighty of his machines were in use for sewing army clothing in 1841, when a mob destroyed them because they would drive seamstresses out of employment.

John J. Greenough took out the first patent for a sewing machine issued in the United States in 1842. It was intended to sew leather, but was of no practical use.

Walter Hunt of New York built a sewing machine in 1834, but failed to protect it by a patent. After Howe's machine appeared Hunt declared it embodied the ideas of his machine of 1834, but he was unable to establish his claim.

A small army of inventors appeared after Howe's patent had proved successful, and their genius was devoted to perfecting every part of the machine. How well they have succeeded is shown in the 8,500 patents for sewing machines and attachments issued by the United States since 1850 and in the fact that the American sewing machine leads all others in every country in the world.—New York Herald.

Care in Choosing Glasses.

A dealer in optical instruments declared that it gave him real pain to note the careless manner in which half the persons in New York wear glasses. "It is a wonder to me," he said, "that they don't bring on blindness. In the first place, the frames should always be fitted to individual faces instead of being picked up indiscriminately without regard for facial peculiarities. The size of the lenses is another important consideration. Most of the glasses I see on the street are too small. They should be as large as the face of the wearer will permit, for a lens of good size not only affords better protection to the eye, but is more becoming than a smaller one. Another tribulation of the weak eye is due to the reflection from the edges of unframed glasses. The edges should be beveled in order to get the best results from a pair of spectacles. Many lashes are worn so long that they brush against the glass. This is decidedly injurious.—New York Times.

Ebony, the Wood of Kings.

While many of the hardwoods in use at the present day are of comparatively recent introduction, ebony was known and highly esteemed by a number of ancient races and used by them for kingly and other purposes. While the name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees, all kinds are of great density and dark color, the heaviest varieties being, as a rule, also the darkest. There are three varieties of ebony well known in the trade. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. London is still the chief mart for this wood, and from there it is shipped to the various countries in which it is used for many manufacturing purposes.—Popular Mechanics.

Girls Help Waiters to Cheat.

Among hotel employees sex does not appear to make any difference so far as honesty is concerned, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Certain young women who act as checkers in hotels work with certain waiters. Whenever one of the girls obtains a position the men soon follow her, and the hotel proprietors are victimized accordingly. The waiter who is in league with the checker makes a small private mark on the check with which he desires to cheat. She sees it, and instead of stamping the price against the articles ordered she puts her fingers over the figures on the die so that a slight blotch is all that is recorded in the place for figures. The waiter does the rest. She keeps her account against her confederates, and they settle up later on the outside.

Touch That Holds Memory.

Once upon a time there was a man who was a chronic borrower of money, and he was never known to slight an acquaintance through neglect. He was extremely well known by a large circle of acquaintances, which he was continually endeavoring to enlarge. The members of this growing circle never forgot him, and even after his death he remained green in their memories.

Moral—A man to insure being remembered must keep in touch with his friends.—New York Herald.

After the Sunshine.

"What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?" "Oh, it's under a cloud. After the first annual election of officers it was impossible to get a quorum owing to the fact that no two members of the club were 'on speaking terms.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

POLLY LARKIN.

The ladies who have retailed at being compelled to remove their hats at theaters as well as at church in some places, will smile approvingly when they learn that Rev. Charles R. Carley, rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church of Yorkers, said to be one of the wealthiest churches between New York and Albany, in a sermon denounced women who go hatless to church. He declares the practice to be a violation of the church rules, and quoted the apostle St. Paul to the effect that women must come to church covered. The rector declared that hatless women will in the future be refused admission to his church. One lady after reading the above, who had frequently showed her indignation at having to remove her becoming hat at the theater, said, "There now, you see we have the scriptures for it. Women should not be compelled to remove their hats."

"But," replied her friend, "it doesn't say anything about theaters, it's only church." "That's all right; the next time I get a polite little note to 'please remove your hat,' at the risk of taking cold I shall quote St. Paul to them." "You'll do no such thing. You'll take off your hat, and as quietly as possible to avoid attracting attention. Nothing can add to a woman's discomfort and spoil the whole evening for her in some instances as that conspicuous little bit of cardboard thrust into her hand or tossed into her lap."

