

# PEG'S PINEAPPLE CHEESE

By Edith Sessions Tupper

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HERE, girls," said Peg as she laid an apple pie on the dining room table. "There is probably the finest pineapple cheese on the island of Manhattan."

"Pineapple cheese?" A chorus of disbelieving and derisive arose. "Why pineapple?"

"Oh, I know," said Peg loftily, "that you swells," with a bitter emphasis on the word, "affect all kinds of evil smelling cheeses with your after dinner coffee, but as I am plain and demure in my tastes, I buy pineapple cheese wherewith to regale myself when I come in worn, jaded and faint with hunger after my day's toil."

Then she hung up her sailor, cut off the head of her pineapple cheese, scooped out a chunk and proceeded to eat it like a piece of cake. Meantime she was three feet tall.

As Peg stood there greedily devouring her cheese she did not look much like a girl whose heart was broken. She was plump, rosy and sturdy. She curled her hair. She was as different as possible from the accepted type of lovelorn maiden wasting away to a premature grave from disappointed love. Yet she knew all about the dreadful quarrel Peg had with Jack Sheppard, a quarrel that broke off her engagement and sent Peg out into the world to seek a career.

We four girls—Grace, Eleanor, Margaret, otherwise Peg, and the writer—have a tiny little box of a flat uptown where we play at housekeeping. We live in a charming flat, and the fire escape is our refrigerator. Every week or so we are visited by a big, good natured officer who tries to look stern when he states he will surely be obliged to arrest us if we do not keep our fire escape clear of birdcages, vegetables, fruit and flowerpots.

Then there ensues a spasm of tidying up, the plants and birds are arranged in the "drawing room," as we call the tiny reception room, the vegetables are stored in the kitchen closet, and the fruit is heaped ostentatiously on the "sideboard. But some way, gradually, demoralization again creeps upon us, the fire escape allures and beckons us and flaunts its attractions as a storehouse before us, and we again succumb to its fascinations.

Therefore we were not greatly surprised when Peg, after satisfying her healthy young appetite, proceeded to place her cheese just outside the window upon the fire escape.

"Peg, you are crowding the refrigerator," objected Grace.

"Do you want a call from Dan Flynn?" asked Eleanor.

Dan Flynn, it may be remarked in passing, is the policeman who periodically cleans out our refrigerator.

"Dan Flynn won't see it tonight," said Peg calmly, "and I may eat the rest of it for breakfast."

This silenced us. There really was no argument, to be sure.

We adjourned to the drawing room, and while Grace prepared an article on "How to Turn the Back Breadths of an Old Silk Skirt" for a ladies' magazine and Eleanor ran over the new song she was to introduce in her next role I gossiped with Peg about the newcomers who that day had taken the flat under us.

"There can't be any women," I remarked, "for there wasn't a rocking chair, a piano or a sewing machine, and there were whole cases of stuff incidental to the accused sex carried in."

It is by this term we are accustomed to speak of men in Peg's presence. We feel that it is due her.

"Then there were rifles and walking sticks and clubs a-plenty," I continued, "a whole arsenal. I counted all sorts of weapons except a Gatling gun. Can they be social highwaymen, do you think?"

"All men," said Peg oracularly, "are in a measure social highwaymen. Very likely this is an organized band of out-throats. The details assuredly are suspicious. Grace, you know the chief of police, I believe."

"I interviewed him once," drowsily came from Grace, who had just arrived at the sponging and pressing stage of her article.

"Very well; you know him, then," said Peg severely. "I think you should call on him and ask him to look up these creatures and see whether four unprotected women are safe in living so near them."

"Wouldn't Dan Flynn do as well as the chief?" asked Eleanor, lazily humming over the last bar of her song.

"You see, Peg, the head of the department is a rather busy man, and as Dan Flynn is on our visiting list it might be quite as convenient, wouldn't it?"

But Peg was not to be thus bantered. She sat engrossed in deep thought. Her blue eyes grew larger and dreamier. We all watched her with undisguised admiration. She was so absolutely pretty.

I made sure that she was wandering through the maze of memory with her lost love and ventured to rouse her, hoping she would release some romantic chapter for one's delectation.

"Peg," I asked softly, "of what, dear, are you thinking?"

"I was wondering," said she, with a little start, "whether these miscreants below us would steal my pineapple cheese."

