

The Best We Can.
When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands,
And say, "No use in trying,
Fate kills all our plans."
Let us our courage falter,
And say, "With God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast—
"I'll do the best I can."
If clouds blot out the sunshine
Along the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the Eternal Plan;
Trust that the way will brighten,
And do the best you can.
Away with vain repinings;
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows weary of heart to hear.
He who sings over trouble
Is eye the sweetest man.
He can't help what has happened,
But—does the best he can.

So, if things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume and fret,
For finding fault with fortune
N'er mended matters yet.
Make the best of what'er happens,
Bear failure like a man;
And in good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can.
—Eben E. Rexford, in Saturday Night.

THE STORY OF BIP.

Bip's story is well known in the Cumberland valley, where he lived for many years, and died not long ago," said Samuel Logan of Franklin county, Penn., "and it is one of the most remarkable narratives of slavery times ever related. I have heard the old man tell the story with tears in his eyes many and many a time, and no one who ever knew him could have the slightest doubt of its truth. Bip was born in Africa, where, as he believed, he was the son of a king or a chief, for he remembered that his father and mother lived in a bark hut surrounded by smaller ones, which were occupied by many women and children, his father's but always being approached by others in a most deferential manner. His mother wore immense gold or brass hoops in her ears and bands of metal on her arms. His father wore a big yellow ring in his nose. When Bip was about 5 years old, as he afterward calculated, his father's household and many of the tribe were overpowered by a horde of strange blacks and taken captive. They were bound together and driven for days until they came to the seashore. There they were purchased among a number of white men, the first Bip had ever seen. The captives were taken away in boats. Bip never saw his father again. He and his mother were packed with hundreds of others on board a vessel, and they were many days on the water. The vessel at last landed and the negroes that were still alive were taken ashore, and Bip and his mother were selected from the lot by a white man and taken away. It was not until after years that Bip knew and appreciated the fact that he and his parents and their tribe had fallen victims to the African slave traders, and that he and his mother had been sold into slavery to a Cuban planter.

At the age of 15 Bip, whose name had been given him by his Cuban owner, was sold, with a lot of other young negroes of both sexes, to a slave trader. Bip's mother was at work in the sugar field when he was sold and taken away. He never saw or heard of her again. The herd of young negroes was taken to New Orleans, where Bip was sold on the auction block. He was put to work in the sugar fields, but when he was 20 years old he became the property of an Arkansas cotton planter. He was taken to the Arkansas plantation, which was not far from Little Rock. His new master proved to be a kind one, but Bip felt that he was not born to be a slave, and he was determined to escape from bondage, even at the risk of his life. Late one night in the fall of 1821 he made a break for liberty. He never knew exactly the route he took, but he turned his face toward northward as he could calculate and blindly followed that course. He traveled all night, swimming rivers and wading through swamps. In the daytime he hid among the dense brakes, and satisfied his hunger by digging turtles from the mud and eating their raw meat. He traveled in that way for three nights and just before day-break on the morning of the third he came suddenly upon a clearing. He saw at once that it was the home of a "face camper." In those days that part of Arkansas was wild and sparsely inhabited, and settlers from other states and other portions of Arkansas were taking up land and gradually clearing the country into plantations. The settlers usually lived during the first years of their occupancy in what was known as face camps, their first crop enabling them to put up better dwellings. The face camp was a rude board hut or shanty enclosed on three sides. The side facing the south was left open, the climate, even in winter, being mild enough to keep as airy a habitation as a face-camp entirely comfortable. The shanty was roofed with boards, and as the whole was built with slight frame walls, it was not the most secure dwelling in the world. The interior of one of these face camps was severely simple. It contained the settler's bed, a table and a bench or two, and a loft for storing various articles of household use. The bed was a rude board bunk in one corner, made fast to the side on one end of the shanty. The loft was a similar

