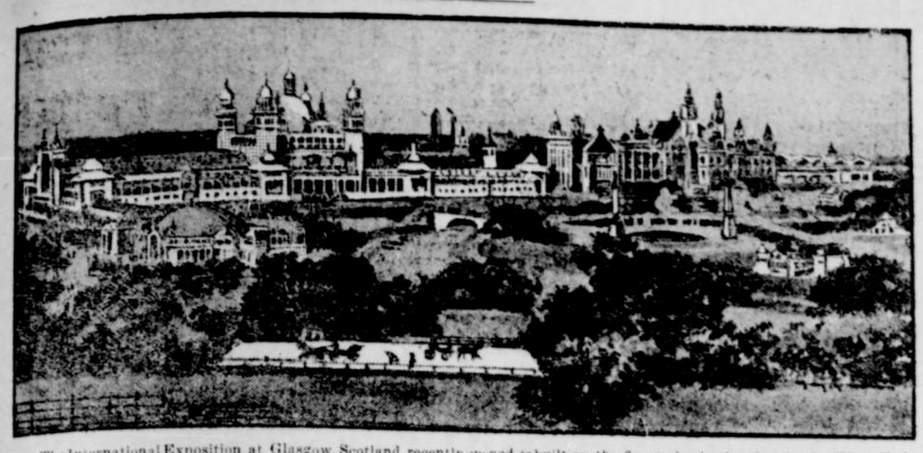
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT GLASGOW, SCOTLAND



The International Exposition at Glasgow, Scotland, recently opened, is built on the finest site in the city, in the West End Park. The grounds and buildings cover 100 acres. Just under the buildings is the River Kelvin, and beyond are the steep banks of the river dotted with white pavilions. On the top of the banks, throned above the whole city, is the university. Towards the right are the terraces which mark the sky line, green ramparts on which are built some of the mansions where the wealthier residents of the city have their homes.

The buildings are divided into three parts, the industrial hall, the art gallery, and the machinery hall. Apart from Great Britain and Ireland, Russia is the largest exhibiter, and its buildings form one of the most striking features of the exhibition. Next in importance to the Russian is the French section, occupied by 400 exhibitors. Canada is the greatest exhibiter among the British colonies. The United States is not officially represented, but American manufacturers are represented, particularly in the machinery section.

THE LOST GARDEN.

"Somewhere in the distant Southland
Blooms a garden—lost to me—
Warm with poppies burning fragrant,
Drowsy fires I may not see.

"Subtle shadows flit and beckon
Down dim pathways bound with yew,
Where a white wraith wanders lonely
'Twixt the darkness and the dew.

"In the ruined walls that echoed
Once to happy-hearted moods,
Now the stealthy, lightfoot lizards
Unmolested rear their broods.

"And beneath the oleanders,
No clear voice sings, as of old;
But the fleet caressing sunbeams
Whisper secrets to their mold.

"Though I follow as the southwind
Fares his way through wood and plain,
Though I question hill and valley,
I shall never find again

"My lost garden—where lie buried
Joys that swift the glad hours sped;
Only one could bid me enter;
Only Love—and Love is dead!"
—Ainslee's.

A Baby's Shoe

THE ladies of St. Mark's were holding a rummage sale. Beautiful women, high bred and dainty, stood behind the counters and handled wares with the deftness of their more humble sisters. The accumulation of cast-off articles, which clutter the attics of every household, was spread upon the counters and shelves. Crowds of people, from the lowest to the highest grade of society, thronged the store, elbowing each other rudely. At the further end of the long store was a table piled high with children's clothing of every description. "Your choice for 25 cents!" was the motto upon the card, hung conspicuously above the table.

"HOME, JOHN," CRIED NED.

Almost hidden beneath the pile was a little heap of baby shoes and stockings, and among them a tiny pair of blue shoes. They were a bit faded and worn, with faint creases at heel and toe, where the chubby foot had pressed its weight against mother's knee. The soft, white hand of the saleslady seemed to linger caressingly upon this particular pair, as she sorted over the clothing for each new customer.

