

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

Comedy Scene in Which Grief Played a Leading Part.

"Stage fright is not one of the emotions which get across the footlights," writes Miss Alice Crawford. "Audiences are for the most part as serene and unconscious of it as they are of their individual sentiments in the actors having no relation to the incidents of the play."

"I shall never forget an instance of his curious insensibility of the crowd. Once when I was touring one of the most charming and popular girls of the company died after only a few days' illness. She was one of those sweet, tranquil natures and had endeared herself to us all. Her death in lodgings in the small provincial town had an element of real tragedy in it."

"The news that she was dead reached the theater in the evening just as two of the actors and I were about to go on for a scene of broad comedy. We went on the stage with tears in our eyes, and I can still see the face of one of those comedians with the great tears glistening on the point. He was dreadfully affected. Try as he would, he could not control his voice, and the tears kept choking him as he rattled off his lines. "The audience were convulsed every time his voice broke, and it made me try more than ever to see the grief making him as he grinned and chafed through his tears. Yet that comedy scene never went so well before. The audience never guessed."—Exchange.

STORY OF A MUD HEN.

and the Man Who Tried to Shoot or Drown the Bird.

"It is a mighty hard thing to down a mud hen," said a Portland official. "Every one knows this homely bird, so clever that it can dodge the flash of a gun, making it very hard to kill if any one ever wanted to kill one."

"A friend of mine who was a great hunter, but not acquainted with the mud hen, was out hunting on the Columbia sloughs some years ago when he saw what he thought was some kind of duck floating on the water. He aimed his shotgun and fired, but the bird dived as the gun was discharged, and the shot struck the water where the bird had been a moment before. As the smoke cleared away the hunter saw the bird come to the surface, and he gave it the other shot, with the same result. His obstinacy was now aroused, and he determined to kill that bird before he left the place. He shot away every round of ammunition he had, but the bird dodged every one and still floated in the same spot. In great disgust my friend sat down on the bank and lit his pipe. At the first puff of smoke the bird dived again, and his gave him his inspiration. "To make a short story, he smoked up all his tobacco in an effort to drown the mud hen, but when darkness fell and he started for home the bird was still floating in the same old spot."—Portland Oregonian.

A Wedding Ring Superstition. Although there was a lifelong friendship to back up their business boasts, the jeweler was not surprised when his old customer who had married a second time bought the wedding ring at another shop. "If he should take a third wife he could buy the ring at still another store," the jeweler said. "That is one of the superstitions of the trade. A man may have the marrying habit, but he is not so bad and require several wedding rings in his time, yet he never buys any two of them from the same place. Jewelers do not expect it. They don't want to sell two wedding rings to the same man. Bad luck would surely light on all concerned, and here is enough trouble in the world without deliberately inviting more of it by defying a good old wedding ring superstition."—New York Times.

Her Recommendation. A woman prominent as a social worker was in the city to engage a new girl the other day. She visited an employment agency which makes a specialty of finding places for country housemaids and was much pleased with one from the country. "Why did you leave your last place?" asked the woman. "I didn't have no last place," answered the girl, "because I ain't had no last place to leave, and I'm still working at it, being for myself that I've been working, and I'm sure I'm a sighted servant, and I can recommend myself to you, ma'am."—Exchange.

Melodramatic. A dramatist was condemning two melodramas that had had an unmerited success among the less cultivated portion of the public. "The first," said the dramatist in his dramatic way, "was all blood and thunder, and the other was all thunder and blunder."

Proof Positive. Mrs. De Pretty—Horror! That woman who just passed is a young man disguise. Husband—Well, well! How pay you know? Mrs. De Pretty—She looked at my face instead of my dress. —Washington Times.

The Horse's Comment. The mule, being in a temper, kicked high leg boards out of the side of the wagon. "One of those fresh air cranks," commented the horse to itself. —Buffalo Express.

Found a Way to Help.

A worthy old Quaker who lived in a country town in England was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The townspeople wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe toward an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed and such and such steps taken toward the construction of a new one.

