

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The difference between horse races and walking matches seems to be that in the former the contestants score before they start, while in the latter they must start before they can score. —*Idea.*

—A New York woman recently appeared at the theater wearing a blue waistcoat, with gold dollars for buttons. It is said that she did not appear to mind the sensation she created.

—The *Oakland Tribune* recommends keeping a goose in the chicken-roost as a guard against the depredations of professional chicken-thieves. The goose will "squawk" on the intruder every time.

—The Sweetwater dam just completed at San Diego, Cal., at a cost of \$800,000, is said to be twenty feet higher than any dam in the United States. It is ninety feet from its base to its crest.

—"Ya'as," said young Mr. Sissy, sucking the head of his cane, "I'm an Anglomaniac; but only in a mild form, y' know." "Yes," she responded, by way of keeping up the conversation, "sort of an Anglomaniac, as it were, Mr. Sissy."

—A farmer in Gratiot County, Michigan, plowed up a fifty-pound cannon ball the other day. There is no record of any battle having been fought in that vicinity, and the people are wondering where the big cannon ball came from.

—Brunswick, Ga., has invested in a new fifty-cent Bible for swearing witnesses on. The reason for this is that the old Bible has had the first four chapters of Genesis kissed away, and the lawyers are in doubt whether an oath made on a Bible minus its first four chapters is binding.

—The woman who welcomes bright weather on Monday on account of "hanging out clothes to dry," is greater than the woman who takes advantage of the same bright weather to go shopping. This is rather clumsily expressed, but we've got the wisdom in as usual. —*Drake's Magazine.*

—"The laughter of girls," says Dr. Quiney, "is, and ever was, among the most delightful sounds on earth." Judgment on that. It depends whether the girls are laughing at your best joke, or because you have just taken a header from your bicycle, and are trying to think which end of yourself to pick up first.

—A Dallas County (Texas) preacher has issued circulars declaring himself to be the watchman spoken of in the twenty-third chapter of Ezekiel. Among other assertions, he alleges his ability to prove that the Bible shuts out all unmarried persons over twenty-one years of age from the kingdom of heaven unless a good excuse can be shown.

—Scatter ashes along the rows of the young strawberry plants as soon as they shall be large enough to work. Stir the earth, take out all grass and then apply the ashes on the surface, and the rains will carry them down to the roots. Fertilizers for strawberries give the best results when applied near the surface and not worked into the soil, as the roots feed near the surface instead of penetrating deeply.

—"Have you seen papa's new dog, Carlo," she asked, as they sat in the parlor. "Yes," he replied uneasily; "I have had the pleasure of meeting the dog." "Isn't he splendid? He is so affectionate." "I noticed he was very demonstrative," returned he, as he moved uneasily in his chair. "He is very playful, too. I never saw a more playful animal in all my life." "I am glad to hear you say that." "Why?" "Because I was a little bit afraid that when he bit that piece out of me the other evening, he was in earnest. But if he was only in play of course it's all right. I can take fun as well as anybody." —*Singapore Review.*

—A fisherman, while on Plymouth beach one day, captured a large gray sea gull in a rather peculiar predicament. Firmly pinched upon the bird's bill was a sea clam about the size of the palm of a man's hand. The clam weighed enough to keep the head of the gull hanging downward, and thus effectively prevented any long flight, while it was evidently nearly exhausted in trying to escape from its strange captor. It is thought that the gull, seeing the clam's snout protruding, endeavored to seize the dainty morsel, and was in turn gripped by the hard shell of its intended victim.

—There is a turning point in the love of a wife for a husband which should be carefully watched. In some it occurs very early, long before thirty, especially if the match were one of impulse or family convenience; but in the majority of instances its appearance manifests itself about the approach to the middle age of women, from thirty-five to forty-two. There is a revulsion in the whole moral and mental being—a kind of chilling, cold indifference, which the slightest unkindness on the part of the husband at once kindles into a flame. It is difficult to account for this transitory condition; but there is much proof that a woman loves twice. —*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Among unrepented acts of Parliament in England stand the following gems: Persons tending to use witchcraft, by a law enacted under George II., are punishable by imprisonment. Those practicing palmistry are to be treated as vagabonds and punished accordingly. By a law enacted in the time of Charles I. meetings of people outside their own parishes on Sundays, for any sports or pastimes whatever, are prohibited, under penalty of a fine of three shillings and three hours in the public stocks. Any person disbelieving the doctrines of the Established Church and refusing to have his children baptized or to partake of the communion may, by a law of Queen Elizabeth, be committed to prison.

