All About Pheamonia.

Netter has written quite an exhaustive article on the subject of pneumonia, in which he reviews the epidemics of that disease which have been recorded. He draws the following conclusions Pneumonia is a contagious disease, and the essential germs can be communicated, not only direct ly from an infected person to others brought in contact with him, but they can be transmitted through a third person. They can, also, as in the case of scarlet fever and measles, be conveyed in clothing and in many other articles such as are found in the sick room. They are diffusible in the air, but one must come within ten feet of a patient in order to be within range of infection.

The pneumonia germs are quite long lived. How they remain capable of doing their work has never been determined, but three years is set as the extreme limit. Pneumonia is "catch ing" at any time during its entire course, and even after recovery Where a person is exposed to the dis ease and becomes infected by the germs of it, the first symptoms, as a rule, appear between the fifth and seventh day; but exceptional cases are many, and an infected person may be taken down with the disease the sec ond or third day after exposure, or he may carry it about with him for near ly three weeks before it breaks out.

A person who has once had the dis ease retains for years a liability to have other attacks, for the germs of it re main with him and may be found it his saliva. Hence, such a person is not only dangerous to himself, but to others with whom he is brought in immediate contact. It is held that this in part explains recurring epidemics in certain families, and, also, while the same person frequently suffers from severe attacks during his life time, Considering the fact, now clearly evident, that pneumonia is a contagious disease, the proper precau tions against infection, should of course, be taken,

It is true that this disease is not nearly so contagious as the most of the other diseases of the same character, but it is enough so to warrant a cer tain amount of care. A patient ill with pneumonia need not be held so dangerous that a rigid quarantine must needs be established, but those who are brought in contact with him should use a reasonable amount of caution-not "take his breath," etc. Perfect ventilation is alike important to them and to the patient. Handker chiefs and the like should be thorough ly disinfected, and if a "spit cup" is used, it should always contain some disinfectant to destroy the germs in the sputa.-Boston Herald.

Expensive Fun.

A physician of St. Paul related the following little incident in the career of a feilow student. The appearance of the latter was not such as to impress the casual observer with the idea that he was an Æsculapius in the science of medicine, and when he swung his title "M. D." out in the chilly breeze, it attracted little attention from the sick and suffering. The man also became an unconscious butt of some of the more light hearted young ladies. Several of the bolder ones finally concocted a scheme designer to bring him to irretrievable humilia tion. A messenger was dispatched in haste to summon the young Galen to set a fractured limb. Quickly gathering the bandage and instruments necessary, the doctor followed. Arriving at the house designated, he was me with due gravity and informed that his patient was in the rear yard, whither he was at once led. There upon the ground was a rooster which had been unfortunate enough to break its leg-or shall I say limb? Amid hardly suppressed gigles, he was informed that here was the patient. Comprehending the situation in an in stant, the doctor gravely and expeditiously set the broken member of Chanticleer, putting it in a plaster bandage with all the care usually vouchsafed to humanity, and for once a fowl with a broken leg was in luck instead of in the soup. The young ladies were greatly pleased over their adventure, and proclaimed it among their friends with great gusto, but when some days later a bill for \$25 for for reducing a fracture was received, the laugh died away. In vain they asserted that it was a joke, and that they were only in fun. The prescrip tion writer said he wasn't in fun and there was no joke in it for him-nothing but the lee, and he proposed to have that if he had to sue for it. He got it, and pocketed it with a little observation on laughing about sun down instead of in the forenoon.-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

MILLET'S WAY.

He Never Painted from Nature Because He Said, "Nature Does Not Pose."

I once said to him that he must have a remarkable memory to be able to work, as was his wont, without nature before him. He replied that in that sense he had not, but that which touched his heart he retained.