In the middle of the night we were aroused by a fearful crash in the kitchen. Grace, Eleanor and I rushed frantically about, confident that burglars were upon us. After scrambling for matches some minutes, with cold chills running down our spines, we at last got a light, only to discover Peg wandering about in her nightgown, looking very sheepish and nursing a broken head.

"I got up to see if the pineapple cheese was safe," she explained, "and fell over the clotheshorse, which some driving imbecile had left directly in my path."

We got her to bed, where she remained a day or so in company with

finger and brown paper, smelling salts and eau de cologne. Meantime the rest of us often met our new neighbors on the stairs. They certainly did not look like criminals. On the contrary, they were decidedly prepossessing in appearance. But Peg persisted in believing them to be house-breakers and to have special designs upon her pet cheese, which remained upon the fire escape, as the eagle presence of Dan Flynn had not yet fallen upon it.

One afternoon Peg, being quite recovered from her fall and dressed in her most becoming tea gown, sat reading a reprehensible novel, occasionally looking up to state the financial loss her illness had been, to say nothing of her loss to the artistic world, for Peg did little black and white sketches for some of the newspapers.

Suddenly she threw down her novel with a sigh. "Judith, I'm hungry," she announced. "I think I'll have a whack at that pineapple cheese. A bit of biscuit, a glass of milk and that cheese will save my life. Come on; we'll pick in the kitchen."

She dragged me into the kitchen and, telling me to get the milk and biscuit, leaned half way out the window to reach the cheese, which stood cheek by jowl upon the fire escape with Eleanor's parrot.

At that moment a man's voice floated up through the soft summer air.

"Look at that fire escape, Harry. I tell you it's an outrage the way some people crowd the fire escapes. Looks like a tenement. Why in the mischief don't they have a refrigerator? I'll bet my head there's an old maid upstairs. A poll parrot and a pineapple cheese! Well, I'm blessed!"

I never could tell how it happened. Whether Peg's nerves were yet shaky from her illness or from rage at the impertinence of the critic below stairs I cannot say, but as she took up the cheese it slipped from her hands, shot through the opening and went down whack! bang! on the head of the man, who, leaning from his window, was looking up to condemn the condition of our decidedly disreputable fire escape.

There was a horrified exclamation from Peg, a muttering as of distant thunder from below, a sweet imploring, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" and Peg came in through the window, her pretty face as red as fire and tears standing in the big blue eyes.

"The beast!" she wailed. "Did you hear him? And he 40 cents a pound! As if we could help being poor! An old maid, indeed! I'll show him! And my cheese, my beautiful pineapple cheese! Don't talk to me! Judith, I could kill him! I wish it had knocked his handsome, wicked head right off his shoulders!" And, to my great amazement, pretty Peg sat down on a kitchen chair and wailed aloud.

"As if he hadn't made me trouble enough," she sobbed, "to come here to live, and dog my footsteps, and call me an old maid, and steal my cheese!"

"Who? Peg, who?" I cried, almost shaking her in my excitement.

"Who? Why, who could it be but that abominable, detestable Jack Sheppard, dear old thing! No, no, Judith, I don't mean that. I hate him. I de-

spise him. A man has indeed sunk very low when he steals the bread out of his former sweetheart's mouth."

"But, Peg, dear, it wasn't bread, and he didn't steal it. You dropped it, you know."

"Well, he made me drop it with his nasty sneers about an old maid. I wonder if he thinks he is the only man in the world. Anyway the parrot is Eleanor's, and if you are my friend, Judith, I've a hunch you will make it your business to let him know that fact before you are a day older."

In the midst of this fusillade of wounded pride and unduly rare came a pull at the bell. I opened the door.

There stood Policeman Dan Flynn. "I must trouble you, miss," he said, "to take in the cheese and the biscuit. It don't look proper at all, an' I'm surprised that ladies like yez will persist in settin' the laws at defiance."

But Peg was before him like a whirlwind. "We'll take in Polly," she cried, "and, as for the cheese, it's already been taken in."

"Not four minutes since," said the officer reproachfully, "wid my own eyes did I see that cheese stantin' itself on yer fire escape."

"I see you and look on the fire escape below," laughed Peg hysterically. "The men who live downstairs, it seems, have not enough to eat or to do," purposefully raising her voice. "They've got my cheese, Mr. Flynn, and it's a case of highway robbery, and I think I will go around to the station house and get out a warrant or something."

