

LET US ALL LAUGH.

WOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Where Then? Mrs. Benham—In the next world people will be doing the same they do in this.

Benham—I don't believe it. Now, I am a night clerk. How am I to get work in my line if I go where there is no night? Answer me.

Mrs. Benham—That's easy—you won't go there.—Judge.



Kind Lady—Poor fellow, have you no friends? Hay Hazard—No, mum, I ain't got nobody but relatives.—Cleveland Enquirer.

No Infringement. Ethel—I'm sorry to see you so very distant with your next-door neighbor, Jack van Dusen. The Bible says you should love your neighbor as yourself, you know.

Dorothy—Yes; but I'm not at all stuck on myself, you know.—Judge.

What He Dreaded. "Why is it you never come around to see us any more, Charley? Have we ever done anything to offend you?" "No, it's nothing you've done, but if you insist upon having the truth, it's your children."

No Mistakes. It was on the eve of their bridal day. "Perhaps, after all," he faltered, gazing tenderly, yet seriously, down into her lustrous eyes, "we shall make a mistake in marrying."

How He Reasoned It Out. Papa—Charley, please hand me that book on the table, that book, that book, Charley aged 9.—There he is, papa. Papa—No, my son, you should not say "Papa—No," but "there it is."

No Necessity for It. Visitor—I presume your daughter plays the piano? Mrs. Neuvorche (proudly)—No, in deed, dear Ethel doesn't have to. Her pa is rich enough to buy one of those pianos which plays itself.—Harper's Bazar.

Hard Luck. "Things go by contraries in this world," she sighed. "Why do you think so?" he asked. "As soon as they quit sprinkling the streets the weather man makes it impossible to ride a wheel."

Slanders. "They tell me, Jehiel, that you change your politics as often as you do your coat." "It's a dad-goned lie. I got a new coat every time I vote, but I don't always have to change my politics, b'gosh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Counter Irritant. "Were those cough drops beneficial?" "They worked like a charm. They have such a horrible taste that the children have all stopped coughing."—Boston Traveller.



A Natural Mistake. She—Mamma is going to give us an elegant breakfast for the wedding. He—How about lunch and dinner?—Detroit Journal.

Cruel Old Man. He—Did you tell your father that I would kill myself if I couldn't have you? She—Yes. He—What did he say? She—He said that settled it. You couldn't have me.

They Are Learning. "Is there any probability that the police will ever find out anything about this mystery?" "I think there is. They are keeping right at the heels of the reporters."

In the Afterward. "What strange ideas children get about religious matters?" "Yes, and how few ever get over them!"—Detroit News.

Inoculating Verbal Correctness. The Grandgrinds of this world are trying persons to live with. They will not permit the slightest variation from fact; statements made in their hearing must be truthfully precise, or they dispute them forthwith.

Ought to Be an Editor. "The Rev. Dr. Thirdly is a great condenser, isn't he?" "A condenser? How so?" "You know he has a record of 2,400 marriages and must, therefore, have condensed 4,800 people into just half that number."

Warning. He hung upon the gate with her And now lies in the mold; But her father didn't knock him out— He saved his death of cold.

Saving the Money. "I wonder why it is that we never see Miss Blythe and Mr. Gay at the theatre any more?" "Oh, they're engaged now."

Her Patriotism. Mrs. Rawson—Why are you so glad that Bulwinkle was elected? I thought you never took any interest in politics. Mrs. Hawksworth—But my husband won enough on the result to buy me a new sealskin sacque.

Where They Fell Down. "I see that the president of the sugar trust has undergone an operation for appendicitis and is coming along all right." "Well, the doctors might have known better than to tackle him."

A Hot Time. The Bellows—If it wasn't for me you'd soon be out of a place. The Fire—Well, you needn't be blowing about it all the time.

Veiled Sarcasm. He—The falling water made such a noise that I couldn't hear myself talk. She—Oh, how I wish I could have been there. But it's just my luck.

Fowl Play. Rooster—Why, Biddy, what's the matter? Biddy—Oh, I'm up against a peck of trouble. Rooster—How so? Biddy—I just swallowed a bee by mistake, thinking it was a fly.