There were round-faced Irish mothers, with their frowsy-headed offsprings clinging to their skirts; yellow-haired Swedes, whose wondering blue eyes took in every detail of the crowded table, and dark-browed Italian women carrying their babies within shawls that were their only covering. Bernice Colby served them all graciously and sweetly, yet, as each turned away, her eye glanced with half relief at the tiny blue shoes, still unclaimed.

"How foolish I am!" she whispered to herself. "Why cannot I give them up?"

With a sudden impulse she held them out as a broad-faced Irish woman, with a child in her arms, stood beside the table.

"Och! Mem, but them's foine, indade," said the woman, with a gay laugh. "But Jamey's fut ne'er'd squeeze into the loikes o' them."

A scarlet wave swept Bernice's cheek as she dropped the little shoes and hastily sought among the clothing for something more suitable for the sturdy "Jamey." Far back in the store, partly hidden by the crowd, a man stood, watching Bernice's table. It was a dark, handsome face, yet showing the marks of dissipation. As he witnessed the little scene a sneer curled his lips.

"Heartless and cold! Willing to sell her dead baby's shoes," he muttered.

Hastily pushing forward, the man approached the table. His upturned coat collar and the soft felt hat, pulled down over his brows, nearly concealed his face, yet as he brushed past the eyes of the two met. For a second the woman's heart semed to stand still within her bosom, as she recognized the man's face; then he passed by and was gone.

That night, as Bernice was being driven to her own luxurious home, she leaned back amidst the soft cushions with a weary sigh. Not because of the unusual exertions of the day was she spent and weary, but the sight of that dark, gloomy face, that for five years she had longed, yet dreaded, to see, had completely unnerved her. With the past thus opened, the waves of memory submerged her. Five years before Bernice Colby had been a happy wife and mother. Then the dark angel had snatched from her arms their precious burden. Selfishly yielding to the grief that overwhelmed her, she had neglected her wifely duties until her husband had sought more cheerful company and consolation in the wine cup. Suddenly awakened to his intemperate habits, repugnance and disgust for the time, swept love from her heart, and heedless of his repentance and remorse, she drove him from her with stinging words of bitter scorn.

She sent him from her to do battle alone with that dreadful demon that lies in wait for the souls of the weak and the unwary. Upheld by the praise of false friends, she deemed herself wise in thrusting from her so vile a thing, yet in the long and lonely years that followed the voice of conscience spoke loudly in her ear. It said that she herself was, in a measure, responsible for her husband's downfall. That, had she been stronger, braver, her love and faith, her prayers and purity of living would have saved him. Alas! She had not stood the test! And so, though lacking naught that riches can buy, Bernice Colby was a childless mother and a wife in name only.

The rummage sale was still in progress, and the next day Bernice stood behind her table, smiling and gracious, though her bright face hid an aching heart. In turning over the garments upon her table, she missed one of the tiny blue shoes, and with a faint smile she took its mate and thrust it quickly within the bosom of her dress.

As the day sped onward, a heavy storm arose, the most severe of the season. A whirlwind of snowflakes blinded her eyes as she left the store, and hid from her view her own carriage, as it stood among the long line of waiting coaches.

Turning in the wrong direction, she stumbled into the arms of a man standing upon the curbstone. Starting back she glanced up into his face, and their eyes met.

"Ned!"

"Bernice!" they both exclaimed in a breath. "Let me see you to your carriage?" said the man, and without a word Bernice placed her hand within his arm. With the touch of those light fingers, Ned Colby's heart throbbed with the love of other days, and words of tenderness trembled upon his lips. Placing her within the carriage, he was about to turn away, yet her hand still clung to his arm, as she said earnestly:

"Oh, Ned! are you not coming too?"

"May I, Bernice?" questioned he, eagerly.

"Come!" answered his wife, drawing him in beside her with both hands.

"Home, John," cried Ned to the wondering coachman, and the door closed upon them.

Tears dimmed the old servant's eyes at the sound of that ringing voice.

"Thank God! it's the master!" he muttered, as he gathered up his lines.

"Bernice, like the prodigal son, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight and am no more worthy——"

"Hush, Ned!" whispered Bernice, covering his lips with her hand; "I have done wrong, too. Let us forget the past and begin our lives anew."

