**Lesson from the Past.**

Macduff had amputated Macbeth's head.

"I didn't mind his talking to me as if I were an old hen," explained Macduff; "but I couldn't stand his hideous profanity. There's already too much of it on the stage!"

Feeling that he had done his duty, he then took a layoff.

**Physiological.**

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b?'"

"Why," replied Effie, wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—Tit-Bits.



**Claiming the Exclusive Credit.**

Editor—Miggles, that was a good idea of yours to interview the sausage manufacturers as to what they thought of the wholesomeness of a mixed diet. It was a regular inspiration.

New Reporter—Er—no, Mr. Bumble; the idea was exclusively my own.

**Never Runs Down.**

Bacon—Why doesn't some budding genius build a clock that won't run down.

Egbert—Why, how could he?

"Build it on the principle of the gas meter!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**More Sugar Scandal.**

The Grocer's Wife—Ach! no, my child, ve cannot to de beach go in de vinter; but ven de gustomers have went away, you may take your iddle pail und shofel and play mit de granulated sugar."—Harper's Magazine.



**Thief Proof.**

Some years ago a well known London solicitor, recently deceased, successfully defended a man charged with burglary, and a few days later there came by post a valuable gold hunter watch, with an inscription to the effect that it was a gift from a certain London society, presumably of doubtful practices. Years afterward the solicitor had the watch stolen from his waistcoat pocket, but it came back to him by post with a letter of apology, stating that "we never rob one of our pals."—London Answers.



An aeroplane developed by Japanese army officers is said to maintain a speed of sixty-eight miles an hour for considerable distances, the best that has yet been done in the history of aerial navigation.

A large railroad in Brazil will send four mechanics to the United States each six months to serve in the factory of the concern from which the road buys its locomotives.






"How do you keep your razor sharp?" "Easy enough. I hide it where my wife can't find it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit at all." "But think how much worse she would look if they did."—Life.

Guest—Gracious! What long legs the new waiter has! Host—Yes, I engaged him specially for the diners who are in a hurry.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Miss Kidder—S'sh! Carrie has dyed her hair black. Don't tell anybody. Miss Askitt—Is it a secret? Miss Kidder—Yes; she wants to keep it dark. —Boston Globe.

"What part of the railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man. "The dining car," answered the dyspeptic.—Washington Star.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said to her husband. "You needn't hurry, now," he called up some time later. "I find that I shall have to shave again."—Detroit Free Press.

"I thought you said you told your wife everything you did." "I do." "It's mighty strange. She hasn't said a word to my wife about the $10 you borrowed from me."—Washington Star.

Patience—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan? Patrice—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—Don't you think woman's suffrage would be a fine thing? He—I know I could always persuade my wife to vote as I wanted by telling her I intended voting the other way.—Boston Globe.

"Why can't that prima donna sing more than twice a week?" "I don't know," answered the impresario, "unless it's because she tired out her vocal cords arguing with me about salary." —Washington Star.

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively, but I thought you were twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—Boston Transcript.

"Now, your conduct during the trial may have considerable effect on the jury." "Ah, quite so," responded the ultra-swell defendant. "And should I appear interested or just mildly bored?"—Kansas City Journal.

"You say you have quit smoking?" "Yes, never going to smoke again." "Then why don't you throw away those cigars?" "Never, I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."

"The way to run this country," said the egotist, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert, and honest men in control of affairs." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but what are we going to do? There's only one of you."—Washington Star.

Cholly—The deuce, old chap; I cawnt go to the party. I have no collah button. Reggie—Go across the street and buy some, deah fellow. Cholly—But I caawnt. Nobody has my measurements except my tailah, dontcherknow.—Life.

Mr. Dubbs (with a newspaper)—It tells here, my dear, how a progressive New York woman makes her social calls by telephone. Mrs. Dubbs —Progressive. Huh! She's probably like me—not a decent thing to wear.—Boston Transcript.

In a written examination on astronomy one of the questions was, "What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?" A student with rather a good knack of getting out of a difficulty wrote: "A great many people come out to look at it."

"What's that party kicking about?" said one New Yorker. "Oh, he's one of those guys who are lucky and don't know it," replied the other. "He came here on a round-trip ticket from Philadelphia and lost the return coupon." —Washington Evening Star.

"I'm sure," said the interviewer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success." "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry, "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—Sacred Heart Review.

