

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Apparently it is the open season in Macedonia for almost everything.

It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

It is announced that Alaska's great need is wagon roads. We thought climate was its principal lack.

It is quite probable that a speedily forthcoming theatrical venture will be "The Van Wormer Brothers."

Thus we see that if an editor says something severe about you in his paper, and you kill him, it is a case of self-defense.

David M. Parry will go right ahead solving the labor problem unless he can be diverted to the Mary and Ann controversy.

Another "expert" has discovered the secret of determining sex at will, and Nature will laugh him to scorn as she has all his predecessors.

An easy conscience is one which permits you to violate the law with impunity so long as the responsible officials raise no objections.

The Sultan of Turkey has levied a heavy war tax. Thought the old bird hadn't even a pluckable pin feather; but Abdul knows how to use tweezers.

Even though the government scientists prove that people eat too much, it will be a difficult task to effect a reformation unless hard times return.

Oh, horrors! We spend more on chewing gum than on missions! Ah, but by keeping some jaws busy, otherwise than in talk, we do the best kind of mission work.

Capital punishment might restrain crime if all murderers were put to death, but no such execution of the law is to be expected while human nature is what it is now.

An investigator with a microscope and a large stock of patience has found out that there are 200 kinds of mosquitoes. Some men are never happy except when they are digging up trouble for other people.

As safe blowers have learned to use electricity to promote their ends, the nimble pickpocket may acquire the art of the X-ray operator to locate the desired purse. In the progress of science the wicked are not without their share.

The Shah of Persia still has some very old-fashioned notions. For one thing, he insists on doing his own official poisoning when he wishes to put any of his loving subjects out of the way. Some crowned heads are so fussy over these things.

One hundred and fourteen miles an hour was the speed attained by an experimental train on a new military railway in Germany, and it is hoped to run a train at the rate of two hundred miles in the same time. As preparation for war means avoidance of it nowadays, this indicates the German disposition to hasten toward peace at a pretty rapid pace.

The agreement between Great Britain and France for a treaty of arbitration of commercial and political differences is the most important victory for the arbitral principle since the establishment of the tribunal of The Hague. Particularly is this agreement noteworthy because effected between traditional enemies who for centuries have been at war.

Americans have occasion to regret one excellent feature in British administration. Under the system long in use by that government diplomacy is a profession. Men start at the bottom as attaches or consuls and go up by promotion or merit to the highest place, which is ambassador. This secures in the service officers who are acquainted with many countries, who speak many languages and have the skill in diplomacy acquired by experience. It is far different from our catch-as-catch-can system, which offers no career either in consular or diplomatic service.

The reluctance with which some persons took up the duties of life when the holiday season ended has reminded a correspondent that at the beginning of September the men of the Scotch shipyards sometimes resort to the sporting method of a "toss-up" whether they shall return to work or not. A brick is thrown into the air. If it stays up the men go back to the yard. If the brick comes down the holiday is extended. To tired persons who believe in "luck" and govern their lives accordingly, this experiment can always be depended upon to yield satisfactory results.

The frequency with which dangerous cranks seek to gain access to the president should put an end for all time to those senseless public receptions at which the president is expected to stand up and let hundreds of people file in and shake his hand. This degenerate survival of the royal levee has long been an outrageous nuisance. It has been used as an advertising card for Washington excursion business and parties of tourists have been taken to the receptions by a guide and put in line to shake hands with the president. Our president is not a king or a show piece of any kind, but a republican magistrate, with important public business to attend to, and nobody ought to have access to him for the gratification of idle curiosity.

