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A Japanese Dinner.

He who does not like the way the Japanese cook fish must be hard to please. They are better fish cooks than the French. The Japanese waiters are very prolific, and the natives seem to have learned in cooking to preserve the inherent flavor of the fish, while their sauces are very simple. And as for eels, as they are cooked at the kandagawa, a teahouse in Tokyo, he who has tasted them has established a standard in his mind by which to judge other eels.

Seaweed we had, too, thin as paper, and crisp. It is the weed of the sea that is left on the rocks and scraped from them by the fisher women with shells and then dried in the sun. It is eaten as a relish and has a delicate flavor, suggesting cinnamon.

Rice we had in abundance. It was served from a bucket (not unlike ours, but not quite so deep) of unpainted white pine, with a little wooden shovel somewhat like those our children use in playing at the seashore. Our rice bowls were filled again and yet again, and when we covered our bowls it meant we had finished dinner. I have seen the Japanese look with indifference at a fish cooked in a way that made my mouth fairly water with desire, but when they are served with rice it receives their immediate attention.—Harper's Magazine.

Napoleon Was a Dandy.

It is pleasant to learn, if one has Napoleon I on the hero list, that he had very dainty habits in personal matters; that he was fastidiously clean in his person, according to an article in a French contemporary, and poured eau de cologne into the water he washed in, then sponged his head with perfume and finally poured the remainder of the contents of the flask over the neck and shoulders. He was also extravagantly fond of clean linen and during his campaigns had relays of it sent to different places. In those days it did not cost a farm to have "starched things" laundered, for, in account with a famous laundress in Paris, the emperor's "linen" for one "wash" amounted to 386 pieces and cost only a trifle over $20.

This strikes an American as very reasonable. But his majesty never wore any article but once, and as he always undressed himself without aid from his valet his garments were literally "cast" to the statesmen of the room. Napoleon's bill for eau de cologne, however, exceeded the washerwoman's by a large majority. It is a relief to learn that the Little Corporal was so much a dude. Some of his predecessors in the Tuileries were not blessed with such excellent habits, if history is to be relied upon.

A Rat Story.

"One day not long ago," said a brick manufacturer, "one of my workmen saw three rats carrying a straw across the brickyard. It seemed such an unusual sort of proceeding that he stopped his work to watch them. Two of the rats held the straw at opposite ends while the third supported the center. They were making straight for the river which flowed by one side of the yard. When they arrived at the bank, they laid down the straw and took a long drink. Then they proceeded to take up the straw again in the same manner as before and returned by the same way they had come.

"This so interested the workman that he determined to watch if they would come again. And sure enough, at about the same time the next day, they appeared, carrying the straw exactly as before. Having provided himself with a gun, he shot all three to see if possibly he might thereby solve the mystery. He discovered that the rat in the center was blind and therefore concluded that this was the animals' kind method of leading their afflicted comrade to the water to drink."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fool and His Money.

It chanced that the miser and the spendthrift took ship together.

En voyage the spendthrift bought much wine and sat long at the gaming table.

"The fool and his money soon part!" sighed the miser.

Presently a storm rose, and the ship foundered, and they were all cast into the water, and the miser, having his gold in a belt about his waist, sank to the bottom.

"The fool and his money," observed the spendthrift sadly, for he was a generous soul, "don't always part!"

After that the spendthrift swam to a raft, where he starved to death.—Detroit Journal.

A Golf Outrage.

The Earl of Wemyss was on a Fife golf course not long ago, accompanied by an old caddie. His lordship got his ball on one occasion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot.

The caddie revolted instanter, threw down the clubs and looked horrified. When he found words to speak, it was to say, "Hang it, me lord, gowf's gowf!"

Millais and Newman.

The author of the life of Millais tells the following anecdote: When Cardinal Newman came to sit to the artist for his portrait, he asked where he was to pose.

"Oh, your eminence, on that eminence, if you please," answered Sir John, pointing to the models' dais, and, seeing him hesitating, added, "Come, jump up, you dear old boy."

Oysters and Strawberries.

The oyster and strawberry are said to be the greatest of evangelists. They have built and furnished more churches, paid the salaries of more preachers, and helped more heathen than any two other natural agencies in the world.—Reynoldsville (Pa.) Star.