So It Does. Smith—Seeing is believing. Jones—Not always. It often depends upon what paper you see it in.

Her Idea of It. Mattie (reading)—What is the "pale of civilization?" Helen—Oh, it's some new kind of face powder, I suppose.

"A Born Kicker." The late Dr. Willberforce, Bishop of Winchester, was a keen sportsman, and on one occasion, when he was on a visit at a ducal seat, he was persuaded to join a shooting party.



Not Declined. From a maid the poet stole a kiss That far above his poems ranks; Because it filled his heart with bliss, When it was "returned with thanks."

What's in a Name. "After all," said the college president, "foot-ball has one good point." "What is it?" asked the preacher. "People who play it get over the habit of kicking at things."

Cause and Effect. Jack—Have a cigar? Tom—No, I've given up smoking. Jack—When does the wedding take place? A Genius. Crismonbank—That man Keys is a genius. Yeast—What's he done now? "Why, he devised a plan to keep his wife from playing the piano."

Looking Ahead. She—Mamma is going to give us an elegant breakfast for the wedding. He—How about lunch and dinner?—Detroit Journal.

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Hadn't Thought of That. "I'd like to know," exclaimed the engaged client, "why I ought to feel jubilant over the outcome of this case?" "Didn't we obtain a verdict for \$10,000?" the lawyer asked.

Airy Periffage. The pneumatic saddle—What are you wheezing about? The tire—Well, I guess you wouldn't feel so puffed up if you had stepped on a nail.—Exchange.

Business Advances. "Have you made any advance in your business?" asked the young lawyer's friend. "Yes," was the reply; "two of them." "Clients?" "No; my clerks. They said they needed money, so I advanced them \$10 each."—Washington Post.

Anecdotes and Incident

A South Carolina trial Justice recently made the following disposal of a case that came before him: "I am acting in a dual capacity in this case—sitting as a jury to try the facts and as a judge to expound the law. As a jury I am unable to agree upon a verdict on the facts, and therefore as a Judge I order a mistrial."

Old Job was taught to read by the minister's wife, and proved a very apt scholar. Returning home after a prolonged absence, the lady met her old pupil, and asked him how he was getting on. "I suppose you can read your Bible now comfortably, Job?" "Lor' bless you, ma'am!" cried Job. "I've been out of the Bible and into the newspaper this long while."—Household Words.

The Emporia (Kan.) Gazette says this is the way in which D. O. McCray secured an appointment at the hands of Gov. Leedy. They were talking over the school commissioners when Mr. McCray said: "Governor, if I were you I'd appoint for the Republican members of that commission the two ornerliest, meanest, stinkiest Republicans I could find." "What are your initials, Mr. McCray?" asked the Governor.

Once when he was asked if he was out afraid of a temperature of tea degrees below zero the late Tolman Willey, of Boston, said: "Where I was born, sir, my father one Sunday took me into a meeting house which sat on four stone posts with no other underpinning. I sat in that church and listened to a sermon on hell for sixty minutes, with the wind howling underneath the church and blowing forty miles a minute, with no fire in the stove and the mercury forty degrees below zero. Do you think I was born in a sugar-box and nursed on heliotropes?"—New York Tribune.

The late Dr. Willberforce, Bishop of Winchester, was a keen sportsman, and on one occasion, when he was on a visit at a ducal seat, he was persuaded to join a shooting party. His grace's head keeper was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and the bishop tried to engage him in a friendly chat, but, finding the keeper's replies were short and reserved, he said: "I suppose, Grant, you think a bishop ought not to go out shooting?" "Weel, my lord," said the Scot frankly, "I doubt ye'll find no warrant for it in the Scriptures. I'd ye ever read of the apostles going out shooting?" "No, true," replied the bishop. "They had no game in Palestine in those days; they went out fishing instead."