STRANGE WAR DUEL.

An Interesting Incident Recorded by an Ex-Confederate Surgeon.
On the 12th of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Captain Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Captain Fry, commanding a Confederate scout, in Greene County, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor of one and then the other. Their command was encamped on either side of Lick Creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferry-boat, but there a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge, that communication should go neither north nor south, as the railroad train track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with navy pistols at twenty yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds and agreed upon a rebel surgeon (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine-looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man soldiers would admire and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight-errantry in the Middle Ages and brave men embalm in modern poetry, but when I saw Jones come to the duelist's scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but, as he honestly thought, for his country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full six feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet-black eyes, wearing a slouch hat and gray suit, and looked rather the demon than the man.

There was nothing ferocious about him, but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said: "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "Fire," and as he slowly said "One—two—three—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word "One" and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand and, firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot, but, seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it on the ground and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down and asking him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around that organ and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got well.

Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one the left and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well, and fought the war out to the bitter end, and to-day the two are partners in a wholesale grocery business, and certify the sentiment of Byron, that "A soldier braves death," etc. —*Georgia Union.*

Longevity Aided by Salt.

In a recent work by Prof. Burggraeve, of Ghent, the prominent theory maintained is that salt is the great regulating agent of life, and on the proper use of which human longevity largely depends, it being at any rate a great preventative of certain maladies—if the blood is too rich, salt will render it less charged; or if it is poor, salt will reconstitute it, and restore to it the necessary elements. Among the interesting facts cited by Prof. Burggraeve in elaborating his subject is that about the end of the last century a terrible epidemic, bearing some analogy to scurvy, broke out in Saxony, making such rapid progress among the poorer classes that the Government ordered an inquiry into its nature and course. The result was the establishment of a singular fact—viz., that miners, although reduced to the same misery as other workmen, remained, with their families, completely exempt from the malady; the diet of the miners differed from the others only in one point—viz., that being employed by the State they were supplied with salt gratuitously, the deduction being that the absence of salt in the diet of the other workmen was the cause of the malady. Salt was then prescribed as a curative measure, and the epidemic disappeared as if by enchantment. —*Science.*

—There are actual landscapes on some of the French brocades imported for evening dress, and a girl condemned to play wallflower may pass away the time by looking at the pictures on her frock.

MEASURING THOUGHT.

An Ingenious Machine Which Registers the Time It Takes to Think.
"And now," said a tired-looking assistant librarian in the Astor Library, "as if there were not enough subjects open for study and for the multiplication of books, Dr. J. McK. Cattell comes out with an elaborate paper describing a machine which he has contrived for measuring the length of time it takes to think. It is true enough that 'making many books there is no end.' There will be books written about this now, and all sorts of theories will be founded on it and expounded at enormous length.

"The machine is ingenious enough. A pen is attached to the prong of a tuning fork, which is kept vibrating at a constant rate by means of electricity. This pen draws a line, and small chunks of this line, so to speak, can be cut out, thus measuring time down to the one-thousandth part of a second. By an application even more ingenious than the machine, the learned gentleman is able to tell how long it takes to think.

"For instance, he says it takes 1-13 of a second to distinguish between blue and red. It takes 1-9 of a second to recall the name of a printed word, 1-6 of a second to remember the name of a printed letter, and 1-4 of a second to name a familiar picture in your mind."

"But," urged the reporter, "that must be wrong. Some people have to pick out a word by recalling each letter and spelling it out."

