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Reviewing Her Conduct.

When a quite youthful and much petted damsel named Ruth goes away from home without her mother, she is sometimes unmanageable, and always on her return is interviewed as to her deportment while absent. On a recent occasion, after a round of visits she had made with a certain doting and indulgent relative, Ruth was asked the customary question as to whether she had been a good girl. "Well," she replied deliberately, as if carefully balancing the evidence, "I was pretty good, I think—only kicked at my grandmother twice."—New York Tribune.

A Very Old Family.

Bannister used to tell a story of his having been introduced, with Mrs. Bannister, to an elderly lady of exceedingly "high notions." After the presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day who was present: "Who are the Bannisters? Are they of good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "they are closely allied to the Stairs." "Oh," said Lady Lucretia, "a very ancient family from Ayrshire, dates back to 1540. I am delighted to see your friends."—London Tit-Bits.

A Bit of Fine Writing.

About 40 years ago a specimen of microscopic penmanship was exhibited in America. It consisted of the following inscription written upon glass in a circle much smaller than the head of an ordinary pin—1/325 part of an inch in diameter—"Lowell and Scuter, Watchmakers, 64 Exchange St., Portland. Written by Fermat at Paris, 1832."—Boston Commonwealth.

Not Traveling Incognito.

"Miss Smiley is going to travel under an assumed name." "You surprise me!" "Yes, she is going to be married next week and start on her honeymoon."—Exchange.

Work For a Painstaking Jeweler.

Not very long ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweler of Turin had made a tugboat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and the stand on which it is mounted is a slab of whitest ivory. The entire weight of this marvelous specimen of the jeweler's craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at £1,000.

Forgot Himself.

She—My husband is a brute!
Friend—All men are brutes, my dear.
She—Mine is simply abominable!
I asked him if he did not think you were as pretty as I, and he said, "Yes."—New York Weekly.

A Wise Provision.

Mr. Baldie—I have discovered that baldness is a wise provision of nature.
Philosopher—That's a discovery surely.
"Yes. You have noticed doubtless that I am bald as a billiard ball as far down as the rim of my hat, but below that the hair grows as luxuriantly as ever."
"Yes, that is usually the case."
"Exactly. Well, now comes my discovery. Barber shops are often drafty, you know."
"Very frequently."
"Too true. Sure to give folks influenza, pneumonia and I don't know what all."
"Drafts are always dangerous."
"That's it. Well a baldheaded man can have his hair cut without removing his hat."—New York Weekly.

Made a Baby of Her.

He—Charlie told her he would try and make her happy. He said he would give her a kiss for every tear she shed.
She—And is she happy?
He—Apparently not. She is weeping continually.—New York Herald.

Hard on a Boy.

Little Boy—I guess papa must 'a been born grooved up.
Uncle John—Why so?
Little Boy—He's always wantin me to do something sensible.—Good News.

Reforming a Man.

I believe that each one of us is connected with divinity by a spark of light within. In some it is a mere speck of light; in others it is a steady flame; in others a burning fire, and the physical nature is a mere grate which contains this fire. Perhaps the man within whom the spark is very small and feeble may conceive a mad infatuation for some woman who believes she can reform him through this love. But if he is merely infatuated with a woman in whom the divine principle is feeble his reformation is liable to be on an unstable foundation.

The man who has felt the divine within the woman appealing to his better nature, who has felt the holy spark within his soul fanned into a larger flame by her influence, who has felt her spiritual influence above her physical charms, that man may be reformed and stay reformed although his past may have been worse than that of the prodigal son. And yet I think that the spiritual nature which enabled him to respond to this woman's love could have saved him by its own preaching force perhaps. The woman was merely a monthpiece for the divine to call to the divinity within him and enable it to gain the ascendancy.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Art of Garnishing.

The scientific branch of cookery comprises the devising of dishes and sauces. The artistic branch constitutes the art of garnishing, and this plays a most important part in the outcome of the kitchen, as by means of it dishes please the eye before they please the palate. First impressions go a great way, and when one sense is captivated by an agreeable and inviting appearance the dish must be bad indeed which fails to stand the more searching ordeal of taste. Besides, people who suffer from jaded appetites have a better chance of eating their dinner when the dishes which are put before them are pleasant to the sight.

Art, however, is not a thing to be taught. You may show a man how to mix colors, but you cannot teach him how to use them. I will only explain that what in cookery is meant by garnishing is not the traditional parsley of the cook. The one and great thing to avoid as much as possible is the using for purposes of garnishing things which are not eatable.—Philadelphia Press.

Comfort For the Unsuccessful.

If we are money makers, it is to the exclusion of something else; if we have gentleness and refinement, those qualities unfit us for becoming money makers. The late Daniel Dougherty met at Narragansett Pier a very charming young man one evening, and afterward asked me if he was poor or if he had inherited a fortune. "Why do you not ask me if he has made one?" I rejoined. "Because I know he hasn't," replied Mr. Dougherty, who, as every one knows, was a very keen observer of human nature. "He is poor, or, if he is not, his money was inherited," insisted Mr. Dougherty, and when I pressed him for a reason for his assertion he said, "He is too refined, too cultured, too altogether charming ever to have made by his own exertions a fortune or even a competency beyond a mere living," which was a perfect diagnosis of the young man's position in life.—Boston Home Journal.

A Leading Question.

Miss Pinkerly—Isn't it a pity that all good looking people can't be bright, and all the bright people good looking?
Young Tutter—Yes, indeed it is, Miss Pinkerly. But tell me, if you had your choice, which would you be?—Life.

Too Personal.