bunk, built three or four feet above the bed.
"The face camper, during his first year as a settler, depended, in a great measure, on game for the sustenance of himself and family. The woods were filled with deer, bears and other wild animals. When a deer or other animal was killed the dressed carcass was suspended on a pole in front of the open end of the camp, the pole being supported by long forked sticks driven in the ground. The face campers rarely owned slaves while they were making their clearing, but they always looked forward to the day when they would become masters. As a rule they were hard, ignorant people, and their reputation as slave-holders was such that even the slaves of the cotton planters on the lowlands pitied the negroes of a face camper. So, naturally, when Bip came suddenly at the home of one of this class he was greatly alarmed, and made up his mind to get away from that locality as soon as possible. The moon was shining full and bright in the shanty, and Bip could see the bunk and the outlines of its sleeping inmates, and the loft above it. As he stood peering out of the thicket, taking a hurried view of the curious scene, an ugly and ominous growl came from the shanty. Suppose that his presence had been discovered by the camper's dogs, Bip was drawing back hurriedly to escape from the spot, when he discovered that it was something else that had aroused the dogs. Out of the shadows on the opposite side of the opening came two dark objects towards the deer, and two huge bears were revealed in the moonlight. They did not stop, but slouched impudently along to secure, the object of their visit, the deer's carcass. Bip could not overcome his curiosity to watch and see what the result of this invasion would be. As the bears shuffled up to the spot where the deer hung, two dogs rushed out of the open camp. With furious barking and loud yelping they sprang upon the bears.
"The noise awoke the owner of the camp, and Bip saw him spring from the bunk. At the same time the wife and the faces of three wild and startled-looking children rose up in the bunk. The woman and the children began to scream and cry. As the settler jumped out the bears made a rush for the dogs which retreated to the shanty. They almost ran over the man as he approached. He ran back and helped his wife and children from the bed to the bunk overhead. The next moment man, dogs, and bears were closed together in one indiscriminate struggle. Feeling that whatever the result might be his own safety lay in escaping from the scene without delay, Bip hastened into the forest. He had not gone far when it occurred to him that a fellow man's life was undoubtedly in peril, and that it was his duty to aid him in preserving it, no matter what the consequences might be to himself. Without an instant's further hesitation he turned and dashed back through the thicket. He cleared the opening at a bound, and the next second had joined the settler and his dogs in their contest with the bears. The settler was being pressed by the bears against the board wall at the foot of the bunks, and the frail shanty was shaking and swaying threateningly. The man's wife and children were shrieking frantically in the loft. One dog had been killed and the other disabled.
"Bip closed with one of the bears at once. His knife was a keen, long-bladed dirk, with two edges. He thrust it to the hilt in the bear's breast as the animal lunged up against him. The blood followed the blade in a stream. The bear staggered back. Before it rallied Bip turned to the other one. It had knocked the settler to the ground, where he lay stunned. In a second more the bear would have torn the man's throat to strings. With one slash of his effective weapon Bip severed the big arteries in the bear's neck, and laid the windpipe open. The bear raised up erect on its feet and fell backward with its whole weight against the side of the camp. The shock was more than the structure could stand, and the shanty came down with a crash, burying bear and all beneath a pile of boards and scantling. The next that Bip knew it was broad daylight. He was lying on the ground on a deer-skin. He was sore and lame but managed to get to his feet. A big-whiskered man, a pale, weeping woman, and two frightened-looking children were grouped near him. By the side of a ragged pile of boards that had been the face camp, lay the carcasses of two huge bears. The big-whiskered man came forward, grasped Bip's hand, and told him he had saved his life. The man, his wife, and two of the children had escaped from the wreck of the shanty with but slight injuries, strange as it seemed, but the other child had been killed. Bip felt that he would be safe with these people, and he told them his story. He then learned that the face camper was Israel Vawn, a noted religious enthusiast, who had settled in the wilderness to form the nucleus of a colony of his followers. Bip helped rebuild Vawn's camp, and when it was done Vawn made him promise that he would remain at the camp until the settler made a business trip to Little Rock and returned. When Vawn came back he placed in Bip's hands a bill of sale for himself from his master. Vawn had purchased the young negro and given him his freedom. The even-

joyed Bip remained in Vawn's service, and was given the name of Solomon Vawn. Israel Vawn died about the time the war of the rebellion began. Bip, or Solomon Vawn, came North and settled in the Cumberland valley, where he worked as a farm hand until he died some months ago, nearly 90 years old. He is buried near Mont Alto, and his grave is on land, I believe, formerly owned by Thaddeus Stevens."—N. Y. Sun.

