SAGE'S PENURIOUSNESS.

A Few Anecdotes Illustrating His Closeness in Money Matters.

Probably there are some stories current up in Troy, where Russell Sage comes from, that have not reached New York, but the New York ones have been rehearsed over and over again, and it is only just to the old man to say that in these frequent rehearsals they have gradually become exaggerated out of all resemblance to the truth. He is genial and kindly enough, but, so far as his economical eccentricities are concerned, there is so much truth to be told that nobody need depart from it in order to be picturesque. His business relations with various clothiers in the city have doubtless given rise to many anecdotes, and even his Wall street dealings. Wash Connor tells how he was getting through a side street one day in the summer time in company with Mr. Sage on his way to the pier of the Iron Steamboat Company, when Mr. Sage's eagle eye was attracted by the sight of some light summer vests in the window of a small tailor shop, very conspicuously and attructively labeled one dollar each. The eyes of the old gentleman with $50,000,000 twinkled with excitement, and he disappeared inside the shop, and when he overtook Mr. Connor again at the pier he had two of the vests with him, and had left a two-dollar bill in the tailor shop referred to.

He used to deal a great deal with a popular priced clothier on Broadway, who kept an attractive assortment of $4 pants and coats and vests, which sold from $10 to $15 for a combination. And he probably would have been dealing with him yet if a serious accident had not happened something after the following fashion: After one purchase that Mr. Sage made there he found that the trousers were rather long, and that, in consequence, they would wear out much sooner than they had any business to do. With the prudence and thrift, therefore, which characterized him, he recurred to an older pair for immediate use and sent the bran-new ones back to the shop with instructions to have them shortened. When he sent them back, however, he sent back with them $40 or $45 in $1 bills in what is usually known as the pistol pocket, and curiously enough, did not discover his loss until he had reached home that evening, long after the clothing store, of course, had put up its shutters, and any possibility of getting at the proprietors was gone. Next morning, however, bright and early, he was on the ground, and having explained the circumstances, the clerk made inquiry, and discovered that the workman into whose hands the trousers had been put had, of course, found the money in question, and promptly and honestly turned it over to the foreman. Mr. Sage was naturally very profuse in his thanks, and on leaving the store left 50 cents on the counter as a reward for the workman who had found the $45.

The clothiers thought that the reward was not sufficient, and somehow or other couldn't overcome the inclination to fall into line with dozens and dozens of people who have told stories about Mr. Sage. With a singular lack of consideration for an old time customer they made an advertisement out of the story and paid for the advertisement, and it stirred the old gentleman up considerably. The privilege brokers down in his office said that they couldn't do any business with him for two or three days he was so crabbed and cross-grained. They couldn't get him to make a bid, a put or call on paper of any kind whatever, but, of course, in a few days he forgot all about it. In the meantime he explained several times to newspaper men, who were in the habit of coming into his office, that he thought the reward entirely sufficient. He contended that he had not lost the money in the street. It was in a pair of trousers which he had left with a reputable clothier, and even if he had not been at the clothier's store bright and early the next morning to claim his property he was entitled to believe that when the trousers came home after being shortened that the forty-five dollars would be found exactly in the place where he had left them. It was certainly a rather novel and ingenious view of the circumstances, and perhaps after all the old gentleman was right.—Boston Herald.

Uncongenial Room-Mates.

It was late in the evening and the sleepy passengers on the steamboat had retired to their respective berths. A tremendous noise, as of heavy bodies being flung recklessly about, was heard in one of the forward staterooms, mingled with loud, variegated and unstudied profanity. Presently the door flew open and a shapeless and disheveled object bearing some resemblance to a man was fired out into the main saloon of the steamer with great violence.

"Captain," yelled the man who still remained in the stateroom as he thrust his head out and glared savagely about him, "your clerk made a mistake when he put that man and me in the same berth. He's one of the leading rascals in the Sugar Trust and I'm the inventor of a patent lemon-squeezer!"—Chicago Tribune.

—But few plants will thrive on a wet soil. A good drain is sometimes better than manure. The warmest day of summer can not impart sufficient heat to plants on a wet soil.

—A New Hampshire parson marries his patrons in this fashion: "You take this woman for a wife? You take this man for a husband? Married. Two dollars."

THE ENDURING HOME.

According to "Gath," Personality Is Not to Be Found in the City.

