

1893

There are a round dozen of Americans who look like the great Napoleon.

The sea islands along the Georgia coast are passing rapidly into the hands of Northern men.

Cargo steamers are growing in size. One lately launched in England is registered at 9000 tons carrying capacity.

France is claimed to be the greatest egg and poultry producing country in the world, the value of eggs alone amounting to \$175,000,000 annually.

Without opening a single additional seam, there is enough coal in view in New South Wales to enable 10,000,000 tons to be put out annually for some years to come. This amount is more than double the present production.

In 1889-90, 12,686,973 pupils were enrolled in the elementary and secondary public schools of the nation. In 1880 there were but 9,869,505. The average daily attendance in 1890 was 8,144,938. For the support of public schools in 1890 the sum of \$140,274,484 was appropriated, or an expenditure of \$2.24 per capita. School property is valued at \$73,394,729.

The economists who in the early part of this century feared a growth of population which could only be checked by war, pestilence and famine, took no cognizance, opines the *Yankee Blade*, of agricultural chemistry. Apparently no limit can be placed to the product that may be put at the disposal of man, providing he keeps pace with the methods of science.

Says the *Washington Star*: "Senator Chandler, who has given much time to careful study of the immigration problem, declares that an absolute suspension of all immigration for a period of at least five years would be a good thing for the United States. Such a barrier would need to be strongly constructed and well defended, for the foreign nations that have for years been engaged in shipping their criminals and their paupers to this land of liberty will not give up the habit until they are compelled to. The probabilities are that many of the immigrating evils from which we suffer could be reduced to an agreeable minimum by a strict, impartial application of the present law. The meshes of our net are fine enough now, but there are great rents in it, made by practical politicians, who neither fear God nor regard man when the interests of party are concerned.

The American Farmer says: Owing to the fact that the area of farming land is limited, but the number of farmers only limited by the possibilities of making a living, the English farmer has a tough time of it from an American point of view. He never owns his land—he must rent it from one of the 60,000 aristocrats who own all the fields in the Kingdom. He pays on an average about \$7 an acre rent, and besides this must pay all the taxes—"poor rates," "water rates," "school rates," and "county rates." If he keeps a gun he must pay a yearly tax. If he goes a-fishing he must pay for it. He must pay a tax on every vehicle on the farm, and the tax on four-wheeled is much higher than on two-wheeled; so he uses carts as much as possible. He must pay a tax on every dog he keeps—which is a mitigated infliction, as sheep-killing dogs seem to be a rarity in England. If the farmer ever uses one of his vehicles to convey another person—even his wife—he must pay an annual tax of \$3.75.

Photography now plays such an important part in providing testimony for inquests and law courts that many railway companies retain permanently the services of a photographer, whose duty it is to hasten to the scene of a collision, or any kind of railway accident, and secure a picture with the slightest possible delay. The value of photography at a time of intense excitement, when reliable testimony is difficult to secure, was shown recently in the Carnegie riot, when rioters were afterward brought to conviction by the evidence of photographs, which showed them in the act of firing.

Another instance of safety and certainty of photography as a witness occurred at a recent inquest. A child fell while cleaning a window and was killed. No one saw the accident, but her employer, who happened to be an amateur photographer, took a photograph of the window before anything was disturbed. This photograph showed the position of the washes, the wash-leather, dusters, on the sill, and satisfied the coroner that the girl was sitting outside at the time she fell, and was not leaning out from the inside. It is suggested by the *Chicago News Record* that the time is not far distant when a photographer will be officially attached to every division of police.

Ap to Love Anything.
Young Callow—How strange it is, darling, that you should love me! Prunella—Oh, I don't know. A physiologist once told me that I was naturally affectionate, that I had to have something to love.

On the Threshold.
The new year dawns apace;
What of the night?
The battles for the race,
Won they the fight?
The jagged Time doth tread
On hosts of valiant dead—
Right slain by might.

The old year heedless dies.
What of the day?
A world for succor cries,
Long on the way
Through darkness, greed and crime—
When cometh that new time
For which men pray?

Read backward through the years,
Impatient soul!
More smiles and fewer tears
While ages roll;
Truth leading still the van;
Man helping fellow-man,
Illumes the scroll.

Then hail the coming day,
And bravely press
Untroubled on the way—
Heal some distress,
And count as victory won
Each nearest duty done,
And that shall bless.

The Squire's Preserves.
BY MAILTON DOWNING.

Jotham Howes had always been considered a rich man. His broad acres, spacious farm-buildings, and blooded livestock went to prove that he was such. Then again the president of the country bank had often said that he would not hesitate a moment to accept Squire Howes' paper to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, or perhaps more.