Mrs. Flockton—I wonder is it true? People say that you sometimes go to sleep over your sermons.
Parson Dulleigh—People, I suspect, judge me by themselves.—Boston Transcript.

SO CALLED UNLUCKY DAYS.

Many Days in the Year Are Said to Blight the Lives of Headless Lovers.

There are certain dates upon the calendar which cannot be fixed upon for "the happy day," because hoary tradition has decided otherwise. If the subtle fever of matrimony is working in your brain, consult the following list of unlucky days and be governed accordingly: Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; Feb. 6, 7, 18; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 7, 15; July 5, 19; Aug. 15, 19; Sept. 6, 7; Oct. 6; Nov. 15, 16, and Dec. 15, 16, 17. These particular days are warranted to blight the lives of the truest lovers ever seen.

But they are not the only snares which threaten the matrimonially inclined. Read this little verse:

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all!

Hyman has a deep seated grudge against the latter part of the week. No good and sufficient reasons can be advanced for this partiality, but as marriage is not often an affair of the reason it would be well perhaps to respect the caprices of its particular deity.

Having learned the particular days to be avoided, the feverish lover may think that he can breathe freely. Not yet! The plot still thickens. He has yet to learn that the old Romans started the idea that June was at the top notch as a propitious month for matrimony, and that May was correspondingly below par. This complicates matters even more, but the tangle is still further aggravated by the moon, that potent factor in all human affairs.

If the individual who is credited with inhabiting the land of green cheese were a woman, it would help out the theory that a wedding should be celebrated only when the moon is full. That would gratify a woman's proverbial desire to have a good view of such affairs. At any rate such is the superstition that nothing short of the full light of the sanguine moon can dispel the clouds which seem to hang over the voyage of wedded life.

Probably by this time the lover who would a-wooing go is in the depths of despondency, but the end is not yet. Here is another warning which cuts the matrimonial season down to still narrower limits:

Marry in Lent,
And you'll live to repent.

No wonder that unhappy marriages are so common and the divorce lawyers so sleek and well fed. There seems to be no forgetment crop of days "that grow for happy lovers." But if the lovers are really determined to wed they can probably, out of all these unlucky conditions, sift some day to which no penalty attaches, and having settled that point turn their attention to other utterances of Sibylline tradition.—New York Sun.

Perpetual Motion Reward.

I am often asked the question, How much money do the different governments of the world offer for the discovery of perpetual motion? To all such I invariably give this answer: There is no patent law relative to perpetual motion machines. Neither is there a fixed sum of money offered by any government for the invention of such an unheard of contrivance. As early as 1775—118 years ago—the French Academy of Sciences refused to even consider the claims of the so called perpetual motion inventors. A valuable reference work before me in making mention of those who are experimenting in that direction says: "They have an idea that some immense government reward has for years been laid aside for the successful inventor. Unhappily this idea is as fallacious as the grand delusion itself."—St. Louis Republic.

Booth's Loss When Barrett Died.

Mr. Barrett's death, for which Mr. Booth was entirely unprepared, was a terrible shock to the survivor and a blow from which he never fully recovered. The gentle spirit of "The Man of Airlie" seemed to haunt in the most pleasant way his old apartments adjoining those of Mr. Booth at The Players, and more than once after Mr. Barrett had passed away, when some heavy truck in the street had jarred the building and caused the strings of the automatic harp upon his closed door "to play sweet music," Mr. Booth has turned his sad face toward it and has said with a smile, "There comes poor Lawrence now."—Harper's Weekly.

Heating Up Under It.

"So you have failed in business again," said Parson Gulleless to Mose Shamburg.
"Yes, for fivecent cents on der tollar."
"It is hard on you, my friend, but remember whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."
"Ish dot so? I only wish he would hurry up and punish me again dot yay."—Texas Sittings.

Sure of It.



Miss Youngblood—George says he proposed to some one the other night.
Miss Oldboy—Well, I wasn't the one.
Miss Youngblood—I thought not. He said he got jilted.—Truth.

How a Young Doctor Diagnosed.

Young Doctor to Patient—Let me look at your tongue. H'm—troubled with dyspep—
Patient—Not a bit. I can eat sole leather.
Young Doctor—Let me feel your pulse. H'm—wakefulness at night?
Patient—Sleep like a top.
Young Doctor—Let me see your tongue. H'm—dizziness and pains in—
Patient—No.
Young Doctor—Let me feel your pulse. H'm—easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any—
Patient—No.
Young Doctor—Let me see your tongue. H'm—headache and stiffness of the—
Patient—Haven't had a headache in 25 years.

Young Doctor—Let me feel your pulse. H'm—you are using too much tobacco.
Patient—Never touch it in any shape.
Young Doctor—Let me see your pulse—er—I mean your tongue. H'm—too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and—

Patient—I'm a letter carrier.
Young Doctor—Let me feel your tongue—that is, I should say your pulse. H'm—you have a tired feeling come over—
Patient—Never.

Young Doctor—Let me see your—never mind, your tongue. Feverish at times, with a desire for water.

Patient—No, beer.
Young Doctor—Do you drink beer?
Patient—Oh, yes.
Young Doctor—To excess?
Patient—No.

Young Doctor—Tell me how many glasses a day?
Patient—Sometimes more and sometimes fewer.

Young Doctor—I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case.

Patient—Am I in any danger, doctor?
Young Doctor—No immediate danger, but it's lucky you called me in!—Yankee Blade.

No Doubt of It.

Quericus—I wonder who originated the word "unpecked."
"Whitticus—Can't say. The first rooster I should imagine.—Vogue.

An Absorbing Occupation.

"Your husband doesn't go out nights any more?"
"No. I've bought him a meerschaum pipe to color."—Truth.

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