It is city property which is a perishable thing, and not property in the country. Hardly a house, which is preserved, which has historical or pious reminiscences remains in any of our cities. The John Hancock house of Boston had to go at last; the old South Church might as well be torn down as to be what it is, a kind of peddling bazar. The Hamilton House in New York barely escaped sacrifice by being turned over to a church. But country houses are generally found where they stood when the man of history put them up.

You never could find Shakespeare's house in London if he ever had owned one there. The bard of nature returned to his cattle market town and there acquired and altered one of the best residences, and to this day it stands evidence which, like the old man's tomb, pulverizes the small beings who would get a day's fame by explaining Shakespeare away. I have always noticed that when I went to hunt up the evidences of men of celebrity I found them nearly perfect in the country and hardly ever recoverable in the city. If you want to see where John Jay lived so much longer than his contemporaries, go to his farm at Bedford, forty miles above New York City.

If you seek for DeWitt Clinton's rooftree, do not ask where it is in New York, but go out to Maspeth, in Long Island, and there, close to the big cemeteries and oil refineries, stands exactly as it was the statesman's home, where no doubt he had more self-respect than in all his political victories. He died very young for such a man, occupying the office of Governor, which is a seat of nettles. You will find Oliver Perry's birth-place still standing among the rocks and sand-hills in Rhode Island. Men who only lived in towns left no more foot-prints than are to be found upon the brick pavements. Hence the ever recurring desire not merely to buy a place in the country, but to build one and see it molded to one's own images.

Garfield had a house at Mentor, which will probably stand for two hundred years, in some of its parts, even though fire should consume most of it. He said that in order to work off the mental fatigue of Congress he had to go back and pitch hay upon the wagon as he did when a boy. You can locate Garfield for the next several centuries by his country home, but where can you locate Chester A. Arthur, who always lived in a town, and whose house merits a glance on Lexington avenue, New York, being indistinguishable from thousands of others, having not one feature that is distinctive or ornamental about it.

But Mt. Vernon remains all that we can put our hands on of Washington, except his old buckskin breeches. Posterity he had not; the painters like Stuart sublimated the man to their conception of what the public expected; but when you go to Mt. Vernon you have only to fill up a chair with a living man somewhat worn out in the general service, you can smell him, handle him and criticize him. You can not say, "In this closet he kept his whisky; here he turned and expressed a suspicion to the servant that somebody had been tampering with the whisky. This fire place he poked up with that old shovel. Here on the porch he sat of evenings and heard the chatter of some French or German traveler, who expected before he went to bed, at the risk of his eye-sight, to put down every thing that Washington grunted and assented to, or if he tilted back his chair and crossed his egs."—Gath in Cincinnati Enquirer.

A CHARITABLE FAMILY.

What the Vanderbilts Have Done for the Poor and Needy.

The Vanderbilts are always most wise and munificent in their charities. The city is dotted with admirable monuments to their generosity and discretion.

There is down-town, among the poorer classes, a handsome building which contains a free circulating library given by George Vanderbilt, the student of the family, whose own private library is one of the most splendid in this country.

Upon Madison avenue is a beautiful club-house with library, gymnasium and lecture rooms for the young men employed in the New York Central railroad, given by Cornelius Vanderbilt, the president of the road.

Still further up town is the maternity hospital given by Mrs. Sloan, another one of the Vanderbilt daughters; and now comes the new monument in the shape of the new lodging-house for the Christian young women.

Besides these special institutions, their gifts to hospitals, asylums, orphanages, homes and churches is as legion, and they have a private almoner who looks into and relieves special cases of distress which come to their notice, and who at Christmas time has put into her hands a liberal contribution from each member of the family which she dispenses in Christmas gifts to the poor.

It is calculated that the Vanderbilts have within the last twenty years given away considerably over $1,000,000 in charity, a large portion of it having gone to Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., at which the young men of the South of narrow means have been enabled to get an education. They have been very generous in their gifts to the South and indeed, Mrs. Willie K. is a Southern woman herself by birth and is disposed to look favorably upon applications from that quarter.—N. Y. Sun.

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

Good Illustrations of the Evolution Theory of Modern Science.

The best known is:

"Onery, twonery, dickery, davy,
Hallabone, crackabone, tenery, navy,
Discum, dandum, merry come tine,
Humbledy, bumbledy, twenty-nine,
O-U-T out!"