Dr. Adolf Lorenz of Austria is gaining fame and the reward which money cannot purchase—that is the overwhelming gratitude of scores of afflicted and the praise and admiration that amounts almost to a worship by the members of the medical fraternity—during his tour of the United States.

Dr. Lorenz left both sad and happy hearts following his departure from San Francisco. Many afflicted people had set their hearts on seeing this world-renowned physician who could cure seemingly hopeless cases without the use of the knife and without drawing a single drop of blood. "The bloodless cure," they pronounced it. The other day I happened to be passing a residence where a little Maltese kitten was trembling on the porch and a beautiful Spitz dog barking frantically beside her, and on the ground were three or four dogs all charging up the steps and barking furiously and endeavoring to get at the cat. I thought the poor little kitten's time had come between the Spitz and the other savage canines, but my mind was relieved in a moment by seeing the little Spitz sail savagely into one of the dogs as he advanced and sent him yelping down the steps. One after the other he treated in this unfriendly fashion until a stranger in passing drove the intruders away. Then the Spitz laid down and the kitten cuddled up close to him purring her thanks.

BRIEF REVIEW

Venison from Europe.

Venison is in so small demand that only about twenty butchers have it on sale, is the statement of a New York Press writer. Considerable quantities come from Europe. One day last week 181 head arrived, and the saddles fetched at wholesale 30 to 32 cents per head. Frozen venison, both European and domestic, fetches 12 to 25 cents wholesale. The retail price in this city for a venison steak, he continues, is 60 cents a pound. Nothing is more delicious than fresh deer meat broiled without other seasoning than butter, pepper and salt. This epicurean plan of killing the flavor by loads of jelly and fat can be a rank old mutton steak, cook it in the same way, and fool any one who likes disguised venison.

London Crime.

Rarely does any official report contain such depressing matter as that on prisons just issued from the Home Office, says the London correspondent of the Baltimore Herald. It formally records that during last year the number of people in prison increased between 17,000 and 18,000, as compared with the previous year. In London criminality had so largely increased that between 3,000 and 4,000 prisoners of both sexes have to be transferred to the provincial jails for lack of adequate accommodation in the metropolis. Nor is this terrible growth of lawlessness of an abnormal character; it appears to have acquired normality, judging from the fact that the number of London commitments increased from 38,343 in 1891 to 53,501 in 1901.

All the rivers of Africa have remarkable peculiarities. They seek the ocean that is farthest away from their source. Their course is always broken by falls, and their mouths are stopped by numerous sandbanks.

Captain Pianta, a Swiss, has, after a long litigation, succeeded in establishing his right to the credit of having first invented the automobile.

An elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that the animal can scent a human being at a distance of 1000 yards.

The population of Russia doubles from natural increase once every sixty years.

It's an easy matter to get into the habit of meeting trouble half way.

Forests cover one-tenth of the surface of the earth and one-quarter of Europe.

If you associate with a fool, don't let the fool control you.

CHINAMAN AT TELEPHONE

CHINAMAN AT TELEPHONE

"A CHINAMAN AT THE TELEPHONE IS A funny thing," remarked a long distance telephone operator in the Denver News a few days ago. "You see, it is impossible to tell whether one person or half a dozen are talking, and we often become mixed up in listening to them. When one is speaking, it seems as if half a dozen are talking, and we often imagine the wires are out of order. To make matters worse the Chinese delight in talking as fast as possible, and we never know whether the Chinaman at this end of the wire is talking or if it is the one at the other end. After the conversation is ended the Chinese walks out of the booth with a self-satisfied smile on his face and pays for a three minutes' talk. We have lately discovered that he invariably says as much during that time as could have been said by a white man in fifteen minutes."

To be sure, the telephone company is not really "out" anything by the transaction, as it is paid by the minute; but, nevertheless, in the case of Chinamen, the company would be the gainer by charging for volume instead of time. A Chinaman always begins his talk in pidgin English. He says: "Hello. Is this Sam Ling. I betty you don't know—yi hi ki yi he yoo be nonno ne," and so on, and it sounds on the wires as if several persons were at work.

