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"Sammy Snaggs," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?'"

"Noun," replied Sammy.

"What gender?"

"Masculine gender."

"Indeed?"

"Yes'm. If it was feminine, it would be femalediction."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Illiterates.

"I suppose you took in the Bowery when you were in New York and listened to the delightful Chimmie Fadden dialect?"

"I did, but I didn't hear any of the dialect. I don't believe the illiterate creatures have read the book at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perseverance Always Wins.

Smith—After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.

Brown—Are you sure of it?

Smith—Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.—Chicago News.

Sympathy.

"I'm really sorry for Ploddin," remarked young Mr. Happigo.

"Why?" inquired the friend.

"I asked him to lend me $10, and he only had 75 cents. I can't help feeling sorry for a man who only has 75 cents."—Washington Star.

BALLADE OF A CITY BOWER.

If bosky dells with brown and silver brooks
Pipes numberless perennially shrill,
For publishment betimes in sightly books
Songs breathing righteous praise of bough and rill,
These are fair spots, but here God's gracious will,
A stone's throw from the city's heart and din
Gives me as fair—let me deserve it still—
My upper window where the elm looks in.

They love dark things who celebrate the rooks
That build in woody places mirk and chill.
My neighbor, too, misled, on sturdy hooks
A painted cage hangs from his window sill
And hears not in its captive's ev'ry trill
Fleas for the liberty he may not win.
Those are free, lusty thrasts with tune that fill
My upper windows where the elm looks in.

A glist'ring, turquoise bay it overlooks,
My pleasant bower, and a gentle hill
Gilt with wild mustard blossoms. There are nooks
Beyond them doubtless which a little skill
In ballad making must misprize. To thrill
The world with perfect lays let them begin
Who can. This theme befits an humbler quill—
My upper window where the elm looks in.

When day is over at the rumbling mill
And slipped the gyves of office discipline,
Here is an exorcist for ev'ry ill—
My upper window where the elm looks in.
—Edward W. Barnard in Lotus.

THEATRICAL RECEIPTS.

Charles Reade Wondered Why They Were So Large In America.

"Edwin Booth In London" is the title of an article in The Century by E. H. House. Mr. House tells of an interesting meeting between Booth and Charles Reade and reports the following conversation relating to the appearance of Booth and Irving together:

"Is it true that the prices will be changed?"

"Doubled, I believe. Irving says they must be. That is one of the risks I speak of, but he is full of confidence. He does it more for my sake than anything else."

"Then I hope it will turn out well. What are the indications?"

"Very good, I hear. I cannot judge myself. The conditions are all different from what I am used to."

"I understand. We are too slow—and thrifty, I suspect—to run the swift American pace. Yet I can't see why there should be such an amazing difference in your theatrical business and ours. The stories we hear of New York profits sound fabulous. I should say they were fabulous if I had not seen the returns of Wallack's when one of my plays was produced there. A hundred pounds a night is nothing to you, it seems."

"Two or three hundred would not stagger us," said Booth, smiling, "nor four or five for a very great and special attraction. For several years the prosperous houses in New York considered $1,000 a fair average the year round. 'Stars' traveling through the country, for whom the regular prices were raised, could sometimes draw much more."

"Were you at all prepared for the lower receipts here?"

"Not really prepared. I was told what to expect, but paid no attention. Clarke said I should get nothing at the Princess', but I did not take his 'nothing' literally. I thought I might count upon $1,000 a month at the very worst. He was right, however."

"I can't make it out," said Reade. "Your theaters are not larger than ours, and the prices of tickets are about the same, yet I see the Adelphi or the St. James' packed, without about one-half the result that Wallack's shows. It beats my arithmetic. You can't get more people into a place than it will hold."

"We do that, too, sometimes," laughed Booth, "but, as I say, you must come and find out all about it for yourself, Mr. Reade. Your audiences will be larger than the halls can hold, so you can study the problem under the best conditions."

"No, no. You tempt me to my destruction." But the compliment greatly pleased the author, who liked to hear such things said, though he affected a lofty indifference to praise.

Scolding Under Difficulties.

At a church gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a cup of coffee to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops on his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return.

One of the guests who had noticed this little byplay slyly slipped out a bit of paper and penciling something on it handed it to a friend.

This is what the latter read:

"No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return:

"Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Married Women Teachers.