During Senator "Billy" Mason's Fourth of July oration at Binghamton he worked in this: "Now, I want to say to you American wives: Give your husband the liberty he is entitled to. Don't expect him to mail a letter. He cannot do it. I know; I have tried it, and what is more, we cannot tell the truth about it after he has carried it for two weeks in his pocket and finds it suddenly. It is just as hard for him to tell the truth about the weight of a fish which he is presumed to have caught. It is not a normal infirmity, but a physical defect. Don't mind if he does brag about his mother's cooking; you know very well you can beat his mother's; and if he brags on his mother, it is a very good sign your boys will brag about you, and I hope you will not be like the young widow who rode by the cemetery out in my country. The minister was seeking to console her of the comforts of her religious faith and the consolation thereof. 'Yes,' she says, 'I have another great consolation, too; I know where he is nights.'"

Many a good story comes from the green room. Here is one told by the New York Telegram: "Harry Watson and his wife, who is known on the stage as Miss Hutchings, have a son who cost a velvet on his mother's coat, and nothing delights Watson so much as the discomfiture of the 'Johnny' admirers of his wife when they learn this fact. Not long ago, so the story goes, Watson and his strapping son dropped into a Broadway hotel, and while waiting for service were accosted by an acquaintance, who introduced his companion, a young man of about Watson, Jr.'s age. 'I enjoy your turn very much,' Mr. Watson observed to the young man, 'and say, that is a lovely girl that works with you.' 'Ain't she, though?' said Watson pater. 'She is, indeed; won't you introduce me?' 'Well, you know, I don't know whether she'd like me to,' was the response; 'she might think I was fresh, you know. But I tell you what I'll do; I'll have my son introduce her.' 'Your son? Does he know her?' 'Pretty well,' drawled Watson. 'She's his mother.'"

"Indescribably funny things happen sometimes in places where no one would ever expect them to occur," said Representative R. L. Henry, of Texas. "I remember once a scene in our State Legislature which for downright ludicrousness beats anything that ever came under my observation. A member from one of the city constituencies who enjoyed a big reputation at the bar had vainly been endeavoring for about half an hour to get recognition from the Speaker. He had been on his feet trying different times shouting 'Mr. Speaker!' at the top of his voice, but the official seemed bent on not recognizing him. Finally, worn out by the member's impertinence, the Speaker at last said, 'The gentleman from San Antonio, and the gentleman from San Antonio started in to deliver a speech. Then a curious thing happened. The statesman who had been struggling so energetically to be heard found himself unable to deliver a single sentence. In vulgar parlance he was 'stuck,' and though he tried hard to overcome his temporary paralysis of speech the words wouldn't come. While still on his feet stuttering forth a disjointed word that 'little meaning, little relevancy bore,' some well-meaning but rough-spoken colleague walked out 'sit down there, you're old fool!' I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! said the member, as he turned with a beaming smile on his adviser and immediately took his seat amid the roars of the House. In the Legislature a country representative got up and yelled: 'Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! a pint; I rise to a pint of order!' 'Make it a quart, and I'll recognize you,' said the gentleman in the

chair, but the countryman was so incensed at the laughter of his associates that he stalked from the floor."

FUNERAL-WEDDINGS.

The Strange Custom Observed by a Tribe of Farther India.

Among the Shan Karens of farther India funerals are made the occasions of grand wedding festivals, in which all the marriagable young men and women of the village are privileged to participate. As it is not always convenient at the exact time a village may die, it is customary to deposit the corpse in some temporary resting place till the marriage market is favorable to giving it obsequies worthy of its former estate. Consequently six months or a year may frequently pass before the memory of the dead Karen receives the honor which is its due.

When a good time comes for weddings the remains are taken from their resting place and set upon a platform which has been prepared for them, and the eligible bachelors and marriageable young women are invited to come and compete in a marrying match. The "funeral service" is then begun with a chorus of men celebrating the beauties of Karen maidens in general. The girls respond in a dravling falsetto. The bachelors, each in his turn, begin usually, for the sake of peace, with the most unobtrusive. If one of them is rejected, he waits till his turn come again, and addresses, if he sees fit, some other girl.