Somewhere about one hundred different variations and versions of this rhyme alone are given. The following is one of several versions from Aberden, Scotland:

"Enery, twaery, tickery, tayven,
Halaba, crackery, ten or elayven,
Peen, paa, musky dan,
Feedelum, fadelum, twenty-one."

From a work on the Gypsies by Mr. Chas. G. Leland we have a specimen of a gypsy magic spell, it is as follows:

"Ekkeri, akairi, you kair-an,
Fillisin, fallisin, Nicholas ja'n,
Kiri, kali, Irishman,
Stini, stani, buck."

This, on comparison, will be found to be almost identical with the first example we have given of a counting-out rhyme; "ekkeri, akairi" being the equivalent in Romany for "Onery, twoery." Another very familiar form is that commencing "Eeny, meeny," etc. This is a great favorite among American children, the commonest version being:

"Eeeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo."

This example gives evident proof of adaption to American ideas; but the preliminary and concluding "Eeny, meeny" are of obvious German or Dutch origin. Such as:

"Ene, tene, mone, met,
Pastor, lone, bone, stre),
Ene, fune, herke, berke,
Wer? Wer? Wo? Was?"
—(N. Germany.)

Some of the transmogrifications of words are very interesting, the "Pastor, lone" of the German rhyme given above we find in Cornwall as "Basca, lora," while in America it is changed into "Pestalony," "Pisky larry," "Barcelona," "Pennsylvania," "Butter lather," "Tuscalona," etc. One of the most amusing transitions is in connection with the rhyme:

"One is all, two is all, zick is all zan,
Bobtail nanny-goat, tittle, tail, tan;
Harum, scarum, Virgin Mary,
Singleum, sangleum, jolly, oh, buck."

Here we have a very good illustration of the evolution theory of modern scientists. The first form of "bobtail nanny-goat" changes to "bobtail billy-goat," "bobtail dominicker," "bobtail vinegar," and at last, through course of time and altered conditions of existence, the despised "bobtail nanny-goat" ultimately develops into the highly respectable form of "Baptist minister!" A curious and exceedingly interesting example comes from New England thus:

"Ain, tain, fethery, in:
Arte, slatur, debbery, dick;
Aintic, taintic, fethertic, bumpit;
Ain bumpit, tain bumpit, gee-kit!"

And this last is Welsh.—Chambers' Journal.

A SWEET SONGSTER.

The True Merit of the Blackbird Described by a Lover of Nature.

A delightful songster is the blackbird, and, being common, is most likely familiar with you, though, rather shy and retiring, it is not so often seen as you might expect. Even in winter it keeps at a distance, and you must be very quiet or it will not pluck up courage to come for your crumbs.

You never see a flock of blackbirds, for it chooses to hop about alone or in company with his wife. Now and again it will start up from the bushes and undergrowth as you pass through the wood and give you a sight of its handsome burnished plumage, which is of the deepest black.

Its bill, which is long and slender, is of a bright orange color. The hen blackbird is among the humblest of wives, her coat being a sober dark brown, without a patch of color; even her bill is the same, being light brown, and her feet are of the darkest gray. But she is a pretty bird nevertheless, and quite worthy of her handsome partner.

You may find the blackbird's nest in almost any secluded spot, in a tree, in the hedge, among the roots of some forest monarch, a hole in a rock or wall, and, on one occasion, I found one lodged on the summits of three stout poles which were leaned against the walls of an outhouse.

I said the blackbird was a delightful songster, and so it is.

To hear its melodious warblings after a summer shower, when the leaves glitter with the raindrops in the rays of the setting sun, and the fragrance of wild flowers borne on the whispering zephyrs is wafted down the glade, is a treat for any lover of nature.

I think the blackbird sings the sweetest after rain. Its notes seem to tell of refreshing moisture falling on thirsty flowers and parched leaves, of dewdrops nestling in cowslip cups, and of gentle plashes dripping from the eaves of the "low roof" of the tiny woodland cottages.

Mary Howitt, who loved birds and flowers and the country, says of its song: "His notes are solemn and flowing. He sings deliciously in rain, even during a thunder-storm, with the lightning flashing around him."