Switched the Train. A certain judge is much given to meditating upon his work while walking along the street, and his acquaintances and friends recognize his air of abstraction, pass him by with a friendly nod and never mind if he does not appear to notice the salutation. A few colored newsboys not familiar with this peculiarity of the judge accosted him one day with persistent appeal: "Buy the mornin' news, boss. Have a paper, boss." The judge waved the tiny mite of humanity aside and went on abstractedly, his mind engrossed with the case that was to come up that day in the court to which he was on the way. The dusky newsboy was not easily evaded, and he kept pace with the judge, shouting his paper cry at frequent intervals. At last the judge stopped and, grabbing his youthful tormentor by the shoulder, he said in his most severe manner: "How dare you interrupt me when I am following out a line of argument. Don't you ever speak to me when I am pursuing a train of thought."

The small boy looked up in surprise and said in a most apologetic tone: "Befor' de Lord, massa, I didn't know you was tryin' to catch a train. Excuse me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Nose. Nothing is more rare than a really perfect nose—that is, one which unites harmony of form, correctness of proportion and proper affinity with the other features.

The following are, according to the rules of art, the conditions requisite to the beauty of this organ: The nose should have the same length as the forehead and have a slight depression at its root. From its root to its extremity it should follow a perfectly straight line and come exactly over the center of the upper lip. The bridge of the nose, parallel on both sides, should be a little wider in the center. The tip should be neither too thin nor too fleshy, and its lower outline neither narrow nor too wide. The lobes must be gracefully defined by a slight depression. Seen sideways, the lower part of the nose will have but a third of its total length.

The Deteriorating Turkish Lady. Eating sweetmeats, smoking cigarettes, scolding the slaves and talking scandal are the chief diversions of the Turkish lady, with now and then a visit to a low class theater, and her physique, and with it that of the race, is rapidly deteriorating for want of fresh air and exercise. The much disputed question as to whether woman is the possessor of an immortal soul has left its mark on the female population.

They have ceased to base any great hopes on such an uncertainty and live, feed and behave so like the "beasts that perish" that to the flippant modern Turk it seems that, if endowed with souls at all, they must be so small as to be scarcely worth the trouble of saving.—Chambers' Magazine.

His One Regret.

A fare was being rattled through a Dublin suburb on a rickety jaunting car drawn by a no less rickety horse. Having proceeded some distance, the horse, owing to apparent old age and sheer exhaustion, fell, never to rise again. The fare was very profuse in his sympathies toward the driver, who, however, appeared to take the whole thing very coolly and explained: "It's just like this with me, your honor. I don't regret the old brute a bit. He was bad from the start. But, somehow or other, I can't help thinking of the beautiful feed of oats I gave him this morning."

The Power of a Tip.

Experienced Traveler (at railway restaurant)—When did that man at the other table give his order? Waiter—Bout ten minutes ago, sir. "What did he order?" "Beefsteak and potatoes, sir." "How much did he tip you?" "Sixpence, sir."

"Well, here's a shilling. Cook him another steak and bring me his."

"Yes, sir."—London Telegraph.

Too Much Like Work.

"It's terrible to be sleepy so much of the time," said Meandering Mike. "Why don't you go to sleep?" rejoined Plodding Pete. "You might as well."

"Dat's where you're wrong. If dere is anything I dreads, it's goin' to sleep. I might dream I was workin'."—Washington Star.

Keene's Opportunity.

Willie—What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry our Irene? Miss Irene (taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind that Mr. Hankinson has to say something now)—Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!

CHOICE MISCELLANY

CHOICE MISCELLANY

CHUCKLE LAUGHING IN QUARTERS. I have a friend out in Michigan who says James Blackie of London in the public check behind the desk at a Washington hotel. Will you tell me the distance from there?"

The clerk inquired in what part of Michigan the gentleman wished to go, at which his interrogator seemed somewhat puzzled. "I don't know exactly what part," he said, "but I suppose that after I get out there it will be easy to find out in what part of the city he lives."