A London Doll Show.
A doll show on a gigantic and somewhat original plan, which has been organized in aid of the new hospital for women in Euston road, will be opened in the spring. The different sections allow of great variety in doll dressing. Ladies in the dress of the period—morning, evening, bridal or court; gentlemen dolls ditto, little girl dolls, and the babes in long and semi-long clothes, dolls in the garb of professors, priests, official robes, in state, parliamentary, civic and legal, academic, scholastic, masonic, dolls in naval, military, postal, or police uniform, dolls in costumes of the pantomime, sirens of the ballet, dolls in working dress of all kinds, artisan, domestic service, or trade, are to be included in the various classes. A special section will be formed by dolls, ladies and gentlemen, in sporting dress, hunting, shooting, fishing, golf, tennis and boating garb. Others again will represent heroes, heroines of history, fiction, the drama, a special class being assigned to characters of austere romance. For "celebrities of today" a double price is offered, and a section of dolls in a grotesque, suggestive or emblematic dress of any kind offers a wide field to the fanciful. A special nurses' section will comprise dolls dressed as patients and nurses, and others are exclusively limited to children and pupils of board, charity and industrial schools. For the best doll of all a prize of five guineas is offered.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Magician's Story.
"While in India," said the magician Keller recently, "I saw many things done by the native masters of legerdemain that completely 'stumped' me and some scientific gentlemen that were with me. The most wonderful performances were in hypnotism.
"Franjez Cowasjee Jeejeebhoy, a millionaire Parsee merchant, son of Franjez Cowasjee, the founder of the Bombay Institute of Physical Inquiry bearing his name, gave me his word for this remarkable story:
"In the north of India was a famous hypnotist who possessed the power of hypnotizing himself. His wife, who knew his secret, was accustomed to revive him whenever he exercised his exceptional power. He killed a man and was sentenced to execution. Several days before the time for the execution he hypnotized himself, passing into a condition which, to all appearance, was death. So perfect was the semblance that the English Government physicians who were called in officially certified that he was dead and ordered his body cremated. But at this point his wife appeared. She was stricken with grief, moaned and wept until the hearts of the authorities were touched. She was permitted to take away the body for private cremation. Then she revived her husband, and together they escaped."—Chicago Tribune.

A Child's Plea to a King.
King Leopold of Belgium is the hero of a pretty story. Some six years ago a seaman named Frank Moore deserted from the steamer Rhyndland at Philadelphia. He was lately arrested at Antwerp for this offence, and heavily sentenced, whereupon his little niece, Bessie Keim, wrote to the King, beseeching her uncle's release. This letter related that six years ago her aunt was dying, and that her only prayer was that she might live to see her brother Frank, who, on arriving and hearing this, entreated of his captain permission to visit her, which being denied him, he deserted. Little Bessie gravely concluded: "Your Majesty, if you had been in his place, would not you have done the same? I hope you will pardon Uncle Frank for deserting and me for writing." Not long afterward the child received a letter from a high official, saying that the offender had been released, "out of compliment to his Majesty's little friend."

A Lively Kind of Stick.
John Hall of Hopkinsville was out on a hunting excursion yesterday, when he attempted to cross Pond River, which was so badly swollen he stooped to gather up a stick to measure the depth of the water. He suddenly became aware that he had grasped a large black snake instead of a stick, and ere he could drop the serpent it struck at him, and only his presence of mind saved him from being bitten. After a sharp battle he killed the snake and brought it home with him. It is nearly a yard in length.—Nashville American.

Too Compatible.
"No, Hiram," said the young girl sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible." "Compatible!" he exclaimed. "Isn't that the very reason why?" "Not in our case. I should probably insist from motives of economy on dispensing with a servant and doing my own housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."—Chicago Tribune.

His Share of the Burden.
"George," said Mrs. Gazley, reproachfully, "before we were married you always insisted on carrying my packages for me."
"Yes," replied George, "but I didn't have to pay for them then."—N. Y. Sun.

NATIVES OF ALASKA.

Facts About the People of the Big Territory.

Not Handsome, But Possessed of Good Qualities.