Policeman Flynn looked at Peg in amazement. As for myself, I could not speak for laughter. And, to cap the climax, at this moment up the stairs came a handsome fellow with a wicked gleam in his eyes and bearing on a silver platter the remains of Peg's pineapple cheese.

"Mr. Sheppard's compliments to Miss Seymour," he said, "and he has sent

home her cheese. He begs she will content the pieces and see whether they are all here."

With a scarlet face Peg shut the door upon Policeman Flynn and the young man, leaving the latter to explain the situation as best he could to the officer. A burst of suppressed laughter from the hall told us that an amusing and satisfactory explanation was being supplied.

"Never," said Peg, stamping a small foot—"never will I recognize that detestable person, Jack Sheppard. I call you to witness, Judith, what I say." Then she retreated to her bedroom and shut the door on the tragedy of her life.

Next day I came home early. As I left myself in at the side door I was startled by a low murmur of voices coming from the drawing room. Glancing through the half drawn portieres, I saw Peg in close conference with one of the miscreants from below stairs.

"I didn't want to take the bread from your mouth, sweetheart," he was saying, "nor yet the cheese. I will be satisfied with the kisses."

And then he helped himself.

THE TREATING HABIT.

It Costs Its Victims Many a Dollar and Many a Pain.

Is it not a fact that men rarely spend in treating amounts that they would hesitate to give away no matter how deserving the charity? It is a trait of human character that comes through this all absorbing disposition to "hold your end up" when with a friend. Hundreds of men take thousands of drinks that they do not want, and other hundreds pay for thousands that are not desired.

"I've met, and one says: 'Mighty glad to see you. Let's have something.' Neither generally needs or even wants a drink. But the man who offers it takes to show that he is generous. He takes this method of proving that he is glad to meet his friend. The friend after he has taken the drink that he did not want, to prove that he, too, is a good fellow, insists upon a second round.

The German custom of entering a saloon, taking a drink and paying for it and for no others if adopted in America would prove a blessing. The American custom of treating is decidedly a curse. What we do for friendship's sake costs us many a dollar and many a pang.—Springfield Union.

Confederate Flags.

In March, 1861, the Confederate Congress adopted as the national emblem the "stars and bars." It was made up of three horizontal bars of red, white and red, with a blue union in the upper left hand corner, on which were displayed thirteen white stars in a circle, thus giving the historic red, white and blue, which tricolor appeared in all the succeeding changes.

The resemblance of this to the stars and stripes led to confusion, mistakes and loss of life at the battle of Manassas, and shortly after that action another flag was born to the Confederacy, in September, 1861.

The battle flag was then adopted. This, in the language of heraldry, was a red field charged with a blue saltire, with a narrow border of white, on which were displayed thirteen white stars—in other words, a blue St. Andrew's cross on a red ground. This was easily distinguishable and was never changed.

An Air Tight Fit.

Mrs. Jennings and her city cousin were exchanging news of their old school friends. "How about Lucy Morse?" asked the cousin. "Has she kept on growing fatter and fatter?"

"Well, all I'll say is this," said Mrs. Jennings. "Lucy Fall told me last year that when Lucy sent home from Nashua, where she was nursing her uncle, to have a silk waist made, Annie realized she hadn't got any measure, and then she remembered that the last time Lucy was there she stood up by the big air tight stove, and Annie remarked—to herself—the resemblance between 'em. And she took the measure of that air tight and cut in a mite for the waist line—'bout as much as a knife marks warm molasses candy—and made the waist accordingly, sent it on, and Lucy wrote back it was an elegant fit."—Youth's Companion.

Wall Street and Clothes.

The best dressed men in New York are the Wall streeters. There is one young member of the Stock Exchange who is famous for his clothes. He has a wardrobe in his private office and changes his suit three times a day—at 10, at noon and at 3 o'clock. A busy session on the floor will wreck any suit. Most of the brokers wear an old office coat in the shuffle and turmoil, and there is scarcely an active member but has an extra pair of trousers to put on after the close of business. Scores of little tailors in the financial district make a good living pressing trousers at 50 cents a pair.

The Spectroscope.

Originally the spectroscope was applied only to chemistry and in that limited field proved itself an invaluable aid in accurate analysis. By holding in a bunsen flame a platinum wire moistened by contact with the skin the presence of a few grains of salt swallowed a few minutes previously could be detected with the spectroscope. Indeed, so wonderfully refined is the work of the spectroscopic chemist that he can discover in a substance the presence of one three-millionth of a grain of metal.