"True," said the librarian. "And rapidity of thought varies with the individual. The only value I can see to the whole thing, excepting to build theories on, is to measure the rapidity of perception of an individual, and even that can not, it seems to me, be established. Some days it will take longer to think than it will on other days. It depends on your health and on circumstances. It takes me considerably longer to recognize a man if I owe him any money than it does if I expect him to pay me something. And I have known my wife to take half an hour to decide between two colors when it was a matter of a new gown."

"It is all very ingenious, though, and the result Dr. Cattell has obtained are some of them very interesting. He says, for example, that it takes twice as long to think of the name of the last month as to think of the name of the next, and it takes 1-20 of a second longer to translate a word from a foreign language to one's native tongue than to reverse the operation. Then he claims that sensation travels through the nerves to the brain at about sixty miles an hour. Of course the distance is so short that we can not perceive the lapse of any time, but time does elapse while the sensation is traveling. I should say, however, that the rate of travel would differ widely in different people." —*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

ADVERTISE OR FAIL.

A Short But Very Able Address by Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter.

My hearers: At one time your popperlar pasture was a membrum ob de preber. I was de jerker ob de Arkerdejem leber for moah den foah numfs durin' de absence ob de reg'lar molder ob public 'pinion on a drunk, so when I talks ter yer about advertisin' I knows what I'm talking erbout.

De merchant what says he haint got no use for de press ain't got sense enuff ter be an idiot. Hits puffs in de papers what helps lots of merchants ter raise de wind.

When I was kernecked wid journalism I noticed a remark in de paper ob an old German journalist by de name ob Karl Pretzel, what struck me as being mighty ter de point.

He wrote: "Dot pishness man dot don't shudck his afftirement his town paper into, vas ho more use as a girl mitout some pustus."

Luff me tole yo sometimes. An Much ad in a newspaper does more good den two on a tree or a fence. You shud holler loud when you hollers. De world am too busy ter heah whippers. If yer wants ter add ter yer business, advertise. Dat am de shortest way ter add. De right kind ob eyes for bizness men an advertize. Heah! heah! Does yer heah me?

De poick hab said: "O, solectood, whar am de charms dat sages hab seen in dy face?" Huh! Why didn't he ask at de shop ob de man who don't advertise? Dar's enuff solectood dar, de Lawd knows.

I once heard a man say: "Hit's all humbug ter talk ter me 'bout advertisin'. I spent more den forty dollars las' year in advertisin', and in January I was done sold out by de sheriff. Dat money was wasted, ebery cent ob it."

"What paper did yer put yer advertisin' in?" I axed.

"I didn't put hit in no paper. I jess had my advertisement painted on the fence boards."

Dat's jess what I think. De kind ob advertisin' what counts mus' be in newspapers. When you has got yer advertisement in a good paper, keep it dar for deff, and takin' yer ad outa de paper am counted as positive evidence ob goin' outa bizness.

De man who does not advertise. He shows as much good sense, As de man who puts on his Sunday pants Ter climb der barbed wire fence.

Yes, bredderen, de bizness man wid no advertisement in de paper reminds me mighty ob de bumble bee widout any stinger. He am only half-fixed ter transac bizness.

While de quire sings, "Sound de Loud Trumpet," Uncle Mose or some odder reliable nigger will please pass de hat and rake in a few subscribers for dis suffering ex-journalist. —*Texas Siftings.*

THE MODERN GIRL.

She Has Learned the Beauty of Health and Ugliness of Disease.