"What city?" inquired the clerk. "The city of Michigan," responded the tourist from Britain, and then there were explanations all around. Mr. Blackie thought that Michigan was a town, and when told of its size and its possession of many towns he was considerably surprised. Many of his countrymen, he said, were laboring under the impression that when such names as Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and the like were mentioned they were large cities in the dominions of the Yankee republic.—Washington Post.

A Few Facts About Kites.

The Chinese, who have played with kites ever since the beginning of history, make huge kites in the shape of dragons and arrange them so that they play a queer kind of music as they float high in the air. The Chinese believe they keep off evil spirits.

Mr. Eddy, the kite king of Bayonne, N. J., has sent up a kite to which a camera was attached, and he had it arranged so that he could take a picture while the kite was sailing aloft. He succeeded in getting many birdseye views of New York city.

Several men have tried to make kite ascensions. Charles H. Lamson of Portland, Me., was carried fifty feet in the air on a single kite.

The weather bureau makes its observations by means of kites. Instead of string it uses fine piano wire to fly the kite, and at the Arlington kite station opposite Washington the kite wire is reeled in by steam power.

Massillon's Secret of Power.

It is said that after Massillon, the great court preacher of France, had finished one of his sermons Louis XIV. summoned him to his side and said: "Massillon, how is it you impress me as you do? I have heard many great orators preach. They nearly always please me. But when you preach instead of being pleased with you I am always disconcerted with myself. I always feel that I want to be a better man as well as a better king." "Well," answered the great preacher, "the only way I can account for it, your majesty, is because I am always preaching against myself. When I am about to make up a sermon, I say to myself, 'Massillon, what is the sin which you have hardest work to battle today? And when I preach against my own sins I generally find that there are similar sins in other hearts which I am also preaching against.'"

Flaggles on Private Homes.

One unusual feature of some private homes in New York recently completed or still in the course of construction is flaggles. On hotels and public buildings this outward evidence of loyalty has long been an indispensable feature, but private families have for the most part been content to show their love of country by hanging a flag out of the window on days that called for a special display of patriotism. "Personally I can't say that I particularly like the idea of topping off a four story American basement with a flagstaff," said a busy contractor, "but when my patrons insist upon having one it is my business to see that they get it. At present the custom is not widespread, but since the owners of a few new houses have set the fashion the chances are all in favor of its rapid growth."

Shah's Rich Globe.

In Teheran may be seen the costliest geographical globe in the world. It is the property of the shah, and it is said that he frequently studies it. The surface of the earth is represented on it by precious stones, and in its construction nothing but solid gold has been used. Thousands of emeralds show where the ocean, seas, lakes and rivers are located, the entire continent of Africa is covered with rubies. Persia is represented by turquoises, and from the space allotted to France and England flash hundreds of diamonds. As to the value of this globe no estimate has ever been made, but as it contains more than 50,000 precious stones it must be worth a fortune. The shah, however, has no intention of disposing of it.

A Curious Fact.

It is somewhat curious that nearly all of England's prominent living soldiers are either barbers or without male heir. Among them may be noted Lord Roberts, Lord Wolsey, Lord Kitchener, Sir Redvers Buller, General Baden-Powell, Sir Hector Macdonald and Lord Charles Beresford. Roberts' son was killed in South Africa. Wolsey, Beresford and Buller have an unmarried daughter each, while Kitchener, Macdonald and Baden-Powell persistently fight shy of matrimony.

Pearl Fisheries Falling.

Pearl bearing clams are disappearing from the sand bars of Arkansas and the Mississippi river at a rate that threatens to make the species extinct in less than two years. The beginning of the end has commenced, and unless new fields are discovered soon the pearl fishing industry of the United States will have disappeared.

Visits, but Doesn't Put Up There.

"My boy Josh writes me that he is stoppin' at the best hotels," remarked Mrs. Cortnessel. "Is he a commercial traveler?" "No. He's drivin' a transfer wagon."—Washington Star.

When Dame Fortune goes calling.

she utterly disregards "at home" days. —Chicago News.

There is neither thunder nor lightning within the arctic circle.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

WOMAN BEING WIFE. He thought the best he could do was to say: "I have found a place where they have women staid up just right. She isn't a complete human being."