As she leaned towards him there fell from the folds of her dress a tiny blue shoe. Holding it up, Bernice whispered softly:

"The baby's shoe."

Thrusting his hand into his coat pocket, Ned drew out its mate, and crushing them both together in the little hand that held them, he bent and kissed his wife tenderly.

"Our baby's shoe!" said he with a smile.—Philadelphia Item.

DAVID D. THOMPSON.

He Is the First Layman Ever Made Methodist Editor.

David D. Thompson, a Methodist layman, of Chicago, was elected editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate by the Methodist General Book Committee at Cincinnati. Five ballots were taken, with Thompson and S. J. Herben, New York, leading. This is the first time a layman has been elected to such a position, and is taken as indicating the strength lay forces are exerting in the church. The so-called "Rock River proposition," for "equal lay representation" in the Methodist General Conference, was drafted by Thompson in 1907, and adopted in 1908 by that body. He was an active member of the Lockland-Wyoming Church, while residing in Cincinnati, and at Evanston, Ill., where he now lives; but he has never preached.

The new editor is 48, a graduate of Delaware, Ohio, and is a son of a former superintendent for fifty years of the Western Book Concern printing

DAVID D. THOMPSON.

department, where he arose from an apprenticeship to assistant editorship of the Western Christian Advocate. Recently he has had a similar position at Chicago.

For several years he was employed on various Cincinnati daily papers, and was particularly interested in the labor agitations of the '80's, writing and speaking fearlessly as an advocate of Christian socialism, and in behalf of labor. He has always advocated temperance reform, and wrote a pamphlet, "Abraham Lincoln and Temperance." Others of his books are "Abraham Lincoln, the First American," and "John Wesley, as a Social Reformer." His fellow churchmen speak of him as a man of deep convictions and a thorough Christian in action as well as principle.

Thompson has been editor of the Daily Advocate, published during General Conference session. His term will extend to May, 1904, at $4,250 a year. Thompson has been for years assistant, and since Dr. Arthur Edwards' death acting editor of the Northwestern Advocate.

American Fruit-Growing.

The United States leads all other nations in the matter of fruit growing. Strawberries were valued at $80,000,000 last year, and grapes at $100,000,000.

If a woman's confidence in her husband makes you laugh, be kind enough to both of them not to let her see it.

The amateur violinist is continually bowing and scraping.

WHOLE COUNTRY SPECULATION MAD. MANIA EXTENDS FROM COAST TO COAST.

The country seems to have gone speculation mad. Never before in America's history has this mania been so paramount as in the past few months. From coast to coast, men and women, young and old, ignorant and wise, seem to have been swept along on the great wave of desire to gain a fortune by the rising or falling of stock and grain. Not alone is the epidemic an affair of the Stock Exchange of New York. Not a village exists along the great railroads of the West which has not men among its residents who take a "turn" at the market in the cities near to them. In every hamlet, no matter how unpretentious as to population, the market prices of corn and grain are closely watched and over the wires comes ticking along the request to buy or sell, according to what is considered the more fortunate side to be on.

THE SPECULATOR FACE.

Never in the history of the land has the speculative fever been so madly general. It seems to matter little to the men from one end of the country to the other whether they take a plunge in wheat or corn, stock or bond, so long as they are in with the maddened crowd to make a fortune in a short space of time. Here, as in the closer combinations, thousands and tens of thousands are endeavoring to add a little to their gain, perhaps made by hard labor. So general from ocean to ocean has been this speculation that the government has found it necessary to sound a warning.

HISTORY OF RUBBER.

WORLD HAS BEEN SLOW TO APPRECIATE ITS USES.

Man Who Came with Columbus Saw Haytians Playing Ball—Early Used to Exclude Water from Coats and Boots—Increasing Importations.

