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Forward.
Push on, brave heart, nor yet despair,
Though dark and dreary seem the way,
Thy sun will shine from skies as fair
As ever gleamed the coming day.
And ever keep before thee eyes
The heroes of the mighty past;
Think how they struggled for the prize,
And thou shalt surely win at last.

Push on, as some brave swimmers do,
Over storm-capped waves of life,
Strike out against the undertow,
And come off victor in the strife.
Push on, and win a lasting name
The nations of the earth among,
Nor stoop to use as steps to fame
Thy fellow men who round you throng.

Push on, and when thou gain'st the day,
Remember these brave words of mine;
Bear up beneath each darkened ray,
Thy sun is waiting but to shine
With tenfold glory from above,
Such is the dawn of the new day,
Success is near, do not fear,
But let the watchword be: Push on.

THE SQUIRE'S APPLES.

"Such pretty apples!" cried Linnet Dessoir, ecstatically. "With red cheeks, just as if a fairy pencil had painted them, and delicious, luscious, sticky here and there! I should like to copy them on a plaque or a point of something, if only one could be so reproducing these delicate tints of red and white!"

"Well, I believe," said Rose Hebron, the country cousin, whom she was visiting, laughing with a merry, thrush-like laugh, as the two girls sat on a moss-embellished bench under the boughs of the lady-apple tree, with here and there a yellow leaf fluttering down at their feet. "Who would dream of such a partial description applying to the apples that grow in Squire Sandford's orchard?"

"Wasn't it good of him to allow us to gather them?" said Linnet, trimming the side leaf of a lovely branch of yellow golden-rod.

"I shall not believe that they are absolutely ones though," declared Rose, "until I see them in the old apple-bin at home."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Squire Coffin is eccentric!" Rose answered, carelessly.

"Oh, dear! I that his name!"

"Yes, isn't it an odd relic of the Second Empire?" laughed Rose.

"It's a very rare name," remarked Linnet, wrinkling her brows in pretty consideration of the epithet.

"It isn't common," observed Rose.

"Isn't he?"

"He's so old! Thirty, at least!" Rose responded, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Horrid age!" said Linnet, who was in her seventeenth year. "Come, Rosey, let's go home. I am hungry as a cannibal! Gathering apples is such hard work!"

She skipped ahead, with her yellow tresses floating behind, like stray strands of sunshine, and her white dress mingling over the daisies of perfumed leaves that carpeted the path.

Rose followed, with affectionate eyes of admiration.

"What is the difference between me and Linnet?" she asked herself. "My dress is white also; my hair is as golden as hers. Why is it that she is like a dancing spirit—like a plumed angel—like a fairy?"

Poor little Rose! She did not realize that Linnet Dessoir had grown up in an altogether different atmosphere; that Linnet had unconsciously modeled her dress from the graceful robes which her father, the artist, kept to drape his lay-figures; that her eye had been trained, her taste cultured, in every possible point.

"He's only a poor struggling artist!" Farmer Hebron had been wont to contemptuously observe, when he saw his brother-in-law's name among the lists specially honored by the Academy of Design.

"It's a good fellow enough," Eugene Dessoir affably remarked, when his agricultural connection happened to be mentioned. "But he isn't an idea beyond his own fat cattle! He don't live; he only vegetates!"

Linnet, however, the bright, motherly, less young beauty, was a great favorite of the kind-hearted Hebrons; and when she had so enthusiastically admired the beautiful pink and white lady-apples on Squire Sandford's tree, Mr. Hebron had gone so far out of his way to ask the squire for a barrel.

"Just to please the little girl," said he. "She thinks a deal of pretty things."

"She is quite welcome," said Squire Sandford, with formal politeness. "If you will send a barrel to the farm tomorrow, Mr. Hebron, it shall be filled for your niece."

And when the squire said this he pictured in his mind's eye the aforesaid niece as a romp of eleven or twelve, with shaggy hair, freckles and preternaturally long arms.