In appearance the natives of the interior of Alaska are generally very dark complexioned, with large cheek bones, large mouths and a sharp chin.
"This," says Lieutenant Cantwell in the notes obtained while exploring the Kowak River, "gives the face a very triangular appearance, very different from the round face of the Eskimau. Their hair is black, and the hair is worn long, except in front, where it is trimmed across the forehead on a line with the eyebrows. They are quick in their movements, active and strong in youth, but grow aged-looking rapidly. Very few men of middle age were observed. The faces of the women are more oval than the men's, and their color is lighter. Their hair is parted in the middle and worn in two braids hanging in front of the ears. The interior natives are referred to as better morally and in points of honesty and sobriety than the people of the coast. They have no laws except to do by others as they would have others do to them. They were universally kind to the aged and helpless, very hospitable, curious to a degree, but never intrusive. In the interior the people did not follow methods of the Eskimau coast tribes in choosing an omniskip, or chief trader and general business agent. In all discussions regarding the welfare of the community, the women and the older ones in particular, joined, and the men received their opinions with respect. They were generally guided by a kind of moral code, as Lieutenant Cantwell says, in all matters regarding one another's welfare. No punishment was recognized for the commission of crime, but on the other hand there was seldom any committed.
As to diseases, the Lieutenant found pulmonary complaints and rheumatism very common among the natives, as well as weak and inflamed eyes. Epidemic diseases very rarely occur, though smallpox sometimes reaches these people through the natives living on the Koyukuk river. Beyond the simple herbs known and used by the "shaman," or medicine-man, in his cantations, but little is known of the art of healing. No formal funeral ceremonies are performed by the inland tribes over their dead. The body is generally taken to some secluded spot, usually on a bluff overlooking a river, and laid on the ground. A conical shaped structure of spruce logs is built over the remains and a tree near by is stripped of branches and a small piece of cloth tied to it marks the spot, near which are left the sled, household utensils and some of the weapons of the deceased. No one ever visits the spot thereafter. It is tabooed.
The natives partake eagerly of such articles as flour, tea, rice, condensed milk and other dishes, but they despise salt pork and would rather starve than touch it. In addition to the reindeer meat, they eat the flesh of the bear, fox, wolf, muskrat, beaver and mountain sheep. In the summer salmon is almost the sole food. The flesh of the seal and white whale is eaten by the summer sojourners at the coast. Wild currants are found in abundance and the onion, celery and parsnip grows wild in abundance, as well as a species of wild rhubarb. The tender roots of the willow were also cooked in oil when the natives were much in need of food. The upper waters of the Kowak abound in wild duck, geese and swans, and cranes also could be found. The birds are boiled after being skinned, and astonishing to note, the head, feet and intestines were considered the choice morsels. The Lieutenant says these tidbits were laid before him on one occasion.
All the tribes dress very much alike. Their attire consists of an outer and inner coat or "parka" of deerskin, tight fitting trousers of hair sealskin and boots supplied with deerskin leggings, the soles being of walrus or white whale skin. The inner garments are worn with the fur next to the body and the outer one with the fur outside. Hats or caps are not worn by either sex, but the outer garment has a hood, which can be drawn over the head. A piece of some long haired fur is sewed around the edges of the hood to protect the eyes from flying particles of snow. A belt is worn by the women to confine their outer garments or "parkas" around the waist, and this enables the native mother to carry her offspring underneath the folds of her "parka." Socks made of soft tanned skins are worn, and mittens of reindeer skins, with the hair turned in, are worn winter and summer. Thread is made of deer sinew, and the women, in addition to their other arduous duties, make all the clothing and keep it in order.

A Born Musician.
A day or two ago a natural-born musician came in on the Georgia road. He had with him a hand-made xylophone, as rough and crazy an instrument as a musician ever tried to play, but the music was wonderful. The bars, except two, were made of common yellow poplar, whittled into proper dimensions with a pocket knife. Two bars were of walnut. All the bars were connected by a cotton string. The base of the instrument was a coarse, pine plank, and between this board and the bars, forming a cushion for the bars was an inch-thick padding of jute, or old ropes threaded out. The musician used two mallets—little balls of poplar on handles of convenient length. Around each ball was a band of flannel cloth, to soften the note. He made the xylophone himself, and said he had made four others and sold them. The addition of the walnut bars was a very recent improvement, and he seemed to be particularly proud of that part. The musician, dressed like a cowboy with beard-strung sombrero and big yellow boots, looked as little a musician as his instruments a xylophone. He plays altogether by air. He whittles out his bars without any rule, whatever, judging entirely by the sound.
"The tone," he says, "depends on the kind of wood, on the length and on the thickness. The width has very little to do with it. Poplar has a nice, mellow sound, and goes through nearly the whole scale. Then another thing that changes the note is the way the grain runs in the bar."
He played "Dixie," "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs," and a number of other familiar tunes. He is wonderfully apt at catching a new tune, and can follow one's whistling almost faultlessly. Not only that, but he whistles beautifully. He has a knack of whistling like three or four men at once, carrying the air and bass all at once, or warbling like a room full of mocking birds. He kept a crowded car well entertained between Covington and Atlanta, and gathered in a liberal lot of dimes and quarters when the hat was passed around.—Atlanta Constitution.