"The world was a long time learning the uses and value of rubber. For two centuries after the Spaniards saw the gum in the hands of natives of the new world, it was little more than a curiosity. Old Herrea, who went with Columbus on his second voyage, made a note of an elastic ball which was molded from the gum of a tree. At their games the nude Haytians made it bound high in the air. The Aztecs were familiar with the gum and called it ule, and from them the Spaniards learned to smear it on their coats to keep out the wet. They had crossed the seas for gold, and never dreamed of a time when the sticky milk the uncouth Indians drew from strange trees would be worth more than all the treasure of the hills. (On Feb. 23, 1890, a ship carrying a cargo of 1,167 tons of rubber valued at $2,210,000 sailed from Para, for New York, leaving 200 tons behind on the wharf.) Jose, King of Portugal, in 1555, comes down to us as the wearer of a pair of boots sent out to Para to be covered with a waterproof gum. Yet three hundred years were to elapse before a Connecticut Yankee should make a pair of boots of rubber which would not decompose. Dr. Priestley, author of a work on 'Perspective,' now forgotten, recorded that caoutchouc (pronounced 'kachook') was useful in small cubes for rubbing out pencil marks—hence the name rubber. The India linked with it refers to the savages who gathered it in the Amazon wilderness. Dr. Priestley's cubes were half an inch long and sold for three shillings, or seventy-five cents apiece. A stiff price, for the finest rubber today is a dollar a pound. Its price for ten years has ranged from sixty-two cents to $1.09. The conversion of the gum to useful purposes made but slow headway. The first waterproof cloth in 1797 was the work of an Englishman. It was tentative, and, of course, it would not stand heat. In 1823 Charles Mackintosh, of Glasgow, discovered naphtha, and, dissolving rubber in it, produced a varnish which, when spread on cloth, made it really impervious to water. As late as 1830 the importation of rubber into England amounted only to 50,000 pounds. In 1899 no less than 16,075,584 pounds were consumed in that country, and the consumption in the United States reached 51,606,737 pounds. Most of the rubber used in the world still comes from equatorial South America, and the forests where the Indians gathered ule are as dense to-day and almost as little known to white men as in the time of Cortez."—Ainslee's.

COMICAL WAS CORRIGAN.

An Old-Fashioned Traveling Showman and Ventriloquist.

"I suppose there are more queer byways in the show business than in any other vocation on earth," said an advance agent, chatting after the performance a few nights ago. "I ran across one of the oddities recently," he continued, "in the person of a single-handed entertainer, who has been working a quiet little circuit of his own for the last twenty years, and is beginning to think about retiring on a snug fortune, yet I doubt whether you could find a soul in the city who ever heard of him. My discovery of the gentleman was due to a mislaid railroad schedule that forced me to stop over night at a dreary little country town in West Virginia. Looking around the 'office' of the hotel, which was also dining-room, reading room and smoking room, I was surprised to see a handbill announcing that Comical Corrigan would give one of his well-known and justly popular entertainments at the brick church that evening. The poster went on to say that there was nothing about the show to offend the most fastidious; that it would include comic and sentimental ballads, imitations of wild beasts, ventriloquisms, selections on fourteen separate and distinct musical instruments, a funny stump speech and refined jig and wing dancing, the whole to conclude with 'an exhibition of prestidigitation or parlor magic.'

"That sounded promising, so after supper I sauntered around to the brick church, which I found crowded to the doors. I managed to get a seat, however, and, upon my word, I haven't enjoyed myself as much for years," quotes the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I was transported back to my boyhood's happy days, and for two solid hours I forgot I had a trouble on earth. Comical Corrigan turned out to be a plump, rosy person, with a flexible face and a jovial eye, and his entertainment was exactly what I remember seeing at our old town hall when I was a little shaver of 9 or 10—the same good, old jokes, the same conundrums, the same stories, the same songs—I don't believe I missed a single boyhood favorite. In the ventriloquism selection he hauled out the two dolls I hadn't seen for so many years, perched them on his knees and began the well-remembered dialogue: 'Well, Sammy, how do you feel?' he asks. 'With my fingers,' squeaks Sammy, in falsetto. Then Comical Corrigan whacked him over the head and we all roared with laughter. When Mr. Corrigan announced that he would 'now recite a pathetic recitation by special request,' I knew he would favor us with 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night' before he opened his mouth, and when he asked for a ring to grind to atoms and fire from a pistol in his chaste seance of prestidigitation, or parlor magic, I could hardly get mine off quick enough, I was so anxious to see that dear old trick done again.

