Natural Sequence.

"Yes," concluded the medical raconteur, "she became insane through excessive dancing."

"One might say she was hopping mad, I suppose!" gurgled the cheerful idiot.

A Slander.

"See here!" said the city editor. "You speak of the bride as being led to the altar.'"

"Yes, sir. What of it?" replied the reporter.

"What of it? Why, it's nonsense. There was never a bride yet who couldn't find her way there, no matter what were the obstacles."—London Tid-Bits.

On a Different Footing.

"A man dat's got a fast hoss," said Uncle Eph'm, "don't keer how off'n he got to git shoes fur 'im. Hit's diff'rent if he's got a boy."

Advice to the Widow.

Widow (tearfully)—Yes, my daughters are now my only resources.

Friend—Take my advice and husband your resources well.

Placing Them.

The Busy Man—Pleasant and Boreson are coming to visit me next week. What shall I do with them? I have so little time.

The WiseUn—Introduce Pleasants at a club and Boreson to a club.

Lobsters.

To avoid buying lobsters which have been cooked and laid on ice until all their firmness and sweetness have been sacrificed, lay the creature on its back and straighten out the tail. If when the tail is released it springs back into its normal curled position, it may be considered fresh. But if it stays back and seems limp and flabby it is unfit for use.

Without Credit.

"Ah, me!" sighed the village editor as he grasped his trusty scissors and began to edit the funny column, "would that I might get my groceries as I do my jokes."

Separate Hearts of Eels.

The eel has two separate hearts. One beats sixty, the other 160 times a minute.

The Inaccuracy of Popular Judgments

An eminent American physician, whose practice is chiefly among women and children, said lately:

"A doctor is often in receipt of queer letters, but the strangest which come to me are the frequent applications from good, pious women living on farms and country villages for places in wealthy city families, where they can rear and train the poor, neglected children of fashionable mothers. There seems to be a deep-seated conviction among these good folk that every rich, fashionable woman is a devotee to dancing, gambling, champagne, cigarettes and worse vices. To rescue and train their children, they argue, would be a missionary work—and profitable.

"I might tell them truly," added the doctor, "that I have practiced among this class of women for thirty years, and in that time never have known but one who did not love and give her best effort to her children. But they would not believe me."

"Of course they would not. We all divide our fellow creatures into classes, each with its sharp attributes and love and hate them comfortably. Nothing is more disquieting or annoying than to have these attributes mixed up. Yet nothing is more certain to happen.

The one thing we may be sure of every day is that not a man whom we shall meet in it will belong to his type. The purse-proud plutocrat turns out to be a humble-minded young fellow anxiously envious of our knowledge of golf; the comic actor in private life is dull and shy, and reddens to the tip of his ears when he speaks; the murderer taken out of the dock is a quiet hob and nob, proves to be a likable young chap who reminds you of your cousin Bob. He has precisely the same feeling for his Jenny and her boy at home that you have for your Mary and the kid. He is worrying about the price of potatoes, just as you are worrying about coal.

You are confused, annoyed. It would be so much easier to deal with the man, knife in hand, killing and needing to be killed, than with this anxious buyer of potatoes for Jenny and her baby.

After all, are not our mistakes in dealing with other people—at home, at the street, in church or the shop—due to our obstinacy in meeting them as members of classes instead of men and women like ourselves? Public opinion dubs this party fanatics; that, rogues; this race, traitors; this fashionable woman, vicious; that churchgoing woman, a saint.

But you will save time and many bitter mistakes if you take each by the hand and judge for yourself.

The nature of the meanest man or woman is not like a manufactured music box, set to grind out forever the same tune—the dead march or jig—at the turning of a screw.

It is a live thing. And there is in it some wild harmony, provided you know how to find it.—Saturday Evening Post.

DO NOT INHALE THE SMOKE.

All Tobacco Smokers Should Guard Against a Pernicious Habit.

On the labels of some boxes of cigarettes at present being sold to the public is a statement to the effect that the cigarettes are made of the purest tobacco and paper obtainable, and that, therefore, the smoke from them may be inhaled safely and without irritating the respiratory passages. We do not hesitate to say that such a statement is highly mischievous and that the practice of inhaling smoke into the lungs is attended with considerable risk to the health of the smoker.

It is to be feared that the cigarette is responsible largely for the prevalence of this objectionable habit of inhaling tobacco smoke; the pipe or cigar smoker is, as a rule, not addicted to it because probably the smoke is too strong or too irritating. But the fact that the smoke of a cigarette may be unirritating does not minimize the evil effect of drawing the smoke into the lungs, for by this method the absorption of the poisonous constituents of tobacco smoke (and all tobacco smoke is more or less poisonous) is very rapid, these entering quickly into the circulatory system by way of the pulmonary capillaries. Even in the mouth and nasal passages, there is some amount of absorption, but this is trifling compared with that which takes place in the lungs. The practice of inhaling tobacco smoke is, therefore, strongly to be discountenanced, and venders of cigarettes should refrain from printing on the boxes mischievous statements such as that to which we have alluded.