Few trade movements of recent years have been more notable than the increased demand of our zone for the productions of the tropics. From the United States is now bringing in four times as many pounds of coffee,

sugar and rice as it did in 1870, twice as much tea, five times as much India-rubber, and twenty-six times as much silk. Improvements in transportation have enabled this remarkable development to take place. Better steamship facilities, perfected cold storage appliances and the canning industry have brought within reasonable price many fruits which were formerly too expensive for general use. Even bananas, which are easily transported, sold for eight cents each in country stores in 1870. A Harvard professor relates that when he was a student in college he used to welcome an invitation to dine with a certain family because they served bananas. Many other tropical products now abundantly used were the luxuries of a generation ago. Their lowering cost on one side and the increased means of the American public on the other have resulted in an extraordinary increase in their use. Sugar and other articles, which only a few years ago were employed sparingly in many frugal households, have become so cheap that there is now little restraint on their use. Similarly, there has been a great increase in the use of wheat and kerosene oil by the people of the tropics. Very fittingly have the British made botanical gardens a chief object of interest in many of their tropical cities, like Singapore, or like Kandy in Ceylon. The familiar household names of their luxuriant trees and shrubs remind the visitor of the new dependence of the modern world upon the peculiar growths of the perpetual summer.

In New York a woman with three children walked the streets searching for a home. They found lodging in a basement, and were told to "move on" by the landlord. Her character was all right. She had references. The children were the ordinary kind of boys and girls—healthy and noisy. She had money. She couldn't pay for a palace, but she was ready to settle in advance for a modest apartment. The children were not wanted. They were the obstacles, impediments, flat nuisances. That is why the landlords said, "Move on." It is why they say "move on" in other cities. It isn't right. If our boasted civilization has reached a point where a place called home has children blacklisted, it isn't home at all. If a boycott on the little flat is a part of life in a flat, then flats are by no means a blessing. This is a world of averages. You have got to put up with some things that you do not like, and you should accept the noise made by the neighbors' children gracefully, and thank God that they can laugh and shout and romp and be happy. The man or woman who is grouchy because of children isn't right. There must be something wrong inside. The life that doesn't include joy in the reflected happiness of boys and girls is a narrow life. Don't blame the landlords too much. They didn't bar children because they are naturally hard-hearted. Grumpy men and fretful women complained that other people's babies were a nuisance. The gruff old bachelor refused to find any music in the merry laugh of a child, and few women found dogs better company than children. It is business to supply a demand, and so the landlords of countless flat buildings rubbed their hands and said to mothers and fathers of fine families: "Very sorry, but we can't rent to you because of your broods." Once upon a time France discouraged children. It was the greatest mistake ever made by a nation. France has not recovered from the error to this day. Perhaps she never will. Isn't there danger for America in flat regulations that provide that "no children need apply."

Tragedy in Fashion.
Longed for fashion's swim. But she said, with laughter, She cared 0 for him.

He proposed, Caused no exultation, Then became dumfounded At her!

'Twas like heaping: Fire burning hot, For he'd staked his soul on Marriage with a —

Soon he made a — for Nextest at gate Found he had no cash for Dinner that he S.

Quickly she relented, Wrote that she'd be his, Told him she repented In ()

Now they're living double, Happy, strong and well; It seems the cause of trouble Was a deadly | | —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Beds and Bedsteads.
Bedstead originally meant "the bed's place." The truckle-bed was the first advance on the bench, and then the tester suspended from the roof. Then came in the Arabian bed—a name, perhaps, derived from the Crusades. The four-poster came from Austria in the fifteenth century. The late Queen Victoria always carried her bedstead about with her, and so did the nobles in the Middle Ages. The coverlid, or counterpane, was often splendidly embroidered. Yet the beds at this time were often only sacks of straw. Feather beds came from France in the fourteenth century but straw was in general use long after. Blankets of wool were not introduced by Blanket of Bristol, who made them for the word in the sense of a coarse woollen fabric existed before.

The Latest Anarchist Scare.

A stroller through a big department store in the shopping district was astonished to come upon a generous bod of anthracite standing on a counter.

"Mercy me!" she ejaculated; "selling coal right here in the middle of the store?"

Looking farther she saw a sign, "\$300 a ton; good to eat; not to burn," and discovered it was candy.—New York Times.

When a woman is no longer able to make a man jealous she may as well give it up as a bad job.



She—Ada has married one man out of a thousand. He—Well, how many did you expect her to marry?

Ethel—I didn't know that your Aunt Dorothy was married. Reggie—Well, she is. I guess I know, 'cause I went to her funeral!—Lippincott's.

She lost her head when he proposed, but he, a trifle bolder, made search for it distractedly, and found it on his shoulder.—Philadelphia Record.

