

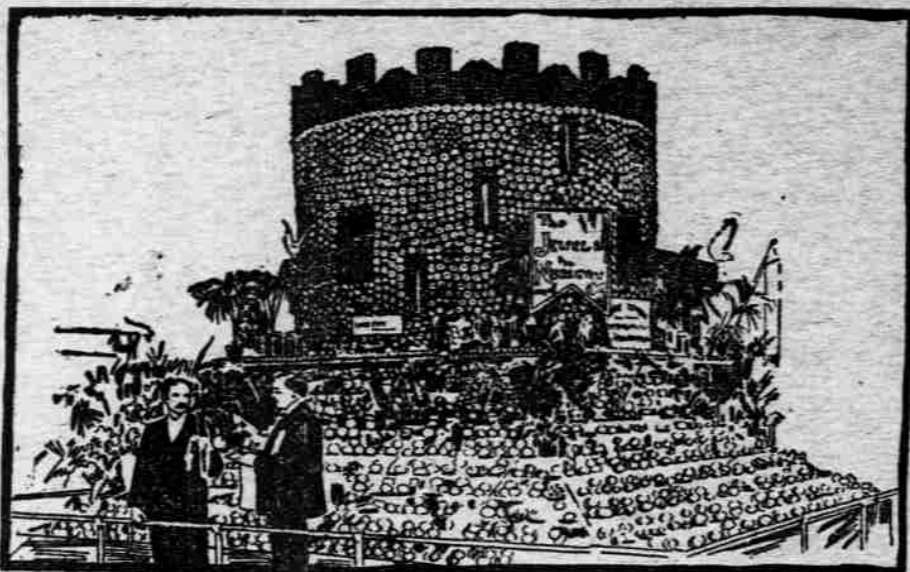
FAIRYLAND.

You need not travel to a star;
The way is easy, and not far—
An hour's walk, a mile from town.
The herons of the old lagoon
Lead you along the path; for sign
Are arrowhead-blossoms, trail and fine,
Beside the water; then the wood
Leaps; and by the sudden start
Of the overfall and thrilling heart,
You know you see it face to face.
The greenwood bowers a sunny space
For song-sparrow tinkling; and below
July's green lap is full of snow,
Is drifted rich with white and pink;
Of bounding-bet from brink to brink;
The hunted air resounds between
With humming-birds, obscure and keen.
Like burnt-out stars that dart and float,
With but a last fire at the throat.
You saw but common summer flowers?
Heard but a hum that drowsed the
hours?
Your blood leaped not, nor shook your
heart?
Ah, well; I know no other chart.
The path is for your feet as far,
As that which lessens to a star.
—Century.

Cobb's Love Story.