In regard to working from nature fillet once said 'to me, "I can say I Millet once said 'to me, "I can say I have never painted (or worked) from nature:" and gave as his reason, "na-ture does not pose." I would like this to be clearly understood; Millet had well weighed his words in stating that he had never worked from nature. This was without reference to his student days when he drew and painted like others from the model; but from the beginning of his production of pictures he seems to have recognized the fact that "nature does not pose." Always looking upon her as animate-moving and living-he recorded by the most simple means the stable facts observed during nature's transitions. With the exception of several painted studies of his parental home, and of other places lear to his childhood memories, which vere in fact pictures in every sense, well composed and effective in light and shade, drawn probably from nature, but painted more from memory. I have never seen any work from nature of Millet's that was not memorandum like in character, indicating by outline and shadow the principal contour; accenting here and there a prominent or important muscle, or some particular form which he would find to be the key to the expression of the form or action which he sought. Almost all other painters have left us studies elaborately wrought out either in color or in chalk, surpassing even in detail and research the parts in the picture for which these studies were used

Upon my first visit to Millet he took from his pocket a sketch book about two and a half by three and a half inches in size, and showed me upon one of these little pages his studies for the wheat ricks, which were the principal objects in his pic-ture called "Winter." This sketch, like many others of the same character, was a masterpiece; every line was vital, the sinking and bulging of the ricks showing the effect of storm and weather. But the absolute modeling in light and shade, the texture of the straw, etc., was not attempted. This goods is all gone. the artist supplied in his paintingnot by more elaborate drawings or studies in color, but by his knowledge and memory, and by the observation of other wheat ricks under similar effects as those presented in his picture. Some of his landscape studies in outline with pen and ink were the exact record of proportion and construction, resembling rather the work of a topographical engineer. The other

qualities of the landscape were too pose for him, as with the ricks; his rest.-Wyatt Eaton in The Century.

Took Him Down a Peg.

One of the oldest inhabitants in Boothby, was met by a scribe some days since, and regaled by the following tale of how he and his better half had outwitted a smart nephew who prided himself on his knowledge of tilling the soil. "You see," commenced the gentleman, "this smart nephew of mine came down from Bristol to make me and the old lady a visit, so, of course, I had to show him my bit of a farm, which, ef I do say it, is a putty good one considerin' the rocks a-growin' upon it.' "Nephew's name is Joshua, and I fust took him along to ther hog pen. They're likely creeters, and Josh turned up his nose at 'em and said: " 'Huh! them's nothin' but shotes. Yer orter see mine up to Bristol. My, but they're big fellers. "I said nothin', but took him along to see my cows, as handsome animiles Star. as can be found hereabouts. Josh sniffed, and said :

BARGAIN DAY.

Why the Lady Failed to Match Her Napkins and Dress Goods

"Bargain day" is productive of all sorts of annoyances. In a large store the bargains are confined to only a few of the departments, and the purchaser who does not secure all she wants of a thing, deciding to come at another time and get more if she needs it, generally gets left. To illustrate: A lady bought a half dozen napkins at a bargain. She concluded a few days after that they were quite pretty, and as six would be scarcely enough to go round for "company," she would get as many more. Back she goes to the store, but when she comes to buy them she finds the price is marked up fifteen or twenty-five cents above what she paid. She protests, and after rutiling the temper of the clerks and working herself into a mild fury the fact finally comes to the surface that she made her purchase on "bargain day." Out floances, determined to wait for she another bargain day, and she daily vatches the advertising columns of the papers for bargain day at this particular store. It appears on the next Friday or Monday, and without stopping to observe that the department a which she is interested is not included in the bargain sales, away she goes, pufling and blowing, her whole soul cent on getting another half dozen of those papkins. Arrived at the store, she learns to her disgust that there are no bargains at that counter that day. She expresses her disgust, too, and lowers at the poor clerks just us if it were all their fault.