Of all the causes now tending to keep women out of matrimony one that is very effective is the discrimination against married women teachers in the public schools. Maiden, Mass., is the latest to declare that the marriage of a public school teacher shall be regarded as a resignation of her office. Mark the pronoun "her." No such discrimination is made against man.—Woman's Tribune.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

The Roman houses and palaces were so imperfectly lighted that in many living rooms the inmates were forced to depend on lamps by day as well as by night.

THE APES MUTINIED.

ON A VOYAGE FROM AFRICA THEY CAPTURED THE SHIP.

Drove All the Crew Excepting the Captain Into the Rigging—The Exception Was Fatal to Their Plans, if They Had Any—A Useful Bunch of Bananas.

"I have had some strange crews in my experience," said old Captain Benson, "but the funniest kind of a ship's company that I ever sailed with was one of big African apes, and it happened in this way:

"It was during that period of the lifetime of the great showman P. T. Barnum, when he had his museum on lower Broadway in New York city, that my vessel was chartered by him to go out to Africa and to bring back a cargo of wild animals that his agents in that country had collected. We had three big and two baby elephants in the hold, also a rhinoceros and a giraffe, while in wooden houses on deck we carried several zebras, a number of antelope and deer, also ten huge apes as large as men and looking in the face exactly like the cartoons of the Emerald Isle natives found in the humorous papers. The apes were very intelligent and were capable of being taught many amusing tricks.

"On our voyage home I had occasion a number of times to advise the officers and men against teasing these creatures, telling them that they were known to possess a good memory and were revengeful and would surely make it a point to get even with their tormentors at the first opportunity, but as the heavy wooden bars divided them from the hairy faces that scowled at their funmaking they felt safe enough to give no heed to my warnings. The mates and sailors took good care, however, to pass at a safe distance from the cage in going about their work, for on two or three occasions the alert occupants had been known to suddenly thrust forth a long muscular arm and grip the unwary seaman in such a savage way as to elicit a howl of pain on Jack's part. I could go among them without the slightest fear and several times entered their cage for the purpose of caring for a sickly little baby ape that had been born just after leaving Africa, and for which the ocean voyage subsequently proved too heroic, as it died before we reached New York.

"One morning the crew were all aloft on the yards furling sail, for it was blowing strong and the ship had been obliged to reduce her spread of canvas. I had taken the wheel, and the two mates were going from mast to mast helping the work along by hauling upon the gear as it was required. The apes had been fed a short time before, and it must have been that I had carelessly fastened the bar that secured the cage door, for while I was looking aloft I heard a startled yell from my two officers, and the next moment they were climbing up the rigging like monkeys themselves, while the crowd of apes came leaping aft in pursuit of them.

"Then the funniest scene that I ever witnessed was presented. Six of the apes took stations at the foot of the shrouds, so that each mast was guarded on both sides, and the other four mounted the shrouds with all the agility of sailors and sought to reach the men. The apes followed the men as they mounted higher and higher to escape; then, when the latter could climb no farther, they would grasp a stay that led to some place of temporary safety and slide down it, sometimes going from one spar to another in this way. For nearly an hour this impromptu exhibition continued, and during all this time the sentries on deck hopped about in excitement, uttering guttural yelps, which I have no doubt were cries of encouragement and advice to their friends aloft.

"At last the big monkeys gave up the chase and came down on deck, where they joined the others, and all sat on their haunches, gazing up at the crew, occasionally showing their rows of wicked looking teeth, as much as to say: 'All right, my fine fellows. You stay where you are if you know what's good for your health.'

"I had been thinking out a plan to recover possession of my ship, and now put it in execution. Apes are very fond of bananas, and in my room I had a fine bunch that had been green when placed on board, but which had ripened perfectly since that time. It gave me something of a heart spasm to part with them, but I considered that if the scheme worked the sacrifice would not be a great one. So I lashed the wheel to keep the ship steady, then brought the fruit from below, carried it forward in full view of the apes and placed it within their cage, standing beside the door and carelessly eating a banana that I had broken from the bunch.

"The apes crowded inside and fell to work on those bananas as though it was an eating match, with a prize for the one that consumed the greatest number in a given time. I slammed the door to and fastened it upon my mutineers, and you may be assured that for the remainder of that voyage the security of that gate was carefully looked after."—Harper's Round Table.

A Reflection.

"The deaf and dumb wonder is awfully ill tempered today," twittered the albino, by way of opening the conversation.