Curious Swedish Custom.
A curious custom of the Swedes, and one which appears especially peculiar to Americans, is the adoption of a new name upon reaching majority. This is not always, perhaps not generally, done, but the young Swede feels that he has as much right to do as to select his own trade or occupation. If the name his father gave him is not to his liking or not romantic enough, he simply drops it and takes another more to his taste. It is apt to be confused with a father addressed as Nilsson, and the son Bergstrom or Jensen. Yet such is frequently the case, and more is thought of it than of a difference in Christian names among other people. Once established in the United States, however, the tendency among Scandinavians is to follow the custom of the country, and adhere to the paternal name, which, indeed, under our laws, cannot be given up for another without certain legal formalities.—New York Star.

Well Matched.
There are now living in Washington a married couple, Paul and Albina Hellmuth, who were born at Baden, Germany, within four miles of each other. Even through their childhood, playing in the streets of the same town, they were strangers to each other. In the course of events they came across the ocean to the land of promise, and at different times and by different paths they drifted to Washington, where they met and loved and wedded. Upon comparing notes to take out their marriage license they discovered, to their mutual surprise and gratification, that they were not only natives of the same place, but rejoiced in exactly the same ages to a day.

A Hen as a Dentist.
Mr. George E. Heath lives in Hancock County, a short distance from Ashland. Mr. Heath has a hen that wanted to set. Saturday morning he went to his hennery and attempted to take the hen off her nest, when she flew in his face, pecked him in his mouth and took out a tooth which had been troubling Mr. Heath for some time, and which he intended having extracted.—Richmond (Va.) State.

Wit That was Appreciated.
Tompkins—Pshaw! Brown's no wit. There must be an element of surprise in what a man says to make it wit. Don't you agree with me?
Wilson—Perfectly. That was a clever witticism you got off the other day.
Tompkins—I forget. What did I say?
Wilson—You said, "Here's that five I borrowed from you."—Harper's Bazar.

Strictly Business.
Isaacs—Were you have you been for the best week?
Jacobs—I was in Boston.
Isaacs—Did you go there for pleasure or only business?
Jacobs—I went there to get married.
Isaacs—So it wash a business trip, after all.

At the Photographer's.
The professional beauty—Will my pictures flatter me?
The poseur—Ah, madame, that question I must answer in the negative.—Town Topics.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

The Cost of this Perfume and Its Preparation.

It Takes 50,000 Roses to Make a Single Ounce.

"Here y'are, gent! Here y'are!" yelled the street fakir. "Here y'are, gent! The real, genuine otto of roses, fresh from the otto! Five cents a bottle!"
A young man in the crowd became seized of an idea. He went to the nearest drug store.
"How much is attar of roses a bottle?" he asked of the druggist.
"It'll cost you \$100 an ounce," said the drug man. "The genuine India attar of roses is worth \$100 an ounce."
"Got any?" asked his visitor.
"Not today," said the druggist.
"We're just out."
"What makes it cost so much?"
"Well, one reason is," replied the druggist, "it takes 50,000 roses to make a single ounce of attar. If you can buy 50,000 roses for less than \$100, then maybe you can knock the price of attar down. Attar of roses, young man, ain't milked out of cows. It is made in India, although if they only knew it, they could make it just as well in California. The same rose grows there from which the attar is distilled in India. I have seen huge hedge rows near Samona, in California, so dense with these roses that the odor from them on a warm, sultry day caused a feeling of peculiar faintness and oppression to the passerby. This is the effect of the attar, which is distilled by the heat and moist air, and is held suspended, as it were, in the atmosphere.
"There is money in that cause of faintness and indolence; but in this country not only the sweetness, but the great value of the flower, is wasted on the desert air. In Northern India the roses are regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in fields, and require no particular care. When they begin to bloom they are plucked from the bushes before midday. The work is done by women and children, who seem to regard it more as pleasure than a pursuit of labor. The rose leaves are distilled in twice their weight of water, which is then drawn off into open vessels. These are allowed to stand overnight, being covered up with cloths to protect their contents from dirt and insects. In the morning the surface of the water will be covered with a thin oily film. This is the rare attar of roses. It is skimmed off, and the water and dropped into glass bottles. The process continues daily until the roses cease to bloom. I don't see why any essence or oil that requires the distilling of 50,000 roses to fill an ounce bottle hasn't a right to have a good price set upon it. Don't you think so?"—New York Sun.