Jotham appreciated his worldly blessings, and out of the goodly store with which the Almighty had endowed him he was ever ready to assist the needy and relieve the wants of others, who were less fortunate or frugal, of his fellow creatures.

When still a young farmer and just beginning life, he married the daughter of one of his neighbors. The youthful bride proved to be a helpmate in every sense of the word, and it was through her energy and prudence that Jotham ere he reached middle age found himself above want.

That is, all material want. Still there was one blessing which the All-wise Ruler of the Universe had denied the loving couple. They were childless.

"If we have no children of our own," remarked the farmer one day, "we can at least assist some parents who have many, by assuming the responsibility of rearing a portion of their flock."

Consequently it was determined to adopt a boy and a girl.

"I tell you what we will do, husband," said Sofronia Howes. "We will make a short journey away from this village, and find some homeless ones in another part of the state, so that when the youth and maiden grow up they may not be annoyed by any recollection of former associates."

This plan was settled upon, and ere many weeks the old farmhouse was enlivened by the laughter and prattle of a girl of four years of age and a boy of six.

Time passed, and the little waifs grew into the hearts of their foster-parents.

At length when Ruth was fifteen, and Albert, the boy, was passing his freshman year in college, the woman whom they loved as a mother laid down her burdens of this world and was borne to rest leaving sad and aching hearts behind to mourn her loss.

With the death of his wife a change came over the worthy squire. Though too good a Christian to rebel against the will of Heaven, he nevertheless felt his bereavement heavily and he moaned the departed bitterly, refusing to be comforted.

After the funeral Albert returned to his studies, while Ruth resumed her household duties, and strove her utmost to cheer the drooping spirits of the more than parent who was left to her.

With the alteration in the demeanor of the owner of the Howes Farm, there was also apparent a marked change in the establishment itself. Head by head the cattle and horses were led away and sold.

of you to interfere in my affairs, and assure you it would be very pleasing to me if you would, in the future, mind your business."

The astonished visitors, rendered almost speechless by the squire's reception of their presumption, withdrew, and by ominous shakes of the heads signified their disapproval of their townsman's action.

Left alone with Ruth, the old farmer took the maiden's hand, and with moistened eyes, pleadingly asked:

"My child, you do not believe what these people hint in regard to Albert, do you?"

"No, father, no indeed. My brother is too honorable, and too deeply impressed with your kindness to him—and to me—to abuse your confidence and trust in him."

"You are right, Ruth. Instead of squandering my money the boy actually disobeys me in not using enough of it to place himself in the social circle which I want him to fill. But you must not call him your brother, Ruth, for he bears no such relations to you, other than by association."

Here the farmer glanced quickly up into the beautiful face before him, and as he detected a slight blush mantling the fair cheek, he smiled; for he thought he read the heart of the gentle one and it pleased him.

He changed the subject, saying: "Do not allow the idle prattle of our neighbors to disturb you. The disposition of my property may seem strange in their sight, and perhaps in yours also, but be assured, that when I am gone—," here Ruth placed her hand quickly on her adopted parent's head as though to check him—

"Nay," continued Jotham, "do not interrupt me. I repeat that when I am gone, you and Albert will have enough and to spare."

Time continued its flight, and the squire's once beautiful farm had dwindled into insignificance, until one summer month when Albert was called home to attend the funeral of the man who had reared him from childhood, the place bore the appearance of a complete wreck.

The squire's funeral was largely attended, for he had been greatly loved and respected by his neighbors, despite the eccentricities which he had displayed since the loss of his wife.

When the sorrowful party returned to the old homestead, after placing the remains of the squire beside those of the companion of his youth, they found the notary waiting their arrival. In his possession was the last will and testament of the deceased.

It was no worthy document that Jotham had left. It simply read: "After paying my just debts, I give and bequeath all my property real and personal, to my beloved foster-children, Albert and Ruth Howes."

Of debts there were none save those incurred at the funeral, and to liquidate these sufficient money was found in the antiquated desk of the farmer. But search as they would not a scrap of paper could be discovered to indicate that Jotham Howes had left more than his acres, now run to weeds, and the buildings, which were rapidly falling into decay.

"It is strange," remarked Albert that evening, after Ruth had related to him the words of their adopted father.

"There must be some money somewhere about this place. I cannot believe that our dear parents could have disposed of it all."

"Let us think no more about it, Albert, for the present, at least. I would rather have the dear old man back with us again than all the wealth in the world." And here the girl took from the table the Bible to find consolation for her sorrow in the words of its pages.