He is fond of cherries, and, alas! is often shot while pecking at the tempting clusters. But he repays us for all these petty pilferings, for his food consists largely of snails, worms, slugs and large insects. So that I do not see why he is begrudged a bunch of cherries or a ripe, luscious plum, when he above repays the damage by devouring such nests as these.—Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

—A man of Portland, Ore., drew $1,900 out of a bank and started out with the intention of spending the whole before doing any more work. He had spent $400 when he was jailed for drunkenness.

A BOSTON ROMANCE.

How Lovely Waldonia Shattered Her Admirer's Mental Perspective.

"Will this—this disappointment eventuate in any modification of your plans for the future, Osgoodson?" said the young girl, softly, as she wiped her spectacles, replaced them with care, and looked through them in a regretful, sympathizing, almost tender manner at the downcast youth.

"My plans?" he replied, drearily. "What are plans to me? Who polyphonizes to me of plans? The answer you have just given me reduces to irremediable chaos every nascent inchoative design projected by the stereopticon of earnest purpose on the screen of mental receptivity."

A shadow of pain flitted across the brow of the young woman. From where she stood, on the inside of a gate in the rear of one of Boston's noblest mansions, she looked out over the Common, where light-hearted but mature children were playing in the decorous, thoughtful, cultured manner peculiar to the Boston child, and a feeling of pity for the young man who stood on the other side of the gate and leaned despondently on the post stirred her soul.

"Surely, Osgoodson," she said, "there are other—"

"Waldonia Field-James!" he exclaimed, impetuously, "to the man who has cherished in his bosom for years the image of one who is to him the ideal and embodiment of all that is subjectively congenial and metaphysically apropos, as it were, the crushing forever of his hope of being regarded reciprocally by the living, breathing reality of his cherished eidolon shatters his mental perspective and obliterates every semblance of the horizon that once bounded his speculative firmament."

"While that may be indisputable, Osgoodson," rejoined the young woman, "there are other aspects in which we should view the subject. The stations in life we both occupy are humble, in the sciolistic and fallacious judgment of the world, but there is no reason why the outcome of this misguided preference of yours should lead you recklessly to abandon your calling. It is true that I shall remain in this family, in the faithful performance of the duties that devolve upon me, but you will become accustomed in time, I trust, to the daily sight of one whom you mistakenly looked upon as the arbiter of your happiness, and tranquility will come to you."

"I misunderstood you, Waldonia," said the young man. "When you asked me if this decision of yours would make any change in my plans for the future I imagined you alluded to my entertaining a preference for any other young lady. I shall make no change in my occupation, Waldonia," he added, dejectedly, as he turned to go. "I expect to drive this milk wagon all summer, just the same."—Chicago Tribune.

PERFECT HOSPITALITY.

It Consists in Finding Out What a Guest Likes Best to Do.

"Your friend, Mrs. Ames, is charming, isn't she?" said one lady to another.

"Charming, indeed," was the cordial reply. "I am very fond of her."

"And yet you never stay at her house when you come to the city. She spoke about it the other day, and seemed quite hurt."

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't time to go to Mrs. Ames' when I come to town on a shopping expedition," was the reply. "You know she has a way of arranging every body's affairs for them, and though she does it from the best of motives, I find it very distracting."

The accusation was literally true. If one proposes leaving Mrs. Ames' house at a certain time, she inquires, "But why must you go now?"

"Because I want to take the three-forty train."

Instantly her time table is produced, and she proves to you, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that you could take an express train at four, and reach your destination only three minutes later. You may be able to convince her that you would rather take the slower train and thus stop at Hemlock Point, for a word with Cousin John, but you have only switched her temporarily to a side track, for she presently resumes:

"And if you take the three-forty you needn't start now. I only allow myself twenty minutes to get to the station, and you could do it in twelve. So you needn't go for ten minutes yet."

It doesn't seem worth while to explain that you like to be leisurely; that you want to buy some oranges at the stand on one corner, and look into the windows of the Chinese laundry on another. You merely resign your brief bit of foolish pleasuring, and allow her to settle your affairs as she pleases.

So "capable" is she that no point seems worth contesting, and you chat with her until she bundles you out of doors, with a hearty "Good-bye!" and then run for your train, to arrive at the station, hot, dusty and anxious.