There is no reason for believing that smoking tobacco in a rational way is productive of harm; on the contrary, it is common experience that when moderately indulged in it serves to allay restlessness and irritability, but the sequel to the habit of inhalation may indeed, be dire, the heart and nervous system being chiefly affected. Yet many cigarette smokers inhale the smoke into the lungs, as may be seen from the fact that very little of the smoke which they draw from the cigarette is afterward ejected.—London Lancet.

Kicked Out.

"Angelica's father? He is an old pirate!" exclaimed George, bitterly.

"Are you justified in saying that?" asked his mother, gently.

"Of course I am. I had evidence only last night that he is a free-booter."—Somerville Journal.

Her Winning Attraction.

A maiden from far Mozambique,
Quite aged and dusky of clique,
Got a fortune one day
From an aunt far away
And married in less than a wique.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Financially.

"Is that actress supported by her husband?" asked Bickersnaff.

"No, she supports him," replied Winebiddle.—Detroit Free Press.

Artificial.

He—What lovely flowers! Do you know they remind me of you.

She—Why, they are artificial.

He—Yes; I know; but it requires close examination to detect it.

Anxious Inquiry.

Miss Gotrox—I wouldn't give much for a proposal that wasn't straight from the heart.

Mr. Poorman—How much would you be willing to give for one that was?

Magpie Conference.

"Say, Harker," began Van Albert, "my wife insists that I attend the sewing circle with her tonight. What is the best thing to wear?

"Wear ear muffs," advised the experienced friend.

Valuable House.

Tiggs—Suggs go $3,000 for his house.

Wiggs—So? I didn't know he owned any real estate.

"Oh, he didn't. This was in a poker game when he held a full house against the other fellow's three of a kind.

Rubber Is Easily Killed.

There is no reliable method of preserving rubber except by keeping it in a damp place and away from the air. Exposure to the air and dry atmosphere will kill the best of rubber in time. Oil of any kind is its deadly enemy.

A Difference.

The Friend—Is your daughter happily married?

The Father—Well, happily she's married.

She Helped.

"Did she help you to propose?"

"Well, rather! She asked how many boxes of candy would pay for an engagement ring."

One of the Staying Sort.

Subbubs—We've got a new girl at our house.

Backlots—Hah! It's easy enough to get a new girl, but can you keep her?

Subbubs—The doctor thinks so. He declares she weighs nine pounds at least.—Philadelphia Press.

A Sudden Departure.

Clapham — Didn't your new cook leave you rather suddenly?

Brixton—Yes; she got mixed in her dates. She had a policeman and a burglar call on her the same evening.—Pick Me Up.

Experimenting.

Mrs. Dear orn—Which do you think is the luckiest month to be married in?

Mrs. Wabash—I don't know. I've tried April, May, June and July, but I think I'll try some other month next time.

Frequent Occurrence.

"A woman has been arrested for disfiguring her children."

"Why, thousands do that and are never molested."

"Disfigure their children?"

"Yes; cut their hair."

Why He Laughed.

Mother—Johnny, I am ashamed of you! What did you mean by laughing and giggling at your dear uncle's funeral?

Johnny — Gee! I was so glad it wasn't mine.—Princeton Tiger.

After the Reception.

Ernie—Her costume that night captivated him. The papers described it as a "fetching gown."

Edith—Probably because it "fetched" her a husband.

World's Finest Dry Dock.

The San Francisco dock company has just completed at Hunters Point one of the finest drydocks in the world. It is large enough for two battleships at one time and can be pumped dry in two hours.

As Others See Us.

"I wonder if my face will change, too, when I am your age?" asked the sweet girl graduate in a tone redolent with insinuation.

"Undoubtedly, dear," replied the elderly female, "and you ought to be thankful for the loss of a generous portion of your cheek."

ONE OF NATURE'S DREDGES.

Great Lava Streams Attending an Eruption of Mont Pelee.

Since the disaster at Martinique most people, especially those of scientific and venturesome spirit, have taken a new interest in volcanoes. Old craters, whose tricks are still unknown, and craters that have just taught men to beware of them, have been studied with unusual care. Interesting experiences have been common. Hardly one of the recent papers on volcanoes is without some tale of adventure in which the human side appeals even more strongly than the scientific. George Carroll Curtis in a paper entitled "Looking Into the Caribbean Craters," published in the Century Magazine, narrates an adventure he had on Mont Pelee. He says:

As we were passing on our return over the rugged, lava-like mud-flows three sharp peals of thunder rang through the valley. Rolling up over the mountain top was a great brown, convoluting cloud. It ascended in dark, rounded masses, stately yet with great speed, thousands and thousands of twisting, worming globules, brain-shaped, cauliflower-topped, dark almost to blackness.

As it shot direct from the crater, this menacing shape spread out and charged toward us down the mountain-side.