All night long Linnet Dessoir dreamed of the lady-apples, and when the sun rose, a sphere of rubied fire, above the eastern hills, she jumped out of bed and dressed herself with haste.

"I can't sleep another minute," said she. "It's just the very sort of morphia to walk out across the woods and look at the lady-apple tree, with the little spring gushing out so close to its roots, and the blue asters, and thickets of golden-rod by the stone fence. I won't wake Rosey. She was up late last night, putting in

hells on the quince jelly. I'll let her sleep, and go by myself!"

But Miss Hebron was no more of a laggard in the morning than she was in the evening. At seven precisely she knocked at Linnet's door, but the bird had flown.

"How provoking!" said Rose. "But I'll follow her. She must have gone to try to make that sketch of the old money rock close to the lady-apple tree! I wonder if she knows that my father has purchased Ajax in the adjoining field!"

"Ajax" was a savage, beautiful bull, who was at once the pride and torment of Farmer Hebron, and a thrill of terror came into Rose's heart as she made all speed to follow the dewy track of Linnet's footsteps over the grass.

As she reached the belt of woods close to the apple orchard, she paused in dismay at the sound of a sweet, high-pitched voice.

"He-Linnet!" she involuntarily exclaimed. "And she's scolding some body. I am sure, whom can it be? Surely not Ajax!"

"You are a thief!" she could hear Linnet exclaim. "A robber! Let that barrel of apples alone, I say. I don't care whether you are Squire Sandford or not. That barrel of apples is mine!"

And as Rose drew near, she could see this dimpled young Amazon resolutely defending the barrel of apples, with her single strength, against Squire Sandford and his stoutest farm laborer.

She stood there, with a slight hand on the red-checked fruit, which was brimming over the barrel-hoops, and before her the tall squire and his herdsman at a distance were helpless.

"If you will allow me to explain," pacifically began the squire.

"I will allow nothing," declared Linnet. "I repeat, these apples are mine! Touch them at your peril!"

This is the way the squire was a conqueror. But alas! in that very moment of victory Squire was at hand. There was the dull sound of tramping hoofs, then a sudden bellow, and Ajax himself, bursting through a weak spot in the fence, was upon them.

Linnet Dessoir collapsed, so to speak, at once. She forgot her heroism, her dignity—everything but her danger, and flew, for rescue, to Squire Sandford, shrieking:

"Save me! save me!"

The farm-hand staggered behind the wagon, but Squire Sandford never quailed, but held her resolutely in his arms.

"Don't be afraid," he said, almost as if he had been speaking to a frightened child. "Nothing shall harm you, little one!"

For an instant, things look very black; then Squire Sandford spoke gently once more.

"Do not hold my arm so tightly," said he. "Let me put it in my revolver. I must shoot the brute! No, don't be so terrified. Do not let me hear you say that nothing should harm you!"

And then the problem resolved itself, as problems often do. Ajax, butting his huge head against the barrel of lady-apples, sent them rolling in all directions, and caught his horns in the barrel itself, effectually blinding him. He set off at a wild gallop down the hill, bellowing as he went, and there he met his fate in the shape of two or three men with a running noose of rope and a good stout chain.

"Hello, pet!" shouted Farmer Hebron's voice. "What's the matter? She hasn't fallen, has she, squire?"

And Linnet, realizing that she was safe, blushing wither from Mr. Sandford's sheltering arms, and ran to her uncle, who whispered:

"And please—please—don't mind what I said about the apples. You are quite welcome to them!"

"Hey! Apples!" said Mr. Hebron. "Why, Linnet didn't you know that I carried the barrel of apples that the squire gave you home last night?"

Linnet grew crimson all over, and fled to Rose's faithful brother for consolation.

"I shall never dare to look that man in the face again," she bewailed herself.

"Oh, dear-oh, dear, what *would* he have thought of me!"

But of course Mr. Sandford considered it only right and proper to call that evening, and inquire how Miss Dessoir found herself; and really the meeting was not half as embarrassing as Linnet had fancied it would be.