The girls receive the proposals in perfect self-possession, and respond to them in phrases like those with which they have been addressed, the models of which have come down from old times. Rejections seldom occur, except when a man makes a mistake and applies to a girl known to be reserving herself for another. The "funeral service" goes on in this way till it is plain that no more alliances can be made, when it is closed, and the body of the deceased is buried, and the matches thus made are binding, and no other way of making them is in favor.

Strategy of England. The Falkland Islands, near the straits of Magellan, have been occupied and are being fortified by the British. There are about 200 islands in this South Atlantic group—most of them small, and the two principal ones comprise an area of 5,000 square miles. In keeping with the policy of England to police the seas, and to establish depots of supply and repair for her warships at all available strategic points, this station is being established.

The vast commerce that passes around Cape Horn from ocean to ocean, says the Erie Dispatch, can be blocked or leveled upon in time of war from the point of vantage that is afforded by the Falkland Islands. As Gibraltar commands the traffic of the Mediterranean, so the Falkland Islands naval station will hold the passes to the Pacific Ocean. From the mainland at the extremity of the Patagonian peninsula supplies of coal can be obtained.

There is ample anchorage at the town of Port Stanley in the Falklands, where a fine and formidable fleet of warships could hide in safety. With no colonies of her own in this part of the world that looks to Great Britain for protection and commercial alliance, it is certainly plain that she has seized the island territory solely by right of might, and as a menace to the trade and commerce of other nations.

How to Run a Restaurant. Tibbs stated that he went into a restaurant on Decatur street Saturday night, where Thomas is a clerk, and he did not suit him, and he asked that the order be recalled. When the good beef was brought Thomas took the 10-cent check and handed him one for 15 cents. Tibbs declined paying the extra 5 cents and tore up the 15-cent check. This angered Thomas, and he pasted Tibbs over the left eye with his fist. Thomas stated to the court that he gave Tibbs no bone, but the meat had some fat, and he had an order called for an extra 5 cents, and that was why he changed the ticket. He did not strike Tibbs until that gentleman had cursed him.

Other guests in the restaurant who were present at the time told the same story as related by Tibbs, and stated that Thomas struck him with little or no provocation. Tibbs is the way the recorder summed it all up: "Look here, Mr. Thomas, you can't run a restaurant that way. You must run it to feed folks and not to whip them. I will dismiss the case against Mr. Tibbs and will fine Mr. Thomas \$5 and costs."—Atlanta Constitution.

Queer Name for a Town. The Warmest Place on Earth is actually a town, and not merely a locality. It lies in San Diego County's desert side, about twenty-five miles due west of Yuma, and the name of its postoffice is Mammoth Tank. This information has been dug up through the posting of a newspaper at San Francisco addressed to "Hank Yohansen, Warmest Place on Earth." It was sent in turn to Sacramento, Fresno and Bakersfield. Then the marking continues: "Try Yuma." But Yuma sent it to Tucson. It visited Nogales. At Phoenix it was hung up as a humorous exhibit. There some desert prospectors saw it, and they proceeded to engage the postmaster's geographical and social understanding, for Hank Yohansen is not a "yoke," but a prominent citizen of the Warmest Place on Earth, Cal.—Los Angeles Record.

About the Mighty Deep. The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe of 197,000,000 and its greatest depth supposedly equals the light of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific Ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

Effect of Light. Prof. Weisner, of Vienna, has undertaken during the last summer, says Nature, a journey to Spitzbergen to compare the behavior of its members to wine, beer and cider, "except when laboring under a sense of discouragement, and then whisky shall be allowed." They are said to be the most discouraged temperance people in the State.

There Was Another. Jack—I hear you had a narrow escape from a grizzly in the mountains this summer. Ella—Yes, indeed. It was the tightest squeeze I ever had. Jack (putting his arm around her)—Well, that grizzly is not the only member of the "press association."

Makes One Exception. A California temperance association limits the beverages of its members to wine, beer and cider, "except when laboring under a sense of discouragement, and then whisky shall be allowed." They are said to be the most discouraged temperance people in the State.

Another Pair of Its. Life on earth would certainly be a peaceful, delicious dream if women were only as good as they look and men were as good as they seem.