"After it was all over I met Corrigan and found him a first-rate fellow. He told me he had been doing that sort of thing ever since 1880—drifted into it by degrees, organizing his circuit of towns, making friends of the church and fraternal order people, and gradually building up a clientele that was now as regular and steady as a clock. He sticks to small places, makes the rounds once a season, and is welcomed everywhere as an old friend. He is under next to no expense, and if it rains on any given date he simply stays over and gives the show the next night. I thought of the trials and vexations of piloting a big company over the road," added the advance agent, "and I envied him from the bottom of my heart."

Fooled Him.

Up in Harlem there lives an old gentleman who is remarkable for his absent-mindedness, his nervousness and his disposition to go off at half cock.

The other night he attended a dinner and did not reach home until 1 o'clock. He was feeling pretty good, but he was master of his movements. He does not carry a night key, as he seldom goes out after dark, so he rang the doorbell, and his daughter, who had been sitting up for him, opened the door. Her mother had gone to bed and was sound asleep. The daughter is a rather waggish young woman, and, as she opened the door, she said: "Just think—it's 1 o'clock and papa isn't in bed."

"What!" yelled the old gentleman. "Not in bed? Where is he, then? Oh, he must be in bed!"

"You can look for yourself, father," said she with a grave countenance.

Up the stairs he hurried, full of excitement. He ran into the bedroom. A light was dimly burning, his wife was sound asleep, but she was alone.

His daughter had followed him upstairs.

"My heavens, daughter, where can he be?" cried the old man in alarm.

"Here he is, father," said the young woman, leading him up to the mirror over the chiffonier.

The old man looked and tumbled, and it cost him a half dozen pairs of gloves to keep the incident from reaching the ears of his wife.—New York Evening World.

An Exclusive Colony.

Those who work in the Du Pont powder mills on the Brandywine, in Delaware, form a queer colony. They are all Irish people, whose ancestors came to this country when the Du Ponts started in business and went to work for them. For generations the Du Ponts and these people have passed their positions from father to son. Like their employers, they intermarry and are very exclusive. They live on what are called Du Pont's banks, which are about three miles from Wilmington. The people of Wilmington know hardly anything about them, for they have few outside acquaintances, and their visits are not frequent. The hills about the banks are the highest in Delaware, and it is at the base of them that these workers live.

The town is lighted at night by the electric plant in the works. The people have their own places of amusements, the principal being the Brandywine Club, which has a finer building than any club in Wilmington. They also have dances and theatricals frequently. Nearly every one of them has lost a relative by an accident in the works. They have their own graveyard, too.—New York Press.

A Helpful Institution.

A lunch room has been opened in Kansas City, under the auspices of the Young Woman's Christian Association, where food is sold at exact cost. The prices seem almost impossible, but judicious management will accomplish wonders. Cream of tomato soup is sold for 5 cents; roast beef with potatoes, the same; two salmon croquettes cost 2 cents; mashed potatoes the same; peas, 3 cents; cabbage salad, 4; apple pie, 3; coffee, tea or milk, 3; cheese, 1 cent; two sandwiches, 5 cents; a hot roll, 1 cent; butter, 1 cent. The men have found out this wonderful opportunity to get food at cost prices and are beginning to edge their way in among the women. Unless they become too numerous they will not be debarred. Let us hope so kindly an institution will prosper, and pave the way for many similar ones.

Elephants in England.

While excavating for the foundations for the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert museums in South Kensington a car load of fossilized bones was brought to the surface by the workmen. These were taken in charge by Dr. Woodward, of the geological department, who pronounced them the remains of the primitive denizens of the soil that lived there before man came to interfere with them. The bones belonged, he said to a London newspaper representative, to the elephant, the stag and the primeval horse, and date back to a time before Great Britain became isolated, ere yet the Straits of Dover had been cut through.

Not Learned in Society Ways.

"There is no use of talking," said one navy officer: "I can't help admiring that man Noah. The way he built his own boat and then sailed it was remarkable."

"Yes," answered the other. "It showed good workmanship. But, you see, Noah wasn't obliged to represent anybody diplomatically when he touched at foreign ports. I doubt very much if he would have known how to behave in a drawing room."

Sickle from the Sphinx.