"That was right," the Quaker said. "In supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? These may'st put my name down for a hundred pounds."—Merivale's "Historical Studies."

Gautier's Superstition. Theophile Gautier, the critic, novelist and poet, like many another great man, was superstitious and believed in the evil eye. Offenbach was his aversion, and in this respect a Paris contemporary tells us that one day the son and father were walking together. The son, for wickedness' sake, started a conversation about Offenbach, and his father gave him to understand that the subject was disagreeable. Nothing daunted, the lad led Gautier to a shop window where was exposed a photograph of the composer. As they resumed their walk the son observed, "Well, you see, father, after all, nothing has happened through looking at the photograph." At that moment they were turning the corner, and the son preceded his father. In full view of the passersby Gautier administered to his tormentor a paternal kick, observing, half in anger and half in humor, "Well, something has happened."

Tight Collars. Writing in the Hospital, London, Dr. Walford warns everybody against tight collars. He considers it remarkable that no one seems to have noticed or, at any rate, to have laid great stress on the fact that such slight obstacles to the free circulation of the blood through the vessels of the brain may adversely influence the health of those who are in the habit of wearing tightly fitting neckcloths. "The fact appears to be well known to veterinary surgeons, who tell us that neck constriction through badly fitting harness is a causative factor in 'stagers' in horses," says the writer. It seems to be equally well known that dogs suffer a great deal through having to wear tightly fitting collars. Is it too much, then, Dr. Walford asks, to argue that those of us who wear our own collars too tightly buttoned may find in that practice some explanation of symptoms ascribed to other causes?

Tiny Republics. Klein-Alp is a diminutive republic tucked away between Switzerland and France. In its summer is the republic inhabited and then by miners and cowgirls. There is one hotel, closed during the winter. Another little republic is in Tyrol, between Austria and Italy, and in long gone years was under the jurisdiction of first a king and then an emperor. But in the adjustment of frontier lines the state of Val di Ventino was in some way overlooked, and it promptly organized itself into a lilliputian republic. It has now about 2,000 inhabitants living in six villages. Neither Val di Ventino nor Klein-Alp has any taxes. There are no officials or compulsory military services. The only industry of Val di Ventino, aside from the farming of small fields, is charcoal burning.

His Tribute of Respect. The freckle faced boy who was about to be emancipated from high school thralldom was writing his graduating essay. "I suppose I ought to wind it up," he reflected, "with something touching and sentimental about the leather headed, snub nosed, squeaky voiced, concealed old snoozer that runs the shewbang." Thereupon he wrote, "And now, our dear and honored principal, we turn to you," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

The Translation. Toole, the great English comedian, was once greatly tickled at finding in a French provincial town a poster announcing a translation of "Walker, London," the farce which he himself had made famous. The adapter had translated the title as "Londres qui se promene," or "London which goes out for walks."

Fact or Fiction? "The trouble with these literary clubs," said a captious critic, "is that they always degenerate into meetings for the exchange of gossip." "True enough," replied an enthusiastic member, "but how can you expect anything else when facts are so much stranger than fiction?"

A Gentle Reminder. John—I understand Dashleigh's uncle has died, leaving him a fortune. Tom—Yes; he has received a great many congratulations. Why, even his tailor sent him a bunch of forget-me-nots yesterday. —London Mail.

The Only Way Out. Peter (sent for the milk)—Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do? Small Brother—Easy. We'll drop the jug.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Use For the Library. Architect (showing plans)—This room will be your library. Mr. Newrich—My library? Oh, yes, of course. I must have a place to smoke.—Boston Transcript.

No man can do nothing, and no man can do everything.—German.

Bottomless Tarpon Springs.