His Artistic Sense.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkin, "you shouldn't let your artistic sense worry you so much."

"What do you mean?"

"I overheard you talking to that friend with whom you play cards. I know how much you appreciate harmony in form and color, but it is wrong to be so much annoyed because one heart got in with a few spades."—Washington Star.

A Sorry Finish.

Kadleigh—Your wife is always outspoken, isn't she?

Henpeck—Yes, but I try to be that way, too, sometimes.

Kadleigh—Really?

Henpeck—Yes, but whenever I venture to be outspoken it ends in my being outtalked.—Philadelphia Press.

# THE WILD ANGLERS

ANIMAL FISHERS THAT ARE QUICK, SURE, WARY AND SHY.

Chief Among Them Are the Heron, the Kingfisher, the Mink, the Water Snake and the Snapping Turtle—How They Land Their Prey.

"Any one who can suppress for a while his eagerness with the rod on a trout stream and summon patience to lie in wait and watch the ways of beasts and birds," said one who had evidently been able to do so, "will discover that he is not the only fisher in these waters. Chief among the other fishers are the heron, the kingfisher, the mink, the water snake and the snapping turtle.

"An angler passing down in a brook intent on his rod will rarely see any of these wild fishers at their work, for they are all wary and shy, perhaps with the exception of the water snake. No angler has ever fished between the elder skirted banks of any trout stream without discovering one or more of these reptiles—harmless except as to their voracious appetite for trout—twisted around some overhanging branch, watching for prey.

"One day while fishing in a Sullivan county brook I lay down in the shade of a maple to eat my lunch and smoke a pipe. While thus in quietude I saw a blue heron drop down on the edge of the brook only a rod or two away. After a few minutes of statueque watching the long legged bird darted its head down into the water, withdrew it with a large trout in its bill and flew away.

"No more than five minutes after the heron had disappeared a mink came swimming up the brook. In a pool nearly within my reach the mink dived. A moment later it appeared with a good half pound trout in its mouth.

"This expert fisher had scarcely gone its way when a harsh voiced kingfisher alighted on a dead limb overhanging the brook, and from where I lay. The bird was not long on the limb before down it went in the water and came up with a trout. I was trying to figure out what the probable drain on the trout population of the country might be from the inroads of these wild marauders when a water snake came gliding up the stream carrying a trout in its mouth that was big enough to talk about. Then I thought it was time for me to get to fishing again before these expert and persistent wild fishers had robbed me of my chance for sport.

"Heron, like snapping turtles, select the largest trout for their prey. They usually fish at the foot of some deep pool. Poised on one long, slender leg, the heron, as immovable as if it were carved from stone, waits patiently for these expert and persistent wild fishers had robbed me of my chance for sport.

"The mink fishes all winter long as well as in the summer months. In fact, it is during the icebound period that it is most destructive to trout.

"The kingfisher is not so certain in its aim as the heron, but one failure never discourages this winged marauder. It will resume its perch on the dead limb—an outlook it seems to prefer—settle down with its watchman's rattle cry and watch and dive until the prize is won.

"The kingfisher is no stickler for size in trout, but tries for the first that comes along. It is a greedy fisher, or rather, perhaps the family that it feeds has an insatiable appetite, for the bird has been known to return ten times to the same place within an hour and carry away a trout every time. A 'catch which it makes in that length of time the best of anglers nowadays would consider something to boast of."

"Water snakes, basking by the hundreds along every trout stream, fish with so much tact and cunning that they number their prey by thousands from the time they come out of their hibernating places, which is as soon as the weather begins to get warm, until the approach of winter drives them back into their holes.

"There is no knowing to how great a degree the trout retallate on the snakes for their victims, but that they do make reprisals is known to every angler, for many a big trout when dressed is found to have from one to three young water snakes in his stomach.

"It is fortunate not only for the trout, but for all kinds of brook, pond and river fishes, that the snapping turtle is of extremely slow growth and that its eggs are themselves the prey of birds, snakes, muskrats and various predatory things, for it is one of the deadliest foes to the finny tribe. Bulky and apparently clumsy as these formidable creatures are, they are so quick, wary and active when hunting a stream that no trout that is snapping turtle darts for ever escapes."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Plastered.

"Young man," said her father kindly, "you look a little bit nervous. How do you feel?"

"I feel flattered," replied the girl's lover, who had asked for the interview.