A Doubting Father.

One warm midsummer day Steve found himself seated under the old Baldwin apple tree, with the half hull of a red hearted watermelon in his lap. Old Mr. B., busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job, how many cigars he smoked in a day, what they cost and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman or what?

"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.

"That's a mighty big name, Steve."

"Yes, father; it's rather a big job, too, for me."

"But ye don't do it all, Steve. Ye must have hands to help you load and unload?"

"Oh, yes. I have a lot of help!"

"And the company pays them all?"

"Yes."

"How much do they pay you, Steve—$2 a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

"Three?" he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"Ye don't mean to say they pay ye as much as fi-y-e?"

"Yes, father; more than 25."

The old man let the empty hull fall between his knees, stared at his boy and whistled.

"Say, Steve," he asked earnestly, "are ye worth it?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Inquisitive Damsel.

A girl who took up photography not long ago and endeavored to get some valuable snap shots had bad luck with her first pictures. There were funny streaks of white all through them when there was any picture at all, and she couldn't imagine how they came there. Neither could an experienced amateur who assisted in developing her first negatives and who took the usual precautions in loading the camera and taking the plates.

"I can't imagine what is the matter," he said as plate after plate came out either good for nothing or with only a little of the picture visible. "Those ought to have been good plates."

"Neither can I," said the girl. "They looked all nice and smooth and white if that is the way they ought to look."

"Looked all right!" exclaimed her instructor in dismay. "You hadn't looked at them before we put them in the camera, had you?"

"Oh, not enough to hurt them!" said the girl. "I just lifted up the black paper from each plate just the littlest crack in the world. I just couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how nice they looked and think of the lovely pictures I was going to have on them."—New York Times.

Her Handy Money Stocking.

"Yes, you are right," said the conductor of a Main street car, viciously ringing up a fare. "Some people do carry money in queer places. Now, that Chinaman in there kept me waiting over two blocks while he untied a gordian knot in his cue, where he had his cash. Some people keep me waiting five blocks or more while they fish around for their money.

"Yesterday I was going north on Main street, when, at the corner of Adams, two women got on the car. I waited a minute or so and then went in for the fares. The women looked sort of dashed, and then one of them began to fumble in her purse. Empty! Then her companion made a dive at the bottom of her skirts.

"Well, sir, it beat all. That woman deliberately unlaced her shoe and took it off and threw a hole in her stocking fished out a dime."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May, for then all the heaps and drifts had disappeared except one upon Kinder scout, which lay until Whitsun week.

A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1620, the snow falling 13 days and nights with little or no intermission.

One of the heaviest falls on a single day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from 10 to 12 feet deep.

Court and Witness Agree.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross examination of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark, "I think you have exhausted this witness."

"Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."—Philadelphia Call.

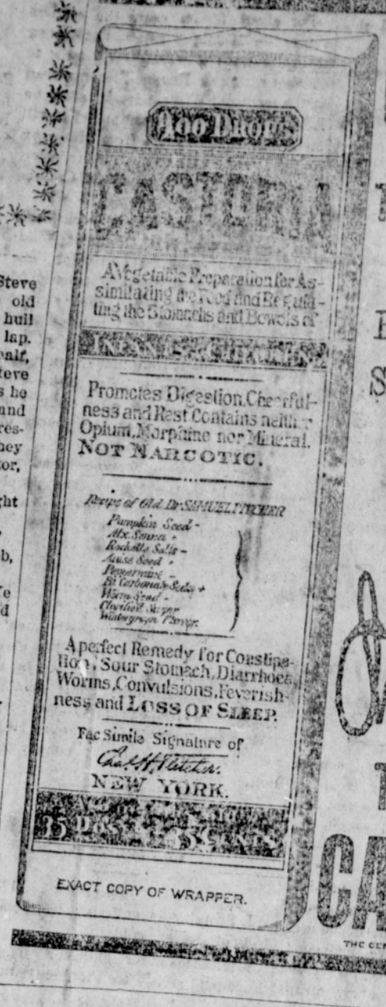
The Wheelman's View.

Mrs. Sprocket—George, what in the world happened to the pipe organ in church this morning while you were singing that solo?