CORNWALLIS COBB—Corn Cobb, he was familiarly called by his associates—was undoubtedly a more ludicrous than elegant name. Katherine never knew why he should be so burdened, except that Cornwallis was an old family name, "as though that were any reason," she once remarked, indignantly, "to mark a man through life."
She remembered vividly when she had considered it the most ridiculous name in the world, but somehow today, as she thought of a tall, handsome man she had met on Regent street, in the morning, the absurd side did not appeal to her so strongly.
Before that chance meeting it had been four years since she had seen him in a small town in New Jersey, where, after leaving Princeton, he had laid his heart and worldly goods at her feet.
In the interval the Cobb exchequer had been materially increased through the death of a near relation. Cornwallis, tall and ungainly in those days, smarting under Katherine's ungracious refusal, shook the dust of his native town from his feet, and sailed to Germany to study.
For the first time, in looking back over the episode, Katherine realized how disdainful had been her refusal. When pressed for a reason, she had replied with unblinking candor that she never could care for a man whose name was Corn Cobb, no matter what merits he possessed.
But that morning, when he had almost stumbled over her in a depressing London fog, he seemed to feel nothing but the utmost pleasure in the unexpected meeting.
In a delicate way he drew from her the account of her father's death and the necessity now laid upon her of earning her own living, all of which was news to him. Her voice and powers of mimicry she told him were her only gifts, and on the advice of a friend who had lived abroad she had come to London and found employment in singing coon songs in the drawing-rooms of people of wealth and title.
Katherine Whitney had come to London six months before with eager relief, to escape the poverty which faced her in her own country, but though well received, she never forgot her position; she was hired at so much to entertain my lady's guests, and when that was over they had no further use for her.
In former days she had looked upon the Cobbs with amused tolerance at their lavish display, feeling an inborn sense of pride that though poor, she was a Whitney, and one of her ancestors had signed the Declaration of Independence.
From childhood she had hated poverty; it meant to her a cramped, narrow life; desires that could not be fulfilled, gentilities that could not be gratified, and yet when a way of escape had presented itself in the person of Cornwallis Cobb, she had decided that there could perhaps be more distasteful experiences than poverty.
That night Katherine amused herself by reading the society news in the Queen. The high-sounding titles interested her and beguiled the time, for she made few friends in London and found people not eager to welcome a stranger.
Suddenly among the names that met her eye, she saw one that she recognized—it was Cornwallis Cobb. The item read: "Mr. Cornwallis Cobb, one of America's young millionaires, is being entertained by Lady Henry Clayborne, at Clayborne manor, Yorkshire. Rumor has it that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Cobb and Lady Clayborne's eldest daughter, Lady Marian Clayborne."
Katherine could not help a regretful feeling. It was like finding a friend and then losing him suddenly. Lady Clayborne was evidently not averse to the name of Cobb, and Katherine laughed a little to herself at her former feeling of condescension to the Cobbs.
It was nearly ten days before Cobb called, as he had promised. When day by day passed without any sign from him Katherine was conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment, and she concluded his other social duties had made him forget her.
But one morning there arrived a big bunch of violets. The maid who brought them to her was overcome by the size.
"Laws, Miss," she exclaimed, with delight, "they must have cost a 'ope!"
That evening Cobb called, and explained that he had been summoned to Paris suddenly the day after he had last seen her, and had just come back.
It was wonderful how many things they had to talk about as they sat there in the shabby little back drawing room. Katherine seemed to forget, she had never shown him so much of herself before. It was so natural to be talking to him about things that interested her most.
It was a fortnight later that she was engaged to sing at Lady Leeland's reception. Her head ached, and her eyes were dazzled by the blaze of lights and jewels.
Suddenly she saw moving across the

ODD TOWER MADE OF FRUIT.



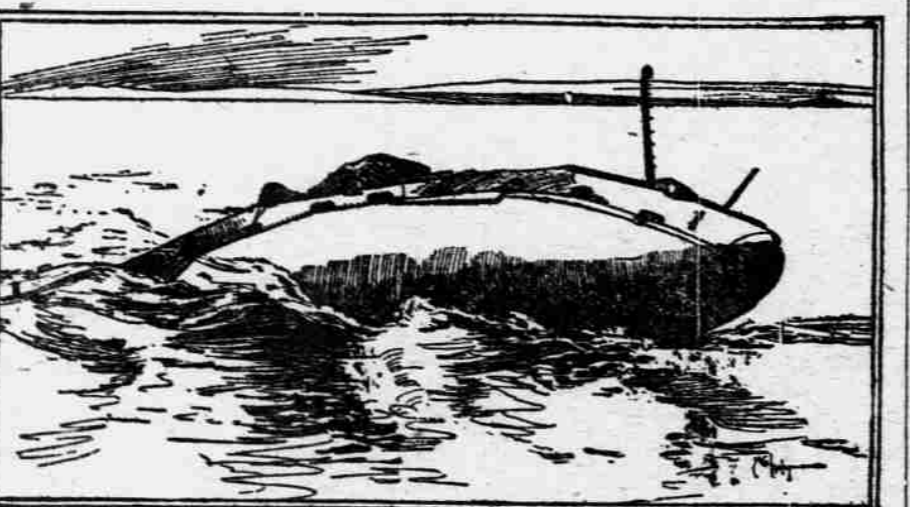
Here is a castle, not made of stone, like the medieval structures of England, but composed entirely of fruit. The turrets at the top are of red apples, like the borders of the windows. The walls are constructed of large green apples, the fruit being glued to a light framework of wood. The castle was constructed at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and the top of the turrets was twenty feet from the floor, while the interior was large enough to hold a score of persons. Altogether nearly 10,000 apples were used in its formation and in the construction of the guns, the muzzles of which protrude from each side.

