

ODDS AND ENDS.

A BACHELOR'S THOUGHTS.

What He Thinks He Knows About Men and Women.

A woman can never understand why ideal love is so rare when ideal women are so common.

Some women go without saying. Most of them, however, say without going—at least not till long afterward.

A girl never really cares much for a man till she takes to running to the window to watch him when he goes.

If a man turned over a new leaf every time his wife wanted him to, there wouldn't be anything left of him but the covers.

If the minister were to say he was going to throw a hymnbook at the richest woman there, every woman in church would duck under the pew.

It would probably always be a mystery whether a woman would rather wear something that nobody is wearing or something that everybody is wearing.

Style to a woman means whether you have to wear clothes that are too big to look well or only too small to feel comfortable.

No man ever really has any doubt that the girl he is in love with will marry him, but most men pretend they have because it always tickles the girl.

Even when a girl has fixed a sprig of mistletoe in her hair so it will look like it fell off the chandelier she will pretend to fight against it.

All women believe in their hearts that woman is the superior of man, but very few of them care to brag much about it till after they get married.

When a man gets tired of a girl, he has to stand it; when a girl gets tired of a man, she only has to ask him to carry a few of her little bundles.

Up to the time he is 25 the average man wonders how soon he will want to get married; after he gets to be 30 he wonders how long he will be able to stave it off.—New York Press.

LITTLE JIMMIE'S ESSAY.

The Subject Was "Heart," and He Did It More Than Justice.

Hearts is located in our insides in the region of your stomachs. The faculty says they works like pumps, which is the millman's best friend. The heart is a very important organ, but it don't make no music.

My brother, which is a polck, says, "What harmny when two hearts beats like 1." I wish pop wood take a lesson from 2 hearts. He beats like 00.

Pop told me once his heart was born in the old town where he was back, but I am afraid he is a lya, becos when Kate was married he said, "My heart is 2 full 2 say much," and he didn't get no telehone from his birthplace. Bymbye he fell under the tubal and some von sarkistically remarked that it was very fall.

King Richard had a lying heart but I have got a busted heart which is worse. Dere reader ain't a girl heartless to give me the shink becuz my hars is red! Can I avert the dekreases of the fatos which has got a cinch on mortals?

I am a cynick now, which means every one is a fool but me.

The heart is connected with the leg. becos when a feller gets his leg pulled no generally has a heartake. But a heart-ake can't hold a candle to a stomachick ache for pain. This is a heartrending topik. I have not the heart to continue this assay.—Jimmie in San Francisco Examiner.

AN ADONIS OF EGYPT.

NENKHEFTA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.

His Mummy Found in a Cemetery Near the City of El Kab—"The Sun Sailed Upon Him," but He Died Like Other Mortals—Wife and Son in Tomb With Him.

The Adonis of Egypt 5,400 years ago is again among men. Not as he was when women bowed before him and his every gesture was looked upon almost as if it were that of a god, but swathed in the habiliments of the regulation mummy. Centuries before imperial Caesar died and turned to clay this man ruled the dwellers on 250,000 acres with a rod of iron. The women adored him for his beauty. The men feared and respected him for his wisdom.

Near the city of El Kab, which is situated 75 miles north of the present site of Cairo, there lies an ancient cemetery so old that even the men to whom the papyrus scrolls are unable to read the waters of the Nile are unable to say when it was first devoted to the purpose of housing the mortal remains of the old Egyptians. The archaeologist has long found it a fruitful field for research, and many a mummy that today is gazed on in the museums with round eyed wonder was undisturbed here for thousands of years.

It so happened that a short time ago persons prospecting for new fields in a hill in the cemetery described discovered a little pit which apparently had never been made the subject of investigation. Excavation brought to light the fact that it was not only something new, but from the archaeological standpoint one of the most important finds in a very long time. The pit was the entrance to a solid chamber of rock containing a number of stone coffins and sarcophagi. Besides these there lay upon the floor of the chamber a number of various contents showed that one of the sarcophagi contained the mummy of Nenkhefta, and the roll of papyrus and the inscriptions on the sarcophagus both gave the information that these were the mortal remains of "the most beautiful man in Egypt and probably the world."