"She isn't," she exclaimed warmly. "No. In Sweden, where there is no divorce, and a woman counts for only half," he explained. "When a man travels, he pays full fare on the railroads and full rate at the hotels, while if he takes his wife along the two of them are charged up as only one and a half persons. You see the logical deduction?"

"I do," she answered. "And when a woman travels alone she is charged full rate for one person, while if her husband happens to be along the rate is for one and a half persons. The husband, therefore—"

He had stopped laughing. "I always did think," he announced emphatically, "that woman has a most extraordinary method of reasoning."

"But if you really want to get at relative values," she persisted, "why just consider the matrimonial market. Man is quoted at a high figure in that only when he has a title, while woman brings the top price without one."

"Oh, well," he said to himself as he slammed the door behind him, "what's the use of arguing with a woman anyhow?"—Chicago Post.

Suspicious of It.

"Do you believe in the segregation of the sexes?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Well," replied her hostess, "I can't say as I do. Josiah's kind of taken with it, but there's so many of these new notions comin' up that I'd rather wait and see how they turn out first. Of course, I believe in vaccination, because everybody knows that's all right, but I'd hate to let a child of mine get segregated unless it was the last hope."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Trouble as to His Name.

After having called nine or ten times the man with the bill was fortunate enough to find his victim in. "This is Mr. Ardup, isn't it?" he said. "Yes." "Orville Ardup?" "Yes. You seem to know my name, all right."

"Oh, I remember your name well enough. It's your face that generally escapes me."—Chicago Tribune.

Of Course Not.

"What do you think of Camfer's new venture?" "What is he doing now?" "He has invested in a wax works aggregation and is traveling about the country with it."

As Usual.

"Good morning, sir," said a stranger accosting Rip Van Winkle, as the latter came down out of the mountains from his twenty year sleep. "And how are you feeling this morning?" "I am feeling bum—very bum," replied Rip in the usual grumbling way of mankind. "Why, I never slept a wink all night."—Boston Post.

His View of It.

"You are not calling on the colonel's daughter now, I understand," said Hunker to Spatts. "No." "Did she dismiss you?" "Oh, no. I received an honorable discharge."—Detroit Free Press.

Love and Finance.

"A woman," she said, "gives all or nothing." "And she takes," he replied, "all she can get." But then, they had been married many years, and a millinery bill had just come in.—Chicago Post.

The Limit.

Mrs. Upton—Why, I thought your little dog was white! Mrs. De Style—So he was, but I had him dyed brown to match his dress.

A Perfect Combination.

"When did she marry?" "My impression is that it was a coat of arms and a bad case of gout."—New Yorker.

Homemade Philosophy.

Never use in sighin'; Ter make yo' sorer double; Des a pint of happiness; Beats a peck of trouble. Stop all de grievin'; Fer de milk yo' spill; Keep on believin'; Dat de cow 'll stan' still!

Never use in sighin'; Wen things a-gwine wrong; One string on a fiddle; Frequent makes a song. Stop all de grievin'; Fer de milk yo' spill; Joy in believin'; Dat de cow 'll stan' still! —Atlanta Constitution.

An Old Hand.

Tailor (to applicant for a job)—We want a good cutter. Have you had much experience in the tailoring line? Applicant (with a confident smile)—I never had a suit of clothes ready when I said I would since I've been in the business. Tailor—You'll do. You're an old hand, I see.

As a thanks offering for his good health Pope Leo XIII. proposes to erect a home for the aged poor in his native town of Carpineto, Perugia, at a cost of \$200,000.

THE TOP OF VERVUVIS

THE TOP OF VERVUVIS

There was no life on that bare, black, snow-free cone, and so we climbed an icy wind began to blow, and the lava dust stung the face like hail. The crust was warm to the feet. I tipped my hand into an aperture the size of a rabbit hole and withdrew it hot and wet. On every side the smoke eddied up from their crevices, but all these things were details in face of that everlasting vomit of black smoke from the crater.