room Cornwallis Cobb, on whose arm leaned a tall, pretty girl. Some one nearby whispered it was Lady Marian Clayborne.
For a moment her heart beat violently, and then Lady Leeland moved over and motioned her to sing. It was a catchy little coon song, and when she finished it was greeted with well-bred applause. Lady Marian had come so near that she could hear her remark to her companion:
"Clever little thing—quite an air about her!"
Katherine took elaborate care not to look in their direction, and did not hear his reply, but the patronizing tone of the girl's voice filled her with indignation. The evening seemed terribly long drawn out, and Katherine thought it would never end. She found herself sitting in a corner alone just after refreshments were served, when she heard her name mentioned by two rather dissipated-looking youths, who stood ogling her not far away. That their conversation was meant for her to hear she had not the least doubt, and her face burned.
"She looks a jolly sort," said one. "I have half a mind to ask her out in the conservatory. Those Americans do anything."
"Aw, quite so," assented the other. "Go and ask her and I'll join you later."
At this moment Sig. Maroni, the little man who played the 'cello, came forward and pompously offered his arm to conduct her to a small retreat where members of the profession were served by themselves.
She rose with relief at his appearance, when, to her surprise, Cobb suddenly stepped forward, and with a slight bow to Maroni explained that Miss Whitney had promised him the honor of serving her, and before she knew what to say, Cobb was bending over her in the conservatory.
"Confound the impertinence of those idiots!" he said angrily. "Did they frighten you?"
"O, no," replied Katherine faintly, "I had a headache, that was all"—and with energy—"I hate this sort of thing!"
"You mean—"
"Yes, I mean this amusing people," she interrupted. "Their insults madden me."
"O, Katherine, let's run away from it all," he began with sudden eagerness. "I would be so good to you, but—" a long pause.
"But what, Wallis?" she asked softly.
"O, my confounded name," he replied bitterly. "You know you told me once you would never marry a Corn Cobb."
"Yes," she said, with a proud little gesture, laying her hand on his sleeve. "I know I said it once, but that was before I cared; now—her voice was very low—" there is nothing in the world so sweet to me as to Mrs. Cornwallis Cobb."

lady, an 'er hubby is swell, too, an' she calls him 'Baby,' 'cause I hears her. Well, I wuz 't de house on Monday wid a message, wif wuz werry pertic'lar, inwitin' de swell lady down 't d' Waldorf-Astoria 't dinner in de gallery at de Prince Henry diner.
"I wuz down in de basement an' dere wuz de kid, wich las de run er de house. Well, de baby wuz on de floor wid a piece er charcoal an' de Bouse doz wuz in front er de range. De baby takes a piece er pape wot comes 'round de groceries, an' makes a lot o' black scratches on de pape. Den she comes over ter me an' sez kinder soft like: 'Baby, give me hooper pictur doggie.' Say, 'de Dockerty, excitedly, 'den me 'f twasn't a putty good dog picture. 'Jes' den de baby's mudder she comes in an' sez de baby's black hands, an' den she looks at de charcoal dog. Den she makes a dive fur me pictur, an' de baby yells, 'No, mam-ma—no. Little boy's doggie.'"
"Well, dere wuz a arbitration over dat piece o' pape. De swell lady w'is pered ter me, an' I 'tanks de baby an' goes out into de vestibule. De lady follies me out 'n' wot yer 'tink? She says: 'You dear boy, here's \$5 fur dat piece o' pape.' I takes der money, of course, an' den I wonders wot kinder g'ol mine I'll run into nex'. Well, I goes 't dat same place to-day, an' de same lady takes me in de parlor wuz full er swell ladies, an' hangin' on de wall, in a gold frame, wuz dat charcoal terrier. All de folks wuz sayin, 'It's jes' too lovely,' an' 'How did the darlin' ever do it?' an' 'tings like dat.'
Dockerty paused and looked at his newspaper friend, says the New York Tribune. Then he bluntly demanded: "Now, youse make good an' tell me de right name fur goin's on like dat. Wot's de k'rect name fur it?"

England's Resident Aristocracy.
It is curious how many members of the aristocracy and upper classes reside in the colonies and in America, says the London Express. Lord Charles Fitzgibbon has taken up his abode in Bulawayo, Rhodesia. The Hon. Claud Anson, who married Lady Susan Beresford, has a ranch in Texas, as has also his brother, the Hon. Francis Anson.
Sand Pillars.
Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are the "dust devils" seen by H. F. Witherby, the English explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, grating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they be well matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined begin to gyrate alike and then rush on together." Some of these whirls will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or twist a goat round and round like a top.
New Line of Torpedoes.
The Portsmouth (England) torpedo school has devised a line of torpedoes to prevent submarine attacks.
Many a man who is capable of giving good advice isn't capable of earning his salt.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.