The oldest piece of wrought iron in existence is believed to be a roughly fashioned sickle blade found by Belzoni, in Karnas, near Thebes. It was imbedded in mortar under the base of the sphinx, and on that account is known as "the sickle of the sphinx." It is now in the British museum, and is believed to be nearly 4,000 years old.

His Next Meal.

"That man says he never knows where he's going to get his next meal."

"Is he so poor?"

"No, but he's a collector and eats wherever he happens to be."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Only a "Bluff."

The Parson—I hope you are not going fishing on Sunday, my little man.

The Kid—O, no, sir; I am merely carrying this rod so those wicked boys across the street will not suspect that I am on my way to Sunday school.

The more holes there are in a sponge the more water it will hold.

Brevity is the soul of wit—but it doesn't always embody the truth.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Farmer—See here, you! You remember putting two lightning rods on my barn last spring, didn't you? Well, that barn was struck six weeks after and burned down.

Peddler—Struck by lightning?

"It was."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Must'a' been a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Yes; dark as pitch."

"Lanterns burnin'?"

"What lanterns?"

"Didn't you run lanterns up 'em dark nights?"

"Never heard o' anything like that."

"Well, if you didn't know enough to keep your lightning rods showin' you needn't blame me. G-lang!"

Depends on the Doctor's Bill.

Brown—That was a lovely basket of fruit you were carrying home last night, Jones. How much did it cost you?

Jones—I don't know. The doctor is still at the house.

An Innovation.

"I notice," said Bronco Bob, "that you make a rule at a political gatherin' to have all the speaker's close friends an' partners lined up on the platform with him."

"Yes; he is usually accompanied by some of the distinguished men of his own party."

"Well, it's a mighty good idea. In Crimson Gulch, when a man has anything to say, he jes' gets up on the keg an' takes his chances. But I'll have the boys adopt your way. It keeps the opposition from makin' a man ridiculeous by comin' up behind an' gettin' the drop on him while he is bowin' and scrapin' to the folks in front."—Washington Star.

Enough for Him.

Reuben—I suppose Sal Whiffletree is all th' world tew yew, Josh?

Josh—Wal, no; but she's all I want uv it—forty dern good acres and a peach orchard!—Puck.

Left.

Wylkins—Did you ever run for office?

Watkyns—Yes.

Wylkins—What luck?

Watkyns—The office ran about twice as fast as I did.—Somerville Journal.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

"Don't you think some of our Congressmen waste a great deal of their time?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, with great deliberation, "you ought not to be too hasty in judging. Unless you look through a man's private ledger, how are you going to know whether he has been wasting his time or not?"—Washington Star.

The Sponge and Its Uses.

Two little girls with snub noses and public-school voices stood in front of the window of a Third avenue drug store yesterday afternoon.

"My!" said one. "Look at the sponges! 'Most a thousand of 'em. What d'yer s'pose they use 'em all for? I didn't think they was so many slates in the world." The other little girl looked at her companion with withering scorn.

"Don't yer know," she sniffed contemptuously, "that windows has to be washed?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Profitable Poetry.

Bobbs—There goes a fellow who got $1,000 for a spring poem.

Dobbs—Lucky fellow!

Bobbs—Yes, it was a poem to advertise a car spring.—Baltimore American.

On the Beat.

Joakley—Well, well, the greed of these policemen!

Coakley—What's the matter now?

Joakley—Why, haven't you heard about this new Copper Trust?—Philadelphia Press.

It Cured Her.

"No," said the man in the mackintosh, "my wife doesn't give away any of my old clothes or sell them to the ragman any more. I cured that habit effectually once."

"How was that?" they asked him.

"When I fould she had disposed of a coat I hadn't worn for several weeks I told her there was a letter in it she had given me to mail the last time I had it on. And that was no lie, either," he added, with deep satisfaction.

The Family Silver.

"Fer the land's sake," said the woman in the blue Mother Hubbard as she fastened the clothesline to the division fence, "what do you think of them Joneses telling around that the burglars got in their house an' stole the family silver? Family silver! Huh!"

"It's so, though," said the woman in the next lot. "They had a dollar an' a quarter piled on the mantelpiece fer the grocery bill, an' it was all in silver."—Indianapolis Press.