The Library Corner

Prof. A. H. Sayce is adding still another volume to the long list of his published works. "The Early History of the Hebrews" is just announced for publication by the Macmillan company. Besides the prosecution of his work as Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, this author has been an indefatigable student of and writer on subjects cognate to his own particular field of research.

Mrs. Morris has given up Kelmstock House, Hammersmith, and the lease has been taken over by H. C. Marshall. Besides the interest conferred upon Kelmstock House by Mr. Morris, who made it the central scene of his Utopia in "News from Nowhere," and erected his presses next door, there is an older legend attached to it. Sir Francis Ronalds, one of the pioneers of electric telegraphy, lived there and built what was practically the first experimental long line, carrying several miles of wire up and down the spacious garden, which is one of the principal charms of the estate.

The Engineering Magazine, in a leading article by Hiram S. Maxin, upon "The Effects of Trade Unionism upon Skilled Mechanics," furnishes a most important contribution to the discussion of one of the fundamental problems confronting the modern industrial world. The great engineering strike which now convulses England uses the demand for shorter hours as a screen for the enforcement of trade union principles, and domination which threaten her manufacturing supremacy.

The London Saturday Review greets the appearance of the Times' new magazine, Literature, with a long and acrimonious article predicting the speedy downfall both of the Times and of its magazine on account of its ultra-conservatism and because of the "odd brain structure of its editor and manager." It twits the Times on its莽莽 error in allowing itself to be duped by the Pigot letters, and says it is so hopelessly out of sympathy with century-end thought and feeling that it can never awaken public interest. Even the Saturday Review's praise of Mr. Traill, the editor of Literature, is tempered by classing him with the "fossilized gentlemen from the British Museum," who are to write for the new magazine. Clearly the amenities of British journalism are not so much sweeter than those of the American country editor, after all.

RECENT INVENTIONS. A bottle washing machine recently patented has a rotary brush mounted on the end of a hollow shaft with perforations through which water flows to cleanse the bottle as the brush revolves and loosens the dirt.

Clotheslines which need no pins to fasten the clothes are being made of wire links with the ends of the wire linking parallel with the side of the link to form spring clamps into which the cloth is forced to hold it fast.

A New York man has patented a reversible street car, in which a turntable is mounted on the truck to support the car, which is turned by a crank on the front platform geared to a circular toothed track inside the turntable.

A Washington man has patented a boat which has the rear end submerged with the seat overhanging an open well, the front of the boat being raised above the water line, the advantage being that the boat is not easily rolled.

Tailors will appreciate a new spool-holder which has two wire spindles to enter the ends of the spool and is supported by a hook which can be attached in a handy position on the coat, so that the thread is always ready to be unwound.

Circular saws are being used in butcher shops, a frame being attached to the block and extending over it to hold the saw in position as a spring arm, so it can be depressed as it is rapidly revolved by means of a crank and chain gear.

A new combined spring pedal and toe clip consists of a steel plate riveted to the pedal shaft with teeth at the rear edge to grip a cleat in the shoe sole and the front portion elongated and curved over at the end to form a toe clip.

A current motor, for use in running streams, consists of two flanged cylinders, pivoted end to end in a floating frame, with a cogwheel mounted on a shaft and meshing into circular toothed gears on the inner ends of the cylinders. The flanges are mounted in opposite directions on the cylinders, so as to act on both sides of the cogwheel.

Compressed air is used in place of the old-fashioned well sweep to raise water from a well, the bucket being hung on one end of a rope with a hollow air chamber and a number of weights at the opposite end. The air is pumped into the reservoir to raise the weights and lower the bucket, which is raised by exhausting the air and allowing the weights to fall to the bottom of the well.

A Texan has invented a machine to resuscitate drowning persons, which has a supporting table with an opening at one end to receive the mouth and nose of the patient, kniveling devices to engage the sides and back of the body, and a single operating mechanism to alternately draw them in, the supporting table being raised and lowered at the foot while the operation is going on.

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WHY MEN AND WOMEN MARRY.

The Frenzy of Love Does Not Make the Most Matches.