Having had her say there, she goes into the dress goods department and buys, say, eight yards of a peculiar shade of blue goods, and then goes home with the satisfaction that, if she didn't get the napkins, she at least got a bargain in a dress. Next bargain day she appears at the store again, this time to get a couple more yards of "that dress I got here last week," she says to the young lady behind the counter, and really thinks it unpardonable ignorance on the part of the girl that she does not only not remember her, but also the particular piece of goods from which she bought her dress. With a "What do they keep such people in stores for?" query, she produces a sample of the goods. The young woman examines the sample and informs her that that particular

"Well, but I want that and nothing else," she says.

"It is entirely out of stock," replies the girl.

"But I must have it," she says, with some firmness. She is again told that it is not in stock. Then she makes a straight dive

for a floor wakter, and lays her complaint before him. The young lady who was so discourteous (7) as to not sell her what was not in stock is called fleeting. He had copied all that would up. She explains, and then the woman is informed that they will probinemory and knowledge supplied the ably have some more of it in a few days. But she is not satisfied. She wanders away, and tells a cash boy she wants to see the manager. The boy goes for the manager. In a moment he returns with the very man she made complaint to. She looks at him, excuses herself, and goes back to

Ready in Answer.

"Camp meeting" John Alien was always ready with a retort for friend or foe, sometimes scathing, and always humorous. After his conversion, he met an old minister, who plied him with very searching questions as to the genuineness of his experience. and the young man complained of the severity of this catechism.

"If the tree be well rooted," said the minister, "it will not be harmed if we shake it.

"But," said the convert, "the Mas-ter said to his disciples, 'Feed my lambs,' not 'Go and shake them. At another time, when Mr. Allen was about to begin his sermon in a new place, a former pastor said to

him Are you a long preacher?" "Five feet seven inches," was the

mmediate reply At a meeting of ministers, a Baptisi vas invited to give his views on the subject of Methodist economy, and at

once rose, saying that, although there were many excellent things in Metho dism, it seemed to him to have too nuch machinery.

Mr. Allen was on his feet in a mo

The Methodist church may have more machinery than the Baptist," he replied, "but it doesn't require as much water to run it." A lawyer of opposite politics said to aim, about the same time, "Mr. Ai len, on which side are you going to vote? for I shall vote against you.

"On the right side," was the an over "Which side is yours?"

One morning at a Methodist camp neeting a young man arose, and said. mousts

I do not believe in singing 'Oh, to se nothing.' I propose to be some thing, and I want people to know it. Brother Allen instantly rose, and eneated the verses

'If a man thinks himself to be some hing when he is nothing, he deceiv th himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in mother.

The question of ambition was not liseussed further timt day,-Youth's Companion,

A Horse Hair Snake.

The horse hair snake is a common source of error. The creature that is usually called by that name originates and has a life's history as follows: A small flesh colored mite is in water. I changes to a purplish lead color and comes to the top of the water, where it sports for a time, and when looking cross water of a still evening, espe cially if looking toward the setting sun, one can see masses of these tiny creatures that look like smoke on the water. When they reach this stage of development they leave the water and get out on the grass. Here, as opportunity offers, they attach them selves to the feet of large insects-especially of grasshoppers, katydids, etc. The legs of these insects being hollow. they crawl up them, where they grow until they fill the legs and sometimes the cavities of the bodies of these large insects. This accounts for the fat, clumsy condition of many of these insects. After a rain, in which the insects drown, the full fledged horse

A NEW MRS. PARTINGTON.

Shillaber's Famous Character in Real Life in a Massachusetts Town.

Mrs. Thrifty, an excellent and prosperous "widow woman," who keeps a store in a famous and favorite Massachusetts town, has a genius in language which would set a new Mrs. Partington up in business. She used to come to Boston with great regularity to make her purchases. "Now, she said not long ago to a city visitor, "there ain't much need of my goin' to Boston with so many of these drummers comin' around. And yet I'm goin' there soon to refurnish my stock of dittoes."

"Your stock of what, Mrs. Thrifty?" "Dittoes. All sorts of things, you know.

