Cutting Red Tape.

Many amusing stories are told of ways in which postoffice officials, inclined to keep too rigorously to the letter of their regulations, have been taxed. On one occasion a man asked for 240 penny stamps and tendered payment in copper. The official declined to receive it, whereupon the man began buying and paying for one stamp at a time. Before he had got a dozen in that way the postoffice official had surrendered. It must have been the same man or a near relative who one Sunday went into a postoffice that was open for telegraph business only. He handed in a sixpenny telegram and asked to be supplied with two stamps; postage. No, he could not have stamps; telegraph business only was transacted. Innocently he asked if he might have his telegram back for a moment to add something. He added four words to it and tendered the additional twopence. The form was returned to him with the stamps to affix. Crossing out the four additional words, he affixed the sixpenny stamp, pushed the telegram under the counter rail and walked out with his two stamps.—London Tatler.

Life at the Pole.

Life at the pole is a perpetual battle with nature, in which man is often worsted. "He was frozen to death" is the end of many biographies. While a man is in health they speak of him as "stronger than death," as if death were a watchful enemy always waiting for his chance. But life is on a large scale up there. Instead of the petty alternations of summer or the long dark of winter, they enjoy a keen delight in the prospect of a change such as we can never know in the tamer arrangements of our climate. The long dark does not keep them wholly inactive. We read of expeditions after bear and hunting on the ice by torchlight, but in the main their winter is given up to story telling, conversation and contemplation.

Bored No More.

"Yes," said the famous M. P., "I used to be pestered to death by a bore. My secretary was a good natured, obliging chap, and he could never find it in his heart to turn the bore away. Just as sure as I was in the bore was certain to be admitted.

"One day, after an hour's martyrdom at the man's hands, I determined to end that persecution. So I called my secretary and said to him mysteriously:

"'Patton, do you know what makes Smith come here so regularly?

"'No, sir,' said Patton, 'I can't say I do.'

"'Well, Patton,' said I, 'I don't mind telling you in confidence that he's after your job.'

"I never saw any absentmindedness after that day." concluded the M. P., "I saw no more of the bore."—London Scraps.

Seventeen Year Locusts.

The seventeen year locusts are sometimes called Pharaoh's locusts because they make a sound that resembles the repealing over and over of that historic name. The notes or songs are not what might be termed vocal, as they are produced by the rapid vibrations of two very thin films that cover a small cavity at the base of the abdomen. In some localities the sound produced is somewhat different from that heard in other sections. Along streams, especially along the Ohio river, the notes are more bass, while on the highlands and especially in the mountain regions the sounds produced are more shrill.—Omaha World-Herald.

An Advantage.

A well known Scottish clergyman got into conversation in a railway carriage with a workingman, who informed him that he had been a coupler on a railway for several years. "Oh," said the minister, "I can beat that; I have been a coupler for over twenty years." "Aye," replied the workman, "but I can uncouple, and you cannae!"

A Mortal Insult.

Mrs. Dimpleton—I want you to get another doctor right off. Dimpleton—What's the matter with this one? Mrs. Dimpleton—What do you suppose he said about baby? He told me I must treat him like a human being!

Brotherly Resentment.

Young Mother (proudly)—Everybody says the baby looks like me. Bachelor Brother (amazed)—The spiteful things don't say that to your face, do they?

Secrets.

"Don't complain of people telling your secrets," said Uncle Eben. "Dey couldn't do it if you hadn't started it."—Washington Star.

The Nature Student's Story.

"In my boyhood I once captured a nest of three young thrushes. I put them in a gilt cage by an open window, and their mother came and fed them regularly with worms and grasshoppers."

The speaker, a nature student, sighed.

"The mother," he resumed, "must have expected her little ones to be soon liberated. She fed them, as I said, regularly for three days on flesh food. Then one evening at sunset she appeared with a sprig of green in her mouth. She thrust the green in through the gilt bars. Then, singing a sweet, sad song, she flew away. And she never came back. Her offspring the next morning lay dead, side by side, on the bottom of the cage. The sprig she had brought them, which was nearly consumed, was a sprig of the deadly larkspur. 'Freedom or death! Death or freedom!' That is what must have been the burden of her farewell song."

The narrator paused, and from his listeners a low murmur arose, a murmur perhaps of sympathy, perhaps of angry disbelief.

An American Grammar.

Robert R. Hitt, who at the time represented our government in Paris as a secretary of legation, went to Egypt in regard to a matter involving the life of a Greek American subject. He landed in Alexandria and went to the Hotel Europe and found the rooming clerk busy assigning rooms to the newly arrived passengers, a regular polyglot in languages. He heard him speak Arabic, Greek, French, Italian and German. So when it came Mr. Hitt's turn to register he jocosely said, "Do you speak American?" The clerk promptly replied: "A leetle. Der vas one American here lately who gave me an American grammar." Mr. Hitt asked to have a look at the book. The clerk promptly told one of the garcons to get the book out of his room, and while the book was being brought the clerk said, "De grammar is phonetic." When the book was brought, lo and behold, it was a copy of Petroleum V. Nasby's letters. D. R. Locke while in Egypt had presented a copy to the clerk, telling him it was an American grammar.

Mended His Manners.

A certain English officer is noted for his ready wit and quickness in repartee. In the very early days of his career he was ordered to Bombay and was attached to the staff of the then commander in chief as A. D. C.

Shortly after his arrival, at a function at the government house, a new military secretary who, in the conscious pride of his new position, had a hearty contempt for subalterns of all degrees, with a glassy stare through his eyeglass, offered him two fingers to shake.