When the wrappings of the mummy of this ancient Adonis were unfolded, there was nothing to indicate that the remains were those of a man of any beauty whatsoever. The grinning skeleton looked exactly like those of today. The only odd fact was that the shape of the skull, the hands and the feet were, while unmistakably Egyptian, of more classic mold than those of most mummies. The formation of the skull also indicated that the owner when alive possessed great mental development, thus justifying the pleasant things which were said about him in the perfectly preserved roll of ancient manuscript which recited his history.

Some of the archaeologists here were at first inclined to doubt the accuracy of the claims made regarding this find, but investigation showed that there was no cause for doubt whatever. It would have been impossible to perpetuate a fraud of this sort. The papyrus roll, which told the history of Nenkhefta, set forth that his domain extended over 43 miles of the banks of the Nile. His residence was ten miles from the village where he lived here that title. "Great were his flocks, oh ruler of rulers," says the manuscript. "None was so wise. None was so beloved. The sun smiled on him when he journeyed abroad, and when he looked with displeasure a sorrow as of death came upon him who had caused it. He was to his people what the waters of the Nile are to Egypt. Great is his name. No man who lives was so beautiful. There is none to take his place."

Perhaps there was a touch of oriental extravagance in this, but among the statues found on the floor of the chamber was one which unquestionably was intended to represent Nenkhefta. This was evidence sufficient that the inscription must not have been without cause. According to the standard of beauty which existed in Egypt in those days, Nenkhefta was certainly an Adonis. While in sculpture the ancient Egyptian was not equal to the genius of today he was a man of much skill, and there is no reason to doubt that the statue is a fairly faithful representation of "the most beautiful man in Egypt."

The tomb of Nenkhefta were also the mummy of his wife and little son. It would appear from the information contained in the papyrus that this old time Egyptian was content with one wife, something of a rarity in those days. He was evidently an exception to all rules, however, and this probably accounts for the presence of the mummies of his wife and son in his tomb. It is believed that if he had had more than one wife there would be some evidence in the form of inscription or otherwise to indicate that this was his favorite wife and the mother of his son. It is held that this must have been his only son from the statement on the papyrus scroll. "There is none to take his place."

Nenkhefta's wife was named Nylephtha. This is the inscription on her sarcophagus. "Nylephtha, the Queen of Nenkhefta, Greatest of Rulers." Nothing is said as to whether or not she was beautiful, as it is plainly evident that the effulgence of Nenkhefta was such that any womanly charm in his family was practically lost sight of.—Washington Post.

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST No Gripe

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work is Widely Known—He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, and sometimes conducting a series of gospel tent meetings independently. He is a well known laborer for the good of his fellow-men. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and stabbing. It rendered him almost unable to get on his feet, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was wise conducting service he attended him, but doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Yonge Street Church, Toronto; the Baptist Church, Woodstock, N. B.; the Methodist Church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 2,500 people in the Franklin Street Congregational Church, at Manchester, N. H. Five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great doctor of time under treatment by any one doctor because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1896, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall Street Methodist Church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all gone now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health to-day than I do." At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21st, from Fitchburg, Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says: "I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes, a lifetime of good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

Hood's Pills

And the Various Kinds of Skatons. Abide Therein.

Every family has its skatons. We know that, of course, anatomical systems, neatly put together and away in a secure cupboard, and only family members have the skeleton key, probably. Only when the family is alone, with no visitors about, does it go to the door cautiously, unlocks it and brings the bony creature forth. The family knows its own total, but outsiders are supposed to know its ignorance of its existence, and they are wiser than people think they are, and of course they always are—a point of politeness to pretend to be blind and deaf.

Of how many kinds are family skeletons? The Joneses possessed an antique Jones cupboard, or, in other words, even hint at the subject of hereditary insanity in their presence, without the skeleton audibly knocking at the door. You can't mention Turkish turning out Browns without their jaws snapping and falling; you can't think of a drink statistics from the cheerful subject of conversation at the Robinsons table you observe with wonder that the family grow uncomfortable as they write in their chairs. You haven't the faintest notion why, but the skeletons has.