"Oh, yes." The visitor could imagine what "dittoes" were. But it was the first time she had heard them called by that name.

"Yes," Mrs. Thrifty went on, like to go to Boston first rate. When I git there the first thing I do is to take one of them 'ere hoodlums and then drive all round town.

The visitor was about to faint. The spectacle of the excellent Mrs. Thrifty driving around Boston with a hoodlum was too much for her composure. And she looked so much at a loss to know what was meant that Mrs. Thrifty explained:

"Why, I mean one of those new fangled one horse cab carriages. I want to know if you don't know what a hoodlum is

"Oh, Mrs. Thrifty, you mean a herdicl

A-a what? Well, when I was there they called 'em hoodlums.'

Useless to try to convince her; and no doubt the next time she comes to Boston to buy dittoes, she will stand in front of the Old Colony station and call for a hoodlum.

When her conversation with Mrs. Thrifty had reached this point the city visitor thought best to change the subject, and related her own experience during her last summer's vacation, when she went up the Hudson river and made a tour through the Adirondacks.

"And did you climb the cascades?" asked Mrs. Thrifty.

"I-1-oh, the cascades were very beautiful, Mrs. Thrifty-very beautiful.

The city visitor felt that she had got out of a scrape with this evasive answer. But she doesn't know to this day just what the excellent woman meant by "climbing the cascades."

This lady was not related to the one who, after looking over the books on the counter at one of the book stores the other day, stepped up to a clerk and asked:

"Have you 'cometh?" "'Cometh,' ma'am? I don't know

of any book by that name.' "Oh, don't you? Well, I saw a book here called 'Goethe,' and I thought likely there was a companion book by the name of 'Cometh!'"-Boston Transcript.

Treacherous Memories.

When a man can say, "I was there, and I saw it," he ought to be believed, one would think, provided he has a reputation for speaking the truth. hat shall we be sure of if not of the

Something to live for came to the place. Something to die for. may be mething to give even sorrow a grace.

ONLY.

And yet it was only a baby Cooing, and taughter, and gurgles, and cries, Dimples for tenderest sisses, Chaos of hopes, and of raptures and sighs,

Chaos of fears and of plices Last year. like all years, the rose and the thorn

This year a wilderness, may be: But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn That it brought there only a baby -Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Journalism in Australia.

As affording a notion of the conditions of Australian life, the newspapers of that region are exceptionally valuable, for, especially in their weekly editions, they are simply encyclopedic. The stranger at once, in his ignorance, takes an Australian weekly to be intended for use far out in the country, at lonely "stations," by men who find time, once in a while, to adjust all their relations to the universe at one long sitting The reader of such a weekly acts as a sort of father confessor, while the editor spreads out before him a general confession of all the sins of mankind, from Melbourne horse races to European complications, in well classified order and in very good language. All the Australian colonies are represented in the weekly general summaries; two or three serial novels run their even courses in the few columns allotted to each; the endless list of colonial sports, races, cricket matches, football games, is duly set forth, letters from New York. London, Paris, together with pages of telegraphic foreign material, prevent the colonial reader from being too much absorbed in home affairs, while these home affairs are treated in lengthy political summaries, in long editorials, in shorter editorial notes, in correspondence.

Meanwhile practical interests are not forgotten. The farm, the vineyard, cattle raising and mining are discussed at length by experts. Games, puzzles, essays, book reviews, gossip, close the solid feast of some thirty large closely printed five column pages of actual text (exclusive of the advertisements). Most of our terrible Sunday papers are far outdone as to quantity of matter and on the whole is to quality of matter as well. None of our weeklies can rival these in encyelopedic character, in well edited, many sided variety of appeal, joined, as is here the case, with excellence of workmanship. The only objection that our own badly spoiled newspaper render would make would be that all this was too dry for him and too vast. For my own part, since my return from Australia, I have been taking one of these fine weeklies regularly, and reading, not all of it, but as much as I desired and with no little profit. I know no better means to become acquainted with the drift and the forces of Australasian life.-Atlantic Month-

Quoting Scripture.

