Bad Memories.

Many people complain of having a bad memory, as if it were something they could not help, like a headache, or some similar ailment; yet even that can be helped nowadays by the application of a little common sense. After all, there is no reason why anybody should have a bad memory. It is merely a matter of training and is, moreover, a matter in which it is never too late to attend to its training. For grown-ups many methods are advocated, all of them, no doubt, based on the principle of mental concentration. In a young child the faculty can be cultivated by making the child describe everything it has seen in its morning walk, taking care that no fact is exaggerated, but that strict attention is paid to truth in every detail. In the matter of memorizing it is an excellent plan to let the child learn one line of poetry a day, which it should repeat the following morning, and at the end of a week it will be able to say the seven lines. The young brain should not be overloaded with knowledge, but allowed to assimilate a fragment each day.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. De Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins-Van Mortlande at home?

Servant—No, madam, she's——

Mrs. De Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.

Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.

The Water Clock.

About 150 B. C. there was a water clock in use in Italy, Greece and Egypt. The water escaped from a jar and fell into a receptacle beneath, in which floated a small oar, which, by its rising on the water, pointed out the hours.

A great deal of sympathy is given a preacher because he doesn't always get his salary. Transfer it to his wife, who works twice as hard, and is not supposed to get anything but board and clothes, and a chance to praise the Lord.

A New Jersey woman thinks she is entitled to two pensions because she is the widow of one soldier and the grass widow of another.

Of course, no girl really wants to marry. She only yields to some poor man's solicitations to help make his life miserable because she feels sorry for him.

The banana is a perfect food. Weight for weight it is claimed to be as nutritious as the beefsteak.

If there is a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human vices, it is ingratitude.—Brooke.

Our first impulses are good, generous, heroical; reflection weakens and kills them.—L. A. Martin.

Ibsen declares that he would rather remain a beggar all his life than accept a pension.

There are many trusts in this country, but the poor man is expected to come up with the cash just the same.

Chaperon is but another name for a matrimonial promoter.

Every mother has the secret hope that her daughter will be such a perfect lady she will never chew gum.

Occasionally we see a man who looks as if he had tried to preserve his dignity in alcohol.

The average statistical table is about as reliable as the average hunting or fishing story.

Humorous

Ella—What nice hair Bella has. Stella—Well, a woman is a fool to buy an inferior article—Town Topics.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Ex.

He—Can't we just quietly separate without getting a formal divorce? She—But I'm already engaged to another.—Life.

"Is your wife economical?" "Very. She can fix over a ten-dollar hat for $15 so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

Big Brother—Now, Willie, you must give me the larger half of the apple, because mamma says we mustn't be greedy.—Harper's Bazaar.

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Josh—'Most every official that amounts to anything has to file an annual report. Uncle Hiram—Yes; an' I guess that's about all some of 'em do.—Puck.

Tourist—I say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate? Guide—I put it there. It was upon that spot a tourist once gave me five francs.—Tit-Bits.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Press.

Nell—Mr. Krammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. Bell—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady—Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death-rate is here? Caretaker—Well, mum, I can't 'zactly say; but it's about one apiece all round.—Punch.

Mrs. Smith—I'd like to sell you a ticket, sir. We're getting up a raffle for a poor sailor. Mr. Krusty—Not to me. I wouldn't know what to do with a sailor if I won him.—Ex.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake." "What is it?" "Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

Clarinda—Aren't you allowed to keep a dog in your new flat? Florinda—No, we had to give Fido away; but Jack had his dear little bark put in our phonograph.—Journal Amusant.

Ida—Are they really so rich? May—I should say so. When they slipped several spoons and saucers into their grips the hotel clerk said it was merely the souvenir hobby.—Chicago News.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the first moth, "here's a fine prospect of starving to death!" "How so?" inquired the other one. "There's nothing in this box we're locked up in but a bathing-suit.—Ex.

Miss Passay—You may sneer at pet dogs, but they're faithful, anyway. I'd rather kiss a good dog than some men. Mr. Sharpe—Well, well, some men are born lucky.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edith—Is it true, Dolly, that Larkin kissed you before he picked you up in that runaway? Dolly—Yes, dear; you know he is studying to be a doctor, and that was first aid to the injured.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Photographer—I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression. Mrs. Vick-Senn—I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me.—Chicago Tribune.

"What," asked the female-suffrage advocate with the square chin, "has become of our manly men?" "Some of them," replied the meek and lowly citizen, "have married womanly women, and are now engaged in raising childish children."—Chicago News.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.—Boston Transcript.

It was on the old camp ground. "Pass de hat," suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. "No, sah," he shouted, "dere'll be no hats about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded."—Chicago News.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once." "Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?" "I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Fond Mother—You will be 5 years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else. Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em.—Youth.

Mr. Uggy—Don't you remember, dear, when your father forbade me the house? Mrs. Uggy—Yes, and when mother wouldn't let me out of her sight for a moment? Mr. Uggy—And I made up my mind to go off and die? Mrs. Uggy—Yes, and I scared father into thinking I was in a decline? Both Together—Weren't those happy days?—Tit-Bits.

Both Laughed.

How a railway porter gave a Roland for a passenger's Oliver is related in the following tale:

"A few weeks ago," he says, "a gentleman came up to me on the arrival of an express, and said he had changed at such-and-such a junction, and he could not find his luggage in the van.

"That's all right, sir," I said; "the train divides into two halves at the junction. You've come on by the first half; your luggage will come on by the second. I've known many a case."