I met a man once at a dinner party who was perfectly sane on one point of earth but one, and on that he was the opposite. He could talk about politics, science, art, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but if by any chance the conversation touched on dueling he went straight off his head and then:

Dueling was the skeleton in his cupboard, and the reason was this: he was not to be engaged upon one day in every year he shut himself up in his house and was not seen by mortal eye. That was the one day when his skeleton came out and stalked about.

Many people have what seems to the general public a harmless enough skull, but it is real and ghastly to themselves. It is of humble origin. It is prising the pains people will take to conceal that their grandfathers were poor, but honest, the lies they will tell (which only proves that the grandfathers' qualities have not descended in the direct line) and the meanness they will indulge in, in the pitiable effort to hide the fact that two generations ago they kept a small greengrocer's shop or were plumb and powder. After all, the longer you live the more certain it is to contain none of these things.

If all the world were not descended from the same "grand old garden," there might be more commiseration in trying to forget honest toil.—English Exchange.

NOTHING MORE.

Place me beneath the apple trees In pleasant summer weather, Where zephyrs come and wild bees hum And phloxes bloom together.

Give me my favorite book to read, My Tennyson or Browning, A whiff of the forlorn little book, The summer's fragrance crowning.

My children's voices let me hear That on the lawn are playing And joining in the merry song, The bounding colts playing.

Let me behold the blue above, Let ships on dreary seas, No more let me be parted, But only joys like these.

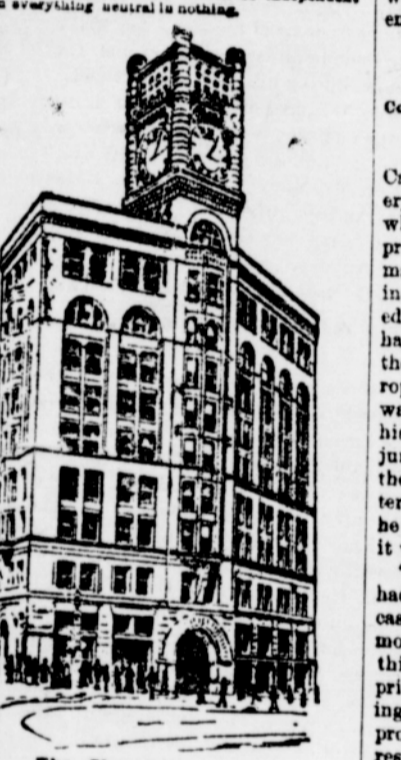
—T. P. Johnston in Chambers' Journal.

THE LEADING PAPER OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PACIFIC COAST CHRONICLE

The Chronicle ranks with the greatest newspapers in the United States.

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M. H. de YOUNG, Proprietor & F. Chronicle, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Loophole.

Mr. Goodheart—Regarding those kittens, my dear, the president of our society says the most humane way to drown kittens is to put them in an ordinary earthenware flowerpot and suddenly turn the flowerpot upside down in a pail of lukewarm water.

Mr. Goodheart—Why, yes, that is a good idea, isn't it? Because, you know, there is a hole in the bottom of the flowerpot for the poor little things to breathe through.—London Fun.

It is said that Australian shepherds can forecast the weather from the condition of the wool on the backs of their sheep. An increase in the coarseness indicates better weather.

HER SUGGESTION.

It was at a Jefferson Avenue residence, and the young man in the case had been going often and staying late until the maiden fair felt the monotony of it. Last Thursday evening about 11 o'clock the conversation dragged so that it almost pulled the carpet out by the tacks, and for a minute or two he sat in cogitative mood, with his hand to his forehead.

"I was just trying to remember something," he explained.

"Yes?" she replied.

"I had something pleasant to tell you."

"Ah, what was it?" and she brightened a bit.

"Um—um, let me see," he said, rubbing his head. "I can't just think what it was."