Turning the leaves she was astonished to find two pinned together. "Who could have done this?" she murmured, carefully separating them.

Then, after continuing their walk a little further, the two returned to the house, prepared to carry out the last instructions of Squire Howes.

"The most likely place that father would choose to hide anything would be in the cellar, it seems to me," said Albert, as they entered the roomy kitchen, and the young man's eyes fell upon a trap door in the floor.

"Remain here, and I will descend and search."

So saying, he lifted the planks by means of an iron ring, and stepped down upon the ladder, and began to ransack the cellar.

Ruth stood by the aperture quietly awaiting her companion's reappearance; she seemed to take but little interest in the matter, her thoughts dwelling on the one who had gone rather than upon what treasure he had left behind.

Presently she was startled by an exclamation of surprise coming from the cellar, and soon Albert was heard ascending the steps, carrying in his hand a glass preserve jar.

"What think you of this, Ruth? A very frail receptacle for anything of value."

"It contains nothing but some ruined jam that should have been thrown away months ago," replied the girl, indifferently.

"There, you are mistaken. It is one of a number that I have found, and they are all filled with money. Look," and the young man unscrewed the metal top and turned out upon the floor several gold pieces.

"Poor father!" murmured Ruth. "He has left this for us."

"And a great deal more. Wait and I will bring it all up."

One after another the jars were brought to light, and their contents carefully examined. Among the bank notes and certificates of stock was found a letter written by the testator to his heirs, explaining to them his object in thus converting his property into cash. It was that he felt he could realize more upon the stock and equipments of the farm than inexperienced Albert; and when he became possessed of the money he feared to entrust it to the keeping of any bank, and had consequently taken care of it himself.

Following this explanation Jotham Howes delicately made known his last and only wish, which was that the two whom he had loved so much in life would journey along hand in hand until called to join him in the other world.

"Shall we comply with this request, Ruth?" asked the young man tenderly, looking into his companion's face.

"If you so desire it," was the murmured reply.

"I do, my darling, I do. I had intended to ask you to become my wife before long, and this communication has only hastened the words."

Though Albert had been educated for the law he abandoned the pursuit of that profession, turning his attention to the farm, and before many seasons were passed, the fields and meadows resumed their wonted look of prosperity.

The rejuvenated barns were again stocked with valuable cattle and horses, while about the hearthstone of the young farmer were gathered a happy and loving family who long had occasion to remember with heartfelt gratitude, the forethought of the venerable squire, Jotham Howes, who had stored away for his beloved children an enormous wealth in glass preserve jars.—[*Yankee Blade*]

THE NORTH POLE.

Another Attempt to Explore the Arctic Circle.

An Expedition Will Leave Norway Next June.

The Norwegian explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, is about to start on another expedition in search of the North Pole. He returned in 1889 from a remarkable voyage across Greenland. Dr. Nansen recently came from Norway to London, where he has lectured before the Royal Geographical Society on his proposed expedition. The explorer is over six feet tall, finely built and of the ideal Scandinavian type. Speaking with an English interviewer of his new expedition, he said:

"The object of my expedition is of course purely scientific. The expeditionary party will consist of twelve men all told. I shall be in absolute command, and everybody on board, scientists or sailors, will have to obey me implicitly. There cannot be more than one will in such an undertaking as this. I shall have two engineers, and perhaps five or six sailors. I shall choose as many of my scientific people as possible from among men who are likewise accustomed to a seafaring life. I shall also have ice-pilots and harpooners for sealing and hunting. It will be for them to provide us with fresh food. The ice vikings are admirably fitted for the work in view. They live all the year, from spring to winter, in Arctic solitudes. Born and bred in the north of Norway, they spend most of their lives in a form of toil which exposes them to all the rigors of a frigid climate, and are thus inured to the very hardships which the members of an expedition to the north pole will have to encounter. Some of them are masters and owners of small sealers.

"With this party I shall leave Norway early in June next and sail direct to Nova Zembla. Here we shall stop to revictual and to examine the state of the ice. So soon as the condition of this permits we shall leave for the Kara Sea, probably early in July. Skirting the Siberian coast and passing Cape Tscheljuskin, the most northerly point of the Old World, I shall pass on so far as the mouth of the River Lena. Leaving the coast at this point I shall start in a northerly direction along the western coast of the Island of Kotelnai, the most westerly of the Liakov, or New Siberian Group, and shall continue in this direction until the pack ice renders further navigation impossible. We shall do our best to force the ship through the ice, but we shall at last reach a point where we must stop. This will probably bring us to September, and we shall in this way get to some distance north of the New Siberian Islands, but I cannot say how far, as no one has ever been there before. When navigation becomes no longer practicable, I shall have nothing left but to ram the ship into the ice as far as possible and stick there. Having rammed the ship into the ice for the winter—possibly for ever, as I don't expect we shall be able to move until we reach open water on the other side of the Pole—we shall have to be contented for the time being with a policy of masterly inactivity. We shall be continually moving in a northerly direction. Assisted by nature, instead of fighting against her, we expect to be taken by the drifting of the ice floes right across the Polar region down into the East Greenland Sea, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, having in this way reached and passed the Pole.