The A. D. C., quite unabashed, looked at him for a moment or two and then said genially:

"Hang it all, major, the governor gives me three!"

The whole room was convulsed, and the military secretary, now a colonel, profited by the hint and mended his manners, but he never forgave the A. D. C.—London Tit-Bits.

Bjornson's Advice.

There is a story told of Bjornstjerne Bjornson that, arriving at a late hour at the town of Bergen, which was en fete to receive him, he vouchsafed to the expectant people no finer words of wisdom than a general recommendation to go to bed.

In vain they appealed to him for "song or sentiment." The great Bismarck, said he, gave the same advice under conditions all similar, and what was good enough for Berlin must suffice for Bergen.

Three years later, on visiting the town for the second time, the master novelist found a deserted city. Not a light burned in the dismal railway station, no banners waved, no addresses were read by portly burgomasters. In vain Bjornson asked for a cab.

"They have all gone to bed," was the reply. And so Bergen remembered.

He Knew Them.

"The pastor of a Tallapoosa church," said a southern senator, "said rather pointedly from the pulpit one Sunday morning:

"'Ah sutny am rej'iced to see Brud-dah Calhoun White in chu'ch once mo'. Ah's glad Bruddah Calhoun has saw de error of his ways at lawst, fo' dere is mo' joy obah one sinnah dat repenteth dan obah de ninety an' nine'—

"But at this point Brother Calhoun White interrupted angrily.

"'Oh,' said he from his seat, 'de ninety an' nine needn't crow. Ah could tell some things erbout ninety an' nine ef Ah wanted ter!'"

He Who Laughs Last, Etc.

The old colored man had climbed into the dentist's chair of torture.

"Shall I give you laughing gas, uncle?" queried the tooth carpenter.

"Not till after de toof am out, boss," replied the old man. "Reckon mebby Ah'll feel mo' lake laffin' den."—Chicago News.

His Failing.

"You are beside yourself," he retorted haughtily.

She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh.

"Seeing double again, eh?" she cried.—New York Press.

A Good Reason.

Wantanno—Why do you call that boy of yours Flannel? Duzno—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.—London Tit-Bits.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

A Revolutionary Puzzle.

These odd rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary war—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown:

Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms,
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the congress join.
The acts of parliament, in them I much delight.
I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.
Who nonresistant hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on congress evermore,
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

—National Magazine.

The Dazzling Searchlight.

On a dark night no warship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight. The full moon lights up a torpedo boat so that it can be fired at when nearly a mile away. To produce the same illumination with the most powerful artificial light an electric arc of 100,000 candle power placed three-quarters of a mile high would be needed if the aid of mirrors were not available. But with this light and an ingenious arrangement of mirrors it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently; when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this be repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.—London Answers.

A Disappointing Witness.

Deacon Stephen Potter, one of the pioneers of Utica, N. Y., was a man of great eccentricity, but high moral character. "The deacon will speak the truth and shame the devil," was often said of him.

On one occasion a friend was engaged in a lawsuit in regard to some land a few miles from Utica. He held the land at a high price. During the trial he called Deacon Potter as a witness to prove how valuable the land was. The deacon was sworn and asked if he knew the land.

"Yes," he replied, "I know every foot of it."

"What do you think it worth, Mr. Potter?" was the next question.

The old man paused a moment and then said slowly, "If I had as many dollars—as my yoke of oxen—could draw—on a sled—on glaze ice—I vow—I would not give—a dollar an acre for it!"—Youth's Companion.

Flag Proportions.

In the United States flag the width of a stripe is invariably half the length in inches of the flag's longest measurement. For example, in a flag ten feet long the stripes should be five inches wide. Accordingly the flag would have a width of five feet five inches, or thirteen times five inches. The field should be of navy blue bunting measuring seven stripes deep and extending two-fifths across the length of the flag. There should be forty-six stars on the field, arranged in six rows, beginning with eight, the two middle rows having eight and the last row eight and the other rows seven. The size of the star at its widest measurement should be such that one-half of its own width will separate it from the next star. Flags may be made in all sizes, but the above proportions should be preserved.—Philadelphia Press.

Cat Exchange in Paris.

Paris has a cat exchange, a "bourse aux chats." This establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wineshop. Here are legions of cats of all sizes and colors, which are to be seen jumping and heard "miauiant." It is said that the customers are by no means tender hearted old ladies, but for the most part furriers, glovemakers and cooks. A good sleek "matou" realizes from 2½ cents to 20 cents. The skin has a number of usages, and the flesh, according to the story, finds its way into the stewpans of certain restaurants possessing more enterprise than scruple.—Chicago Journal.

Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Boggs—I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains. Mrs. Woggs—Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 8 o'clock for the past twenty years.—Puck.

Kept Him Busy.

"You haven't had time to make any friends? Then you have lived in vain."

"Not on your life. I've managed to make some bully enemies."—Cleveland Leader.

A Hard Job.

Willie—Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling. Papa (busy reading)—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—Boston Transcript.

To make laws complete they should reward as well as punish.—Goldsmith.

EYE AND TEETH.

You spend from $5.60 to $20.00 per year on your teeth and think nothing of it.
Which would you prefer to loose:
YOUR EYES or YOUR TEETH?
Your eyes can be looked after from **$1.00** to about **$8.00**, and this will be the total expense for about 3 to 5 years, and often a great deal longer.
Remember you can get **NEW TEETH**, but not **NEW EYES**. What **VALUE** do you place on **YOUR EYES?** What per cent of insurance would you pay to keep them as good as at present?
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