Rooney—Where did ye git 't' black eye, Molke? Clancy—Why, Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an 'twas me advised Tim 't' git married.—Judge.

"Don't you think that woman's clever?" "Clever! Why, she's so clever she can make all her clothes without other women knowing it!"—Brooklyn Life.

She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will not be against your father's will. Jack—I'm sure I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Town and Country.

Chimney—How much fer dat diamond ring in dere—de big one? Jeweler—Four hundred dollars. Chimney—Say, Mag, would yer sooner hev dat er a plate uv ice cream?

Snapp—He's got a scheme for making money that seems to be all right in theory. Skrap—Huh! All men with theories are fools. Snapp—Indeed? That's your theory, is it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Briggs—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he's engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other. Griggs—What makes you think that? "Well I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Life.

"This is a pretty time of night for that girl next door to be playing the piano!" remarked an indignant lady to her husband. "Oh, she's no respecter of time! You can tell that from the way she's playing!" rejoined he.

Husband—Where did you get that sideboard? Wife—At an auction, for \$100. Husband—Awful! I could have bought the same thing for \$50. Wife—Well, I wasn't going to let that woman across the way outbid me.—Brooklyn Life.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I should marry you. She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him? He—Why? She—I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me!

Man Dressmaker—Well, what now? Apprentice—I have discovered a way to make a woman's dress so that she will look like a hump-backed baboon with bat's wings. Man Dressmaker—Glorious! It will become the rage.—New York Weekly.

"It is her proud boast that she has never heard an opera in her life." "You must be mistaken. She isn't a Puritan at all, but quite a gay society girl." "That's just it. She never goes to the opera except as one of a box party."—Philadelphia Press.

He (as they were seated in a quiet nook near the links)—Are you quite sure we have never met before this season? She—Yes; quite positive. He—And you haven't a sister? She—No; why do you ask? He—Well, I'm positive I hugged that blouse before, somewhere.

"Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive euchre club?" "No, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "when we buy prizes we are always careful to select things that no one really wants, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—Washington Star.

Mr. Kidder—Ah, how-der-do, doctor! If you have a few minutes to spare I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy. Dr. Price—What is the matter with the lad? Mr. Kidder—Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair.—Harper's Bazar.

Creditor—"See, here! Now that you've come in for some money, why don't you pay my bill?" Slopay—"Certainly—er—I beg pardon—what is your name?" Creditor—"Ziegler." Slopay—"Sorry, but you'll have to wait. I'm paying my creditors in alphabetical order."—Philadelphia Press.

"No," said the fair proprietor of the refrigerator, "I cannot be your wife, but I'll be a sister to you." "Thanks, awfully," rejoined the youth who was left at the post. "If there is one thing I need more than another it is an elderly sister to look after me and prevent me from making a fool of myself."—Chicago Daily News.

A girl about five years of age was wandering around the other day, when a policeman espied her, and asked, "Where you going, sissy?" "Going home." "Where is your home?" "I can't find it." "Can't you? Then I'm afraid you are lost." "Oh, no, I ain't!" she promptly replied. "I'm right here but home is lost. I wish you'd be good and find it for me."

Aunt Jane—They tell me you took fifty dollars of Mr. Young's money at the card table last night. I did not know that you ever gambled. Nephew—That wasn't gambling, auntie. Young was quite elated at the hand he held, and I bet with him merely to give him a lesson not to trust too much to appearances. Aunt Jane—Oh, that was it, was it? I thought you wouldn't be so wicked as to gamble.—Boston Transcript.

Toothsome Coal.
A stroller through a big department store in the shopping district was astonished to come upon a generous bod of anthracite standing on a counter.

"Mercy me!" she ejaculated; "selling coal right here in the middle of the store?"

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CHURCH SHIPPED BY FREIGHT.