15.

That famous patent lawyer, William E. Simonds, who defeated the witty Bob Vance at the polls in the Hartford district, tells a pretty good story on himself. He has in his employ, as cook, an old colored woman, who was formerly a slave. She is very religious and is continually quoting things from the Scriptures. The old woman has a very excellent voice, and sings her old plantation songs in the inimitable darky way. One Sunday morning she was singing away while preparing breakfast, and Mrs. Simonds arose and opened their room door that they might hear her the better. When they went down to break-

She Thought They Were Snakes.

One of our townsmen relates that a friend of his, while stopping at the seashore, caught a number of very fine cels, and thought it would be nice if they could be brought home. It was difficult to find just the best means of transportation, but an old oil cloth covered hand bag was procured, and the cels placed in it. The man boarded the train, and placed the carpet bag under the seat, and thought nothing more of it until some time after the train had started, when suddenly a woman who sat about four seats in front of him jumped up on the seat, drawing up her skirts, and yelled "Snakes!" The man looked that way, and saw one of the targest of the cels slowly wriggling across the car, and, as there was by this time a general commotion throughout the car, he picked up the gripsack, and, remark-ing that "he did not care to stay in a car where the conductor allowed snakes to run about the floor," made his way to the smoker, and has never heard yet whether the "snake" was caught or not. - Waterbury American.

Perfectly Awful.

Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler is not the author of the following lines, which are being extensively credited to her:

The naked hills its wanton to the breeze The fields are made, the proves unfrocked. Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees What wonder is it that the corn is shocked: - New York Tribune.

'Huh, them's nothin'; yer orter see mine up to Bristol-your's is mere calves to 'em!'

"I was gettin' a bit riled, but kept quiet. Next I showed him my hennery filled with fine birds, but as soon as Josh laid eyes on 'em he laughed right out.

" 'Ha, ha!" snickered he; 'what a miserable lot of feathered bipeds-yer existence. orter see mine up to Bristol I'

"I was a-bilein' within, but kept cool outwards. That evening I told my wife Jerusha all about it, and she said as how she was able to fix him and take the conceit out of him. Je-rusha is mighty pert on takin' folks down. Wall, Josh went to his virtuous couch, as the poets say, but it want long afore he was up again, and he didn't stop to dress hisself, nuther. He came prancin' out of his room like all possessed.

" 'Take 'em off ! take 'em off !'

"I thought as how he had the horrors from drinkin' too much apple jack, but I see clingin' to his legs an' shirt, an' nippin' him, several live lobsters. Then I had to laff. Jerusha snickered too, but said calm like: lus,"--Cincinnati Commercial.

" 'Huh! them's nothin' but bed bugs; 'spose you have 'em bigger up to Bristoll

"We picked the green critters off poor Josh and put 'em back in the box where Jerusha had 'em previous to puttin' 'em in his bed. It took Josh down a peg, and he's now on earth once more."-Boothby (Me.) Register.

Ingenious Phonography.

Among the many ingenious applications of the phonograph, a means has been devised by which every blast of the engines whistle is recorded, together with the exact time at which it occurs. This device will be valuable to the railroad companies in protecting them from the exaggerated pretensions of persons who are injured on the track. It is interesting to recall the fact that Emerson, as far back as 1851, foretold in a way what Edison has brought to pass. "The sun pains," he said, "presently we shall organize the echo, as we now do the shadows." -New York Telegram.

hair snakes come forth to delight the the napkin department. Napkins are still high, and she goes home mad, and declares she will not patronize such a house again-never.

A few days more roll around and she makes up her mind she will go and pay the regular price for a half dozen more napkins to complete her set But her determination to get a bargain has blocked her. Those particular napkins are all gone-"just sold the last of them this morning," the clerk says to her, and expresses great sorrow at her disappointment. To say that she is now furious would hardly express it. She deliberately makes a show of herself and then flounces out, with the inward satisfaction of having told them what she thought of the whole lot .- New York

Postage Stamp Curiosities.