"I was afraid I looked scared to death."—Exchange.

Wisdom, Maybe.

"Isn't it funny?"

"Shut!"

"She's the head of a matrimonial agency, but an old maid."—Detroit Free Press.

# A PINCH OF SALT.

As Necessary in Our Daily Life as to Use Bread.

How could we get on without salt? In our daily food, as in our daily life, a little of it is necessary, and the absence of it takes away from the flavor of everything we eat. The "salt of life" which we hear about signifies the health, vigor and wit which we find in life. There was a time in countries far from the sea when primitive man never used salt in his food, and it was only when nations advanced in civilization that salt became an absolute necessity.

But it was not alone as food that salt was valued. Among the ancients a salt spring was regarded as a gift of the gods, and it was believed that any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar sanctity and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Every meal that included salt had a certain sacred character, creating a bond of piety and friendship between host and guest; hence the expression, "There is salt between us," meaning friendship, and to be "untrue to salt" means to be disloyal or ungrateful.

In the middle ages, when all classes and degrees sat at the same board, they were placed according to rank, above or below the great saltcellar, which always stood in the middle and marked the dividing social line. "Above the salt" meant "of high degree." Below the salt were the yeomen, serfs and vassals of the feudal days. A good description of this custom may be found in "Ivanhoe" where Cedric, the Saxon, entertains his vassals and friends.

A pinch of salt is always considered lucky in cooking. To take anything "with a pinch of salt" means to excuse or make allowances for it. A "salt" is a sailor. To salt one's conversation means to make it sparkle. Salt is always employed in a sense of benefit or strength.

The Bible has many references to salt, among them being "Ye are the salt of the earth," Matthew v, 13, and St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt."

Salt is used by Catholics in baptism. They consider it a symbol of wisdom and put a few grains in the mouth of the person baptized.

DON'T GET ANGRY.

Fire in the heart sends smoke in the head.—German Proverb.

An envious man waxes lean at the fatness of his neighbor.—Socrates.

One of the very best of all earthly possessions is self possession.—G. D. Prentice.

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than him.—Chinese Proverb.

The envious man pines in plenty, like Tantalus up to the chin in water and yet thirsty.—T. Adams.

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog coiled up in wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—E. P. Hood.

Lamentation is the only musician that always, like a screech owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry man.—Plutarch.

A man can easily be intoxicated with anger as with wine; both produce a temporary insanity, and during the paroxysm he should be avoided as a madman.—J. Bartlett.

Night Air.

One of the bugbears of old time people is night air, and there is little exaggeration in saying that the superstition against night air has killed more people than the free circulation of it has ever injured. There is abundance of proof that night air is injurious to no one. On the contrary, people who sleep outdoors under the mere protection of a tent are the healthiest of all people, and the practice has largely gained in popularity of late years under wider knowledge of hygiene for people in delicate health to go in camping parties and breathe the balsam of the night air. The vigor gained from a few weeks of such an outing is a marked proof that the old prejudice against night air is as foolish as most other old wives' whims.—Exchange.

Talent and Vocation.

Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to exertion. Exercise. He is like a ship in a river. He runs against obstructions on every side but one. On that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea. This talent and this call depend on his organization or mode in which the general soul incarnates itself in him.—Emerson.

Young Men and Maidens.

Life would become intolerable if girls could not be frank and unacquainted terms with men of their own age or some years their seniors. The idea that because two young people may have a great deal in common they must also be in love is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised, when a friendship does not lead to marriage.—John Oliver Hobbes in Pall Mall Magazine.

A Test of Refinement.

The truest test of refinement is a uniform regard for the welfare and interests and feelings of others. There is a refinement which is by education, but in each case the sure indications of refinement are the same. You can recognize the difference between those who have and those who lack refinement by their bearing in a crowd. Indeed this difference is easier perceived in a street car or in a market or in a thronged highway than in a drawing room. A person of true refinement takes up the less room and claims the less concession and is readier to yield position than an unrefined person. The way in which a man carries a cane or umbrella in a crowd settles the question in his case. And again the keeping of one's market basket in the way, or out of it, as at the busiest market hour, is an infallible test of the bearer's inner grain. And so in many other minor matters.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some enthusiastic Dundee anglers are about to convert a morose near town into an artificial loch thirty-three acres in extent so as to have Loch Leven trout near at home.