Here is one of the greatest curiosities in church architecture. The edifice stands in Eichwald, Bohemia, the idyllic health resort near Tepitz-Schoeneau, which is the property of the millionaire Prince Clary-Aldringen. During a visit last year in Venice he saw the beautiful church of the Madonna dell'Orta and was so charmed with its architectural perfection and artistic excellence that he commissioned the Venetian architect, Pietro Bigaglia, to have an exact fac simile



of the sanctuary constructed, and in Venice. The various parts of the building were made of Venetian marble and Italian plaster, carefully numbered and packed in thousands of boxes. These were shipped to Eichwald, where another architect was employed to superintend the putting together of all the parts according to the original plan. The freight on the boxes and the cartage from the depot to the church site cost nearly \$50,000. The cost of material and the wages paid to architects and builders runs over \$300,000. The prince's fad is a costly one, but his critics who aver that he could have saved at least \$150,000 he replies that he considers the extra amount well spent for art's sake, and that he believes he could not have secured an exact counterpart of the Venice church in any other way.

CHIEF JUSTICE ALVERSTONE.

His Vote Settled Boundary Question in America's Favor. The settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute in favor of the Americans is due to Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, who voted with the Americans for all the points claimed by them except two. This has been a bone of contention between the two countries for many years and would still be unsettled but for the agreement between Ambassador Herbert and Secretary Hay, signed in January, under which each country appointed three commissioners. Those of the United States were Elihu Root, Senator Lodge and ex-Senator George F. Turner, and the representatives of Great



Britain were Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, and A. B. Aylesworth. Under the terms of the treaty it was not possible for the commissioners to transfer Dyes, Skagway, Juneau or any other American city from America to British jurisdiction. But it did leave open the question whether the British could get to tidewater. The treaty had always been the issue. The treaty went to some length into the claims of both countries, but the main points were based on the meaning of Articles III. and IV. of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825, or, in other words, whether the line of demarcation, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, was to be drawn thirty marine miles from the coast of the Pacific ocean or from the headwaters of the Lynn and other canals into the Canadian interior. The British concession of agreeing to three commissioners on each side without an umpire or referee was offset by the willingness of the United States to hold the deliberations of the commission in London under the presidency of Chief Justice Alverstone. The commission held its first formal meeting in London September 3, and disposed of the entire question in a little more than two months.

By the decision of this tribunal, Lord Chief Justice Alverstone voting with the Americans, the United States gets all the territory it has always claimed. The Portland canal, which is an outlet from British Columbia, is given to Canada.

Lord Alverstone, whose decision has not met with favor in Canada, is the head of the highest judicial tribunal in England, and has been since 1900. For twelve years prior to this he was Attorney General.

We should think that the word "love" would strike married people much like a whiff of cooking after one has had too much breakfast.

CONCEIT OF THE SOMALI.

His Good Opinions of Himself Are the Subject of His Songs. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the natives of Somaliland is their unbounded, preposterous conceit. Englishmen who know their language have been appalled by it. When watering his camel or his horse the Somali encourages the animal to drink by chanting to it in a monotone. It is at such moments of extemporary effusion that the man shines in all his glory. The subject matter may be the experiences of the day's march, the virtues of the animal beside him, the charms of his latest wife, or his own prowess in some bloodless tribal raid. By great good fortune the following literal translation of one of these chants or songs came into my possession, and I insert it without any comment:

"Will you see a man? Then behold me! I am a Somali, as perfect in size and form as Adam was after God had

breathed into him his immortal soul. Look how beautiful my curly hair is, and how majestic I look when wrapped from head to foot in my snow-white or jungle-colored robe, although there be sometimes only one pie (a small piece of money) tied to it. My house is in the desert, and I am born a free man. Free as the wind! I know neither king nor master. I am as Adam was, my own master and king. In the jungle I tend my camels and sheep; my only labor is to watch them feed. In my kerryer, my wife, my dear slave, does all the manual work, while tending my offspring, and woe to her if she forgets to prepare my evening meal. The jedal (whip) shall then have its turn to make her remember for next day. In such a state is any man happier than I?"—Golden Penny.

The Iron Pillar of Delhi is a solid shaft of wrought iron, 16 inches in diameter, and of a length that is variously reported. The total length is from 48 to 80 feet underground and above, including a capital of 3 1/2 feet. The pillar contains about 80 cubic feet of metal, and weighs about seventeen tons. The metal is, of course, charcoal iron, made directly from ore in small bills; but how it was welded up no one can tell, as no record exists of any early method of dealing with great masses of wrought iron. An inscription roughly cut or punched upon the column states that Rajah Dhara subdued a people in the Sirdhu, named Vahlkios, and obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period. The date of the inscription has been referred to the third or fourth century after Christ, but on this authorities are at variance.