"What for?" inquired the dog faced man.

"Some visitor," continued the albino, "wrote on his slate that his photograph was a speaking likeness. Mad? Say!"—New York Post.

The tower of Babel at Babylon was composed of eight square towers, one upon the other, the pile being 660 feet high. Babylon was a square, 15 miles on each side, the walls being 87 feet thick and 370 feet high.

FOREST MONSTERS.

Some of the Giant Trees That Are Found In California.

In the national parks and forest preserves of California the big trees are by far the most interesting and greatest natural features. There are two varieties—namely, Sequoia sempervirens, ordinarily known as the redwood, the tree which has furnished most of the redwood lumber of commerce, and the Sequoia gigantea, from which a comparatively small amount of similar lumber has also been made. The former is the smaller variety and grows on the foothills along the coast. The latter attains a considerably larger growth, in, more strictly speaking, the "big tree" of California, and is seldom found at a lower altitude than 5,000 feet.

Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevadas from north to south are many distinct and separate groups or groves of Sequoia gigantea. These are generally known by names significant of locality, as, for instance, "Calaveras," "Tuolumne," "Mariposa" and "Fresno," names of the counties in which the groves so called are situated. The Tuolumne grove is in the Yosemite park, and the Mariposa near by. This latter is the one most frequently visited by tourists and contains the "Wawona"—a tree with a hole burned in its base, through which the stage road runs and four horse stages are driven without difficulty—and the "Grizzly Giant," one of the largest trees in the world.

The stately grandeur of these enormous and lofty trees is so impressive that it seems quite fit and natural that some of the larger ones should have been individualized and honored with distinguished titles. Nearly every state in the Union and every distinguished general of the civil war has a namesake among them. The "General Grant," in the General Grant park, and the "General Sheridan" of the "Giant forest" (situated in the Sequoia park) are individuals of the largest size. It is difficult to determine just which of the big trees is the largest, but these two and the "Grizzly Giant"—the gnarly base of any one of which will exceed 30 feet in diameter—are probably the biggest trees yet discovered.

The trees often grow in such inaccessible mountain retreats that some of the territory covered by them has never yet been thoroughly and systematically explored. Outside the lands reserved by the government a California lumber company owns several thousand acres of these trees—enough to last 40 years, cutting many millions of feet per year.—Harper's Weekly.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Showing What a Shotgun Can Do In a Load of Hay.

"What was the most exciting experience I ever had?" repeated Clarence Haight at the Olympic Gun club. "I think it occurred last summer, when I was hunting doves up in Sonoma county. Now, shooting doves is not particularly exciting or perilous, but this was one of the hottest experiences I ever had.

"I had been traveling all day with a big bag, and was pretty well tired out when I struck the country road and started for home. It was a good four miles' walk, and I was pretty well pleased to see a big wagon load of hay approaching. The rancher gave me permission to ride, so I scrambled up on top, lay down on the sweet, new mown hay and went swaying and swinging down the road. I was just dozing off when bang! went my shotgun. I had forgotten to take the cartridges out of it, and something had pressed the trigger. The horses gave a jump, and the driver rolled off into the ditch.

"Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to escape. The horses were tearing along the road as hard as they could run, but I clambered for the side of the load and slid for the road. The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp standard, and there I hung to the carcening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn of the road.

"The fire was crackling and burning fiercely, and already I could feel the flames. Still the horses ran, and still my coat held me fast to that seething mass of flames. My trousers commenced getting hot, and then I found my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my pockets commenced exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my doves broiling.

"I had just made up my mind that all was over, when the tail of my coat burned off and I was thrown into a ditch full of water beside the road. I did not stop to see what became of the hay and the horses, nor of the rancher, but cut straight across that field for home. That, gentlemen, was the most thrilling experience of my life."—New York Press.

Swindled.

First Street Loafer—It's a shame, Bill, to think that any one would swindle a poor hard working man in that way.

Second Street Loafer—Why, what's your trouble?

First Street Loafer—Here I worked hard for half a day painting up a sparrow into a redheaded Belgian canary, and I am blowed if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a bad half crown for it.—London Spare Moments.

The town in England best provided with places of worship is the ancient one of Rochdale, where there are 145 churches and chapels. Fifty belong to the church of England and 95 to the nonconformists. The church of England accommodates 24,449 and the nonconformists 61,850 persons in sittings.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richter.