They had a good laugh about Ajax and the apples; and Linnet confessed how dreadfully frightened she had been.

"And with reason," said Squire Sandford. "There was a second or two in which we were in very serious danger."

"But you will forgive me about the apples?" said Linnet, with pretty coaxing earnestness.

"Oh, yes, I will forgive you about the apples!" Squire Sandford laughingly returned.

And in that moment Linnet thought what a very pretty color his eyes were, decided that he couldn't possibly be thirty years old.

"Isn't it strange," said Rose Hebron, "that we have lived neighbor to Squire Sandford all these years, and he has never been more than ordinarily polite to us? And here comes Linnet, and quarrels with him at five minutes' notice, and calls him all sorts of names, and now

they are engaged to be married, and I am to be the bridesmaid!"

"Not at all strange!" said Miss Dessoir. "To me it seems as nice and natural as possible. But you are mistaken about his age, Rosey. He is only twenty-nine. And if he were a hundred and twenty-nine, I should love him all the same."

"Of course," said Rose; that is what all engaged girls say."—*Allen Forest Grove.*

Turkish Public Amusements.

The public amusements of the Turks consist of *yağmacılık*, *halk oyunları*, and the *medhals*. *Medhals*—*medhals* is a sort of low burlesque, acted by men only and without a stage, the changing of costumes being effected behind a temporary screen. The *medhals* is the Turkish "Punch and Judy," rendered in shadow, a white sheet being stretched across one of the angles of the room diagonally, forming the base of a triangle, behind which the performer takes his stand, and by the force of a strong light casts the "shadow of coming events" on the sheet. And the *medhals* is the famous story-teller of the East. The absence of works of fiction, and the general ignorance of the people, who do not even know how to read, make the narratives of the *medhals* quite acceptable to the public, who flock to hear them for pastime, for the love of the marvellous, for his powerful in the warm and imaginative nature of the people of that sunny clime to remain without some development. Hence their popularity. Then, again, these *medhals* are not destitute of dramatic power, entrancing their attentive audiences by the magnificence of highly wrought fiction, exaggerated description, and effective mimicry. Indeed, some of them have acquired a renown for their specialty. *Kizilmedh*, or *Lady Ahmed*, is so named on account of his successful ability in taking off the ladies, and *Perihan* is noted for the "pastiche" of their own, and as by the excited fancies of the people invested with a genuine power, as they condense into a passing hour the scenes of a *centennial* life, or detail the enchantments of fairy-dom. In fact, these *medhals* occupy the Oriental lecture-field, and on festive occasions provide a most welcome part of the entertainment. Their tales, generally devoid of satirical public taste, are often not devoid of some good moral, and their comic allusions hold up some popular vice for ridicule. —*Harper's Bazar.*

In an African Forest.

At this juncture the native guides arrived, having followed in our footsteps, anxious to see the result of our self-guided tour. Wishing to transfer my responsibility to other shoulders, I offered them a present of cloth if they would lead us through the trackless forests to the precincts of Rome; because I knew we could find our way guided to Taveta. They consented and once more we entered the dusky woods, following a zigzag course by means of the rough paths which elephants had cut in the forest. The long-stemmed flowers, and crushed stained grass would be slowly rising erect again from the prostrate position into which they had been trampled by the feet of the clumsy proboscidea; these birds of the forest who had just preceded us. Indeed, from time to time they would make their presence known by sonorous trumpeting, but as they were quite aware of our proximity they took good care to conceal their huge bodies. The undergrowth was so dense that you might have touched an elephant in your gropings before you saw him; but above this dense tangle of six or seven feet in height rose the straight smooth trunks of superb trees; indeed, the timber I saw here was exceptionally fine. The gloom of the forest was intensified by the enormous masses of orchid-like wood which grew thickly on the upper branches of the trees, in such a manner as to suggest a gray, green cloth being thrown over the foliage. The density of the woodland growth was almost appalling; we felt like insects creeping and twining through the interiors of the mighty trunks. As we preferred to go whether the elephants had forced a way, our course was naturally an erratic one, and several times the men lay down in despair to pant and rest. —*H. H. Johnston.*

An Executive Session.