If we have any subject for congratulation, it is the mental and physical superiority of the girls of the present over the past. The sickly, sentimental maiden who was too "good for human nature's daily food," has no modern counterpart. The opening of institutions of learning all over the land for the higher education of women, of gymnasiums, and the popularity of athletics with women in America and England have all tended toward one end. Educating our girls has not only made them mentally but physically stronger, by making them sensible of the absurdity of tight-lacing and other old-fashioned follies and the need of every healthy individual for vigorous outdoor exercise. The modern woman has learned the beauty of health and the ugliness of disease. The adoption of English ideas in living and dress has tended to make our girls more attentive to the gymnasium and the daily walk, and to depend more for the beauty of their complexion on the cold-water bath, like the English girl, than on the rouge pot of the French woman. It is the fashion to ridicule the tailor-made girl in sensible gowns of cloth, neatly fitted and well made, and heavy well-fitted boots of strong leather, but she is a great advance in most ways on the sentimental, languid type of womanhood with wispish waist and thin shoes, artificial in her manner, and prone to headache brought on by working in close rooms on pictures of yew trees, monuments of marble and other "mourning pieces" for household decorations. The modern girl does not start into hysteria at the sight of a mouse. It is the experience of the nurses at the head of one of the largest training schools that educated women invariably show their culture by the control they exercise in cases of emergency, and, although no special educational credentials are required, the few comparatively uneducated who apply to be trained do not often get beyond their mouths of probation, being found usually destitute of the nerve of the educated woman.

A healthy educated woman is far better prepared to be a housekeeper and mother, and will meet the various emergencies which will arise in sickness and health, when servants leave unawares and the entire burden of the housekeeping is thrust upon her. In every emergency in life, her calm trained judgment will prevent catastrophes and steer the household affairs into calm and quiet waters. Her health and strength will forever save her from the whims and freaks of ignorant, hysterical women. Like the virtuous woman of Scripture "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." —*N. Y. Tribune.*

VULGAR CREATURES.

Faults of Ill-Bred People Who Think Well of Themselves.

It is vulgar for a lady to go to the theater or opera wearing a hat that obstructs the view of people who sit behind her. It is vulgar because it is a needless infliction of serious inconvenience upon others that a really genteel woman would not be guilty of. In England, ladies who appear at the door of the theater or opera wearing hats, are compelled to take them off before they are permitted to enter. Here the vulgarianism is tolerated by managers, but no woman wears the offensive hat without impressing all around her that she lacks in the most refined qualities of a well bred lady. One of the unerring attributes of a gentleman or a lady is considerate respect for the comfort of others.

It is vulgar to interrupt hearers at a theater or opera by conversation. Many do it; and, strange as it may seem, those who assume the highest claims to social distinction, most frequently are the offenders. We have seen theater and opera box parties of our apparently most cultivated people hissed by the audience at opera and theatrical performances for persistent babbling and interruption of hearers near to them; and we have seen others who well deserved to be hissed for the vulgarianism of disturbing scores of hearers around them in the most impressive parts of the play. Conversation at the theater or opera is an American vulgarianism that deforms our so-called best society, that brings it into contempt with every intelligent man and woman.

It is vulgar for a theater or opera party to enter the house after the entertainment has commenced and disturb the audience generally, and personally disturb all who happen to be seated near them, by the confusion and delay of a party getting settled in their seats. It is especially vulgar because especially ostentatious; it commands no admiration, no matter how comely the ladies or how fascinating the gentlemen; it provokes the criticism that common sense ever gives to the social pretender, and it is an ostentatious display of vulgarity.

Simplicity is one of the inseparable qualities of true gentility, and the well-bred woman and the well-bred man are never forgetful of it. Simplicity in dress is most becoming, as a rule, on public occasions, but simplicity and gentleness of manner and a considerate respect for others, can not be cast aside without assuming the role of the vulgarian. —*Philadelphia Times.*

—A California widow had plans for a \$50,000 monument for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework at \$2 per week for the man who draughted the monument.

WELL-PAYING WORK.

Two Occupations for Women Which Are Not Yet Overcrowded.