"I'd hate to be a millionaire." "Gosh! Why?" "Well, millionaires are always getting letters threatening them with all sorts of horrible fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money." "That's nothing. I get just such letters on the first of every month."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why," asked the judge, "do you think your husband is dead? You say you haven't heard from him for more than a year. Do you consider that reasonable proof that he has passed out of existence?" "Yes, your honor. If he was still alive he'd be askin' me to send him money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cincinnati Tourist (who, for the first time, has just entered a restaurant in Paris)—Have you ordered? St. Louis Tourist (who has reached the table some minutes before, and who looks up from a French bill of fare) —Yes. Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist (impatiently)—How do I know?—Chicago Daily News.

## BUILT ON QUICKSAND.

**Remarkable Piece of Engineering on Chinese Railroad.**

The most remarkable piece of engineering on the Pekin-Hankow Railroad, China's iron backbone, is Yellow river bridge. Outside America it is the largest of its kind in the world. It measures almost two miles from end to end and is constructed entirely of steel. There is no stream which shifts its bed more than Yellow river. It is called China's sorrow, and is said to have changed its course no less than nine times within the past 20 centuries, each time choosing a different mouth by which it enters the sea. At the last great flood, when the waters forsook their bed, many millions were drowned.

The bed of Yellow river is of quick sand, so deep that it was impossible to use any masonry in constructing the bridge. Steel tubes were sunk in place of the ordinary concrete pillars and these were joined together by steel bands. There are eight of these steel tubes, each of which goes 50 feet down into the bed of the river. Other steel tubes extend down from 33 to 45 feet. The arches of the bridge have a span of 65 feet, where the current is strongest, and of 98 feet in other places. The steel piles, or tubes, have been filled with cement to give them strength, and rock and stones have been sunk around their bases to solidify their foundations.

The stones were first dropped down into the river without any support and were carried away by the quicksand. Later mats made of the branches of trees, bound together with wire, were let down around the piles and the stones dropped upon them. In this way tons of stone have been moored on such rafts about each pile and they have made the bridge as firm as though the piles were bedded in concrete. The bridge was put up in a year and a half, and on the opening day a train of 21 cars passed over it without causing a perceptible vibration.

## FASHION HINTS

The fashion of very sheer over-dresses or tunics, combined with heavier materials, is exceedingly pretty, if used in good taste.

The sketch shows a rose foulard, polka-dotted in black, and having a tunic of black chiffon, the hem being embroidered in rose, as is also the vest.

**Faithful to His Trust.**

I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of dill pickle, ate it, and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone, the sandwich, however, appearing intact as at the beginning.

"Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy, with some curiosity.

"Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

A feature of the winter season in Quebec is a competition for the best snow statue to be made in Dufferin terrace, directly opposite the Chateau Frontenac. Snow lends itself admirably to modeling, as several successful statues made in past winter carnivals in Canada testify. It is probable that one of the three judges will be M. Paul Chevre, of Paris, who is the sculptor of the Champlain statue on Dufferin terrace. M. Chevre is spending several weeks in Quebec at the chateau. The Chateau Frontenac offers a purse of $50 in gold to the sculptor of the best snow statue and two other prizes, each of $25 in gold, are offered by business firms.

**The Way She Dressed Him.**

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" was asked of a small boy by the visitor.

"Oh," said he, "I want to be a man, but I think mamma wants me to be a lady."—Ladies' Home Journal.

You often hear people say of a sick man: "His will power is keeping him alive." Nothing in it. When you can't get your breath, will power won't keep you alive.



**The Real Question.**

Little Bessie—Mamma, how'll I know when I'm naughty?

Mother—Your conscience will tell you, dear.

Little Bessie—I don't care about what it tells me—will it tell you?—Harper's Monthly.

**Quite a Difference.**

"Women have all the best of it."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, nearly every day some millionaire marries a poor actress, but you never hear of an heiress marrying a poor actor."—Detroit Free Press.



**Butcher Magic.**

A butcher's a magician,
Some of his feats are big;
He can cut off a pig's tail
And then retail the pig.
—Kansas City Times.

**Not a Bit Envious.**

Uncle Zeke, whose influential relative was showing him through the treasury department at Washington, was watching an expert engraver at work.

"Well," he said, "every man to his trade. I don't suppose I could learn to do that in a year."




PNU No. 19—'10