She was the daughter of a Senator and her sweetheart had been to see her every night for some time. Her father became somewhat alarmed, and this morning he called her into his study.

"Well, papa," she said sweetly, "you sent for me. What is it?"

"My dear daughter," he replied, "I believe Mr. Blank has been to see you every night for some time past?"

"Yes, papa."

"And he was here last night?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, daughter, I want to know what occurred between you during your protracted interview in the parlor. I ask it, my child, because I have special reasons for wishing to know."

"Dear papa," replied the girl with tears in her eyes, "I do not doubt your right to ask what occurred there; but, papa, you would not have me divulge the secrets of such a meeting, would you?"

The old man never said a word in reply. —*Washington Critic.*

A TALK ON THIEVES.

What a City Police Inspector Knows about Them.

No Bolder than other Men, but Helped by Timid People's Fears.

"Many people have an idea," said Inspector Stern recently, "that burglars, and other lawbreakers, whose line of business is attended with personal danger, are built on a different pattern from the average human being. They are supposed to be without fear and to carry in their natures a large amount of terrifying material, ready to be set off at a moment's notice. They are supposed to be rough, proud and careless of human life. This is true in some instances, but in the great majority of cases thieves differ little in these respects from the ordinary citizen. They don't like to work, are lazy and their organ of a quiddleness is not regulated by a cultivated conscience. It is difficult to understand why a man with a wife and family, who moves in good society, has an income large enough to live in comparative luxury, and is respected by everyone, becomes a thief. He has everything to make his life happy, and yet will give it all up to have a little more money. It looks a good deal like a disease, which comes over a man, and he cannot help giving up to its influence. Poisons are full of just such people.

"Thieves, when committing crime, always have in mind a way to escape if detected. They do not want to be caught or killed. They will take desperate chances to get away. If a life stands in their way of escape, they will take it, not as a matter of hatred or pleasure, but as a part of their calculation and trade. But this in every case is only a last resort, and to thief will add murder to his crime unless certain he can get away. As a rule they are not to be feared. A show of nerve will always unbalance them. This applies particularly to the police-man. Even though they know that they have an advantage over a man who makes up suddenly in the night and finds a stranger prowling around they will respect and fear him, if he doesn't show any sign of fright. Neat people help along their business. But a policeman is on an equal footing with a thief in regard to being awake and armed. If he is possessed of the real gentleman's eye, the case is soon settled, and the thief will usually surrender without trouble. Bluff will not do. A thief can see a harking sense of fear in an officer's heart, and will make things lively if he finds it. A quiet determination on the officer's part, that indicates an supreme confidence in his own ability to take his man, or men into custody, as if it was an every-day affair, is what takes the starch out of the boldest rascals.

"Police-men frequently get into tight places. When they get out of them alive, and think what they have gone through, I have seen the best stout-hearted of them shake a little. A good man will never know his danger until it is over. If he should stop to think when there are many chances against him, he would be likely to lose his grit. He must think and act like a flash. Hunting for a thief in a dark house is what will try a man. The recollection of long experience as an officer will bring on a chill of fright. I well remember a lively burglar I went after many years ago. An alarm had been given, and I had him located in the second story of a high building. He was calmly picking out the most valuable articles to take away when I surprised him. He was a tall, slender and slippery fellow, and at the first sound I made he made a leap as if shot from a cannon. Up the stairs he flew like a streak, and I went after him. He evidently knew the building; I did not, and hit every obstruction I could find. He gained the roof when I was half way up the stairs leading to the south, and when I got there I could just see his figure in the darkness going like the wind. I followed him without hesitation, and when he got to the side of the house he stood a second and then jumped. I was going so fast that I went right into the house without knowing where I would land. It seemed in the confusion as if I went down after feet, before I struck anything. Then I landed square on my feet with a force that nearly shook my teeth out. I thought for a moment that I had fallen between two houses. I was right on the thief's heels and before he could take a step I caught him. I was sure from that fall and I did not put a tender grip on the fellow. He did not struggle and I took him in quick. The next day I went on and to bed at the house, and found that I had jumped from one roof to another, a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet. I never got over the shock from that jump. My ankle was severely sprained, and though many years have since passed, the ankle is still hampered—indicates an approaching storm and is exceedingly painful at times in damp weather. —*New York Tribune.*