"We take with us provisions for five years, and it is possible that this may be the period during which we shall be at the mercy of ice. On this point, however, I cannot say anything of a definite character. Entirely depending upon the current, we shall be drifted first to one side and then to the other, but always in a northerly direction, until, as I have already said, we emerge into the Greenland sea, whence we shall return to Norway.

The Sex of the Moon.
In archaic times the moon was regarded as a male god. "Primitive man," says a well-known writer, "saw the moon as a most conspicuous object, whose spots, at periods, had the semblance of a man's face. Its waxing and waning increased their wonder, its coming and going among the still and solemn night added to the mystery, until, from being viewed as a man, it was seated, especially when apparently angry, in a mist or an eclipse, and so revered and worshipped as the heaven-man—the monthly god."

We learn from Max Muller that "moon" is a very old word, and in Anglo-Saxon, where it was used as a masculine and not a feminine, was "mona." In all the Teutonic languages the sun was feminine, and it is only through the influence of classical models that in England moon has been changed into feminine and the sun into masculine. Even in comparatively recent times the Germans were fond of calling the sun and moon "Frau Sonne" and "Herr Mond." The practice prevailed in ancient Egypt.

A Terrible Trip on a Tight-Rope.
Blondin, the renowned rope-walker, usually carried a man upon his back when walking the tight-rope. Formerly he was wont to bargain with some one to accompany him on this dangerous journey. On the occasion of a performance in Chicago a man offered his services gratis. Blondin accepted them and ascended the rope with his living burden. When the pair had reached the middle of the rope the man began to laugh heartily.

"What is it that amuses you?" the rope-dancer asked, with astonishment.

"Oh, a comic idea has just struck me. I was thinking what sort of a face you would pull if, during the next half minute, both of us were to fall down upon the audience."

"But we shall not fall," replied Blondin, reassuringly.

"But I have determined upon this occasion to take my life."

At the same moment the man began to wriggle about, so that the rope-dancer nearly lost his balance. He, however, soon composed himself, dropped his balancing-pole and gripped the man so firmly with his hands that the latter was unable to move. Then continuing his walk, although in a state of great trepidation, he arrived safely at the end of the rope, and, allowing his living burden to slide from his shoulders, he administered a box on both ears with such force that the would-be suicide fell down unconscious. Since that terrible journey Blondin has carried only one man, his true and faithful servant, on every occasion.

During the past eight months 7,750,000 hogs have taken railroad rides in this country, showing an increase of 1,050,000 hogs over the shipments of last year.

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"Another reason," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "that the moon in Egyptian mythology could not be related to Bubastis is that it is a male and not a female deity personified in the god Thoth. This was the case in some religions of the West. The Romans recognized the God Linnus, and the Germans, like the Arabs, considered the moon masculine and not feminine, as were the Selene and Luna of the Greeks and Romans." In Slavonic, as in Teutonic mythology, the moon is male.—[*Pearson's Weekly*].

Language of the Dog's Tail.

There can be no question that the chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. One of the most thrilling moments to the human hunter (and doubtless to the canine), and one big with that most poignant of all delights, anticipation of pleasureable excitement combined with muscular activity, is when the presence of game is first detected. As we have seen in watching the behavior in a pack of fox-hounds, this is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is an almost invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in the wild state. Owing to some inoculation of the nervous mechanism, which at present we cannot unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion, whatever may call it forth.

An explanation of a similar kind can be found from the fact that dogs depress their tails when threatened or scolded. When running away the tail would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be seized. It was therefore securely tucked away between the hind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture of putting the tail between the legs becomes an invariable concomitant of retreat or submission in the presence of superior force. Popular Science Monthly.