To say why people marry would be as difficult as to say why they travel, or love life, or weary of it, or esteem their neighbors, or despise the human race. But, underlying all differences of decision or action, there is nevertheless a certain uniformity in human habits and motives. Let our reasons for wedlock seem as diverse as they may, let us think we marry for ambition, or spite, or greed, or love, or to serve our country, or gratify our friends, or found a family, the motive, lying down till it lies unadorned and bare before us, is the need of companionship. We want to be loved; we want some one's strength to supplement our weakness; we crave someone's faith in us to fortify our wavering faith in ourselves. Given certain conditions, often of a very commonplace description, and we conclude that we have found what we sought. Our imagination is satisfied for the time; we consider ourselves in love, and all is well.

In observing our neighbors, it often strikes us how oddly they choose their partners; how far otherwise we should have chosen for them. The poet marries a woman of the simplest domestic mind; the beautiful woman, who, for a season or two at any rate, has the world at her feet, selects a raw-boned Hercules, and forgives his plainness of feature because of his strength, or his moral excellence, or his good heart.

People say that love is a frenzy, a rapture, a brief madness; it may be so in certain cases, but as a rule it seems to be a much soberer thing. Deliriums and ecstasies are probably as rare as heroisms or crimes. The majority of people go about their workings practically enough. If frenzies and fevers accompany the initial stages, the later ones—which involve learning the price of furniture, where to buy a marriage license, and how many changes of raiment are expected for a respectable start—are sufficiently ludicrous.

If love has no serious consequences, a proportion of us might be as volatile as a certain notorious novelist advises us to be. But happily the consequences are there, and the right-minded study them seriously if they are given time. It is this underlying seriousness that constitutes a danger, unsuspected till we feel its tough filaments about us. Because marriage involves a career as well as a condition, custom, the usages of society, and the disabilities of their sex train women to make such a settlement in life an object of ambition from their earliest years.

If loneliness, disappointment, and self-pity keep aloof, I believe a considerable proportion of women would remain unwedded from choice; but those familiar seize or threaten even the most fortunate of us now and then, and we think to defy fate and build against the future the bulwark of affection. Also, a woman hates to seem left out.

Oysters live ten to twelve years when they have the chance. In this country they don't have the chance. A dog fancier in New Haven is the owner of a black-and-tan dog which weighs not an ounce more than a pound and a half.

The large horned beetle can carry 315 times its own weight. One has been known to walk away with a 2½-pound weight. A hen belonging to Joseph Bishop on Licking river, near Pleasant Valley, Ky., discovered a large bird's nest in the top of an apple tree, and flew up and deposited an egg in the nest.

The eye of the cat, like that of the horse, is provided with a false eyelid, which may be moved independently of the outer or true lid. It is often employed by a cat when obliged to face a very bright light, and is believed to act as a shade.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumblebees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into the colony.

Has 1,000 Miles of Railroad. Counting elevated, street surface and steam lines Greater New York will have within its borders over 1,000 miles of railroad. This is a mileage larger than some European countries have, and a mileage remarkable in other respects, the number of passengers carried being greater per mile than in any other country and than in any other city in this country. Philadelphia has 400 miles of street railroad. Chicago has nearly 600. Boston has 550. St. Louis 285. Baltimore 225. Washington 140. San Francisco 231. Pittsburg 242. Cincinnati 203. Cleveland 192. Detroit 192. Louisville 150 and Buffalo 150.

While the development of the railroad lines of the country has been retarded during the last few years in consequence of the hard times, the mileage of the surface lines within the large cities and connecting neighboring towns has been increased enormously by the introduction of the trolley.

He Followed the Profession. After they had scraped an acquaintance on the train and had discussed various topics for a while the drummer suddenly said: "How about the yellow fever down South, doctor? Do you think it will—"

"Excuse me," remarked the man in black, "but you have made a mistake; I am not a physician." "Beg pardon," exclaimed the man with the samples, "but I must have misunderstood you. Didn't you tell me a while ago that you followed the medical profession?" "Yes—but I am an undertaker."

Something Different. "Is Black filling the editorial chair on your paper now?" asked the visitor. "Well," replied the publisher, "he still occupies it."