The light faded out of her face, then it came again.

"Perhaps it was 'good night,'" she suggested quietly.

He looked at her for a full minute; looked at her as if she had said something by mistake, looked at her as if she might have an explanatory remark or two to add, but she never flinched. Then he got up and went away, and he never came back.—Detroit Free Press.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

Editor of The Eagle—All The Eagle has ever said about you, Major Gore, has been in a political way.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I was under the impression that you had been attacking my character."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE REAL SUFFERER.

"Is it so bad as that—pinch as you may, you will have hard work to make both ends meet?"

Dusht—I don't mind it so far as I am personally concerned, but it will be terribly hard for my valet to have to put up with domestic cigars after the prime havanas has been used to.—Boston Transcript.

THE PROBABLE REASON.

"I wonder why people so like to wear squeaky shoes to church," said the nervous boarder.

"Perhaps," said Asbury Peppers, "they do so to call the pastor's attention to their shoes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CONSOLATION.

"I get tired writing jokes day after day," said the amateur humorist.

"Don't you care," replied his friend, consolingly. "Think how tired the people are who read them!"—Philadelphia North American.

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

"It is when the man and woman in a novel get married, of course."—Detroit Free Press.

CHAIRMAN.

Yatsley—Think you'll get a chainless wheel?

Mudge—I find it, it will be at the cost of wearing a watchless chain.—Indianapolis Journal.

A PERTINENT QUERY.

Miss Elderly—How can I cure myself of constantly blushing?

Miss Pert—Did you ever try soap and water?—New York Journal.

HIS TACT.

He (at dinner to his young wife)—My dear, I'm afraid your cookbook must have some misprints in it.—Fleegendo Blatter.

CAMBIAN.

The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all had fled—his anxious eyes and stater trembled.

For, having the deck was hot enough to bake a turkey, brown.

And having unrolled pantaloons, he awoke from sitting down.

—Denver Post.

THE WATCH IS A WONDER.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 3,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.

Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-100 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound and a pound is worth \$1,985.

The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9 1/2 inches long, 1-100 thick wide, 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now it is generally known.

The strip is gauged to 20-100 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-100 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A comparison made up into hairsprings which in watches is worth more than 1 1/2 times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hairspring wire weighs 1-20 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about 1 1/2 times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with 8 foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions as does a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to 28 complete circuits of the earth.

All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every 24 hours.—Jeweler's Review.

\$2,500 JOB AND NO TEARS TO BEAD.

John P. Green, an Ohio politician of some note, not long ago was appointed to a fairly good place in one of the departments at Washington. At home Green is a criminal lawyer and is the feelings of the jury. He weeps natural tears at the right time, reads his hair and does other things which successful lawyers do. His department position pays \$2,500 a year. Green told his Ohio friends that he earned as much at home from his practice. They thought he ought to have had something better.

"Of course I ought," said Green, "and I hope to get something better, but let me tell you this, the \$2,500 I get now comes a good deal easier than the \$2,500 I earned at home. I tell you, this thing of shedding tears and tearing your hair here a jury is no easy business. It will keep at it much longer, it would surely break down my constitution. You don't know what it means to me to get that \$2,500 without tears. Between \$3,500 with tears as a practicing member of the bar and \$2,500 without tears in the employ of the government I choose the latter every time."—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

DURABILITY OF IVORY.

The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls which have been used for the sake of curiosity had been made of very well preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousands of years old were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory.

THE SUPREME COURT.

The judges of the United States courts have, with rare exceptions, been men of excellent legal ability and of high character." writes ex-President Harrison in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"The bar has sometimes complained that judges were arbitrary and not altogether respectful in their treatment of the members of the bar as they ought to be. Perhaps there has been some complaints, but the cases have been few. Manifestations of rudeness and passion are inexcusable in a judge. He should be patient and even tempered, for in the case is sure to go his way in his own court. And, on the other hand, the bar should always give its powerful aid to support the influence of the courts, for the judicial department is the keystone of our government and assaults upon it threaten the whole structure of the stately arch."

