

The First Baby's Sneeze.

The doctor had come in late from a hard day's work driving from place to place, feeling pulses, giving encouragement and filling prescriptions. He had eaten his supper at 11 o'clock, made a last call on a man with the grip, and had turned into bed dog tired at midnight with the hope that he would be allowed to sleep undisturbed until morning. There was a telephone on the wall across the hall, but this he forgot.

It was long after midnight when the telephone bell rang. The doctor was sunk in a deep sleep. Again the bell rang sharply and impatiently, and continued to ring, but the doctor did not hear it.

At the other end of the hall a pale student pored over his book. He was studying law. The bell disturbed him, and he at length decided to answer it and end the ringing.

He took down the receiver and shouted "Hello!"

"Is that you, doctor?" asked an anxious voice.

"Yes; what do you want?" replied the student, who knew the doctor was tired and did not wish to wake him unless the case was serious.

"This is Potts, doctor, H. J. Potts. My wife wanted me to call you up to tell you that the baby wouldn't play with his blocks tonight, and seems kind of heavy and dull. What do you suppose is the matter, doctor? My wife is very uneasy."

"Hum, said the student, trying to think of something to say. "Is the baby feverish?"

"No, I don't think he is," replied the voice, "But he sneezed once tonight."

"Ah," said the bogus doctor, "that's a good sign. If he sneezed and is not feverish he is all right. You might give him a little water if he wakes up and cries; if he gets too warm, take some of the covers off."

"All right, doctor. Much obliged. Sorry to have had to disturb you, but my wife wouldn't go to sleep till I called you up. Good night."

"Ah," thought the pale student, "that's \$2 for the doctor. Wish I could earn it as easily."

When he told the doctor about his deception the next day he was thanked, and Mr. Potts' bill was swelled by \$2, one-half of which went to the pale student.

"It's the first baby," explained the doctor, "and they're tickled to death to pay any price for it. I couldn't have given Potts any better advice myself."

Now you know how easy it is to be a doctor—sometimes.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Her Saucer Came Back.

"There are tricks in all trades but our," remarked one member of a group sitting in the lobby of a hotel last night, "and I might add there are a few in ours."

The speaker is the head of a well-known firm of wholesale grocers.

"Not so long ago," he continued, "when I was still in the retail trade, we had a shrewd Irish woman for a customer. One day she ordered a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of the brand, but I told her we could send her a barrel of another brand equally as good.

"A week or so afterwards she came into the store and declared that she didn't

like the flour and insisted on having it taken back and the brand she wanted sent instead. Well, we hauled the flour back to the store, and, being still out of the brand wanted, filled up the returned barrel, put in a new head and carted it back to the woman again.

"We heard nothing more about the matter for three weeks when one day she came into the store in a highly indignant frame of mind.

"I want you to go up to my house and haul that flour away," she exclaimed. "I told you it was no good."

"No good, I replied. "Why, you know it is the brand you ordered."

"The woman glared at me.

"It is no such thing!" she blurted out. "You sent me back the same barrel I had."

"Of course I denied it, laying particular stress on her value to us as a customer and how we would not risk losing her trade on account of a measly barrel of flour. "Why madam, I ejaculated eloquently, 'how could you think of such a thing? Ours is too honorable a house to cheat its customers or to ask them to accept a substitute for something they liked!"

"Then the woman grinned at me.

"Huh!" she retorted, "that's all very fine. But I had too bakin's out of the first barrel before I sent it back."

"Yes," I assented, "and you got a full barrel in return. Doesn't that prove"—

"Prove nothing," she interrupted. "The first two bakin's out of the barrel I got the second time were all right. But I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with a saucer. When I got down to the third bakin' out of the second barrel I"—

"Yes," I interposed: "what did you do?"

"I found my saucer," was the answer. Then she swept out: and it was well she did, for I came near falling in a faint. It was months before that woman could condescend to trade with us again"—

Philadelphia Inquirer.

No Tally, No Shirtee.

"Most people suppose," said an ex-Californian, "that the vertical row of hieroglyphics on a Chinese laundry check are merely so many numerals. As a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind, but constitute a brief and spicy description of the individual who left the bundle. If you will take the trouble to notice it, you will see that the laundryman always goes through exactly the same program. He takes the package, gives you a swift, comprehensive glance, and then proceeds to decorate a slip of rice paper with from two to five India ink chicken tracks. What he has really written is probably something like this:

"Fat foreign devil who resembles a pig; squinty eyes and wart on the left side of his nose."

"You carry around this flattering pen portrait, innocently imagining that it reads 'No. 4-11-44,' and when you call for your wash you will find that the Chinaman who receives the ticket will invariably look you over, making mental comparison before he reaches for the bundle. A Mongolian friend of mine out in Frisco put me on to the scheme, and I took the trouble to ascertain whether he was telling the truth. I got a laundry slip, copied it with microscopic fidelity, and submitted it to several ex-

pert translators. They all agreed that it read something like this:

"Ridiculous old man; very pompous; bald head like a speckled egg."

"You will observe that my hair grows rather high on my forehead and I have a few freckles, although nothing to justify such an insulting description. However it proved the point. The next ticket I got declared I was an elderly gentleman resembling Yun-Tai, the wind god, which pleased me immensely until I persuaded a native curio dealer to show me a statuette of the deity. Then I wanted to murder the laundrymen. The Chinese are a deep people, boys. They look as demure as guinea pigs, but all the while they are quietly sizing us up and having a big laugh in their sleeves."—*Exchange.*

When Men Carried Muffs.

Few women are aware that in the present year that very necessary and useful adjunct of a lady's winter toilet, the muff, celebrates its 400th anniversary.

It first saw the light in Venice in 1499, and was exactly the reverse of what it generally is at present, the smart and fashionable muffs of those days being generally covered with a rich and costly brocade and the fur used as a lining instead of being outside.

In other parts of Europe it became a universal article of use in the 17th century, and was carried not only in the street in winter, but also in the house and at all sorts of entertainments; and it often took the most eccentric forms, being made sometimes in imitation of dogs, etc.

At the coronation of Frederick III of Prussia, which took place at Konigsberg in 1701, the ladies carried muffs as part of their court dress.

In the year 1680 it was adopted even by the sterner sex, and very funny it must have looked, especially as it often assumed enormous dimensions and was worn attached to a silken cord which was passed around the neck of the wearer. Leopard skin was the favorite fur with the beaux of those days, says *Lady's Pictorial.*

Toward the end of the 17th century fur went out of fashion, bright-colored stuffs being used in its place, though sometimes white skins dyed pink, blue or green were worn.

Toward the close of the 18th century it again became the thing for fashionable men to use enormous fur muffs, England this time leading the way, though the continent soon followed.—*Philadelphia Item.*

What to Talk About.

An English publication recently offered a prize for the best dozen "sensibly humorous" subjects for discussion after dinner. The following questions were chosen as the ones entitled to the prize:

1. When a cross wife commences to scold her husband, is it good policy for him to commence whistling?
2. If a husband be a few days absent from home, should he bring his wife a present on his return?
3. Is it an easy matter to "spot" an old bachelor in a crowd?
4. Does reading love stories make ladies more inclined to flirt?
5. Supposing you had a few friends whom you knew to be very downcast, how would you entertain them for an

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hour so as to make them give a good, hearty laugh?

6. Why do old bachelors and old maids give preference to lodgings where there are no children?

7. Should the husband remain at home occasionally to look after the children, etc., in order to leave his wife free to go to the theater or the ball?

8. How could you cure the man who stops at his club too late?

9. What means should be adopted to bring a bashful man to "the sticking point?"

10. What advantage has the new woman over the old?

11. Are heroes or heroines the more to be admired?

12. Is it better to marry for love or for riches, or for a compound of both?—*Philadelphia Press.*

Easily Done.

"Seems funny that a messenger boy could beat the United States mail doesn't it?"

"Oh, I guess they took his 5-cent novel away from him and told him he might finish it when he got back again."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Pinehurst Spring Water.

The following is the result of the analysis of the Pinehurst Spring Water:

RALEIGH, N. C., April 5, 1897.

Analysis No. 10,111.

DEAR SIR:—The sample of health water sent to the station for analysis in a demijohn, marked "From tube well system, Pinehurst, N. C.," contains:

Total solid matter in solution	
Grains per U. S. Gallon,	0.92
Hardness,	1.00 degree of Clark's scale
Carbonate of lime,	0.60 grains per U. S. gallon
Chlorine,	0.08 grains per U. S. gallon
Ammonia, Free,	.082 parts per million.
Ammonia, Albuminoid,	.050 " " "

Analysis of the water from Pinehurst, shows it to be a drinking water of exceptional quality. The total solid matter and chlorine is very small; and the ammonia, both free and albuminoid, is quite considerably less than is usually found in drinking waters. These facts show it to be a very valuable source for a water supply; in fact, so far as the chemical examination is concerned, we seldom find such purity.

(Signed) H. B. BATTLE.

"Mamma, dess you'll have to turn the hose on me." "Why, dear?" "Tause I dot my 'tockings on wrong side out."