The wind raged above us as we drew near the crater, and the lava dust spurt more viciously; the sulphurous smoke hid the world from our view. It was as if the lieutenants of that angry monarch strove to prevent mortals from gazing too closely at her infernal orgies. Our hands and knees were grabbed our way up the cone, coughing, blinded by the smoke, buffeted by the icy wind. We reached the verge of the crater and threw ourselves on our faces. I peered for one moment into that caldron of fire and smoke. The guide clutched my arm and motioned me to follow him round the edge of the crater. I crawled after him, crying, "Enough!" but he did not hear. He could not have heard a fobhorn in the roar of that wind.

"Enough!" I bawled, trying to grab him. "Enough!" I roared, clutching at his leg. He shrugged his shoulders, and taking my arm, we plunged down through the lava. A few paces below he stopped. I bent toward him and through the screams of the wind heard him say, "Give me a little present, it buy macaroni."—Academy.

Vitality of the Centiped.

The sight of a full grown centipede is said by travelers in tropical lands to be enough to affect the strongest nerves. Ten to eleven inches is the average length, although larger ones have been seen. Lafacado Heurn in "Two Years in the French West Indies" says that the vitality of the centipede is amazing.

Mr. Heurn kept one in a bottle, without food or water, for thirteen weeks, at the end of which time it remained active and dangerous as ever. The centipede has one natural enemy able to cope with him—the heu.

The heu attacks him with delight and often swallows him, head first, without taking the trouble to kill him. The cat hanks him, but she is careful never to put her head near him. She has a trick of whirling him round and round upon the floor so quickly as to stupefy him; then, when she sees a good chance, she strikes him dead with her claws.

There are superstitions concerning the creature which have a good effect in diminishing his tribe. If you kill a centipede, you are sure to receive money soon, and even if you dream of killing one it is good luck.

An Outback Cities.

"Yes, sir," said the town story teller, "he wuz the outback feller that ever drew the breath of life an' a week's wages." "You don't say?" "Fact. Clumb a pine tree once when he seen the sheriff comin' to levy on him, harricane come along, blowed the tree down an' landed him in the only vacant seat in the sheriff's buggy; sheriff started to jail with him; met by lynchin' party, who mistook him fer 'nuther man, an' strung him up, an' he'd almost got kickin' when some one cut him down an' hauled him home just as his mother-in-law had finished writin' his obituary an' wuz standin' before the glass to see how well she looked in mornin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Dog.

Man is the best friend of the dog. Horses come next, but between the dog and all other farm animals, from the house cat to the cow and the beef steer, there seems to be a natural enmity. Dogs, however, are fond of sheep and goats—but as diet, not as living friends. Cows and sheep and goats should be kept as free from association with dogs as is possible, with the exception of the trained shepherd dog. A dog walking through a cow-pen will often cause a decrease in milk flow that amounts to more than the cash value of the dog. Many dogs are worth considerably less than \$600.—Farm and Ranch.

Singular Marriage Custom.

When two Negroes, a people of the Philippine Islands, are united, the whole tribe is assembled, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing near to each other. The elders then bend the branches until the heads of the couple meet. When the heads have thus come into contact, two marriages are legally accomplished, and great rejoicings take place, a fantastic dance completing the ceremony.

A Lesson in Hospitality.

A curious instance of provincial hospitality in a small Tuscan town is recorded by Luigi Villari in "Italian Life in Town and Country."

A lady of very noble birth and of considerable wealth was giving a musical party—it was the first time she had invited friends to her house that season. The entertainment began at 2 p. m. and lasted till 7. No refreshments were provided for the guests, but at half past 4 a servant appeared and solemnly presented a cup of chocolate to the hostess and one to her mother. This, of course, would be possible in a very provincial town. In the more civilized spots excellent refreshments are always offered to the guests.

A Scriptural Straggle.

Children tumble into strange morasses when they grapple with theology. They trip over words. For example, the other day a teacher at Stepany took for the Bible lesson the story of Samson. At the end of the lesson questions were put to test the understanding of the scholars. "With what weapon did Samson slay a thousand Philistines?" was the question. For a space there was silence. Then a little girl spoke up. "With the at of the apostles," she said.—London Chronicle.

Impossible.

Biggs—They say Mrs. Gabbleton is guilty of an attempt at blackmail. Diggs—I don't believe it. Biggs—Why not? Diggs—No woman on earth would think of accepting "hush money."—Chicago News.