THEY ARE FRIENDS.

Helen—I wonder why Kate doesn't mind her own business.

Mattie—She hasn't any.

Helen—Business?

Mattie—No; mind.—Chicago News.

OLIVE SHAPED BOTTOMS COVERED WITH GILT.

A drawing master who had been working a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil ended by saying: "If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw."

"The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eyes, looked up to his teacher's face and quietly said: "Your neck, sir."—Pick Me Up.

CYCLING AND ASTHMA.

A London Physician Says the Former Will Cure the Latter.

Dr. Marcot of London recommends bicycle riding as a remedy for asthma. Here is what he says about it in a letter to The Medical Record: "Asthma is a form of mountain sickness and it that distressing affection of high altitudes can be cured by training for the exercise of climbing, why should not asthma also yield to the training of the respiratory movements needed to carry the tidal air through the lungs? Of all means of training respiration I think cycling is the best. When a person first takes a cycling exercise, it will be found, especially on going up hill, that the breath is wanting, the heart beats uncomfortably and the legs tire, but after training these discomforts disappear, nothing will be thought of ascending hills, the heart has become perfectly comfortable, all breathlessness has disappeared and the legs will no longer feel any fatigue."

"Cycling exercise, first of all, increases the depth of breathing, and that without fatigue, as the respiratory movements are automatic. At the same time it will accustom the rider instinctively to take in at each respiration the volume of air required to aerate the blood. Persons who do not care for cycling out of doors can take the same kind of exercise at home by means of a dummy cycle, consisting of an iron wheel driven by pedals, the resistance of the wheel being so contrived as to simulate bicycle riding. A strap carried partly around the rim of the wheel can be tightened at will by the rider, thus increasing the labor and recalling the effort of riding up hill. My experience of the results of this treatment is unfortunately limited to only one person. In this case it has proved eminently successful. This person took to bicycle riding three years ago for pleasure and in very great moderation for the first two years. He observed that the attacks of asthma to which he was subject became fewer. The tightness and wheezing which occurred every night have now entirely disappeared."

NO MACKINTOSH.

Contrary Effects of the Absence of One on a Friend of Colonel Calliper.

"I knew a man once," said Colonel Calliper, "a young man who had everything that heart could wish for who notwithstanding that fact was a pretty sane and sensible sort of young man, but who nevertheless did at times in his younger days before he had learned the philosophy of life occasionally have periods of depression. In one of these on his way home once from Europe wasn't worth living, and he made up his mind to end all right there by jumping overboard. As he looked over the rail and realized how vast the water was and how much there was of it he knew that he ought not to go out in it without a mackintosh."

"Going below, he discovered that he had neglected to bring one. On this occasion of all others when he wanted one most he had none. But he couldn't think of encountering the wet inappropriately clad, and so he deferred jumping overboard until he could do so in proper form. Next morning, with the resiliency of youth, he was feeling better, and he arrived in New York buoyant and hopeful as ever."

"And, curiously enough, while in other respects he remained as punctilious as ever about his dress, he never after that wore a mackintosh, and he went out in all sorts of weather without hesitation. It was his carelessness in this regard that led finally to his death. Out without a mackintosh in a heavy rain at the age of 97, he caught a cold that settled on his lungs, developed into pneumonia and carried him off, and so it may be said of my friend that he owed his long life and his death to the same cause."—New York Sun.

IN LONDON'S SLUMS.

A Rather Rough Experience That Taught an Artist a Lesson.

An artist who is well known in a northern city used occasionally to put on his shabbiest clothes and penetrate to the slums in search of inspiration for his brush. On one of these excursions he stopped to watch the efforts of a ragged urchin who was disfiguring the pavement of a squalid street with a piece of soft blue stone, and, although the figures which the lad drew were grotesque, the artist was struck with their originality and began to take an interest in their development.

"That's right, my boy! Make your lines clear and never mind the details. Champ! What! You don't know how to sketch that old man's head? Then give me the chalk. I'll show you."