The great body of water which gave the name to Tarpon Springs, Fla., is classed by all of the old citizens as bottomless. The center appears to be a hole curbed with jagged rocks. Sometimes the weight has lodged and then dropped on to the extent of the sounding line afterward. Many citizens say that they know the depth to be in excess of 700, 800 and 900 feet. Once when a depth of 200 feet was reached an obstruction was encountered; then it was dislodged, dropped on farther, and the line broke. A very heavy weight has to be used on account of the depth, and when divers are sent down in the springs, as they have been recently, they report the same great jagged hole, which, so far as they can find out, is without bottom. The spring is supposed to be the principal outlet of that beautiful Lake Butler which lies just a mile east of the town. Tidewater comes up into the spring, and it has acquired the name because it was the play ground of the silvered king of fish, the tarpon.—Manufacturers' Record.

Preferred to Be a Quack.

A quack at a fair near Paris was driving a roaring trade selling nostrums, drawing teeth and beguiling the crowd in the usual ways, says the British Medical Journal. The letter of the French law against unqualified practice is very strong, though owing to the indifference of the magistrates it is not strictly carried out. This, however, was a particularly flagrant case, and the police felt compelled to intervene. The quack was therefore accosted by the guardians of the law, taken to a tent at the back of his stand and requested to show his diploma. To the stupefaction of the gendarmes he exhibited a perfectly authentic degree of doctor of medicine of the University of Paris. They were profuse in their apologies, which the doctor cut short with an urgent entreaty that they should say nothing about what they had seen, "for," he said, "if the people know that I am a qualified doctor I shall have no more customers."

A Marvel of Insect Mechanism.

The sting of a certain Indian fly offers as marked an example of design in nature as can well be imagined. When seen through a magnifying glass it is found to be composed of three sharp blades folded into one with their cutting edges outward and running down to one fine point. When the fly inserts this up to the hilt in its victim the three blades fly apart, and then it is seen that each inner edge is a beautiful saw, worked by six separate muscles, so that when withdrawn the instrument rips its way out with a gush of blood. But now comes the most curious provision of all. It would not do to fold up these blades with the blood adhering to them, so each blade is provided at its base with a fine brush of hairs growing out of an oil gland, which provides an antiseptic secretion to keep the blades clean.

Careless, as Usual.

The great baseball player's wife had never seen a game, but he finally persuaded her to view one in which he was to play. He was doing his best, of course. One strike had been called on him, and as usual in baseball anecdotes, two men were out and the bases were full. Our hero was gathering his strength for the swat he was going to give the ball. And the ball came. He knew it was his as the ball started, and with a mighty crack he lifted it into space. Dropping his bat, he sped for first, and ere the roar of applause burst out a slight woman in the grand stand rose and called: "Will, come back here and put that bat where it belongs!"—Buffalo Express.

Kissing Ethel.

She was fashionably dressed and gave out the perfume of violets as the brakeman turned to help her up the steps of the train which was due to leave. Turning to her maid, she said: "Oh, I must kiss Ethel goodbye!" "Oh, go on," said the fresh brakeman. "I'll kiss Ethel goodbye." "No, you won't, either," came from the woman. "That precious dog was never kissed by a stranger in her whole life!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Sensible Course.

"Why do you insist on that boy's studying music?" said the man with respect for art. "You know very well he can't sing." "Yes," replied the patient father; "I know it. And I want him to learn enough about music to realize it for himself."—Exchange.

Another Viewpoint.

Clara—I overheard Mr. Bimberly say to a friend the other evening that I was a pretty young lady. Maude—Well, you are pretty young; but, of course, you are growing older each day.—Chicago News.

An Obstructionist.

"So you are going to have a new gown?" "I don't know. Mother has passed the bill, but I expect father will veto it. He is opposed to all our bills nowadays."—

Attack Like Tigers.

In fighting to keep the blood pure the white corpuscles attack disease germs like tigers. But often germs multiply so fast the little fighters are overcome. Then see pimples, boils, eczema, salt rheum and sores multiply and strength and appetite fail. This condition demands Electric Bitters to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to expel poisons from the blood. "They are the best blood purifier," writes C. T. Budahn, of Tracy, Calif. "I have ever found." They make rich, red blood, strong nerves and build up your health. Try them. 50c at Chas. I. Clough's.

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