There is such a thing as being too hospitable. The perfect host is he or she who studies to find out what a guest likes best to do, and helps him to do that, without suggesting that something else is better. It is well to have your advice and practical help always ready, and "on tap," as it were, but they should never be obtrusively offered.—Youth's Companion.

—A stout woman of Mahony City, Pa., spanked a grocer with her shoe because she thought he had overcharged her boy for pot herbs. The court fined her six cents, in addition to the thirty dollars costs.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

A Comparison Between the English and American Methods.

The English method of taking a national census is to prepare every detail of the work in advance; districts accurately defined and minutely subdivided, papers printed so fully as to leave but a few easily ascertained blanks to fill, and competent enumerators selected and instructed so that each can traverse his entire districts and fill its blanks completely in a single day. This method avoids all chance of repetition by extending a second or third day's work into one before it, and reduces the chances of inaccuracy by leaving so few entries to be made that an enumerator familiar with his district, as it is intended every one should be, can hardly omit any resident consciously. The probability of omissions by this method is less than the probability of repetitions by any other, and the chance of one enumerator trenching on the district of another and making an undue enlargement, is reduced to the smallest measure possible to human fallibility. We don't say that this method would be best in a big area sparsely populated, where the omissions or errors of one day could be detected and corrected the next, but it is certainly the best in a dense population, and might be adopted here in taking the census of cities and towns and closely settled sites of country communities. At least it might be worth trying in the census of cities and larger towns. Our census is notoriously defective. Not one has yet been taken that couldn't be spotted all over with errors of more or less magnitude by persons familiar with the sections reported. In the aggregate probably one class of errors has measurably balanced another and left a total very nearly accurate, but this is a matter of conjecture, and must be taken on trust. By law the official enumeration is final. Dispute it as we may, it is the only legal basis of Congressional and legislative action, and must be taken as it comes from the officers.

That, however, does not exclude a well-grounded apprehension that if entirely accurate it might cause a change of legal provisions at times. In any event, it can't be made too accurate, and if the English would insure greater accuracy at one point or another, occasionally that method should be tried, even at the hazard of working on two systems instead of one. In the long run it would cost less than the present scheme of enumeration, which continues the work over several days, and altogether keeps some 40,000 men employed for forty or sixty days. Better 200,000 counters for one or two days than 40,000 for two weeks. It is true that our census is far more complete and minute in detail than that of England or any other European country, but the subdivision of districts and increase of enumerators would provide fully for all that we expect of our most elaborate census, and still allow it all to be done in one day or two. In a population of 65,000,000 a force of enumerators of 200,000 would give one to about every 320 inhabitants, men, women and children, or one to about every sixty-five heads of families, which would certainly not be an unmanageable number to see and get details from in one day. An effort to apply this method in our cities might demonstrate its practicability as well as its superior accuracy, and be worth the time and cost of making.—Indianapolis News.

Putting a Burglar to Flight.

Keen, bright and plucky is Miss Jennie Andrews, who lives at Kansas City, Mo., with the family of A. W. Armour, as a companion for Mrs. Armour. Miss Andrews was surprised one night, after dismissing her company at the door and going to her room, to find the latter occupied. A big burglar had been busy, and the result of his work was apparent in a pile of jewelry that lay on a rug on the floor. She, of course, could not hope to capture him. Mrs. Armour's nerves were weak and she dared not scream and arouse the household, as the shock would possibly prove fatal to the invalid, so she determined in an instant to scare off the thief and save the valuables. Quietly retreating she secured a revolver, and then walking boldly to the room surprised Mr. Burglar by leveling the revolver at his head and telling him to drop a necklace he had just taken from a bureau drawer and to leave the room instanter. He did not stop to argue the question, nor to pick up the booty he had secured in the other rooms ransacked by him, but went down stairs at a bound and out of a window without raising the sash, and was followed by a bullet from the front door by the brave defender.—Chicago Tribune.

Your Picture on a Stamp.

The latest fad in photography is the portrait stamp. This unique device is a miniature photograph on a piece of paper the size of a postage stamp. It is gummed on the back side and is used in a variety of ways. In writing to absent friends the portrait is pasted at the head of the letter or in place of the signature. The stamps are also used on birthday and wedding cards, programmes of entertainments, and in autograph albums. Business-men who are anxious for notoriety use the stamp on the outside of letters. The idea is English, and the photograph stamps have been in use on the other side for several years. They are now being introduced in this country. The cost of the photograph is so low that a large sale is expected.—N. Y. Mail.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—An eminent microscopist, finds that genuine honey can be readily distinguished from manufactured honey by the microscope, as the former has few or no sugar crystals.