There are two occupations for women, if one may judge by the prices paid, that are not yet overcrowded. One of them is hair-dressing and the general care of female tresses. Expert hair-dressers easily earn as much as eighteen dollars a week, and hair-workers are paid from eight to ten dollars. The hair-dresser who arranges the fashionable heads seen at the opera and at balls usually is so much in demand that she has time for nothing but the art of curling, crimping, braiding, plaiting and folding the feminine locks in that artful fashion that the unskilled amateur fingers can not compass. But the hair-dresser who has not yet arrived at the privilege of ministering solely to fashionable coiffures adds the general care of the hair to her duties, and she takes the entire responsibility of the health and beauty of her patrons' locks. Once a month she comes and clips the end of every hair, which always has a tendency to split. She combs the whole fleece out smoothly and with a small, sharp pair of scissors cuts the ends about an eighth of an inch and then goes over all the uneven hair, ruffling it up with the comb, and clips every one that shows a sign of fraying. This keeps the hair from falling and promotes its growth. Then every two weeks she washes the hair, laying it in tepid water with a little Castile soap and a dash of bay rum, and brushing it briskly thereafter for half an hour. It is this beautiful grooming that makes the locks of the New York society girl shine like the satin skin of a thoroughbred. The other well-paid and uncrowded occupation is that of the manicure. There are a number of manicure parlors where one may go and have his or her nails groomed, but most prefer that the finger manipulator should come to them. She is usually a pleasant-mannered, fresh-faced, and well-dressed young woman, whose only sign of servitude is a neat little black satchel in which the tools of her trade are carried. The usual hour for her arrival is just before her customers rise. She begins with the early birds and graduates down to those who never appear before noon, and in this way manages to suit them all. She appears in the bedroom from the dressing-room bearing a bowl of milk-warm water, which is sweetened with a drop or two of rose-water. The luxurious customer lazily slips one hand into the bowl that is set on the little table beside the bed, and can pick up her nap again where she dropped it while the manicure files, polishes, pinks and perfumes her nails; she needn't wake until the other hand needs attention, and then the same process is repeated. This occupies altogether about half an hour of the manicure's time, and she is paid seventy-five cents for it. She attends to fourteen pairs of hands a day, which would mean something like ten dollars and a half for the day's work, but few of them have so large a practice, as that would require a hundred or more customers, seeing that most women only have their hands manicured once or twice a week, the maid attending to them other days. Still, with the sale of the chamomile polishers, unguents, powders, files and scissors, most of the manicures manage to keep their weekly income up to a good average and a few have grown rich. —*N. Y. World.*

"MAKING A MASH."

How Pretty and Mischievous Senoritas Do It in Mexico.

The stranger in Mexico, especially if he be young and good-looking, is liable to be considerably surprised at his first ball here, when some pretty senorita, whom he has never seen before, trips up to him with an engaging smile on her face and something that looks like an egg in her hand, and suddenly smashes the latter over his cranium. To one not acquainted with the cascarone custom it is startling, to say the least. Luckily, however, the egg has been robbed of its usual interior, the original contents having been emptied through a small hole at one end. The shell is then refilled with finely chopped tinsel and colored paper, perhaps with the addition of perfumed sachet powder or some dainty trinkets, after which the opening is neatly closed by a bit of paper pasted over it.

In the good old days of the Spanish aristocracy the egg shells to be used by proud grandees at swell fandangos were filled with gold and diamond dust. Similar extravagances are sometimes indulged in nowadays, but rarely. Occasionally small gold coins, charms, pearls, opals or spiced candies are stuffed in with the chopped tinsel, making the diversion rather expensive. One can buy very pretty cascarones, however, for about one dollar per dozen, and it is quite the correct thing for a belle or beau to go to a ball armed with several dozen of them.

Often the shells are hand-painted or otherwise beautifully decorated, much like Easter eggs in the North. Society matrons who propose giving balls during the cascarone season have the shells of all the eggs used in the household carefully saved for the purpose, and many an hour is spent by herself and friends in filling and decorating them. The act of breaking a cascarone on another's head is considered a compliment to the recipient, who feels in duty bound to return the honor at the first opportunity. Previous acquaintance is not essential, it being of itself a sort of informal introduction. Thus any Mexican lady may literally "make a mash" on every strange gentleman who pleases her and without offending her countrymen's extremely sensitive notions of propriety. —*Mexico Letter.*

QUEENS AND SUCH.

Royal Personages and Their Habits, Oddities and Weaknesses.

