

THE SILVER BOWL.

Full of Water, and it Puzzled the Week End Guest. A young politician in New York told this story on himself. He was invited recently to spend a week at a country house where things were done a notch or two more elaborately than he was accustomed to, and he stood in not a little awe of the solemn person who was assigned to act as temporary valet to him. The effort came when this functionary tapped at his door on Sunday morning and told him it was 8 o'clock. "All right, I'll get up," said the visitor, and the solemn man disappeared from the bathroom, from which presently the noise of water running into the bathtub was audible. In half a minute more the solemn person emerged, holding a large silver bowl full of water, with which he approached the bath.

THEATER SEATS.

Very Annoying Indeed It Was Before They Were Numbered. People who nowadays book their seats beforehand for the play cannot remember of the discomfort of other days, an instance of which is given by John Payne in "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era."

"One of Charles Matthews' newspaper cuttings," he says, "contains a letter from a disgraced playgoer dated January, 1776, protesting against this custom of 'permitting a footman to sit for an act or two of a play next to a woman of the first quality by way of securing a place for his absent master.'"

"The indecency of the practice is made to be aggravated by the usual choice of the dirtiest servant of the family for this duty, for the men of parents and figure are to prance before the lady's chair with lighted tapers or hang like a rope of onions behind her coach."

"As a remedy for this nuisance the writers of this letter made the revolutionary suggestion that the sittings in the boxes should be numbered, a plan which does not seem to have occurred to any one previously and which was not adopted till long afterward."

Women in Tibet. Concerning the manners of Tibetans a traveler writes: "The male part of the population is fond of meeting together for frivolous conversation on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. The most the men do is to go to the market and robbing. The domestic work, such as tending the cattle, collecting fuel, drawing water and, in short, everything, falls on the women. While the wife is working incessantly all day long the husband grows weary with idleness and does not go to her assistance unless she is physically incapable of doing any work at all. On the other hand the women are as dexterous as the men. To catch any horse she jumps out of the troop, lay her hand on the horse and quickly spring on to the back of the barebacked steed and ride in any direction she wishes is an ordinary feat for any young Amdo woman."

The Oil Bird. One of the animal curiosities of America is the "oil bird," of which its favorite haunts is the Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a mass of mud, and the young hatch from it a kind of butter. The fat down in clay pots is often inhabited by the birds and is accessible only from the sea. The hunting of them is sometimes a profitable sport.

A Word of Wrath. "Rabbits" on board a Cornish smack arouses the ire of the captain. The boat is leaving the harbor and the captain expeditious the speaker had a fair chance of being aboard. The mere mention of "rabbits" destroys all chances of a London Chronicle.

Pa's Hard Job. "I said the visitor at the door father at home?" "I'm going to be, sir," said Johnny, "know, Mr. Squiggy, ma's here."—Harper's Weekly.

The Real Sorrow. "My operation cost you much?" "I didn't mind that so much as it cost."—Baltimore.

Able and Willing. "Father—Freddy, do you know the boys go who go fishing on the boat?" "Yes, sir, and I'll show you the place."

Her Sacrifice. "What is Dolly's ambition in marriage—She hopes to marry a man and save him from the disgusting rich."—Life.

As well as Virtue as. "The doctrine of faith is a doctrine of faith."—Emerson.

SEEING A JOKE.

It Depends on the Brand of Humor to Which One is Accustomed.

Foreigners, as a rule, do not understand our wit and humor. Sir Alfred Harmsworth once remarked to me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that American humor was coarse and sometimes brutal. Mark Twain and Finley Peter Dunne are the only American humorists who are accepted by Englishmen. On the other hand, we do not appreciate the humor of Punch, the Englishman's delight.

I have seen an Englishman laugh heartily over a joke in Punch that I couldn't see any point to until it was explained to me, and no doubt that gentleman considered me as dense as we consider them when we tell them a funny story and get a sort of pained look, rather mystifying to be sure, instead of the laugh which was expected.

It is the local application of the joke that counts the world over. The funniest thing I ever saw was the charge a yearling Hereford bull made at a barbed wire fence in the Texas Panhandle. He struck the fence full tilt, and the rebound caused him to turn a complete back somersault. He landed on his hoofs all right, and there he stood all straddled out with a look of astonishment on his face that was almost human. It was so ludicrous that I lay down in the mesquite grass and rolled over in spasms of mirth. Then he began to bawl like a whipped child, turned tail and ran as from a banshee.

I was at dinner in a Bradford club and told about it, expecting to get a laugh, but all I got was that from Hon. Smith Feather, mayor of that Yorkshire city: "By Jove, I didn't know those wire fences were so strong. It's a jolly good thing the poor brute wasn't injured."

WATERPOUTS.

Old Time Mariners Fought Them With Noise and Cannon.

In the waterspout the medieval mariner saw a malevolent living monster—a sea dragon. There were various means of combating them. Once all sailors carried black handled knives, which the monster was believed to hold in special abhorrence.

When a spout made its appearance these knives were produced and pointed in its direction, waved in the air so as to make the sign of the cross or, according to the recommendation of certain contemporary authorities, driven several times into the side of the ship. Certain passages from the gospel of St. John were recited as charms against waterspouts.

A loud noise of any kind was also believed to be efficacious against them—shouts, the clash of swords, the beating of drums and gongs, etc. The custom of firing cannon against waterspouts, says the Scientific American, dates back at least as far as the sixteenth century. The original idea appears to have been to frighten them away by the noise of the report, but in the later times it was believed that the waterspout could be cut in twain by the cannon ball and the spout thus dissipated. It would be interesting to know whether the cannonading of waterspouts is still sometimes practiced. It was certainly common much less than a century ago. It is hardly necessary to say that it is entirely futile.