—A man in Australia has discovered a process by which he can season freshly cut Australian lumber in less than seven days. This seems hardly credible, as heretofore it has required several years. Steam is one of the agencies employed.

—Tests made with much care show that the addition of a fraction of one per cent. of aluminum greatly improves the quality of cast iron, rendering castings more solid and free from blow holes, removing the tendency to chill, increasing the strength, elasticity, and fluidity of the metal, and decreasing shrinkage.

—The different woods for charcoal may be estimated as to value by this rule: Of the oaks 100 parts will yield 23 parts charcoal, beech 21, apple, elm and white pine 23, birch 24, maple 22, willow 18, poplar 20, hard pine 22½. The charcoal used for gunpowder is made from willow and alder.

—Experiments again made in London with carbo-dynamite, one of the latest explosives, would seem to show that it possesses some important advantages over ordinary dynamite, among others that of considerably greater power, and the generation of much less noxious vapor when exploded in confined places. It is composed of nitro-glycerine absorbed by ten parts of a variety of carbon, and is claimed to be entirely unaffected by water.

—A feat of much scientific interest, if not of immediate commercial value, is the recent production of chemical sugar by Fischer and Tafel, in the laboratory of the University of Wurzburg. Glycerine was used as the starting point in the experiments. After decomposition and treatment with various reagents, a colorless sirup was obtained, which, unlike saccharine, appears to be a genuine sugar, acting in every respect like ordinary natural sugar except in being incapable of rotating a beam of polarized light.

—A new translucent substance intended as a substitute for glass has been adopted in London. It possesses such a degree of pliancy that it may be bent backward and forward like leather and be subjected to very considerable tensile strain with impunity; it is also almost as translucent as glass and of a pleasing amber color, varying in shade from a very light golden to pale brown. The basis of the material is a web of fine iron wire with warp and weft threads about one-twelfth inch apart, this being inclosed like a fly in amber, in a sheet of translucent varnish of which the base is linseed oil.

—Hollow brick, it is said, are coming into more general use in eastern cities, and quite a number of large buildings have been built with them. They crush at 30,000 pounds, or about the pressure which the best solid brick will stand. They are made 8x8x12, with walls one inch thick. It is claimed that they cost one-third less than the regular form, making walls proof against fire, moisture and frost, being warm in winter and cool in summer. They require a peculiar clay in their manufacture, one that will not shrink when dried or burned. The brick are set on their ends, thus making a wall hollow from top to bottom.

ABOUT SUNDAY WORK.

The Question Considered from a Strictly Physiological Standpoint.

The question of Sunday work has, of course, a moral side, and it is that side which most strongly influences many who are striving to lessen the evil. Physiologists are universally agreed that men need, for purely physiological reasons, one day's rest out of the seven. There is plenty of evidence upon this question, all pointing in the same direction, and the conclusion is inevitable that the almost universal desire of workmen for rest on Sunday, and their strong objection to working continuously every day, is the result of a natural physiological law, which, like all other laws of the kind, can not be violated without some one having to suffer the penalty. There is good reason for believing that many railroad accidents are directly traceable to physical and mental exhaustion of train-men caused by the strain of severe and exacting duties, performed without relaxation for a period of time beyond that which is allowed by nature. And in the case of street railway employes, who are required to work from twelve to sixteen hours every day, Sundays included, it is probable that society suffers, and will suffer, a large share of the penalty. For the presence in the community of a considerable body of men to whom civilization means almost, if not quite, nothing, upon whom society has imposed burdens almost intolerable and infinitely heavier than are imposed by nature as a condition of living—we say that the presence of a body of men living under such conditions is a menace and a danger to republican institutions.—American Machinist.

Struck Him as About Right

Little girl (reading newspaper article in relation to Henry M. Stanley)—During his march across this portion of the Dark Continent he appears to have incurred the greatest prevarications——

Mother (looking over her shoulder)—Haven't you made a mistake, Ethel? I think the word is privations.

Father (who has his doubts about Stanley)—Don't interrupt her, Maria. Prevarications is the right word. Go on, Ethel.—Chicago Tribune.