Experienced.

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother tongue, my boy?" asked the school-teacher of the new scholar.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, timidly.

"Ma jawn me a good deal, sir," *Birmingham Free Press.*

Mississippi Jug Industry.

A correspondent of the Atlantic City *Illustration*, writes from a Mississippi town as follows: Five perambulating liquor shops have been corralled in Lake county and turned over to the United States Marshal Freeman. The four-mile law flourishes in all its pristine glory at Tip-topville, and the amount of "hauling," done has been large. The marshal received complaints from the temperance people of Lake that there was more drunkenness, more hoodlumism and more ruffianism than when saloons were permitted; that there were no places where liquor was sold, and yet barrels of it were consumed every month. This peculiar statement led to an investigation. It was discovered that whiskey was shipped from Memphis in bottles, jars and kegs, and in considerable quantities, to Lake county, but the mystery was how it found its fiery way into the throat of the people. The investigation resulted in the discovery that there were saloons in Lake county, about seven in all, and that they were unlicensed, and moved about from place to place. No rent was paid, no shelter being necessary. There was no bar, and yet plenty of bottles. The proprietors of these gin mills carried their saloons about with them. Their coats were provided with pockets sewed in the lining, each pocket containing a flask. If a Tip-topvillian happened to be dry it was only necessary for him to walk along until he met the most corpulent-looking man he ever saw, wink his eye and walk behind the nearest house. In a twinkling a flask and a tin cup would be produced, two or three fingers swallowed, a dime handed over and the saloon moved on in search of other dry men.

When a setting hen is too indisposed to stay on the nest continuously, better rest alternate days and tie the rooster on the nest while she's sitting.

The seat can be thoroughly swept out of a chimney by dropping a goose in it at the top. The goose, in vainly striving to fly upward, thoroughly cleans the chimney with its wings.

By immersing the entire body in soft tar before taking a shower, one can render himself invulnerable to the assaults of the bees.

You can smoke a rabbit out of a hole by smoking a cigarette close enough to hit the stomach into the hole.

The scent of whisky on the breath can be subdued by sneezing acrobatically on the nose.

When your head-fellows snore and retines to hush, tramp up a counterpane and straddle his neck. If this doesn't stop him, kick him out of bed in such a way that his head will strike the door first. The resulting cerebral agitation will keep him awake for the rest of the night and give you a chance to doze a little.

If you make a habit of keeping live mice in your pockets, your nose change will be comparatively safe from your enterprising wife.

If you take a small step ladder with you into the theatre it will be very serviceable when the stage is barricaded from view by a big hat.

Freckles can be removed from the face with sand-paper. *Life.*

Making It Binding.

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George dear," she said, after George had proposed and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a burning heart.

Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button and they were very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George after a long delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not repose implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah, yes," she sighed with infinite content, "indeed I do; but George dear, I have been fooled so many times." —*Life.*

What a Moorish House Looks Like.

The common type of Moorish house, as built in Spain, had an outer door, studied with thick walls and furnished with great knockers. This led to a long, dark room, called with open timbers, boarded or paneled between, and opening into a central court, over which was an awning of hot weather. This court was surrounded by open passages, their roofs supported by wooden posts or granite columns, and the staircase to the upper floor rose at one angle. The woodwork was generally well wrought, with moulded ends to the joins and moulded plates.

A Sure Cure.