After a man gets a nice home, he is usually compelled to leave it for several months in the year, and live at a poor hotel at some mineral spring.

GOOD Short Stories

Some time before the Civil War, and while he resided in Southern Illinois, John A. Logan once found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself, and told him so. "Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man, excitedly; "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol." "Oh," Logan is said to have calmly retorted, "That won't be necessary. You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie."

A colored barber thus explained to Senator Hoar his reason for resigning from a certain African church: "I jined that chuch en good faith, and de fust year I give \$10 to ds stated gospel, an' all de chuch people calls me 'Brudder Dickson.' De second year me bizness fell off, en I give \$5; en all de chuch people dey call me 'Mistah Dickson.' De third year I feel so poorly dat I don't give nuthin' 'I'll for preaching, en all de chuch people dey pass me by en say, 'Dat ole niggah Dickson.' After dat I quit 'em."

A well-known professor, having boarded a few weeks with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help pay the rent, decided to spend his vacation there again this year. In notifying the farmer of his intention, he wrote: "There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the vacation at your house. We don't like the maid Mary. Moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." "This is what he received in reply: 'Mary has went. We haint had no hog since you went away last September.'

Rudyard Kipling once visited the late Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short time he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards, inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the Human Race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life? Larger and larger grew the type: 'It is late, it is still later,' leading at last into the little breakfast room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

TRIALS OF THE NEWCOMER.
Lucky If He Escapes Harsher Fate Than a Nickname. The instinctive attitude toward strangers of people in self-contained communities, in which there is but little coming and going, is one of hostility, says the London Globe. Traces of this feeling—a survival, surely, from the days of the tribal or village community—are still to be found even in many places where the immensely increased facilities for intercommunication have broken up and almost abolished the old isolated modes of life. There are still old world rural parts where those who come from or belong to other districts are generally styled "furriners." But this is really a survival of medievalism.

Connected with the old hostile attitude toward the outsider is the custom, which is found all over the world, of dubbing the newcomer, whether to country or town, or profession, with a nickname, humorous or satirical. In the far West of America or Canada he who comes fresh from the East or from Europe is a "tenderfoot." Originally, no doubt, the name was almost literally true. A backwoodsman, or frontiersman, is a tolerably tough and hardened individual, and a newcomer from more civilized parts would probably find he deserved the name of "tenderfoot" before he had been long on the tramp. But, of course, the epithet soon gained a wider application, and became a label for a fresh arrival of any kind. Another western name of like meaning was "pilgrim."

In India for many a long year the newcomer has always been known as a "griffin," usually shortened to "griff"; but no one has yet been able to explain the origin of the term.

In the Malay peninsula newly imported Chinese coolies are known as "sinkeys," but why we cannot say. Australia, of course, has its own nicknames for the newcomer. When he arrives fresh from the old country he is a "new chum" or a "lime juice" and usually bears the marks of his newness thick upon him in the shape of his clothes, the topics of his talk, and the like. If he goes inland or up the country, as the Australians would say, and settles down on a sheep or cattle station, so as to get practically acquainted with the work on a large run, and thus learn the details essential to successful sheep or cattle farming, he is known at first as a "colonial experience" or a "jackaroo."

The application of nicknames is not confined to fresh immigrants in any country or colony. The habit is found in existence in many other directions. In military slang a recruit is a "rooky," and many other occupations have parallel nicknames for the novice, the raw hand, the greenhorn who is not necessarily a simpleton. "Greenhorn" itself was used in the seventeenth century as a name for a raw recruit when "greener" is commonly used in London at the present time among sweating employers as a term for newly arrived foreigners in search of work who are

just the material to serve the sweater's purpose.

At English universities, again, the undergraduate in his first year has been known for centuries as a "freshman," which recent Oxford slang, with its idiotic love for making "er" a universal termination, turns into "fresh-er." Across the Atlantic freshman is similarly used, while a second-year student is dubbed a "sophomore," a name unknown on this side.