# A QUESTION OF BATHS.

How an Army Officer Evaded His Taxes With an Auditor.

"Auditors and comptrollers are the natural enemies of mankind," remarked an army officer, "but more particularly are they the enemies of an army officer. They take great delight in finding reasons why they should not advance an officer's accounts and take advantage of the least little technicality of any possible way of refusing to do so. Some time ago an officer to get a just claim that had been turned down by the auditor or comptroller was compelled to go to congress, and the printing bill for the account was four times as large as the amount in the first instance."

General Weston got the best of an auditor when he was in the Seventh cavalry, and this is the way he tells the story:

"I was on a horse board at Kansas City, and before a horse could be accepted he was sent a mile at a very fast clip to test his endurance. I observed that the men who were selling the horses had a rider who would take them behind a clump of trees where I could not see and shorten the distance. I decided to ride the horses myself, and I tried about twenty a day. I would get pretty well warmed up with that kind of work, and I went in afterward and took a bath. I charged up the bath each day in my expenses. But the account came back from the auditor with the indorsement:

"One bath a day is a luxury and not a necessity. One bath a week is enough."

"And I indorsed right under that, 'It may be enough for an auditor, but not for a cavalryman.'"—Washington Post.

The First Diamond at Kimberley.

It was not until the autumn of 1870 that the first diamond was found on the present site of Kimberley. There was a shallow, circular depression, known as Dutoitspan, on the edge of which a farmer named Van Wyk lived in a cabin plastered with mud. This had but no architectural pretensions, but, in its way, it went beyond the luxury of Fifth avenue, for the mud with which it was daubed was sprinkled with diamonds. One day Van Wyk's children prospected the plastering of their home and extracted several gems. The farmer and his friends began digging at the spot from which the mud had been taken, and found more diamonds.

Miners swarmed in, and a new camp, called Dorfontein, sprang up. In June of the next year the Kimberley mine proper—one of the four great deposits that form the present Kimberley group—yielded its first diamond.—Cosmopolitan.

When Reptiles Inhabited the Earth.

At different epochs during the time known as the secondary period the surface of the earth seems to have been so predominantly peopled with reptile life that it has been called "the age of reptiles." The huge iguanodonts stalked or leaped about in the woods of Sussex and Hampshire. Of these iguanodonts marvelously complete skeletons are to be seen (mounted in attitudes of life) in the Royal museum of Brussels—a sight in itself sufficient to induce a visit to that capital. Other smaller reptiles lived on the foliage of the then existing plants and were pursued and preyed upon by fell reptilian monsters of various kinds. The sea also swarmed with reptiles (ichthyosaurs) as aquatic as the whales and dolphins of our own day. And not only were the earth and seas thus peopled, but there were flying reptiles of different kinds and sizes, known as pterodactyls.

Blunderbus.

In using the word "blunderbus" we unconsciously imply a sense of disparagement for the shooting powers of our forefathers contracted with the precision of the modern rifle. The word itself has, however, a terrible enough meaning and dislends all connection with "blunder." "Blunderbus," in fact, as we have it, is a strange corruption—perhaps not altogether untended with the sense and sound of "blunder"—of the old Dutch word "donderbus," which can be literally translated into the English "thunder box" or "thunder barrel."

The Age of the Harp.

The harp, which was suggested by the lute, is ascribed to Jubal, 375 B. C., and was King David's favorite instrument. The harp was used by the Welsh and Saxons, and also by the ancient peoples of Ireland. One of the oldest harps in existence is in the Dublin College museum, and originally belonged to Brian Boroihme, king of Ireland.

Couldn't See the Application.

Dumley—She does quote some of the most inappropriate things at times.

Miss Wunder—What's her latest?

Dumley—I was telling her that I sometimes refrain from joining in a discussion for fear of making a fool of myself, and she said one could not "rain the lily or gild refined gold."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Reception.

"I think Daisy is going to announce her engagement to Dick tonight."

"Did she tell you she was?"

"No. But see how uncomfortable Dick looks."—Harper's Bazar.

An Optimist.

"He's an optimist."

"Yes. He thinks he gets handsome as he grows older."—Detroit Free Press.

Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling today on the profits of tomorrow.—Johnson.

Cranks.

Judge—Let us get this thing right. You say this man whom we are examining is not insane and yet he is not in his right mind. How is that?

Witness—Lots of people, your honor, who are not insane are wrong minded about everything.—Chicago Tribune.