"Are you the proprietor of Dr. Coffin's Celebrated Consumption Cure?"

"Yes, sir—the present one."

"Then your name, I presume, is Dr. Coffin?"

"No! I succeeded him. Dr. Coffin is dead. He died last Fall, of an incurable malady."

"Ah! I hadn't heard of it. May I ask what he died of?"

"Haven't heard! He died of consumption." —*Puck.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Eugene Pets.

Some years ago I owned a horse, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, with which I undertook to drive to a neighboring town over the hills in the winter. A spot of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up. But, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on her feet again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighs; and, that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder or under my arm.

On one occasion my pet Morgan called me, while I was engaged fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent calls that I instantly understood meant trouble. Going hastily to the stables, I found the horse had broken down a door, and was capable of doing mischief. As soon as I approached the horse gave a satisfied whinny, followed by a long sigh of relief, and went to eating very quietly.

A Young Nobleman.

In an elegant parlor entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three little children—some a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down in one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was told by the conductor to go into the forward car.

A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened woman hurried to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a different look.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to that poor woman in the next car. You are willing, aren't you?"

He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself. And perhaps the woman would not want them."

"No, I don't need them," he answered, bravely. "You know I had a hearty breakfast. The woman looked hungry, and so tired, too, with those three little children. I'll be back in a minute. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't try to be kind to those who are in trouble."

Auntie brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said, audibly, "Just like his dear mother!"

And a minute later, as the conductor passed the mother and three children, he saw the family looking as perhaps as they had never before.

"God bless his dear little heart," said the post mother, and so say we.

A Wonderful Remedy.

Any young folks who are suffering from the same complaint as the little prince in the accompanying anecdote, are recommended to try the same medicine. It costs very little, and is sure to effect a cure.

Once on a time there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved very much. So he took a great deal of pains to make him happy.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys, and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony, that he might ride when he pleased, and a rowboat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait upon him wherever he went. He also provided teachers who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown whenever he went, and was always wishing for something that he did not have.

At length one day a magician came to the court. He saw the sorrow on the boy's face, and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy and turn his frown into smiles. But you must pay me a good price for telling him the secret."

"All right," said the king; "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of white paper. Next he gave the boy a candle and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

A Surprising Occurrence.

SUITH: I never was more surprised in my life than I was last night.

JONES: Indeed! What was the cause?

SUITH: As I was passing along the street two ladies came to the door of a house, one evidently the hostess, as she had only a shawl wrapped around her head, the other a visitor. As they reached the bottom of the steps the visitor said: "Well, I've had a very pleasant time. Good-night, Mary," and the other said: "Good night, Mchitable," and so they parted.

JONES: What, without another word?

SUITH: Without another word.

JONES: If I guess they were men in women's clothes.—*Boston Courier.*

OF
ADVERTISING

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One square, two insertions . . . 1.50
One square, one month50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Wind Baby.
Remember the little wind baby
Is pleasant as ever you please,
And then is the time that we call him
A baby, and sometimes a breeze.
In autumn he gets a bit rougher,
And blows the leaves bitter and cold;
And when he blows the snow drifts,
And then it is most capital fun.
But March comes, and then the wind baby
Has nothing, no leaves and no snow.
If you hear him scream down through the chimney,
"Come out! Oh, you daren't, know!"
—*Youth's Companion.*

HUMOROUS.

An aster covers a multitude of patches.
The telephone operator has a perpetual holiday.

A young lady wrapped up in herself in a delicate parcel.

Two heads are better than one—on a break in a dam or dam.

When the heart is full the lips are silent; when the mind is full it is different.

John Rodkin wants the sewing machine to go. Let him put his feet on the treadle and work it, then.

The man who never does any harm might crawl into a cave and stay there two years without being missed.

When the single young lady works the unmarried minister a pair of slippers she is trying to win his heart by capturing his understanding.

A small child being asked by a Sunday school teacher: "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered: "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves