

LIVES BY HER WITS.

Only its Sense of Humor Saved This Hen From Decapitation.

For some time, writes "Suburbanite" in the Glasgow News, one of my hens has been indulging itself in a practice that but for the little joke involved would have ended in its decapitation.

It is one of a pen of eight egg machines, or seven, rather, for its egg producing mechanism is considerably out of order, its best average being about one in the fortnight. Yet until recently that hen was scheduled on my book as the premier layer. That happened in this way:

Every morning when I made my appearance in the garden Nora (the hen) would be found clucking beside one of the eggs with all the force of its raucous throat.

If any of its sisters laid claim to the property there would be a wild flutter, and the audacious bird would continue her boasting when she had cleared her bill of feathers.

Some time ago I discovered her in the act of taking up her stand over the production of another hen, and a careful watch thereafter disclosed her true capabilities. A sense of humor is undoubtedly one of them, and this is being regarded as a saving grace, for I have decided to allow her to continue living by her wits.

PERSIA'S POET LAUREATE.

His Job, When He Had One, Was Anything but a Sinecure.

Persia is the only country besides England where a poet laureate has been officially maintained until recently.

Shah Muzaffer el Din in 1896 abolished the post of honor, which the court of Teheran for centuries had boasted. But the duties of the laureate of old Iran were far more onerous than those of his British confrere. Court etiquette demanded that whenever the "king of kings" traveled his entourage had to include a dwarf, a giant, a jester, a historiographer and a poet laureate.

The last two were kept busy, for, while the historiographer had to record for posterity all the doings and sayings of the shah (padishah), the laureate was called upon to celebrate a large proportion of these in verse. This custom was not so bad after all, and it was rigidly observed and followed up, for the shah, knowing that many of his deeds and utterances would be crystallized into an ode, on his imperial wandering felt bound to speak and to behave majestically, a thing that Muzaffer el Din, who abolished the laureateship, never did. — Philadelphia Ledger.

An Uncomplimentary Composer.

A young tenor, whose misfortune it was to be hideously ugly, waited on Cherubini one day and asked to be allowed to give a specimen of his vocal powers. For a wonder his application was met by a sulky nod of acquiescence. He sang, and sang superbly. There came another nod, accompanied by something like a snort of satisfaction. Then came a pause, which, after a minute or so, was broken by the youthful artist asking in faltering accents whether he might eventually hope for an engagement at the grand opera. "No!" thundered the director. "But, M. Cherubini!" — "No!" The disconsolate artist was slowly departing when Cherubini rose, took him by both arms and looked him fully in the face. "I am sorry," he said, "very sorry, but, mon cher, do you think that the opera could get up a company of orang outangs to sing with you?" — Sala's "Life and Adventures."

Worth the Penalty.

John, four years old, was trying to run the lawn mower, which he had been forbidden to touch.

His mother came to the door and told him to stop it, but John ran the mower down the strip of lawn and back again before he stopped.

"You will have to come into the house and stay for an hour," said his mother.

"Why did you run that mower after I told you to stop?" she asked.

"Well, mamma," said John, "I'd rather have run it twice and have to stay in the house for an hour than not run it at all." — National Monthly.

Political Birds.

Wife (reading)—Isn't this funny, my dear? Here is an article which says they have found a new species of birds in Australia which have four legs. Now, whatever do you suppose they want four legs for?

Husband (yawning)—They are probably politicians, my love, and by this beautiful contrivance they are enabled to stand on both sides of the fence at the same time. — London Mail.

Not Like His Grandfather.

"Doctor, I'm getting tired of this everlasting dunning. You ought to have more respect for me than that. My grandfather was one of the earliest settlers."

"Well, I wish you had inherited that quality and would settle early." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Aerial Note.

The Cynic—If he falls, my dear, you're not to scream or faint, because it's just what we all came to see. The Lady—But I thought he was going to take up a passenger. — Life.

Hyde Park's Marble Arch.

The marble arch of the north side of Hyde park, London, designed originally by King George IV, to be an entrance to Buckingham palace, cost £80,000.

HAD A PERFECT ALIBI.

And Plenty of Witnesses Stood Ready to Testify to it.

A lawyer in Portland, Ore., was assigned to defend a Chinaman accused of murder. He had a talk with the official interpreter, who in turn had talked with the man in jail, and that earnest person assured the lawyer that the prisoner was innocent; that at the time of the crime he had been miles away in a railroad camp. Later they went to the jail to have a talk with the prisoner.

The official interpreter held a long conversation, the lawyer giving him the questions. It seemed all straight and regular. The interpreter insisted that the prisoner had a perfect alibi.

It was some weeks before the case was called, and shortly before that time the lawyer wanted another talk with the accused man. The official interpreter had disappeared, and so he secured for his interpreter this time a Chinaman who had been his cook and who talked fairly good English. They went to the jail.

"Tell him," he instructed the interpreter, "that I want him to relate to me again the exact circumstances, all he knows about this, the whole truth and particularly where he was that night."

The two Chinese jabbered together for fifteen minutes. Then the interpreter turned and said, "He says after he shoot the man he lun down Mollison street an' thlow pistol in McGuire's fish yard."

"Hold on!" yelled the lawyer. "That can't be true. Ask him again. According to the other story he was miles away and didn't shoot the man at all."

There was another long conversation between the interpreter and the prisoner. Then the interpreter said: "Oh, les; he shoot the man. He say he shoot him an' lun down Mollison street an' thlow pistol into McGuire's fish yard."

"But," insisted the lawyer, "I was told he was not in the city at all that night, but miles away in a railroad camp."

The interpreter smiled blandly. "Oh, les," he assented cheerfully, "he have plenty witnesses to prove that." — Saturday Evening Post.

WIT OF A MORO UMPIRE.

He Had Learned Our Language Fast and Knew How to Use It.

Captain John E. Morris of the Sixth Infantry was at one time, some years ago, stationed with his company in some inaccessible Moro town. Morris thought that if the Moros of his district could become interested in some sporting stunt outside of head hunting the United States Insurance companies' mortality tables could readily be readjusted so far as soldiers were concerned, so he encouraged his men to teach the Moros baseball. When a man is playing baseball he is not chopping off heads, and Captain Morris appreciated this fact.

Two baseball teams were organized, a Moro team and a team from Morris' company, and one day the first game of the series was to be pulled off. The question of the umpire was the great one of the moment, and after much discussion a native Moro was selected to pass upon the fine points of the game.

In Filipino "umpire" is properly expressed as "makifula," and when Captain Morris arrived on the scene of the proposed ball game the Moro who was to be umpire approached him.

"Makifula, me," remarked the Moro.

Captain Morris looked at the native umpire without in the slightest understanding what he was driving at. "I'm 'nd you are a 'makifula," he remarked, "but please inform me what the word means."

"Means makifula of Americans," replied the Moro. "Me learn American language fast." — San Francisco Chronicle.

Counting a Herring Catch.

The fact that the record catch of herrings was 320 crans, is proof positive that they were captured on the east coast of Scotland. On the west of Scotland herrings are counted, not measured. A "maze" of herrings is five long hundreds, and a long hundred is 123. At Yarmouth and Grimsby they are counted by the "warp," which is four, and thirty-three of these make a long hundred. Ten hundreds make a "thousand" and ten "thousand" a "last." Therefore, when is a hundred not a hundred? — London Standard.

Pleas For Patriotism.

"You should be patriotic and contribute your valuable services to your country without thought of pecuniary reward."

"I will," replied the official, "just as soon as a whole lot of people get patriotic enough to quit sending their bills to me." — Washington Star.

Mutual Concessions.

"Riggins and his wife seem to be on the best of terms."

"Yes. They make mutual concessions. He stands on the corner and shouts 'Votes for women,' while she cheers every time the home team scores a run." — Washington Star.

Doesn't Work Both Ways.

"I told him he resembled his wife, and he seemed very much flattered."

"Gee! I told his wife she resembled him, and she won't speak to me." — Houston Post.

One Way.

Willie Paw, how can you measure the flight of time? Paw—Borrow \$50 on a thirty day note, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MOSBY FLED WITH HIS MEN.

An Attack That Wholly Demoralized the Partisan Rangers.

Colonel John S. Mosby, commander of the Partisan rangers, who gave such dashing service in the southern cause, told of an amusing incident in which he figured.

In the summer of 1864 when General Phil Sheridan was in the valley of the Shenandoah he found himself much harassed by Mosby, who was continually cutting off his supply trains. An army cannot fight on an empty stomach, and Mosby knew it. One bright morning Mosby heard that a long supply train was winding its way down the valley. By noon the rangers in their gray uniforms were gathered at the forks of the valley pike, watching for the head of the wagon train to appear.

Presently a cloud of dust was seen rising far up the road, and as the wind blew it aside the Confederates caught sight of a line of men in blue escorting a caravan of lumbering wagons drawn by mules. Instantly Mosby gave the order to run a little howitzer up on the side of a hill and unlimber it. As soon as the gun had opened fire the rest of the men were to make a cavalry charge and throw the train into confusion.

The rangers jerked the gun into position and began to swab it out. Suddenly the man with the swab gave a shrill yell, seized the seat of his pantaloons and fled down the hill and out into the road. Almost in the same moment the other man at the gun abandoned it. He seemed to be fighting at the air as he disappeared over a stone wall.

The sutler's wagons were creeping nearer, and Mosby did not know what to think of such extraordinary conduct. He ordered four more men to the gun, but hardly had they reached it when they, too, yelled, began to beat the air madly with their hats and took to flight.

Spurring his horse over the stone wall, Mosby rode toward the gun, but his stay was short. The howitzer stood just over a hornet's nest, and those busy insects were resenting the intrusion. They had repelled the invaders on foot, and now they swarmed on Mosby's horse till the maddened animal tore off down the pike on a run. Then they turned their attention to the rest of the troop.

Their attack was so vicious that the rangers gave up any idea of standing by the gun. They scattered far and wide, and it was an hour before they returned. When they did the wagon train had safely vanished in the distance. So the hornets saved the day for Sheridan.—Youth's Companion.

Where Science Fails.

Science has wrought many achievements, but it has not cleared up a single elemental mystery, and it has created a thousand lesser mysteries that never were imagined until science came. Science has demonstrated that this oak of a world used to be an acorn, but how that acorn came into existence or whence it obtained the latent elements that now have become an oak science has not suggested. Science has made it possible for a manufacturer to cut down three trees in his forest at 7:35 in the morning, to have them made into paper at 9:34 and to have them selling on the street as newspapers at 10:25, but whether the manufacturer himself is a brain that has a mind or is a mind that has a brain science cannot even guess.—Atlantic Monthly.

Iron Mold Stains.

Iron mold stains spread in any fabric they come in contact with in the wash. To remove them stretch the stained part over a basin nearly full of boiling water, so that the steam may penetrate the fabric, and apply with a feather a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. When the marks disappear dip the material well into the hot water, afterward rinsing very thoroughly in cold water.

Proved It Was Simple.

In a registration booth in San Francisco an old colored woman had just finished registering for the first time.

"Am you shore," she asked the clerk, "dat I's done all I has to do?"

"Quite sure," replied the clerk; "you see, it's very simple."

"It's ought to knowed it," said the old woman. "If those fool men folks been doin' it all dese years I might 'a' knowed it was a powerful simple process." — Life.

He Plagued Him.

The catcher was having an argument with the umpire.

"I'll fix you so you won't be an epidemic any longer!" threatened the umpire, beginning to lose his temper.

"What do you mean by I won't be an epidemic any longer?" asked the catcher.

"I'll send you to the bench," returned the umpire, "and then you won't be 'catchin'." — Pittsburg Press.

Welcomed.

"I'll have to arrest you," said the policeman.

The man who was having trouble with his wife threw both arms around the officer and exclaimed:

"This isn't any arrest. This is a rescue." — Washington Star.

A Failure.

First Small Boy—Is your sister any good at playing ball? Second Small Boy—Naw. She can't throw anything but a fit or catch anything but a bean. — New York Times.

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