The next moment the enthusiastic artist was on his knees, and with the piece of stone had quickly drawn a clever picture. Before he could commence another sketch, however, he felt a stunning blow on the head, and a shrill female voice cried:

"Take ye bloomin' hook, ye great good for nothin' hulk! What's 'ye mean by messin' up 'fags 'at I've doct' out when a senseless old idiot like yourself 'em 'example. Be off, or I'll scar 'f pavement 'yer yer carcass."

The artist hurriedly dodged another blow, sprang to his feet, and, without waiting to argue the matter, sneaked ignominiously off. He vows that he will mind his own business when next he goes slumming.—London Telegraph.

WHY DOESN'T THE BOILER BURST?

What a tremendous force is struggling to tear a boiler to atoms! Take, for example, a horizontal tubular boiler of ordinary proportions, 60 inches in diameter by 16 feet long, containing eighty-three 1 inch tubes. Such a boiler has a surface area of 40,716 square inches.

Suppose this boiler is operated with a working pressure of 100 pounds per square inch, which is not at all uncommon. The boiler therefore sustains a total pressure of 4,071,600 pounds, or more than 2,035 tons.

Do we realize what this means! The boiler has resting upon it the equivalent of a column of granite 10 feet square and 25.4 feet high, or, to put it another way, the boiler is holding up the equivalent weight of 22,371 persons, each weighing 182 pounds.

The best authorities agree that the ordinary draft horse, working eight hours a day, exerts an average force during that time of 130 pounds.

Now, this force acting to disrupt the boiler longitudinally is 226,200 pounds, so that to produce an equivalent stress it would be necessary to hitch up to the ends of the boiler two teams of 1,855 horses altogether.—Strand Magazine.

THEY ARE FRIENDS.

Helen—I wonder why Kate doesn't mind her own business.

Mattie—She hasn't any.

Helen—Business?

Mattie—No; mind.—Chicago News.

SIGNIFICANT.

A drawing master who had been working a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil ended by saying: "If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw."

"The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eyes, looked up to his teacher's face and quietly said: "Your neck, sir."—Pick Me Up.



"Abraham Lincoln, what's dat cooky?"

"I dunno. Uncle Mose said dar was a cakewalk yest'day evening, and maybe it hain't got back yet."—Century.

Revenge by Proxy.

"Yes, an we went out to the fair, an I throwed balls at the dolls, an one of them looked just like that minister what asked me if I was sure I tried to be a good boy."

"Did you hit him?"

"You bet. I swatted him every time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Weather and Crime.

Rivers—Every notice that there is less highway robbery when the sidewalks are covered with snow and ice?

Broads—No. Any reason for it?

Rivers—Yes. It's all the footpads can do to hold themselves up.—Chicago Tribune.

Psychology.

"I don't believe it's possible for two people to think of the same thing in one moment."

"You wait until you owe your tailor a bill and meet him in the street."—Pick Me Up.

Kind Sympathy.

The Fierce One—I do wish the Lord had made me a man.

The Gentle One—Perhaps he has, Amelia, dear, but you haven't been able to find him yet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wanted to Know.

Pastor—Come out to church tomorrow. I feel sure you will enjoy the sermon.

Friend—Who is going to preach?—Harlem Life.

A Youthful Baseball Crank.

Clergyman—Yes, my young friends, it rained 40 days and 40 nights.

Small Boy—When did they play off their postponed games?—New York Journal.

In Love With All.

"I'm mighty fond o' summer, an spring'll sorter do."

As autumn is aummer, but I like the winter too.

Chilly winds a swoopin leaf leaves that fall, In wint'ime or roopin—just in love with all!

Spring an summer find me ting'rin mighty late, Waitin for the kisses o' the sweetheart at the gate.

But when the winter whistles, I hear the d-die's sound,

As I'm missin' up in the music, an I'm swingin' in her arms!

Thing that makes me happy—mighty happy, say an mid mornin', is just for know I'm Evie an the world's a-rollin' right.

Course, the summer's better than the winter's drivin' about,

But both air live, an livin in this world's an ammos sweet!

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.