The illustration is a reproduction of a photograph of the first British submarine boat coming to the top of the water after its inaugural trip. The boat is patterned somewhat after the Holland submarine boat. For more than a year the British government has been experimenting secretly with submarine craft, having been stirred to this action by the success of the French submarine boats, Gustav Zede, Gymnote and Norval and our own Holland boats. No one knows what the Admiralty has accomplished, but it is certain that soon the world's greatest navy will be greatly re-enforced by vessels of the new type.

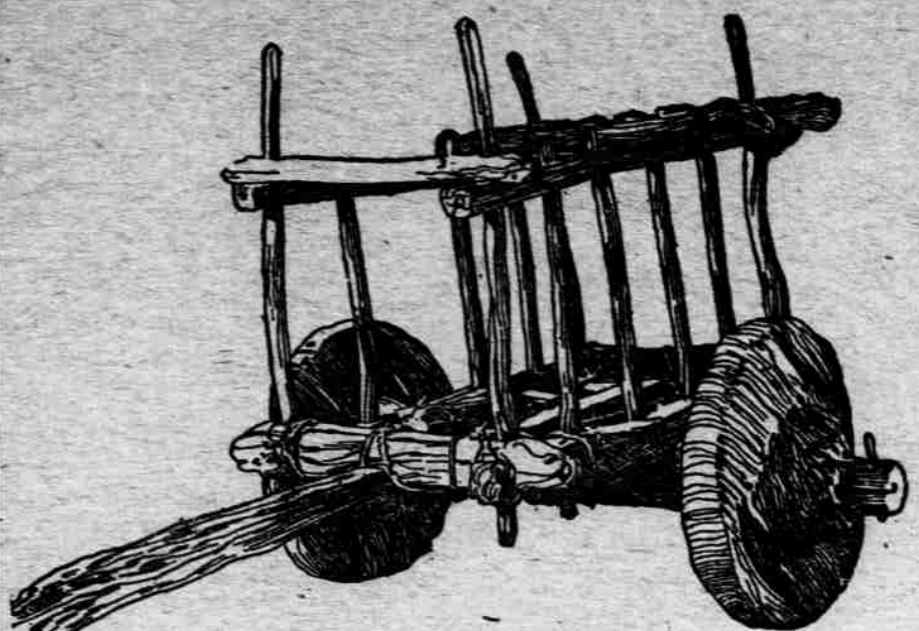
DETECTIVE PHOTOGRAPHY.

Cases in Which the Camera Has Come to the Aid of Justice.
Photography is every year proving its usefulness as a friend of justice and enemy of crime. A writer in Tit-Bits describes a case of diamond theft in Calcutta, in which no evidence against the arrested person could be found. A policeman familiar with the artifices of the native criminals suggested that an X-ray photograph be taken of the man's throat. The test revealed the hidden diamond. By a trick which Hindu jewel thieves learn after severe practice, the fellow had "side-swallowed" the stone.
A little more than a year ago some evidence that smugglers in Buenos Ayres were receiving gems through the mails put the authorities on the watch. Postal matter in transit could not be legally opened, but on suspicion sixty-six registered letters and parcels were examined by the X-ray, and found to contain twenty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. The dishonest traffic was stopped, and a large sum was saved to the customs revenue.
A person taking long-distance views from one of the upper windows of a tall building in Rochester, N. Y., caught the picture of a passing market-wagon with a man behind in the act of lifting a tub of butter from the load. The thief got away with his booty unnoticed by the driver or any one on the street, but the photograph, when sufficiently enlarged, identified and convicted him.
A marine view taken by a passenger on a foreign steamer in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro included a small yacht. Two men, Grayson and Linares, had gone out in the yacht that morning. Only Grayson returned alive. He said his companion had fallen from the mast and been killed; but his story was not believed, and he was tried and sentenced as a murderer. The trial had been pretty fully reported in the papers, and one day it occurred to the photographer to apply a powerful glass to his picture, in order to discover the character of a small dark mark on the sail. Under the magnifier the spot on the sail proved to be the figure of a falling man. He reported his discovery, and as soon as it had been officially verified Grayson was released.
A similar timely discovery was made after the village tragedy known as "The Cooper Murder," in Lancashire, England. Cooper, apprentice to McKenna, a blacksmith, was found dead on the floor of the latter's shop, and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide. An amateur photographer who had been through the village taking "snap-shots" on the day of Cooper's death, developed his films, and one of them showed the smithy with a partial view of the interior through the open door, revealing evidence which caused McKenna's arrest—and his final confession of the murder.