A certain well known gentleman in the city owns a valuable collection of postage stamps which has taken him twelve years to get together. "My col-lection isn't complete," he said, with a sigh, "and it never will be. Why? Because it would require \$100,000 to make it so. There are about 6,000 different descriptions of postage stamps in The museum of the Berlin postoffice alone contains between 4,000 and 5,000 specimens, of which half are from Europe and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Some of the stamps bear a coat of arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins and other fearful wild fowl, There are, moreover, the vignette effigies of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens, one grand duke and many presidents. Some of these stamps cannot be purchased for \$5,000, while others cannot be purchased for any sum. I tell you the life of a stamp collector isn't unlike that of Tanta-

Styles in Shoes.

Button and lace shoes are not only going out of style, but out of use. The only thing that can save the lace shoe will be the invention of a fastening for the ends of the laces which will do away with the tie and at the same time be popular. There have been several inventions of this kind, but none of them were practical. The principal trouble with the gaiter hitherto has been the bad quality of the rubber used in the sides or gores. These are now being made with a new kind of rubber, invented by a Connecticut man, called "kelgum." It is made of vegetable oils, and is said to be much more durable than the rubber that has been used. The gaiter is popular because it can be put on and taken off so much more rapidly than the other styles of shoe, and physicians recommend its wearing because it does not weaken the ankle as the lace and button shoes do. - St. Louis Globe-Demoerat

small boy, and to interest the student of nature, after which they lay eggs in the water, if it does not dry up too soon, and curl around them for a time, and about the time the eggs hatch into the little flesh covered mites first described, the snakes die.-

Hogs' Eyesight Saved.

Exchange.

Mr. William Kerns not long since had a visit from a friend from the east, who wished to purchase land and locate somewhere in this state. Mr. Kerns sent his friend out to look at the Umpqua valley, and he returned with a wonderful tale of the section he visited.

He said that he visited a farmer who had a great drove of hogs, all of which had lost their tails. He inquired how this had happened, and the

farmer said the caudal appendages had been amputated, and when it was asked why this was done, he was told it was to prevent the animals from becoming blind. This startling announcement led to further inquiry

and explanation. The farmer stated that the soil on his farm was what is known as black mud. It is very rich and also very adhesive, and the pigs in wallowing around get their tails daubed with it, and a clod finally accumulates on each pig's tail, which grows by accretion and accumulation to an immense size, and becomes so heavy that it drags back the pig's skin so far that the unfortunate animal is no longer able to shut its eyes, and soon becomes blinded from the glare of the sun. By cutting off the pig's tail this catastrophe is avoided, and the pig soon grows fat.-Portland Oregonian.

The Whipping Post.

The institution of the whipping post, which still survives in Delaware. did not go out of fashion in England until the close of the last century. On May 5, 1713, the corporation of Doncaster directed that a whipping post be set up for panishing vagrants and stundy beggars. Three centuries ago this punishment was carried to a cruel extent. Owing to the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, a targe number of persons who depended on the charity of the monks were thrown upon the country, and parliament hastened to check the increasing | holding a paper at arms' length and vagrancy by an act passed in 1531, which declared that every vagrant should be carried to some market town or other place, and tied naked to the end of a cart and whipped through the streets till their whole body be bloody. Early in the last century the price paid for whipping was fourpence, and the constables' accounts included such items as arresting a distracted woman, watching her and the fee for having her whipped. Whip ping at the cart's tail, as provided for by the statute of Henry VIII, went out or use in 1596, when the whipping post was substituted for the carlier method. - Philadelphia Times.

things we have seen with our own eyes?