At German universities men rejoice in a variety of strange names. In one of the chapters of Longfellow's "Hyperion" the reader may make the acquaintance of the Nasty-Foxes, otherwise freshmen; Branders, or second-term men; mossyheads, old ones and princes of twilight. Most of them sound delightfully meaningless, which is one of the recognized beauties of cant terms.

THE CANALS OF EUROPE.

This Means of Transportation Regaining Long-Lost Prestige.

"In nearly all the commercial countries of Europe," says United States Consul Hossfield in an official report, "the canal seems to be regaining its long-lost prestige. Germany has expended during the last ten years hundreds of millions of marks for the construction of artificial water courses, and Austria will expend during the next nine years no less than 325,000,000 crowns (\$65,975,000) for a like purpose, while Italy seems to be determined not to remain far behind in the improvement of inland navigation."

"About two years ago the Italian government appointed a commission to investigate and report upon the advisability of establishing a system of national waterways in the northern part of the kingdom. This commission recommends the establishment of a network of inland water courses of a total length of 2,112 miles. This great work can be achieved the more easily because northern Italy has already 1,577 miles of navigable rivers and canals, and these can be connected with each other by a system of auxiliary canals of a total length of less than 434 miles. The commission estimates the total cost of the proposed improvements at \$22,774,000.

"The main line of the proposed system would be a canal connecting Venice with Milan and Turin. Another canal would connect Milan with Bologna and a third Bologna with Venice. It is further proposed to open an inland water course from Venice to the Austrian frontier, for which purpose the rivers Stella, Corno and Ausca could be utilized.

"An improved system of water highways would be a powerful stimulus to the farms and factories of northern Italy, enabling manufacturers to collect their raw materials and fuel with less labor and expense, and opening more distant and more profitable markets for both industrial and agricultural products.

"It is worthy of note that some of the canals which it is proposed to make use of in this national system of waterways were constructed nearly 500 years ago and that one of them is known to have been equipped with lift locks as early as 1497."

GRUDGE IS A CLEVER BIRD.

It Evades the Hunter by Tricks that Display Its Intelligence.

It has 100 tricks of defense. It will sometimes lie still until the hunter is within a yard of it, then soar straight upward in his front, towering like a woodcock; again, it will rise forty yards away, and the sound of its wings is his only notice of its presence. It will cover upon a branch under which he passes, and his cap will not be more than a foot below it as he goes, and though it has seen him approaching, it will remain quiescent in frightful fear until his back is turned. It will flush then, and when he has slewed himself hurriedly around he will catch only a glimpse of a brown, broad wing far away.

Wounded and falling in the open, it will be found—if it is found at all—with the telltale speckles of its breast against the trunk of some brown tree against which its feathers are indistinguishable, and the black ruff about the neck of the mate will be laid against the darkest spot of the bark. Often it will double like a fox; often, as man draws near, it will spring noiselessly into some spruce and hide until he passes, dropping then to the ground and continuing its feeding; often, too, it will decline to take wing, though unhurt, and will run fast for a half mile—so fast that the most expert woodsman will be unable to keep pace with it. This it will do only on leafy ground and never when snow would betray its tracks.—Outing.

Origin of "Mrs. Grundy."

In Morton's clever comedy, "Speed the Plough," Farmer Ashfield, at table, with his jug and pipe, is talking to his wife on her return from market. "Well, dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring from market?"

"What news, husband? What I always told you, that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did."

"All the better for he!" "Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him."

"Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, don't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit to."

"And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market!" "Be quiet, wool ye? Always ding-dinging Dame Grundy into my ears: 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' 'What will Mrs. Grundy think?' Canst thee be quiet; let her alone, and behave thyself pratty?"—Answers.

The Ancient Sages.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?" "Because they've been dead for year."—Philadelphia Press.

Ancient and Modern Volcanoes.

There are about 350 volcanoes on this earth that have performed in modern times. There are many hundreds more that have long been extinct.



(Sketched on the Football Ground.) —Pick-Me-Up.