Complaints are heard against the camera as a nuisance, and undoubtedly the owners sometimes abuse their privilege, but cases multiply in which its use is beneficial, and even its accidental work proves valuable.
Dogs are to be used as river police on the Seine in Paris. Twenty Newfoundlanders warranted to save the apparently drowning, are allotted to as many gendarmes, and it is hoped that in consequence the rate of suicide will decrease in the French capital.
Giraffes in zoological gardens seem to be aware of their pecuniary value and ready to take advantage of it. Failing their natural diet of leaves, which they strip from the trees with their long, black prehensile tongues, they eat only the finest clover hay. Moreover, they are lazy, wasteful brutes, spilling the hay on the floor of their paddock and rarely troubling to recover it. For this reluctance, however, their proverbial fastidiousness may be partly responsible. Only an occasional onion, apple or lump of sugar pleases them apart from their hay and there is even a belief that, fond as a giraffe is of a whole apple, nothing will induce it to eat one from which its keeper first takes a bite.
An instance of the possibility of living under a snowdrift is recorded during severe storms in England. On Dec. 9 a large flock of sheep belonging to a cattle dealer of Garsdale were out on the open moor. The shepherds with their dogs collected the sheep and drove them to a more sheltered locality, dreading a threatening storm which soon followed: One sheep, however, escaped and made its way back to the pasture, where it was overtaken by the heavy fall of snow and imbedded in it. There it remained until the snow melted, when the shepherds were astonished to find it alive and well. It had stayed under the snow for twenty-two days. On its release it was found perfectly able to walk home, a distance of a mile and a half. It is curious to note that this same animal had undergone a similar burial in November, when it was "snowed up" for ten days.

No Sensation Intended.
Among the printed and posted regulations of one of the New York public schools are these instructions for the fire drill of the pupils:
"Fire drill—(A) 3 Bells—To the sidewalk and return, with clothing.
"(B) 4 Bells—To the yard and return, without clothing.
As a matter of fact, this performance is not as sensational as this principal's ambiguity might suggest, for the clothing referred to is only the outer wraps and hats of the children.—New York Mail and Express.
Defense of Mosquitoes.
A defender of the mosquito says the great majority of mosquitoes never taste either human blood or that of any animal, not having the opportunity. They live upon vegetable juices and decomposing animal and vegetable matter, found in the localities where they are most numerous, and thus perform a valuable service as nature's scavengers.

OLDEST WAGON IN AMERICA.



Picturesque among the relics of ancient Indian days, dating back to the introduction of cattle in New Mexico, more than 200 years ago, is the old carreta or ox cart, shown in the illustration, which is probably the oldest vehicle of native American origin in the world. This carreta was found in the possession of a native Indian in the ancient pueblo village, Rio Tesuque, situated about five miles from Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. The Indian, who was 85 years old, said it had been the property of his great-grandfather, and the traditions of Rio Tesuque, when taken in correlation with known historical events, clearly establish the date of its making in the latter half of the seventeenth century.
The ancient vehicle shows the primitive conditions of past modes of travel. The great wheels are made of the cross sections of the sycamore tree. The hubs are of one piece with the body of the wheels; they are secured by wooden pins driven through the axle. No iron or metal figures in the make-up, wood and rawhide alone being used in the construction. The body of the carreta is an open rack of cottonwood eight feet long. Upright slats four feet high form this rack. The frame rests upon the axle and the tongue.
The tongue, twelve feet long, is a twisted and gnarled trunk of a mesquite tree. The oxen which drew this ancient cart pushed with their heads a sort of yoke in the shape of a bow of wood bound upon the horns with rawhide, which may be seen to-day in some parts of France and Germany.

CHICAGO WONDERS AT IT.