"LOVIN 'LIZA ELLEN."

Well, I hev hed th' mumps an itch
An fever'n ager'n grip an sich,
An onst or twice a felon,
But nuthin quite kerflummuxed me
So's my anat'my wouldn't goo,
Like lovin 'Liza Ellen.

Ta' symptoms kept a-foolin 'bout
A right smart while an then broke out
Immense one night at spellin.
For months—well, I jest lost myself,
Put everything up on th' shelf,
'Cept love an 'Liza Ellen.

My head jest whizzed! I couldn't sleep
At nights. My idees spread like sheep
You've seen without a bell un.
Fanrammers warn't a circumstance
To how her face'd slide an dance.
Th' air wuz full of Ellen.

I couldn't eat, an jest th' sight
O' vittles floored my appetite.
No use o' my rebellin,
For I wuz soaked plumb through an through,
Wished everything in Kal'mazoo,
'Cept me an 'Liza Ellen.

On mem'ry farm things wouldn't set.
I'd go t' town an clean forgot
T' ask how eggs wuz sellin,
Remember'n jest t' not be late
A-hustlin home t' keep th' date
I'd made with 'Liza Ellen.

All nature peared t' wear store clothes,
An't seemed t' me like every rose
About th' place wuz smellin.
I never did care shucks for birds,
But when they'd sing they'd jest say words
T' me o' 'Liza Ellen.

I'se mixed, but things got mixedor still—
Grass wuz a carpet; ditch, a rill,
An every squash a melon.
I talked to dad 'lowed I'se a fool
An ought t' be caged somewhare in school
Fer carryin on 'bout Ellen.

I molted round an fed on air,
But got so thin on thet blame fare
A change wuz jest compellin.
It came—quite suddent—in th' fall,
When I—she—well, no matter, all
Flipflopped 'twixt me an Ellen.

I didn't die's I 'lowed I would,
But in a week wuz feelin good.
Th' rest 'tain't worth while tellin.
Last week she planted "number three."
I s'pose they all tuk worse than me
A-lovin 'Liza Ellen.
—Paul L. McKendrick in Atlanta Constitution.

A Phrase That Fascinated.

After a long period of silence, Meandering Mike raised himself on one elbow, pushed the hay from in front of his face and in a matter of fact tone said:

"Hooray!"

"What's de matter wit yer?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"I've been intendin ter do dis fur a long time. An I come ter de conclusion dat dere was no use o' puttin it off no longer. It's a debt o' gratitude ter a great man, an I'm goin ter pay up. Hooray!"

"But who are you hoorayin fur?"

"Speaker Reed."

"But he never done nothin fur you."

"Not personally. But he expressed my feelin's. I understand he's de man dat come out flatfooted fur a do nothin policy."—Washington Star.

Characteristic.

"Your clam chowder," remarked the diner to the restaurant cashier, as he paid the amount of his check and stowed away a pint of toothpicks in his vest pocket, "is distinguishable above all the other clam chowders I ever ate."

"In what way?" asked the cashier, who did not know whether to be pleased or not.

"By its clamlessness."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph

Up to All the Tricks.

"The man who runs the clubhouse next to the skating pond used to be proprietor of a summer resort hotel."

"How do you know?"

"By his methods. I was skating there yesterday, and I fell through the ice."

"What has that to do with it?"

"He tried to charge me for a bath."—Chicago Post.

What She Wanted.

Old Lady (to photographer)—I don't mind about a good likeness, you know, but I must have a pretty picture.—Punch.

Cause of Death Unknown.

Abe Linkum Johnsing—Did yo' heah about Gawge Wash'ton Jackson how he done die aftah he eat two big possums an a whole peck o' sweet potatoes?

Henry Clay Jones—Nuh, I didn't heah about dat. What was de mattah wid him?—Town Topics.

Cautious.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure?" asked the fat passenger.

"I refuse to answer that question," replied the slim one, "on the ground that I might incriminate myself."—New York Journal.

Real Heroism.

"Mrs. Jinks is the most courageous woman I know."

"Why?"

"She goes over and uses Dr. Blank's telephone to call up another doctor."—Chicago Record.

His Appearance Against Him.

Admiring Friend—And how did you arrive at the conclusion that he was merely the tool of abler men?

Confident Detective — What, that hatchet faced freak? It was a cinch.—Detroit News.