An Earnest Worshipper.

Dashaway—Miss Calloway took me aside yesterday and wanted to know my honest opinion of you.

Cleverton—I hope, old man, that you gave me a clever send-off!

"Certainly. I told her that you never made love to a girl in your life that you didn't mean it."

Peezness.

Mr. Isaacstein—Misther Goltstein, dit a shentleman gome in here a leedle vile ago mit hees hat all smashed und dirty, und puy a new one?

Mr. Goldstein—Vell, maype he might, I dunno.

Mr. Isaacstein—Vell, if he dit, I glaim a bercentage.

Mr. Goldstein—Vy is dot?

Mr. Isaacstein—Pecause it vas mine leedle Ikey vat trowed der panana peel on der sitevalk.

True Love.

Briggs—Do you think he really loves her?

Griggs—Of course. How can he help but love a girl with as much money as that?

Push and Pull.

She—He's in the push, all right.

He—How did he get there?

She—Oh, he had a pull.

Spring Warning.

Let us then be up and working
With our hoe and with our spade,
If we ever do expect to
Have our kitchen garden made.

Wise Restraint.

"There's one characteristic in men I profoundly admire."

"What is it, Becky?"

"They can be so raging mad at each other and not show it."

Not a Buffalo.

"Aguinaldo says he will not attend the Buffalo exposition."

"Why not?"

"Because he is not a Buffalo."—Ohio State Journal.

A Man of Peace.

Biggs—There goes a man who will fight at the drop of a hat.

Diggs—Who is he?

Biggs—Justice of the peace.—Ohio State Journal.

Friday Not Unlucky.

Quizz—Do you thing Friday an unlucky day to move?

Bizz—Not for me; I moved on Friday and found out if I'd waited until Saturday my goods would have been attached for rent.—Ohio State Journal.

Compulsory.

First Boarder—Do you believe in the salt cure?

Second Boarder—No, but since our landlady gives us mackerel every morning what's the use to object.—Ohio State Journal.

The Hat Got It.

Dashleigh—Did Miss Avoirdupois make an impression on you at the reception last night?

Flashleigh—No, I am happy to say it was my hat.—Ohio State Journal.

A Model Relative.

"I reckon Bobby's got a letter from his uncle."

"Shouldn't wonder. He's allus been purty kind to Bobby."

"Yes; he's the sort of feller that promises to give a boy a lot of presents if he's good, an' gives 'em to him anyhow."—Puck.

Changed the Prescription.

Patient—Doctor, would you mind stopping at the drug store and paying for this prescription. I'm short of change.

Doctor (hurriedly writing another prescription)—Excuse me. I made a mistake. You don't need any nerve medicine.

One to Be Avoided.

"Do you see that very ordinary-looking man over there?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"He's a man with a history."

"A man with a history! What has he ever done?"

"Nothing at all. He's selling the history by subscription."

A True Prophecy.

"The late editor's wife is something of a humorist."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; took a line from his original salutatory and placed it on his tombstone."

"What was it?"

"'We are here to stay!'"

Defined.

Willie—Pa, what's an "old flame?"

Pa—My son, when a man speaks of "his old flame" he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.

Refined Repartee.

"I never tell all I know," he said, intending to be mysterious.

"Well," she replied, "it certainly can't be because you don't have time."

Hawsers of Monster Size.

The largest cable of modern times is the manilla hawser which was used to tow the drydock to Havana. It is twenty-three inches in circumference, but it is by no means the largest that ever has been made, although it has the reputation of breaking the record.

There are at least two others of a greater circumference, but both older. One of these had a circumference of twenty-three inches, and was used for the purpose of anchoring the ship North Carolina in the navy yard at Brooklyn, while the other was a twenty-four-inch hawser, which was used as a sheet-anchor cable on the Tennessee, when she was stationed in the Mediterranean in the '60s.

Such an enormous rope was naturally found to be unwieldy, a fact which was abundantly demonstrated when the vessel encountered a storm in the Bay of Naples. When the Tennessee returned to her native home in America the hawser was sent to the oakum mills and made it into oakum.

All things are for the best—and every mother's son of us thinks he's it.