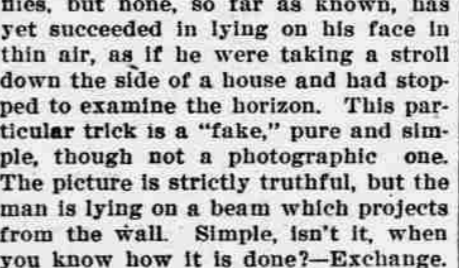
Remarkable Feat of Engineering Skill Now About Completed.
Three distinct and unusual features tend to make the great subway system now being constructed in Chicago one of the most extraordinary triumphs of engineering skill ever accomplished. It is unique in design, mammoth in size and the methods of construction and ultimate use are decidedly novel.
Chicago is a most peculiar city. While it covers an area of 184 square miles, a large portion of which is sparsely populated, the business interests are centered in a district about three-quarters of a mile square. Within these narrow limits are the great wholesale houses, banks, department stores, office buildings, theaters, railway depots and steamboat docks.
The result is a bewildering confusion of pedestrians on the sidewalks, while the roadways are choked with street cars, delivery wagons and heavy drays. All this within a radius of six blocks stores to the outlying districts. No attempt will be made to do a passenger business.
Intelligible Announcement.
An American woman who understands Italian, but has not learned to comprehend Italianized English, had at a hotel in Florence an experience which she relates with glee.
She had asked that a carriage might be ready for her at a certain hour. She waited in the parlor for it to be announced, and when the time had passed she made complaint that her request had not been regarded.
"But, madam, I send up a boy where you and the other madam were sitting, ten minutes ago, and command him to announce your equipage," said the clerk.
"A boy said something in the doorway," said the lady, doubtfully, "but as he spoke in a language unknown to me, and did not seem to be addressing me, I paid no attention to him."
The boy, being summoned, gazed



SECTION OF MAIN TUNNEL, JACKSON AND DEARBORN STREETS.

from the corner of State and Madison streets, the hub of the business section. Outside of this district there is comparative ease of movement for both pedestrian and wagon traffic.
To offer partial remedy for the ills affecting the city a proposition was made to the Council for an underground telephone service that would rid Chicago of the Bell monopoly. It was received kindly and a permit given to construct the necessary conduits.
Then opposition began to show itself. A clause was inserted in the franchise forbidding the new concern to tear up a bit of pavement, or to disturb the surface of the roadways in any manner under pain of forfeiture of its entire plant.
This was about two years ago, and since there has been no sign of any work being done. Not a foot of street pavement had been torn up, and when the word was given out not long ago that seven miles of large-sized tunnels had been built under the business section of Chicago and were ready for use, everybody excepting the men directly interested in the work was astounded.
As opposition was feared, the work has been done quietly. Basements were rented at convenient intervals along the line and the work of excavation begun. Men were put to digging, and the earth taken out was hauled up and carted away at night through the coal holes in the sidewalks, so that it did not attract attention. In the daytime there was not a sign to indicate to the thousands of pedestrians that any unusual work was in progress, but every hour of the twenty-four, day and night, hundreds of men were digging away like moles forty feet below the surface of the street.
It was necessary to go this deep in order to avoid the sewer and gas pipes, the conduit of the telephone and the telegraph companies, the electric light cables and the great water mains. Now the work is about completed. The main tunnels are 14x12 feet and the branches 8x8.
Although constructed ostensibly for the accommodation of telephone wires, this will in reality be a small part of a new enterprise. Its subways are of such size that small cars can be run through them, and on these it is proposed to transport the mails from the general postoffice to the various railway depots and sub-stations; to deliver newspapers to the railway depots and to the dealers instead of sending them by wagons, as is now done, and to carry package-freight from the down-town

HOW TO SET GRAVITATION AT DEFIANCE



Modern acrobats perform some seemingly impossible feats. We have seen them walking on the ceiling like flies, but none, so far as known, has yet succeeded in lying on his face in thin air, as if he were taking a stroll down the side of a house and had stopped to examine the horizon. This particular trick is a "fake," pure and simple, though not a photographic one. The picture is strictly truthful, but the man is lying on a beam which projects from the wall. Simple, isn't it, when you know how it is done?—Exchange.
Africa's Ancient Sea.
Recent studies of the animal life of Lake Tanganyika have shown that that lake differs from all other African lakes in possessing inhabitants that belong to the oceanic species. Still, these singular denizens of Lake Tanganyika are not exactly like the marine organisms of the present day, and the conclusion is drawn that a sea, connected with the open ocean, once occupied the parts of Africa where Tanganyika now lies and that the lake is the last remnant of the ancient sea.
Malapropos.
Cadleigh—I thought I had met you before, Miss Brown.
Miss Brown—No; I guess it was my sister.
Cadleigh—Perhaps so. The Miss Brown I met was rather pretty."
Philadelphia Press.
A Temperate People.
The per capita consumption of spirit in the United States is smaller than in any other of the great nations.



