

Some Cute Sayings
By the Little Folks

"How do you know that you have a soul?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Cause," answered the small boy in whose mind souls and hearts were the same, "I can hear it tick."

"Now, Tommy," said the mother of a small boy as she paused in the disciplinary slipper exercise, "what made you eat the whole of that pie?"

"C-cause," sobbed Tommy, "you told me to n-never do t-things by h-halves."

Teacher—How many senses have we, Harry?

Harry—Five.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, tell me how we may use them.

Johnny—To buy candy with.

Mamma—Johnny, you look as if you had been fighting again. Have you?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am, I had to. Tommy Jones hit me on the cheek.

Mamma—Well, you should have turned the other cheek.

Johnny—I did, and he hit that and socked me on the nose. Then I got mad and licked the stuff out of him.

—Chicago News.

Pity the Dog.



The Kid—I know I maybe oughtn't to do it, but nature surely intended for things to be hung on dat tail.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why He Didn't.

Governor Elect Guild of Massachusetts, who served in the Spanish war, tells a story of a New York regiment, many of whose members were recruited on the east side. They were spoiling for a fight, and it became necessary to post a sentry to preserve order.

A big, husky Bowery recruit of pugilistic propensities was put on guard outside and given special orders to see that quiet reigned and, above all things, if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle.

Soon a general row began, growing in proportions as the minutes passed. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interrupting, until the corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with reinforcements.

"Why didn't you stop this row?" shouted the corporal.

The sentry, balancing his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arms to the correct boxing position and replied:

"Sure, phwat could I do wid this gun in me hands?"—New York Tribune.

Johnnie Was Too Smart.

"No," said the teacher in her usual emphatic way, "like will not produce unlike. You can't grow a turnip from an onion seed. It is an imperative rule. Remember that."

Then Johnnie raised his hand.

"Teacher," he hesitatingly said.

"Well, Johnnie?"

"You can get milk from a cow, can't you, teacher?"

And then Johnnie had to stay an hour after school.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Opportunity.

"Yes, I've met Mr. Bransy. I never met another man in whose presence I felt so embarrassed. I can never think of anything to say to him."

"You should meet his wife."

"Why? Is she worse?"

"Well, you need never think of anything to say to her. She says it all."—Philadelphia Press.

Here We Are Again.

"How could you be a martyr of San Juan hill, as you assert? You are not dead, and you never saw San Juan hill."

An Interlude.

Mamma—Here, eat this piece of cake and stop crying.

Johnny—Well, I'm—boo-hoo—going to begin again when I get through with the cake.—New York Press.

Perfectly Safe.

Little Toto—Mamma, may I go out and look at the eclipse of the sun?

Careful Mother—Yes, dear, but be careful not to go too close.—Le Journal.

Two of a Kind.

HE.

If I were only twice my size

I might with hope aspire

To that supremely glorious prize

That sets my heart afire.

SHE.

Oh, but for my disastrous height,

Which daunts the little dear,

I'm sure he'd speak this very night

The words I long to hear!

MORAL.

So nature's equalizing plan

Controls our longings plaint.

The big girl loves the little man,

And he adores his giant.

—Life.

WHEN GAS WAS NEW.

President of First Company Made "Darling" Experiment.

Gas had as much difficulty in making its way in New York city apparently as did the steel framed skyscraper. In each case it required a man who had the courage of his convictions to prove that it was safe, but when once it was shown that the benefits were greater than the dangers gas and skyscrapers took their places as necessities. In the case of the skyscraper the designer had to convince the owner, who had become somewhat fearful of the success of his venture because of the comments of his friends, by signing a lease for an office on the top floor for a long term of years. In the case of gas, although it had been used in London and other American cities before it was introduced into New York, Samuel Leggett, the president of the company that proposed to bring the much feared illuminant into use here, had to prove its harmlessness in his own house. This was in 1823.

His heroism attracted a good deal of attention and proved to be a good advertisement for hundreds if not thousands of persons visited the house to see the illuminant which was said to be so much better than candles and fish oil lamps. The house was in the up-town fashionable quarter of the city, on Cherry hill. It was at 7 Cherry street, only a few doors below the big square Franklin House, in which President Washington lived when New York was the capital, and near the celebrated Cherry gardens. It was a narrow, three story and attic brick structure with two dormer windows. An abutment of the Brooklyn bridge now occupies the site.

Stories of the explosive character of gas had spread without the aid of a press agent, and persons hesitated about having the pipes run through their houses. They were willing to have some one else make the experiment, however, and curious enough to visit the house of the venturesome one to see what happened. For the time being all roads in the evening seemed to lead to Mr. Leggett's house. Groups gathered outside in the darkened street to witness the process of "lighting up." Many a couple from the other fashionable quarter, State street and the foot of Broadway, gave up the evening walk along the Battery to wend their way up Pearl street in the moonlight to 7 Cherry street to see the novelty. There were eager visitors from surrounding towns. Mr. Leggett was not averse to showing people how much better gas was than any other form of illuminant by taking them through the house. This fact, becoming known throughout the city, added to the number of visitors, and not infrequently when Mr. Leggett, basking in the light of notoriety in his drawing room, saw faces peering in at him from the outer darkness he would go to the door and invite those without to come in. It was several years before the prejudice against gas could be altogether wiped out.—New York Tribune.

Oil in Hair a Betrayer.

"Tell the lady we can't take that hat back. It's been worn," said the manager of a department store, handing a fragile creation of lace and feathers back to the saleswoman after examining it carefully.

"Will you tell me how you discovered that fact?" asked a curious bystander.