"You're wrong, porter," said the traveler; "it was not a case, it was a portmanteau."

"And," added the porter, "he went away with a grin which made me fairly mad. In a quarter of an hour or so, though," he continued, "the gentleman came back, and said to me:

"Porter, how long will that second train of yours be?"

"'Twelve coaches and an engine,' I replied.

"We both laughed that time."

Everyday Swindlers.

"There it goes again," said the trolley conductor as he rang the bell to let off a passenger who had only ridden for a square.

"You'd be astonished," continued the knight of the bell strap, "to know how many people try to beat the trolley for a free ride when they want to make a call a square or two away from home.

"They hop on the car, wait till it has started and then want to know if the car doesn't go to some place which they know it doesn't come within a mile of. In this way they get their ride for nothing and go on their way in the belief that they have fooled the conductor."—Philadelphia Press.

Sign of the Three Balls.

The three balls used by pawnbrokers are the symbol of St. Nicholas. There is a legend to the effect that the saint once offered three purses of gold to three women to enable them to marry. The purses of those days were small bags, which when tied at the top to keep in the coins somewhat resembled balls.

Nellie Tells How Baby Came.

There's no use of your talking, for mamma told me so,
And if there's any one that does, my mamma ought to know;
For she has been to Europe, and seen the Pope of Rome,
Though she says that was before I came to live with her at home.

You see, we had no baby, unless you call me one,
And I have grown so big you know, 'twould have to be in fun.
When I went to see grandma, about two weeks ago,
And now we've one, a little one, that squirms and wriggles so.

And mamma says an angel came down from heaven above,
And brought this baby to her, for she and me to love;
And its got the cunningest of feet, as little as can be,
And smiling eyes, and curly hair, and hands you scarce can see.

And then it never cries a bit, like some bad babies do;
And papa says it looks like me—I don't think so, do you?
For I'm a girl, and it's a boy, and boys I can't endure,
Unless they're babies like our own, they'll plague and tease you sure.

But you say the angel didn't come, now you just tell me why;
The Bible says there's angels in heaven, and that's the sky;
And Christ loves little babies, and God makes everything,
And if the angel didn't who did our baby bring?

You can't tell; no I guess you can't, but mamma ought to know,
For it's her baby, her's and our's, and mamma told me so;
And they don't make any cunning things like him on earth, you see;
For no wax doll, with real hair, is half so nice as he.

I know an angel brought him, and I think one brought me, too.
Though I don't just now remember, and so can't tell, can you?
But mamma knows, and this I know, the baby wasn't home
When I went away, and now he is; if you want to see him, come.

For mamma says if I am good I can kiss him every day,
And we'll kiss him now, and then go out and have a nice long play;
And if anybody asks you how babies come and go,
Why, tell them it's the angels, for mamma told me so.

Discretion a Failure.

"I was at the husking bee one day. Great fun."

"Find a red ear?"

"Yes."

"Kiss the prettiest girl?"

"Nope. Didn't dare. All the pretty girls were engaged to husky farmers."

"What did you do?"

"Kissed the homeliest girl."

"Did that give satisfaction?"

"Not a bit of it. Each of the husky farmers felt that I had personally snubbed his best girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willowware Industry.

In ten years Maryland has jumped from fifth to third place in the willow-ware industry of the United States, ranking now next to New York and Pennsylvania. Baltimore is one of the three willow-ware centers which only have shown any actual growth in the business. In Maryland the center of the willow district lies in Howard County. In the neighborhood of Elkridge alone the output of willow exceeds $5,000 per annum, while Anne Arundel County contributes $2,500.

She Let Him Off.

Wife—My dear, I need a little more of this stuff, and some trimming to match. I wish you would drop into Bigg, Sale & Co.'s and get it.

Husband (a smart fellow)—Let me see. Oh, I know. That's the store where they have so many pretty girls, isn't it?

"Y-e-s."

"Yes, I remember. That blond girl at the trimming counter knows your tastes and will doubtless select just the sort of trimming you want—I mean the girl with the golden hair, alabaster skin, blue eyes and sweet little——"

"There are a number of things I want downtown. Never mind, dear. I'll go and get them myself."

Russia's Lack of Statesmen.

As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate dispatches is absurd. To call him a great statesman, in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln and Seward, is preposterous. Whatever growth Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed before the world as her statesmen: the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in her public men.—Century.

Theater-Going Under Difficulties.

Patron—I see you have a notice outside, saying that tickets bought of speculators on the street will be refused at the door.

Theater Ticket Seller—Yes, sir; that is our rule.

"Well, I'll take a ticket for to-night, parquette——"

"Very sorry, sir, but all the tickets have been bought up by speculators!"

Perfectly Satisfied.

Crack Boat Builder—Ah! How de do, Mr. Richman? How did that rowboat I made you last summer suit?

Mr. Richman—Perfectly!

"Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Suited perfectly, eh?"

"Yes. I left it in front of my boat house all summer, and every scalawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned."

Natural Preference.

Miss Violet had made a rapid tour of the European continent and found little to impress her, either favorably or otherwise.

"You say you saw all you wanted to of Italy," said a friend, on Miss Violet's return to her native heath in Kansas. "What did you think of the lazzaroni?"

"Don't talk to me about it," said Miss Violet, briskly. "I'd rather have a good dish of plain American macaroni baked with cheese any time!"

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