Fred—John's wife helps him with his literary labors, doesn't she? Fredericka—Oh! yes, she cashes his checks.
"I wonder if he knows my sister has money." "Has he proposed?" "He has."
"He does."—New York Herald.
"Do you believe in love at first sight, Chris?" "Sure. If more men took a closer look they wouldn't fall in love."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.
"Will you marry me?" he asked. "I told you once that I would not," she answered. "Yes, but that was yesterday," he urged.—Tit-Bits.
"It's a small village." "So small they call a shop a store?" "Oh, smaller than that. They call a store an emporium."—New York Sun.
"He proposed to her as a joke." "Yes?" "Well, she accepted him. He does not regard himself as a humorist any more."—Brooklyn Life.
Jaggles—A new summer drink has been named ping-pong. Waggles—So they're going to force it down our throats, eh?—New York Sun.
Too late we learn to grasp the clew,
"Twixt that which is and that which was."
And the man who's always "going to" Is the man who never "does."
"Jenkins holds his head mighty high this mornin'. What's happened?" "Just put a mortgage on the wule an' sold a mockin'bird for \$10.—Atlanta Constitution.
"Pa," said little Willie, "I wonder why a bad actor is called a 'ham.'"
"Perhaps," replied his father, "it's because he's so often served with eggs."
—Philadelphia Press.
He—Do you mean to say the plumber has not been here yet? She—No—isn't it shameful? And we such good customers; our plumbing is nearly always out of order.—Brooklyn Life.
Foreign Visitor—Your American society has no castles with haunted rooms. American Girl—No, we haven't. I admit; but (brightening) we have plenty of scandals.—New York Weekly.
Traveler—I sent you half an hour ago to the railway station to find when the next train goes. Porter—Yes, sir, and to be sure and be exact I waited till it started—it was just 12:37.—Punch.
"I don't believe you love me a bit!" sobbed his wife. "But I do, darling! I—" "Don't tell me! It's unnatural you should. No man could love a woman who wears such old hats as I do."—Answers.
Judge—Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert? Prosecutor—Yes, your honor. Judge—Very well, let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert.—Ohio State Journal.
Clerk—"Mr. Snipper was in while you were out; he said he'd call again tomorrow. Proprietor—Very kind of him, Clerk.—But he wanted to collect a bill. Proprietor—Very kind to say when he would call.—Boston Transcript.
"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off I wonder if he'll ask me to return the jewels that he gave me?" "If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once—for in that case they're not genuine!"—Fleegende Blaetter.
"Of course you've read Homer's story of 'Ulysses and Calypso,' haven't you?" "No, I really can't say that I have. There's so many books to keep up to date now, don't you know, that I just simply don't pretend to keep track of them all."—Chicago Times-Herald.
Mr. Stingum—By the way, Sharpe says he saw you in the Bongtang cafe yesterday.—Nurtich Cadd—Yes, but I cut him. Did he tell you that? Mr. Stingum—No, but he did remark that he expected every minute to see you cut yourself.—Philadelphia Press.
The automobile had broken down and the chauffeur was busy trying to discover the trouble. The impatient owner of the machine at last broke out: "Hurry up, Felix; there are a lot of people crossing the street that we are missing."—Yonkers Statesman.
Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm. Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood? Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Holstens and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.—Boston Christian Register.
Life Worth Living.—George—Well, life is worth living, after all. Jack—What's happened? George—I went to a railway station to see my sister off, and by some chance Harry Handsom was there to see his sister off, and in the rush and noise and confusion we got mixed, and I hugged his sister and he hugged mine.—New York Weekly.
Ready for Anything.—"But, why," ask of the great inventor, "do you have this huge battery at the top of your machine, and the large wheels, and steering gear beneath it?" "Because," he answers, with patient consideration for our inability to grasp an idea when it juts out before us, "I am not sure yet whether this will be an airship or an automobile."—Baltimore American.
A man went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his wife's partner, said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"—New York Times.
Record in Clothes-Making.
Thomas Kitson, of the Stroudsburg mills, in Pennsylvania, had six sheets sheared at 6:30 o'clock in the morning. The wool was then sorted, scoured, dried, carded, spun, woven into cloth and the cloth was given to the tailors and made up into a suit of clothes which were given to Mr. Kitson at 12:34 o'clock, or six hours and four minutes from the time of shearing. The best previous record was about eight hours.
It matters not what your ancestors were—it is what you that counts.