Another Pair of Its. Life on earth would certainly be a peaceful, delicious dream if women were only as good as they look and men were as good as they seem.

STARS WILL SHOWER DOWN.

Astronomers Expect a Rain of Fire in Two Years.

The astronomers look for the next great meteoric shower on the morning of Nov. 15, 1895. They calculate that the earth will then pass again through the center of an immense swarm of meteoroids, as they are called before combustion. These great "Leonide star showers," as they are called, occur at intervals of every thirty-three years and one day. The great shower of 1799 occurred on Nov. 12; that of 1833 on Nov. 13, that of 1866 on Nov. 14, and consequently a repetition of the next wonderful phenomena is expected on the morning of Nov. 15, 1895.

In the meanwhile, however, as the aggregation of meteoroids is of immense length one end of it will encounter the earth in 1898 and the other in 1900, making, as Prof. Lewis Smith, the distinguished astronomer of Rochester, N. Y., says, considerable showers in those years also. Not only this, but it is stated on the same authority that many forerunners of the great shower may be expected to come within the earth's atmosphere on Nov. 14, 1897, because many of the meteoroids are always considerably in advance of the main cluster. Prof. Swift says "the thickness of the meteoroid stream is 100,000 miles and the duration of the shower is equal to the time of the diagonal passage of the earth through it, usually from midnight to dawn." He adds: "As there is a light shower of Leonides every November we know that there is a vast ring formed by the comet's tail and that the immense shower in one portion is the product of the exploded comet itself, through which we pass once every thirty-three years and a day."

The meteoroids are dark bodies, and it is only when they pass into the earth's atmosphere that they are ignited by friction and become visible for a few seconds. The stream makes a revolution around the sun in about thirty-three and one-fourth years and by consequence the earth passes through it in a new place each year. The length of the swarm is so enormous that although at perihelion it moves at the rate of nearly twenty-five miles a second, yet it takes it two years to pass the earth, so that when its hinder part is still within the earth's atmosphere it has reached the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. Notwithstanding this extent it is but a fraction of the entire orbit. Prof. Swift says: "This great cluster will reach the earth's orbit about June 1, 1890, but the earth will not have arrived there then, but will be due nearly six months later, when our planet will plunge into the swimming mass and for at least five hours we shall experience a literal rain of fire."—Baltimore Sun.

Incompetent. "Nothing is more discouraging to me than the general inefficiency of young women of good education and good home environment who are suddenly perhaps—thrown upon their own resources, and who come to me for advice and for help in securing situations in which they can be self-supporting," said a lady who gives much of her time to philanthropic work. "And," she added, "the most hopeless cases are those of the young women who feel that they can do almost anything, because no one ever yet succeeded in the limitless field of anything."

It would seem that there was something wrong with our educational system when our educated girls—ignorant of the practical duties of life. They are now taught something of cooking and sewing in many of our public schools; but most of them regard this as mere amusement, and it counts for little in fitting them for the actual and practical work of cooking and sewing and the care of a home.

If mothers do not teach their daughters these things in their own homes, they will not be learned at all. And the mother has failed in her duty if her daughter, at the age of 22 or 23, finds herself utterly lacking in the ability to earn a dollar if it becomes necessary for her to do so, and utterly incompetent to discharge the duties of the home to which a husband may take her. There is no higher maternal duty than that of fitting one's children for the future that before them waits as wives and mothers or as useful self-supporting women.

Three Queer Tennessee Farmers. "There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable," said Mr. J. J. Kennedy, of that State. "The three sisters live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field; the third does the cooking and other household work."

"There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel over the division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, harvest reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters, as you may judge, have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the 'deaf and dumb triplets,' although such a title is scarcely appropriate."—Washington Post.

As It Is in Kentucky. Willie—Pa, what's a snuffing land-scape? Pa—It's a field of corn or rye in Kentucky, Willie.

Those Loving Girls. Jack—Helen has teeth like pearls. Mattie—I suppose that accounts for her being as dumb as an oyster.

When a man's temper is ruffled his brows are usually knit.