Mr. Sprocket (who always talks bicycle)—Why, the organist was coasting on easy grade with her feet off the pedals when she ran into some sharp notes, and the old thing punctured.—Ohio State Journal.

Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.

Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.



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A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.
MISS EMMA WIRDMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules, she determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules.
ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

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A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES put up at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is a dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by asking CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life.

He Crushed the Hecklers.

The man who asks questions and insists on their being answered is a familiar presence at all party meetings. He is known as the heckler. The speaker is not allowed to disregard him. If a statement is disputed, it is the orator's place to make it good. Any member of the audience may rise to his feet and shout out a contradiction whenever he feels like it, and by the custom of English public life the speaker is expected to make some reply on the spot.

Mr. Chamberlain was always a dangerous man to cross in debate, but the personal feeling against him was so bitter for years after his withdrawal from the ranks of the separatists that many an unhappy man was driven to tilt against his shield. It was delicious to watch Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the situation. He would pause when the interruption grew serious and give the heckler a chance to make himself well heard. "Now if you will allow me I will ask that gentleman to get upon a chair that we may all have the pleasure of seeing him." A dozen anxious hands would hoist the objector into unwelcome prominence. "Now, sir," came the clear, passionless voice, "will you kindly speak up? I should be sorry if any one missed what you have to say."

The heckler, now quite unnerved, would stammer out something, and Mr. Chamberlain, listening with a malicious smile, would quietly readjust his eyeglass and, turning to the audience, fling out a reply—cool, cutting and decisive.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

How Twain Introduced Hawley.

"Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker," says Will M. Clemens in Ainslee's. "As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences Mr. Clemens took an active interest in the presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year he made a short speech one Saturday night, introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clemens said:

"'General Hawley is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of "Beautiful Snow." Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him, as a personal friend of years I have the warmest regard for him, as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley.'"

The Old Man Had Changed.

A Lancaster county man once came to a Philadelphia portrait painter with a request that he paint a picture of his father. "Very well," said the artist; "have the old gentleman come in when next in town, and I will give him a sitting." The man replied: "He gan't do dot; he is dait."

"Oh, well, then, you have a photograph of him?"

"No; I don't got no fottograf of him eider."

"Well, how do you expect me to paint the portrait of your father when I cannot see him and have nothing to give me an idea of his appearance?"

"Yell," he replied, "I dinked maybe of I dott you about him you gan baint him from dot."

"All right," said the artist, "describe him."

"Yell, my fadder was not so dall und not so short; he vas not fat und not so din." And so the honest fellow proceeded to describe his father as he recalled him.

The artist undertook to paint the picture, and in due course it is completed, and the Lancaster county man comes in to view the results of the artist's efforts. As the canvas is disclosed he gazes long and reverently upon the picture of his departed parent. Then he feelingly remarks: "Yah, dot is mine fadder! Mine fadder vat I loafed so much! But, ach himmel, fadder, how you haf changed!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Beautiful System.

The Memphis Scimitar tells of a recent bride whose husband noticed that she was keeping an itemized account of the household expenses. In looking it over one day he noticed at the bottom of each page or two the letters "D. K. W." This somewhat puzzled him. He really found it very difficult to keep from thinking about what these letters could possibly mean. It occurred to him that possibly his wife was saving out some money to buy something for him. But then he knew that his initials were not "D. K. W." and this did not prove a satisfactory solution to the matter.

So one day when his wife was in a real good humor he took her in his arms and asked what she meant by "D. K. W. 59 cents," "D. K. W., $1" and the like.

She replied: "'D. K. W.' stand for 'don't know what.' Whenever I went to balance my account at the end of each page and found I had spent money for which I could not account, I just put in a sufficient amount, with the item 'D. K. W.' to make it balance just exactly."

A Barnum Surprise.

A good story of the late George Augustus Sala and Barnum is told. It was on the occasion of the last visit of the famous showman to England, when a public dinner was tendered to Mr. Barnum. Mr. Sala presided. In the reception room, where all were waiting to welcome the guest of the evening, Mr. Barnum came in, beaming, and, shaking hands with the chairman, said:

"This is indeed a surprise to me."

"Did you hear that?" Mr. Sala whispered. "Why, he arranged for the dinner himself."

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