The Sawbee. Englishmen are familiar with the name "sawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scotch halfpennies at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "sawbee," or baby, came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the sawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.—Pearson's.

The Wise Bride. "Yes, the girls gave the bride a commiseration shower." "What in the world is that?" "Why, they all told her how sorry they were she was going to marry such a man as the coming bridegroom."

"That must have hurt her feelings." "No, it didn't. She knew there wasn't a girl there who wouldn't have given her eyes to get him!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mixed Metaphors. A well known bishop, speaking in the upper house of Canterbury convocation on prayer book revision, rather startled some of his Episcopal brethren by declaring, according to the Church Family Newspaper, "We are not writing on a clean slate; there is a good deal of grit under the door."

No Wender. "My husband has never spoken a cross word to me." "You lucky woman! How long have you been married?" "Nearly two weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallantry. She—It seems to me as though we had met somewhere before. He—Impossible, fraulein, else I should have fallen in love with you before!—Fleegende Blätter.

One Virtue. The Lady—Poor tramp! Have you anything in your life to be proud of? The Hobo—Yesum. I never beat nobody out of no laundry bill.—Toledo Blade.

Three would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Hall.

China as a Bluffer.

Professor Ian C. Hannah in his book, "Eastern Asia—A History," says that taxicabs, or, rather, automatic registers attached to horse cabs, were invented about 630 A. D., during the Tang dynasty in China. In his opinion the Chinese empire is "the greatest bluff in the world," and it suggests to him a very ancient Chinese fable, which he relates.

A monkey was captured by a tiger. He whined that he was thin and his flesh of poor taste, but he knew of a fine fat donkey for the tiger. The tiger consented to be led to where the donkey was tied. When the donkey saw them coming he was frightened, but recovered his composure and bawled in his masterful donkey voice: "Monkey, you used to bring me two tigers. Why only one today?"

The tiger did a record hustle back to the jungle. China, says Professor Hannah, has shown much of that donkey's resourcefulness in its history.

Two Women.

In her book "Woman and Labor" Olive Schreiner gives an amusing illustration of the fact that it is not the amount of money a person has which makes him or her a parasite on society, but the way it is used. "The wife of an American millionaire," says Mrs. Schreiner, "was visited by a woman, the daughter and widow of a small professional man. She stated that she was in need of both food and clothing. The millionaire's wife gave her a leg of mutton and two valuable dresses. The woman proceeded to whine, though in vigorous health, that she had no one to carry them home for her. The American, the descendant of generations of able, laboring, New England Puritan women, tucked the leg of mutton under one arm and the bundle of clothes under the other and walked off down the city street toward the woman's dwelling, followed by the astonished pauper parasite."

The Size of Some Stars. M. Nordmann of the Paris observatory believes that he has devised a successful method of determining the diameters of stars by a comparison of their effective temperatures with their parallaxes. In the case of some of the brightest stars he has reached interesting results. Thus he finds that Aldebaran, the bright star in Taurus, is veritably a giant sun, the ratio of its diameter to that of our sun being greater than that of the sun to the planet Jupiter. This means that Aldebaran has a diameter probably not less than 8,000,000 miles, or more than thirty times the distance from the earth to the moon. On the other hand, Sirius, or the dog star, to our eyes the brightest of all the stars, is, according to M. Nordmann, but little larger than our sun.

Juggernaut. Juggernaut—or "lord of the world"—was supposed to be one of the incarnations of Krishna. The idol is formed of an irregular pyramidal black stone, with two large diamonds to represent eyes. The nose and mouth are painted vermilion. An immense number of pilgrims visit the idol annually, reaching up into the millions. Juggernaut worship used to be a terrible thing, but it is not what it once was. The state allowance to the temple was suspended by the Indian government in 1851, and the festivals are growing less and less popular year by year. The growing intelligence of the people and the restraining influence of the government are doing their work, and Juggernaut is steadily losing ground.—New York American.

Tea Tremens. "I used to be a tea taster in Hankow," said a New York tea dealer, "but I got a bad attack of tea tremens and had to give up the job. Tea tremens is a recognized disease among Chinese tea tasters. These men don't swallow a drop of tea from one week's end to another. They simply hold the tea in the mouth, get an idea of its aroma and then eject it, but nevertheless the aroma of the tea causes violent nervous attacks, with sleeplessness and even hallucinations that are known all over China as tea tremens. I have never had delirium tremens, but if it's one-half as bad as the tea sort I pity the poor victim."

When a Soft Drink is Hard. "You are arrested on a very serious charge, my good man," began the court, looking at the man severely. "You are accused of getting into a fight and hitting the complainant over the head with a bottle. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Your honor, I didn't mean to hurt him. I never thought that it would hurt him very much, 'cause the bottle contained nothing but a soft drink," returned the prisoner.—Milwaukee Free Press.

The Timid One. An officer in the army, noted for his bravery, laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. The brave officer subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.—London Telegraph.

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.

Loss of Time Means Loss of Pay. Kidney trouble and the ills it breeds means lost time and lost pay to many a working man. M. Balent, 1214 Little Penna St., Streator, Ill., was so bad from kidney and bladder trouble that he could not work, but he says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills for only a short time and got entirely well and was soon able to go back to work, and am feeling well and healthier than before." Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results—a good friend to the working man or woman who suffers from kidney ills. Chas. I. Clough Co.

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