"By the sense of smell," replied the manager. "The peculiarity of macassar oil—the oil that is in the hair—is that its color is imparted to anything it comes in contact with, and, although there wasn't a spot on that hat, I knew it had been worn by this slight odor which had clung to the lining. The purchaser of that extravagant bit of millinery probably couldn't afford anything so expensive—wanted to cut a dash at the opera with her best young man perhaps, trusting to exchange the hat the next day for a tailor made suit or something she really needed."—New York Press.

"Home, Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home," Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure, and nothing is now known of it save the one song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been constant ever since the first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folk song and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

Arab Steeds as Churns.

The noble Arabian steed is sometimes put to ignoble uses. A traveler with iconoclastic ideas said: "You have heard of the Arabian horse's beauty, its docility, its intelligence, its endurance. Did you know that it churned the family butter? Among the desert tribes when butter is needed the milk is put in a sheepskin bag and tied by a short rope to the horse's saddle. The horse is then urged into a trot, and this gait is kept up until the milk in the sheepskin is joggled into butter. A fine, firm, smooth butter it is."

An Eye For An Eye.

"Mr. Speaker," said the congressman, "I have tried vainly to catch your eye and"—

"Sit down!" thundered the speaker.

"I have tried vainly to catch your 'eye' several times when it was needed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

So They Do.

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious, how some of them do shrink!—London Tit-Bits.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us forevermore.—Emerson.

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2:15 P. M. Ar. a	Amedee	Lv. 12:01 P. M.
3:00 P. M. Lv. a	Amedee	Ar. 11:15 A. M.
3:20 P. M. Lv. c	Hot Spgs	Lv. 11:00 A. M.
7:30 P. M. Ar. d	Madeline	Lv. 7:15 A. M.

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The Examiner has for sale one of the sheep ranches in Modoc county, which controls the best range in California. It consists of 360 acres all under fence. It lies along the river for 2 3/4 miles. Besides other buildings there are two houses 1 1/2 miles apart. It is an ideal sheep ranch. If taken quick it will be sold for \$6000.

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HOW LINCOLN CLIMBED.

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The lawyer who works his way up from a five dollar fee in a suit before a justice of the peace to a \$5,000 fee before the supreme court of his state has a long and hard path to climb. Lincoln climbed this path for twenty-five years, with industry, perseverance, patience—above all, with that self control and keen sense of right and wrong which always clearly traced the dividing line between his duty to his client and his duty to society and truth. His perfect frankness of statement assured him the confidence of judge and jury in every argument. His habit of fully admitting the weak points in his case gained him their close attention to his strong ones, and when clients brought him questionable cases his advice was always not to bring suit.

"Yes," he once said to a man who offered him such a case; "there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby gain for you \$500, which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making \$500 in some other way."

He would have nothing to do with the "tricks" of the profession, though he met these readily enough when practiced by others. He never knowingly undertook a case in which justice was on the side of his opponent. That same inconvenient honesty which prompted him in his storekeeping days to close the shop and go in search of a woman he had innocently defrauded of a few ounces of tea while weighing out her groceries made it impossible for him to do his best with a poor case. "Sweet," he once exclaimed, turning suddenly to his associate, "the man is guilty. You defend him; I can't," and gave up his share of a large fee.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

STAGE EPIGRAMS.

The theater is the chastener of life.—Euripides.

An actor is a public instructor.—Euripides.

The theater is the mirror of life.—Sophocles.

Actors are the only honest hypocrites.—Hazlitt.

The theater is the devil's own territory.—Edward Allyn.

The stage represents fiction as if it were fact.—Betterton.

The stage is the field for the orator as well as the comedian.—Roscius.

A passion for dramatic art is inherent in the nature of man.—Edwin Forrest.

The drama is the most refined pleasure of a polished people.—Dion Boucicault.

It is in drama where poetry attains its loftiest flight.—Don Luis I. of Portugal.

The stage is more powerful than the platform, the press or the pulpit.—Anna Dickinson.

A comedy is like a cigar; if good, every one wants a box; if bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.—Henry James Byron.

Some Big Oysters.

The usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches, but away back in tertiary times there were oysters in California that had shells thirteen inches long and seven or eight inches wide. The animal and shell doubtless weighed fifteen or twenty pounds, since the shells were five inches thick. These oysters have long been extinct, but their fossil shells are abundant. If the oyster farmer could produce individuals of such enormous size now and the flavor were good in proportion to its size we would be most fortunate. In that case a single oyster would be enough for one stew at the church festival.—St. Nicholas.

The First Skates.

As late as the sixteenth century skates in England were very primitive, for we learn that the London apprentices used to tie bones to their feet and under their heels. Writing in 1831, Evelyn speaks of "the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders" in St. James' park, "performed before their majesties by divers gentlemen and others with sheets, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what swiftness they pass, how suddenly they stop in full carriage upon the ice."

An Eskimo Dainty.

The greatest treat known to the Eskimo boy or girl is a lump of sugar. Perhaps you think there is nothing very strange in that. The strange part is the very funny way they have of eating the sugar. They roll the sweet morsel in a piece of tobacco leaf. This they place in their cheek and, smacking their lips delightedly, hold it there until it is dissolved. This dainty is called "laloo" and is the choicest morsel known to the little Eskimo stomach.

Different Service.

"Yes, sir," said the soldierly looking man, "I have spent fifteen years of my life in the service of my country."

"So have I," volunteered the low browed individual, offering his hand.

"What were you in for?"—Houston Post.

The Way of It.

The Missus—Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night. The Maid—Sure, I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless yes were lookin' through the keyhole.—Cleveland Lead.