Queen Victoria has now reigned over England longer than any monarch but two—Henry III., and George III. She overtook Queen Elizabeth six years ago and has outdone Edward III., who only reigned 148 days over half a century. If she lives a few years longer Victoria will have reigned longer than any royal personage of history.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is intensely musical, fond of dancing and has written a ballet.

Queen Olga, of Greece, is practical, dresses plainly, and goes in for domestic economy, etc., even making her own bonnets, it is said.

Dagmar, of Russia, the Princess of Wales' sister, is said to be politically smart, though not intellectual otherwise. Like all her sisters she is clever with her needle, as they had to make their own clothes before their father got to be King.

Old Eugenie, ex-Empress, is said to have developed strange idiosyncrasies, besides being a recluse. One is a tendency to Spiritualism and a belief that she can communicate with her dead Prince Imperial. It is well understood that she intends to make Princess Beatrice of England her heir.

The Queen of Spain recently, after the performance, called Sarah Bernhardt into the box and gave her a bouquet tied in ribbon and secured by a splendid sapphire mounted with diamonds.

Marie, the daughter of the Empress of Austria, is about to marry Prince Ruprecht, of Bavaria, who is, according to loyal Jacobites, the heir apparent to the English throne.

Victoria of Germany, it is said, tastes portions of every article of food intended for the Emperor, and superintends the preparation of most of it herself.

Queen Marguerite of Italy shows more and more fondness for American literature, and it is said, gets all the leading magazines published in the United States.

The Queen of Sweden, since she learned and began cooking by the advice of her physician, for her health, takes long walks, and often goes into the peasants' houses and shows them how to make good dishes.

Olga of Greece is the most beautiful Queen of Europe, and is sister-in-law of the Empress of Russia and Princess of Wales.

The Queen of Denmark is intensely deaf, but fond of music, and has a big and powerful organ that she can hear. Elizabeth of Austria has developed an unfortunate skin disease and wears a veil continually.

Isabella, ex-Queen of the Spaniards, when she appears abroad, wears a costume much the same as that of a nun.

The Queen of England's grandson, George "Collars and Cuffs," is irreverent. He was dancing at a ball recently with a pretty but plebian partner when his brother called him to account. "You can go and hum, God save grandmother," was his retort, "I'll dance with whom I please."

The Queen Regent of Spain chooses the word daily for the countersign, without which no one is admitted to the palace by the many guards. This is communicated to the highest military official, who happens to be Marshal Campo, who proclaimed Alfonso King. —*Philadelphia Times.*

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.

An Englishman's Peculiar Discovery in This Fair Land of Ours.

In Texas. A railway train stopped in a swamp, and while a blended expression of weariness and disgust was sitting on the passengers' faces, the conductor came into a car where a recently arrived Englishman sat.

"Guard," said the Englishman, "may I speak to you a moment?"

"What did you call me?"

"I called you guard, for aren't you the guard?"

"Guard the dence! Do you take this for a convict train, that we have to keep guards?"

"O, no, no, I didn't mean that, but however, we will not argue that point, but will you please answer me one question?"

"Spit it out."

"Well, what are we stopping here for?"

"There's a frog in the switch," the conductor replied.

"A frog in the switch?"

"Yes."

"I really do not understand you."

"I reckon not."

"But will you please explain a frog in a switch? I know what a frog is, but w'y you should stop on account of a frog being in a switch or anywhere else is something I can not fathom, you know."

"I can't explain it," the conductor replied.

"But you can tell me why you stop on account of a frog?"

"No, it's against our orders to give away such information."

"Well, that is very, very queer, you know. W'y, in England we would not think for a moment of stopping a train on account of a frog. I must say that you Americans have some very ridiculous customs."

"Needn't say it unless you want to," replied the conductor, as he slyly winked at a porter.

"O, yes, I am compelled to say it. On account of a frog. Well, well, I never heard of such a thing. I knew that the Frenchman liked the frog but I never knew before that the Americans held up the frog in superstitious veneration. By George, I must make a note of this. I am writing a book on America, and this is the most peculiar thing I've found in this crude but wonderful country. —*Arkansas Traveler.*