Running would, I realized, be useless. The eruption and its nearness held me in wonder and dread, so that I did not call to my companions below, but waited until they had labored half way up the slope; then I shouted down, "Look at the mountain!" and scrambled to the highest point on the flat above. As I gained it in hard breath and looked back, a black thing jumped from behind a bend in the canon.

With a heavy, earthy roar, a plunging wall of blackish stuff hurled itself with fearful speed against the side of the ravine, bounded to the opposite slope and tore it down. It lashed and tore away the earth like paper.

We saw the banks melt away as in a nightmare. Sand, pebbles and masses of rock flew into the air before the resistless onslaught, and fell into the raging flood and were borne away like chaff. We could feel the shock of the ponderous mass plowing through the ground, as when a train at high speed grinds the rails. Looking down in wonder, awe, perhaps fright, not one of us had spoken a word.

In twenty minutes the sixty-foot channel of the main stream was dug four feet below the mouth of a tributary, which, oozing in silent, molasses like surges, dropped in a mud-fall into the river.

We watched for half an hour, by which time the stream had decreased a third, and the erosion of its banks was nearly ended. Already, however, the catastrophe had dredged the channel to a depth of ten feet and had carried off this vast load into the sea! And when in the gathering darkness we reached the coalesced mouths of the two rivers, the Seche and the Blanche, the hot ash-beds there, lying over the dead of the Guerin Sugar Works, were sending out such heavy volumes of steam that our sloop had left her mooring and was standing well offshore.

TEN YEARS WITH GYPSIES.

Romance of an English Lad Who Lived Among the Romanies.

A child romance, almost incredible in these days, is presented in the restoration to his friends of the youth Francis Joseph Holton, of Manor street, Woolwich common, after having been lost for ten years.

The police found him a few days ago sleeping on a Drury Lane doorstep, says the London Mail. Taken to the Bow street police court, he stated that he had run away from a caravan of gypsies, with whom, so far as he could remember, he had lived all his life. At any rate, he knew nothing whatever of his parents. From the police station he was taken to the Catholic home in Westminster bridge road.

The paragraphs in the newspapers reporting the boy's appearance at Bow street caught the attention of Mrs. Creed, of 6 Southbrook street, Shepherd's Bush. She went to her lodger, Mrs. Mead, exclaiming: "You have often said your little brother, aged 5, was lost ten years ago. Here's a case of a boy 15 who has escaped from gypsies. You ought to follow this up."

The result was that the boy was identified by a small birthmark on his face and a scar on the top of his head, the result of a fall before he left home. Sister and father and friends agreed that he was the boy who had suddenly disappeared on March 31, 1892.

When interviewed at his father's home in Manor street, Woolwich, the lad spoke clearly and readily of his sojourn of nearly eleven years with the gypsies. But as to his parents and his childhood his mind is an utter blank.

"There were seven of us in the caravan," said the lad, "the husband and wife, three daughters, a son and myself. We traveled up and down the country, making and selling brushes here, snaring hares and rabbits there, going into Kent for the hop-picking and fruit-gathering seasons, pitching our van on commons and by the roadside in lonely parts, visiting large towns like Birmingham and Manchester, and I had a hard time of it always.

"No, the gypsies' fare does not consist, as people seem to think, of rump steaks and hosts of good things. They gave me a rough time. My food was generally bread and cheese and water all the week, and a share of hare or rabbit or other flesh food on Sundays. Their living was but little better than mine.

"They never spoke any Romany—nothing but English. It was hard work most of the time, and my share was poor food and a thrashing when I did not work hard enough for them. We all worked at the hop-picking, but the man took all the money. At last I saw nothing to keep me with them, so I watched my opportunity and got quietly away.

"I have often been round this way with the gypsy caravan. Sometimes we came quite near my home. I used to come to those very barracks over here and beg some bread, little thinking I was close to my father's home."

Remember that a great many good things cost more than they are worth.

Their Boasts.

First Boy—My father's going to have a horseless carriage.

Second Ditto—Huh! That's nothing! We've had a coalless furnace at our house all winter."—Boston Transcript.

Trolleys Beat Steam Roads.

The statement is made that in Massachusetts last year four times as many passengers were carried by electric cars as on the steam roads, says the Iron Age. Of course that was due chiefly to the dense city traffic, but still the city street car systems were pretty complete seven years ago. The trolley passenger business, however, has doubled since that time, while the steam passenger business has actually declined.

A Fortune in a Clock.

A man in Vienna possessed as an heirloom an old clock made early in the sixteenth century. He thought it was worth about $10. One day a stranger came and offered him $400 for it. The owner suspected that if it was worth that it might be worth more, so he investigated the matter. He soon received an offer of $4,000 for it, and finally sold it to the Kensington museum, London, for $20,000.

Following a Prescription.

Larry—How did Murphy break his arm?

Denny—Following the doctor's prescription.

Larry—Phwat?

Denny—Yis; it blew out av th' window, and Murphy wint afther it.

Have a Purpose.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing a no-man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.

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