Part of His Education.
A St. Paul merchant gives the following to a Pioneer-Press reporter as the reason why he cut a piece of goods in two and sold one portion at a high and the other at a low price: "Twenty-five years ago I was a sub-clerk in a general store in Kalamazoo, Mich. The head salesman sent me down stairs into the grocery department to do up a pound of tea for a prominent social leader. In forty-five minutes it came back from the house with an order to change it. What does that head salesman do but shake the tea out of a brown paper, do it up in silk tea paper, tie it with a colored cord and send it back to the lady. It stayed this time, and she afterwards told me that that was the kind of tea she always wanted to fill her or hers. That, my boy, was a part of my early education."

Soldiering in the South West.
A young Allentown man, who is serving on the plains as a private in the regular army, wrote home the other day from Fort Huachuca, Arizona Territory, that many people in civil life would be glad to sit down to such meals as he is getting to eat. He says that there are in the ranks many persons whom he is proud to call his friends. "There is," he adds, "a very large library connected with our troop, and we get all the best Eastern dailies." This account does not accord with the gloomy descriptions of the life of a private soldier in the United States army, which have been printed in Eastern papers. Really, the only way for a newspaper writer to learn the facts about army life is to enlist.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cinderella's Slipper.
The story of Cinderella and her glass slippers is known to every child where the English or French language is spoken. Some one of an iconoclastic turn of mind has been hunting up the origin of the charming fairy tale, and finds that in reality the slippers which play so important a part were in the original made of fur, and not of glass. The word used is vair (fur), but some translator or printer carelessly substituted for it the similarly sounding word verre (glass), and poor little Cinderella's slippers have from that day to this been made of the most uncomfortable material that could well be chosen.

From Night to Light.

Friend, you are sad, you say?
Your grief once in the past,
All shall be clear to you;
The sorrow shall not last,
But then be dear to you
Some coming day.
So consolation find;
Yield not thus to despair;
Believe joy waits for you,
And, in the future, there
Opens her gates for you.
Be then resigned!
—George Burdette.

HUMOROUS.

If experience is so great a teacher, why do we speak of a "green" old age?
The only way to be happy on five hundred a year, is to live on four hundred and ninety-nine.
First Little Girl—Is your doll a French doll? Second Little Girl—I don't know, she can't talk.
No wonder the toy pistol cannot be exterminated. People are always teaching the young idea how to shoot.
Customer—How is venison now? Butcher—Venison isn't deer, now. Customer—That's what I thought. Give me some veal.

Some men will get up out of bed at night in the coldest of weather to go to a fire who cannot be induced to get up at 7 to start one in the stove.
Mrs. Bloodgood—What! not an open fireplace nor a stove in the house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie? Willie (carefully)—Warm's 'em on me, ma'am.

A delinquent walks into the prison carrying his head high and with a certain patronizing air. Pointing to the constable who is leading him by the arm, he says:—"Allow him to pass; he is with me."
"That is not more than half the composition," she said, as she turned on the piano stool. "Shall I play the rest?" "Yes," he replied, abstractedly, "play the rest by all means; play all the rests you can find."

"Miss N—, how could you think that I had ever said in company that you were stupid; quite the contrary, whenever your name was mentioned I was always the only one who didn't say so."
An agricultural journal advises: "Grind your own bones." When a man is in such a condition that he has no further use for his bones, he is altogether too exhausted to grind them. He sometimes grinds his teeth, and then he draws the line in the matter of self-bone grinding.

A Czar's Cure for Obesity.
Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland, just some naval works. He met an over-fat man who told him he was going to St. Petersburg. "What for?" said the czar. "To consult a doctor about my obesity, which has become very oppressive." "Do you have any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the Prince's house with a note. The answer was not delayed. The next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off to a cart to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten the adventures of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet crying: "Grace, grace! what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you? I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered of your over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!"

Early Rising Birds.
The thrush is said to be about 4 1/2 in the morning.
The quail's whistling is heard in the woods about 3 o'clock.
The blackcap turns up at 2:30 on a summer morning.
By 4 the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.
The house sparrow and tom-tit come last in the record of early rising birds. At short intervals after 4:30 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.
The greenback is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1:30 on a summer morning.
The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet and a number of other hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

Not a Poor Man's Disease.
"May I inquire your occupation?" asked the doctor.
"I am a clerk on a salary of \$47.59 a month."
"Your ailment, sir," said the doctor, with decision, "is not gout. It is simply an aggravated case of ingrowing toenail."—Chicago Tribune.

A Shrewd Janitor.
Friend of janitor—And why don't you make the little devils quit sliding down the baluster?
Janitor—Not for the world would I stop them. They save me the trouble of polishing the brass railing.