

Coleridge's Imagination.
From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie. As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand he suddenly thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.
The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed: "What! No young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetic boy of an attempt at pocket-picking.
With some fright and a few tears the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fail him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Londoner made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Chesapeake.—Westminster Gazette.

The Facetious Traveler.
"How did you like Pittsburgh?"
"It suits me."
"Do you think Boston is a great city?"
"It has been."
"Did you find Philadelphia the place of sleep they say it is?"
"Not for me. Everybody else snored as loud as I could."
"Is Washington a good place to live in?"
"Capital."
"How did you find Chicago?"
"Didn't have to. It was there when I arrived."
"How were the mountains back of Denver?"
"Rocky."
"How did they treat you in New Orleans?"
"All the time."
"Well, I'm glad to see you're back."
"How does it look?"
"How does what look?"
"My back. I've never seen it."
It was then that the assault took place, but the court on hearing the evidence decided that it was justifiable.—Judge.

An Organ Recital.
A dozen or more women had gathered at a home on Walnut street to attend a business meeting of a society to which they belonged. Before they commenced to talk business one of the women had to tell everybody about her recovery from a recent operation for appendicitis. After she got through it reminded another of an operation she had gone through a few years ago for the same thing, and it took some time to tell about it. That reminded a third of an operation she had once gone through, and when she finished telling it another of the visitors started to tell her experience on the operating table.
At this moment a quiet little woman in one corner of the room arose to go.
"I thought," she explained to her hostess, "that this was to have been a business meeting, but it seems to be an organ recital."—Philadelphia Times.

The Key of Death.
The "key of death" is apparently a large key which is shown among the weapons at the arsenal at Venice. It was invented by Titian, who, disappointed in love, designed this instrument for the destruction of his rival. The key is so constructed that the handle may be turned around, revealing a small spring, which being pressed a very fine needle is driven with considerable force from the other end. This needle is so very fine that the flesh closes over the wound immediately, leaving no mark, but the death of the victim is almost instantaneous.

Strong Paper.
A single United States treasury note measures three and one-eighth inches in width and seven and one-quarter inches in length. It will sustain without breaking lengthwise a weight of forty-one pounds, crosswise a weight of ninety-one pounds. The notes run four to a sheet, a sheet being eight and one-quarter inches wide by thirteen and one-half inches long. One of these sheets lengthwise will support 108 pounds and crosswise 177 pounds.

Evasion.
"Now here, you air," cried her father "Didn't I tell you never to enter my home again?"
"No, sir, you didn't," replied the persistent suitor, "You said not to 'cross my threshold,' so I climbed in the window."—Exchange.

Then He Wouldn't Have It.
"How much of an income do you think you could live on comfortably?"
"I think I could manage to be very comfortable on about \$10,000 a year, until my wife found out that I was getting that much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Careful.
Hotel Clerk—Just sign your name, please. The other guests would like to register.
"Don't you try to hurry me, young man, I don't never sign nothing that I ain't read carefully."—Life.

A Primer of Life.
Only a drummer takes time and tide to wait for him when he might "head" them off, sell time for money and make tide turn a mill wheel.—Atlantic City.

The Judge's Little Joke.
The error of a clerk involved in a decidedly confusing situation the German gentleman referred to in a story in the New York Times.
On a jury day in the first district court a stout looking German presented to the justice a certificate from the commissioner of jurors. After a rapid glance at the document the justice ordered the man to raise his right hand and administered the oath.
"Your name is Herman Kaufman?"
"Yes, your honor."
"This paper," continued the court, "requests me to excuse Herman Kaufman from jury duty on the ground that he is dead. Now, remember that you have sworn to tell the truth and think well before you answer. Are you dead?"
"No, your honor," was the bewildered reply; "I don't think I am."
"You claim that you are alive?"
"Yes, your honor."
"That will do. Now take this paper back to the commissioner of jurors."
The man did so. When the commissioner examined the certificate it bore the following indorsement in the justice's handwriting:
"The deceased, appearing before me in open court, insists under oath that he is not dead. Please investigate and if his testimony be false have him indicted for perjury."

A Wedding Hint.
The tall girl smiled in some embarrassment.
"Haven't you any secondhand shoes?" she said to the shoe clerk.
"But, miss," he remonstrated.
"No, no; you misunderstand," said she. "I don't mean to wear. I just mean old shoes, too worn for use, that customers have left with you. You see, there's a wedding up at our house tomorrow, and we want something to throw at the bride and bridegroom."
"I see," said the clerk.
He rummaged in a black hole and drew forth an armful of dilapidated footwear. The girl selected some three, two and ones.
"These will do. Thanks ever so much," she said, and so departed.
"Big footed people are always working that on us," said the clerk afterward. "That girl wears eight. She couldn't very well throw such mud-scoops at the bride, so she chose some little and dainty shoes here—ones and twos. Oh, yes, it's an old trick with the big footed."—Los Angeles Times.

Saracen's Head Tavern.
The Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, now closed, reached back to a respectable antiquity. In "Dick Tariton's Jests" it is referred to as "the Saracen's Head without Newgate," and Stow calls it "a fair and large inn for receipt of travelers," which "bath to sign the Saracen's Head." Its present interest, however, is naturalistic. Dickensian, and the novelist has given a vivid description of the old inn as it was when Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle interviewed there the master of Doherty's Hall. There are various accounts of the origin of the sign of the Saracen's Head. One is that it was set up as a compliment to the mother of Thomas a Becket, who was the daughter of a Saracen. In Belden's "Table Talk" we read, "When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens . . . they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces, as you still see the sign of the Saracen's Head is."—London Chronicle.

From the Kitchen.
Has it ever struck you what a number of terms belonging to cuisine are applied to man under different circumstances? Sometimes he is "basted," he "boils with rage," is "baked" with heat and "burns" with love or jealousy. He is often "cut up," "devoured" with a flame and "done brown." We "dress" his jacket for him. Sometimes he is "saten up" with care, and occasionally he is "fried." We "cook" his "goose" for him, and often he makes a "goose" of himself. We make a "hash" of him, and sometimes he makes a hash of something else. He gets into "hot water" and sometimes into a "mess," is made into "mince meat" and is often in a "pickle." We are often asked to "toast" him, and he is frequently put into a "stew" or is in a "stew," no one knows why. A "soft" is "half baked," and one severely handled is well "peppered." A cheeky young imp is a "saucer boy," and a rich father is made to "fork" out.—Dundee Advertiser.

He Knew His Business.
Kind Hearted Maiden (fishing for a stray penny in her purse)—I suppose you poor blind people feel your misfortunes keenly?
Blind Mendicant—Yes, indeed. The Lord only knows how I miss the pleasure of being able to look into the beautiful faces of the handsome and lovely ladies who are kind enough to donate a shilling!—Here, poor fellow, take this. I'm sure you are deserving.—London Seraps.

Perhaps.
"Now, look here, Algeon," said a parent to his son sternly, "when I was your age I was at the head of my class."
"Ah," responded the lad, "perhaps teachers were easier to fool than they are now?"

Beware.
"I wish I had a fortune, I'd never paint another picture," declared an artist to a brother of the brush.
"Well, there are lots of people who would give you one on that condition!"

The Similarly.
Why are some policemen like rain-bows? Because they appear after the storm is over.

Cockades and Buttons.
The cockade originated simply in the knot of ribbons or strings by which the broad flaps of the seventeenth century round hat were "cocked" or drawn up to the brim in fine weather, and thus originated the three cornered hat as well as the cocked hat of later times. There was nothing specially military about the usage, as the ignorant assert. The same strings survive in the loops of the hats of bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries in Great Britain, in the strings of the hats worn by French eures and Spanish and Italian padres and in the cords which are still seen on the hats of some livery servants.
It naturally became the custom for military men to "cock" their hats with the livery color of the prince they served, and as the Hanoverian color was the convenient one of black the "black cockade" became associated in the minds of the people with military uniform. In an old Scotch song of Shuirnamur, citing "Woodward's Heraldry," we read of "the red coat lads with black cockades," and a knot of white ribbons was naturally chosen as the badge of their opponents. When the old use of the strings was forgotten the knot, in the form of a rosette of ribbon, survived, just as did the buttons on the backs of our coats, which were intended to fasten back the flaps in riding or marching.—"Justice of the Peace."

Striking a Comet.
If we ask the effect of a comet's striking the earth we will readily see that if the head of the comet were composed of boulders a collision would have disastrous consequences. A rain of millions of great meteoric stones would, of course, bring catastrophe. If, however, it were merely a rain of small particles or dust we might never become conscious of it, for the particles would never reach us. They would be fused into gas through friction with our atmosphere many miles before reaching the surface. If the gases liberated by friction were in excessive volume we might suffer discomfort or even disaster. It is estimated that hundreds of millions of meteoric particles strike our atmosphere every day. This would be a serious matter if we were not protected by our great sheltering envelope of air. Occasionally a meteoric boulder is large enough to resist the heat generated by this friction and reaches the surface. This we call a meteorite. The now established connection between comets and meteorites is a matter of great interest.—Halp B. Larkin in North American Review.

"Choir."
Churchgoers who follow the service in their prayer books would certainly miss the "dear old phrase" concerning "quires and places where they sing," and in time the old fashioned "quire" may be made new fashioned again by the coming of rationalized spelling. "Choir" was a most unnecessary out-rage upon the language. The old English "quer" or "quere" became quite naturally "quere" or "quiere," and so it remained until the end of the seventeenth century, when somebody seems to have introduced "choir" because it looked more like the French "choeur," as if that were a valid reason. There could have been no danger of confusing a church "quire" and a "quiere" of paper, which is a different word, the French "cacher," probably from Latin "quaternarius," a collection of four leaves.—London Standard.

Looked Shah in House of Commons.
A shah of Persia, who made a state visit to England in 1873, had a curious experience in the distinguished strangers' gallery of the house of commons. He soon got tired of watching the legislators at work, but when he made a move to go he was told he could not leave the gallery. It happened at that moment that a division was called, and in accordance with the practice which then prevailed all the doors of the house were locked until the vote was taken. Mr. Gladstone made an interesting comment on the incident. "It is," he wrote in his journal, "probably, or possibly, the first time a foreign sovereign has been under personal restraint of any kind in England."—Westminster Gazette.

The Entire Trouble.
"Don't take it so hard," said the sympathizing friend. "Remember that though your daughter is married you have not lost her."
"I know," sobbed the bride's mother. "That's the trouble. Julia and her husband have already picked out the best room in the house for theirs."—Chicago Record Herald.

In Perfect Innocence.
The Beauty (turning from a long gaze in the mirror)—I do envy you! The Friend (pleased, but incredulous)—You envy me, my dear? I wonder why. The Beauty—Because you can see the real me. I can never see anything but the mere reflection.—London Punch.

No Bones Broken.
"It seems his uncle fell out of a hotel window."
"Gracious! Any bones broken?"
"Not one."
"No. He was merely drowned. It happened in Venice."

Her Reason.
"It is a awfully good of you to let me have a dance," a young man remarked gratefully to his partner. "I can't think what made you so kind."
"No," the girl rejoined. "Why don't you know that it's a charity ball?"

A Good Shot.
Mr. Juggins—A black cat came to our back fence last night. Mrs. Juggins—Did it bring you good luck? Mr. Juggins—That's what it did. I hit it the very first time I fired.

The Casowary.
A Peculiar Bird That Flies With Its Feet.
Habits of the casowary and of the fish hawk are generally known. Their methods of taking fish are very much like those of birds of prey. But the casowary fishes according to a method of its own. A well known naturalist witnessed its operations on a river in the island of New Britain.
He saw a casowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about three feet deep and, partially squatting down, spread its wings out, submerging them, the feathers being spread and ruffled.
The bird remained motionless and kept its eyes closed as if in sleep. It remained in this position for a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly closing its wings and straightening its feathers, it stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a quantity of small fishes fell out of its wings and from amid its feathers. These the bird immediately picked up and swallowed.
The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows in the water along the banks of the rivers in this island and which much resembles the feathers of the casowary. The smaller fishes hide in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey on them.—Exchange.

THE MOON.
Its Visual Size No Greater When It Is High Than When It Is Low.
The artist has to choose between scientific truth and "convention" when he sets out to paint the moon. A three-penny piece fixed at a distance of six feet from the eye (say at the end of a horizontal six foot pole, the other end of which is made to press the lower edge of the eye socket) will just cover the disk of either the sun or the moon hanging in the sky. It is an absolute fact that this is true whether the moon (or the sun) be high in the sky or low down near the horizon.
The real "visual size" of the moon's disk is no greater when it is low than when it is high. No one who reads what I have just written will believe me. Every one thinks that he knows that the disk of the harvest moon or of the setting sun occupies a larger space in the sky when low than when high. This is due to a judgment or mental process and is an erroneous one. The eye is not at fault, but the curiously untrustworthy mind is.
What, then, is the painter to do? He yields to prejudice and often paints the low moon or low sun of a size which compared with scientific fact is ridiculously exaggerated.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Her Choice.
They were sisters-in-law and reasonably well disposed toward each other. One was the mother of George, aged six months, and the other was the mother of Marian, aged six months and four days. It was impossible that a slight parental rivalry should be altogether concealed.
"Marian does not seem to grow very fast," said the mother of George, with a suggestion of commiseration in her tones. "George is much taller."
"Perhaps he is," replied the mother of Marian coldly, "but Marian weighs more."
"Oh, well," responded the sister-in-law, with a smile of high bred superiority, "of course I should not wish George to be gross."—Exchange.

A Frank Estimate.
To many persons who are not actors the stage seems a delightful and fascinating place. In a book called "The Actress" Louise Closser Hale, herself an actress, tells some of her experiences with girls who envy her profession. One day one of them from behind a counter in a shop said, "I should have went on the stage."
"She evidently wanted to talk, and I strove to be interested," says Miss Hale.
"But see how tired I am," I said to her. "I have to work very hard as it is, and I had to work much harder to gain what little recognition I have had."
"Oh, yes," she responded, complacently gazing at herself in a mirror. "But, you see, I have talent."

Dangers of Handwriting.
A young man in bringing an action against a graphologist in Paris for substantial damages. A pretty belle, to whom he was engaged to be married, showed a specimen of his handwriting to the graphologist and asked for information. This is the reply she got: "If you should meet the man who wrote these lines upon your way through life avoid him. He is an egotist and a fool, has a bad temper and a despicable nature. The existence of the woman who has the misfortune to marry him will be a Calvary." The marriage has been broken off; hence the action.

Her Usual Remark.
"What did Marie say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.
"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—Exchange.

A Good Shot.
Mr. Juggins—A black cat came to our back fence last night. Mrs. Juggins—Did it bring you good luck? Mr. Juggins—That's what it did. I hit it the very first time I fired.

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

The Queen Bee.
The truth is that throughout all the wonder workings of the beehive the queen is little more than an instrument, a kind of an automaton, merely doing what the workers compel her to do. They are the real queens in the hive, and the mother bee is the real subject. The workers have made her for their own wise purpose, just as they make the comb and the honey to store in it. The egg she is hatched from is in no way different from any worker egg. If you take one from a queen cell and put it in the ordinary cell it will hatch out a common female worker bee, and an egg transferred from worker comb to a queen cell becomes a full grown queen. Thousands and thousands of worker eggs are laid in a hive during the season, and each of those could be made into a queen if the workers chose. But the worker egg is laid in a small cell, and the larva is bred on a bare minimum of food at the least possible cost in time, trouble and space to the hive, while when a new queen is wanted a cell as big as your finger tip is built, and the larva is stuffed like a prize pig through all its five days of embryo life until, with unlimited food and time and room to grow in, it comes out at last a perfect mother bee.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Mending a Broken Heart.
An Atchison young thing had a heart that ached, her honey boy having taken his affections elsewhere, and her father recently shut himself up with her to reason with her. "That honey boy averaged spending 50 cents a week on you," he said. "Here's a dollar a week to take his place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator. Your mother will see to it that your brothers do this in future. He kept you up late nights. Your baby sister is cross, and hereafter you will let the baby do this for you. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker on the porch. When you look at that rocker in future it will not be empty, bringing the pang to your heart that your silly novels tell about. It will be occupied by the man who paid for it, and that's me. Your mother and I stayed by you through colic and teething and are going to get you through this if we have to take turns spanking you. Now take your eyes off the moon and look at the dust around you."—Atchison Globe.

The Demon Rum.
The subject given out for an essay in one of the public schools was "The Evil Effects of Alcohol." Here are extracts from some of the compositions:
"Alcohol has a very marked effect on the doctor's conclusions in cases of sickness."
"Medical men say that fatal diseases are the worst."
"Some people think the abuse of drink is a sin, others think it is all right, and others take it as a medicine."
"At the present day many people are in jail for committing suicide while under the influence of strong drink."
"Doctors say that the increased death rate from the effects of boozing shortens life."
"Alcohol mocks at you, and at last it blithely like a servant and stings like a bee."
"The Bible says look not on the wine when it is red, but Rhine wine is not hurtful."—New York Press.

Animals Are Poor Sailors.
The polar bear is the only wild animal that likes a trip on the water, according to a French scientist who has studied its behavior at sea. He is quite jolly when aboard ship, but all other animals violently resent such a voyage and vociferously give vent to their feelings until seasickness brings silence.
The tiger suffers most of all. He whines pitifully, his eyes water continually, and he rubs his stomach with his terrible paws. Horses are bad sailors and often die on a sea voyage.
Oxen are heroic in their attempts not to give way to seasickness. Elephants do not like the sea, but they are amenable to medical treatment. A good remedy is a bucketful of hot water containing three and a half pints of whisky and seven ounces of quinine.—Far News.

She Was No Child.
This college professor, like many other men of erudition, was fond of Lewis Carroll. While visiting his sister he asked his niece, a miss of fifteen, to get "Through the Looking Glass" for him from the public library. She evidently did not like the task, and he asked her the reason. With some hesitation she replied: "Oh, I don't like to have the librarian think that I read children's books."—New York Tribune.

No Need For Talk.
"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.
"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother; "the baby doesn't need to talk."
"Doesn't need to talk?"
"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets anything there is in the house that's worth having."

The Reconciliation.
Facetious Old Lady (to tramp)—You remind me of a piece of soap. Tramp—I do, eh? And why so, miss? Facetious Old Lady—You shrink from washing.

The Ruling Passion.
A certain arithmetician is so devoted to figures that when he has no problem before him he counts up his eyes.

Without health life is not life; it is only a state of languor and suffering—an image of death.—Habelais.

Very Wonderful.
Batterby came across this interesting item in the household department. "If men would answer their wives kindly and courteously when asked for money it is undoubtedly true that the amount requested would not be half as much as it would be if the husband's reply was surly and antagonistic."
Batterby read this item over twice to make sure he grasped its meaning, and just then his wife entered the room.
"George," she said, "I want some money."
Batterby smiled affably.
"Yes, my dear," he pleasantly remarked, "and how much do you want?"
Mrs. Batterby stared at him in amazement.
"I said I wanted some money."
This time she spoke with much distinctness.
"And I asked you how much you wanted," Batterby merrily reminded her.
"Fifty dollars!" she snapped.
Batterby almost fainted. He had imagined she was after \$5 and that his genial tone would cut the amount to \$2.50.
But he handed over the fifty without further ado, and then for the misleading item into infinitesimal fragments.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Panthers as Household Pets.
A British official in an out of the way Persian district invited me to stay at his house for a night," narrates a globe trotter. "I was comfortably settled upon a sofa just before dinner when my rest was suddenly disturbed by a loud bang at the sitting room door, which, flying open, admitted two enormous animals, which I at first took for dogs.
"Both of them made at once for my sofa, and, while the larger one curled comfortably round my feet and composed itself to sleep, the smaller one seated itself on the floor and commenced licking my face and hands, an operation which I dared I should strongly have resented.
"But those white, gleaming teeth and flashing green eyes filled me with something akin to terror. To my relief, my host entered at this juncture.
"Making friends with the panthers, I see," he remarked pleasantly. "They are nice, companionable beasts."
"That may have been true at the time. The fact remains, however, that three months afterward one of them devoured a native child."—London Telegraph.

Nature Sometimes Makes Monuments.
Natural mummification, the changing of the human body into a dried condition without artificial treatment, is an extremely rare phenomenon. In a case reported by Hon. R. Wolfenden of British Honduras, a middle aged cook who disappeared between January and March, 1907, was found more than a year afterward, on May 6, 1908, in a corrugated iron hut as a perfectly preserved mummy. The hut is a somewhat isolated spot at Situm, was raised on blocks four or five feet above the ground and had a door and three shutters, one shutter being open, while one had fallen out. The body was clothed in a cotton undershirt, dark jersey and duck trousers, two pieces of rope around the neck proving self strangulation. The desiccation seemed to have been favored by a combination of conditions, the season having been extraordinarily dry and the small iron house excessively hot, though well ventilated, while the body was thin and attenuated as a result of mental disorder.

Turn About.
A young English student into one cold and wintry night found the door of his college locked against him. The young man outside argued with the doorkeeper inside, cajoling and entreated, but to no avail. Eventually he slipped half a sovereign under the door and was admitted. It was a financial deal wisely thought out on strict business lines. Once inside, he informed the janitor (falsely) that, unfortunately, after taking the half sovereign out of his purse he had dropped the purse itself on the doorstep. The attendant went out to secure it, but once on the chilly, wet doorstep the door was slammed. Then the deal was repeated, for the shivering mercenary was not allowed into his warm abode until he had slipped the half sovereign back again.

Thoroughly Prepared.
At a religious service in Scotland late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.
At the close of the service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the young man's behavior.
"Oh, aye," returned the veteran, "Duncan's wool threatened afore he gangs in."

Beauty and Brains.
This slab of soil they call Kansas has more prosperity, health and happiness, more sweet girls and sweeter mothers-in-law and more gleeful food, fall handed, mushroom footed men who make up to brains what they lack in looks than any other place on top of earth. Memphis—Hutchinson (Kan.) Gazette.

Of Course.
"New York is a big city."
"And if everybody lived in New York that registers from New York would New York be twice as big."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Front not too much in an ex-husband's shoe.—Vigil.

A Rare Autograph.
"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.
"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked severely blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.
"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Soon after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. None approach in rarity those of Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as I know, there is only one in existence.
"This is attested to an autograph letter addressed by Lynch to George Washington, which leads to additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard college. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Addison Knapp, from whom I bought it for the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Augustin Daly, who was a keen autograph collector, for \$4,000. Later Knapp repeated of letting the autograph go from his possession and secured it from Daly for \$5,250, presenting it afterward to the Lenox Library, New York, where it is now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Origin of "Ben."
The origin of "Ben" is known to many readers interested in Dickens. A younger brother of the novelist was known in the family circle as *Ben*, in factious allusion to one of the characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and this being pronounced in fun through the nose became "Benn" and so "Ben," which Dickens adopted as his early pen name. "Ben" is not, as some have written, "a very familiar sounding word to me long before I was on the other, and so I came to adopt it."
Before the real name of "Ben" came well known somebody having read and circulated the following snail telegram:
Who the Dickens "Ben" could be found many a curious old. Till time unveiled the mystery. And "Ben" appeared as Dickens' pen. Good wrote penningly, but snail telegramatically.
Aren't that "Ben" a thimble? Love wrote well, but to write *Weller*.—London Globe.

Thanked His Stars.
When the French revolution broke out a number of aristocrats lost their lives, but Lalande, the astronomer, only paid the more attention to his office and his calculations. One day, after the reign of terror, he had escaped the fury of the mob and he exclaimed gratefully, "I may say my stars for it." Would any other poet person be so generous?—Allison (ed.) in London Standard.

Diogenes, lantern to hand.
to the village drug store. "Say, I've anything that will cure a headache."
"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.
"Give me your head," said Diogenes, dropping his lantern and having at last found a remedy.

A Whimsical Philosopher.
"How'd you like to be a man inquired the first philosopher.
"I'd like it just rate," answered second philosopher. "Still, I don't have got my mind quite fixed on no one's business but my own."—London Standard.

Don't You Fear It?
"I'm not afraid of anything," said a man to a woman.
"You're not afraid of anything?"
"No, I'm not afraid of anything."—London Standard.

Don't You Fear It?
"I'm not afraid of anything," said a man to a woman.
"You're not afraid of anything?"
"No, I'm not afraid of anything."—London Standard.