Yet experience proves that it is possible to remember what never happened, and remember it, too, with the utmost distinctness and peculiarity. This fact has been abundantly brought out by the war reminiscences

so numerously published during the last ten years. As one writer remarks, every book and magazine article is followed by notes of correction, or by extended article of refutation, so constantly does one veteran's recollection of an event contradict another's, while both of them, it is likely enough, are proved to be wrong by the official records.

The late Col. Scott, who had charge of the war records of the government, relates that one day an officer came into the room in a state of great excitement

"Have you said that I was not in the second battle of Bull Run?" he demanded.

'No, not exactly that," said Scott. "Well, Bob Scott, I was told you said so, and I came in to put daylight through you if you stuck to it.

"Oh no," replied Scott, "I never said you were not in the battle. What I said was that you yourself, in an official report dated on the day of the battle, had said that you were in the Cumberland valley, a hundred miles from Bull Run!

Col. Scott called a clerk, and ordered the report brought. The officer read it twice through in silence, put on his hat, and went away without a word.-Youth's Companion.

The Stage Carpenter.

Lloyd Breeze, who is Russell's business manager, chipped in and told a story on their stage manager. J. H. Fitzpatrick, who is an old timer and very conscientious. He would send the scene plot for the piece to no one but the stage carpenter of the theatre at which they were to play, always drawing it off and addressing it to that worthy. One day Breeze reache a little California town to herald the show, and on his drive up to the hotel he passed the office of the stage coach line which ran from that point to Yuba Dam or some other equally profane point of the compass. In front of the office he saw an old native regarding it wonderingly. At a glance he recognized it as one of his star's scene plots and he at once made inquiries. It appears that the document was directed to the "stage carpenter," and that it had been delivered to the man who did the carpenter work for the stage company. The latter thought for a time that he had discovered a plot to rob the company, as he did not understand the peculiar drawings, but Breeze set things right by turning the document over to the junitor of the "opera house," no such official as "stage carpentor" being known there. - Chicago Herald.

fast, Mrs. Simonds remarked. "Aunty, my husband and myself have been enjoying your singing very much.

The old darky looked pleased, and saw an excellent opportunity of quoting Scripture, so she replied;

"Law, Missy, but I didn't know that I was castn' pearls befo' swine."-Minneaopolis Tribune.

English as She Is Talked.

"Hey, Bill Whyd'nt chu kumtus kool yistaft noon?"

"Cozza hadda stateom coz mummuthers sick."

"Ya-as, coz yerra lier; Jim Tomson saw you gonna fishin.

"Welli guess the doctor said mummuther roughtto have some fish."

"Betchu didden ketch nauthin." "Betti caughtta bull pout that long

witha punnook. "Ya-as you did. Betchu ketch somthin biggern that wen you git toskoolnthe ole teacher gitsoldo you.'

. "Howjuno?" "Coz Jim Tomson give youway. (Bill weeps softly and goes off in quest of James Tomson before seeking the inevitable interview with the teacher, which really he does not seek, but finds it rather thrust upon him, against his urgent wishes and strong protest.)-Bob Burdette.

An Economical Millionaire.

John L. Blair, of Blairstown, N. J., is reputed to be worth \$50,000,000, yet such is his strong sense of merely holding his wealth in trust for the benefit of his fellowmen that he spends upon himself less almost than is paid to his humblest workman. When Mr. Blair stops at the hotel if he intends to stay over night he usually asks for a small inside room on the parlor floor. If it is in the winter and too cold to sit without a fire he sits in the public lobby. If he intends to leave before midnight he does not take a room at all, but occupies the public room down staws, and if he wishes to change his shirt he slips into the little washroom behind the offices. "I never offer or refuse," he said jokingly one day to a gentleman who offered him a cigar.-Pittsburg Commercial.

Nest Eggs.

A painter in Akron, while at work on the exterior of a building, discovered a bird's nest in a niche, and on examining it found that a \$10 bill had been used in its construction. We believe, however, that it is not a rare thing to find bills in birds' neststhough they are usually small bills. -Norristown Herald.