The Ravages of Cholera.
The discovery of a method that would protect an individual from cholera would be of great usefulness. For in India, the home of that disease, the average annual mortality therefrom in the cities is 3.32, and in the country 1.52 per 1000 living. The army statistics show that 2.49 per cent. of the European soldiers are admitted to the hospital for cholera, while only 0.95 per cent. of the native soldiers are admitted for the disease; but the mortality, 33.69 per cent. for the former, 35.3 per cent. for the latter, is almost equal. In the various epidemic manifestations of cholera in various parts of the world the mortality has often exceeded 50 per cent. of those attacked. In 1884 and 1885 cholera was epidemic in southern Europe, and in Spain in the latter year the official report states that there were almost one hundred and twenty thousand deaths. There were fifty-one persons affected in each thousand living, and the mortality was 36 per cent. These statistics stimulated investigators to attempt to solve the problem of affording immunity to cholera.—[*Popular Science Monthly*].

Pumpkins Blockade a River.
"Seeing pumpkins in the show window in St. Louis reminds me of a flood I saw in Alabama several years ago," said William Redwin Moore of Chillicothe, Mo. "I was down in Alabama on a visit when the Tombigbee river began to rise and soon covered all of the lowlands. On the Whitfreid plantations, near Demopolis, there were 1000 acres in pumpkins, and when the water got over the field they became unfastened from the vines, and their way to a current and came floating down the river. They came so thick and so fast that two steamboats going upstream were forced to tie up until they had passed. The colored people at Tuscaloona used flatboats and skiffs and gathered them in for a day and night and recovered enough to feed their stock all the winter. There is nothing a cow loves better than a pumpkin, and there is no winter food more nutritious."—[*St. Louis Republic*].

Paid Bear for a Good Deed.
Some of the parliamentary contests in the recent elections in England turned on very insignificant incidents. This was particularly the case in the defeat of Captain Penton, which was brought about by a child which unluckily sprawled beneath a passing carriage and received slight injuries. The carriage belonged to a lady who was conveying three voters to the polls, and who, on observing the accident, took the youngsters upon the seat and drove to a neighboring hospital. It was then late in the afternoon, and by the time the carriage reached the polls they had closed. So close was the vote that these three ballots would have made the race between Captain Penton and the Parson merchant who defeated him, a dead-heat to be decided by the returning officer's casting vote.—[*New Orleans Picayune*].

Taking Leave.
When the thrush brief snatches
Of his wondrous tune,
And the woods no longer rang
With the joys of June;
Then we know that, day by day,
Summer's face would turn away.

From the ripened thistles went
Floating busy balloons.
All seemed on a journey bent,
In those August noons.
But lake and sky were deeper blue,
To show that Summer's heart was true.

Soon the birches could not hold
Back their yellow leaves;
Royal roads must shine with gold,
Though the forest grieves.
Lighting now their torches red,
Maples in the pagant led.

Shrillest herald of the fall,
Piped the busy jay;
Armies, mustering at his call,
Winged their silent way;
Drowsy crickets chirped good-bye;
Lingered last, one butterfly.

Not unguarded is the throne;
Chickadees are left;
Pine and fir-trees hold their own;
Can we feel bereft?
Nay, amid the snow and frost,
Summer's colors are not lost.
—[*Mary T. Higginson, in Young's Companion*].

HUMOROUS.
A fruit-jar—The one you get when you slip upon a banana skin.
Jagson says the only thing in his house that doesn't seem to collect dust is his boy's savings bank.
"Aye! There's the rub!" said the greasy spot to the cake of soap. "Aw, come off," responded the soap.
"Goit hard is a little wild, isn't he?"
"Wild! I should think so. Why even the clock in his room is fast."

"I say, walter, I've dropped a sixpence. If you find it let me have it back; if you don't you can keep it."
"I see you always examine the bottom of a chair before you sit down, Fellows." "Oh, yes, I've often taught school."
Bellows—Is she your daughter?
Fellows—She is my grand daughter.
"Your grand daughter?" "Yes, my proud and haughty daughter."
She looking 'neath the bed for a burglar;
She found one; and now it is plain
She'll be a bit wiser and never
Go looking for burglars again.
The worst waste of physical effort and mind is searching for what you would rather not find.

Wife—Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbors with his drum?
Husband—I'm afraid so; they made him a present of a nice new knife today.
Fitzleigh (calling): Is your mistress engaged, Bridget?
Bridget: Well, sir, if yer want to know, I believe she is from what I heard over the transom last night.
Mrs. DeGoode—Why are you throwing stones at that boy?
Answer me that, sir. See his boy (very good at excuse)—'Cause his folks doesn't b'long to our church.
"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer to an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

"Have you been reading poetry lately?" said the bank president to the cashier. "Why, yes," was the reply. "I have been troubled with sentimentality of late." "Well, I wish you'd give it up. You are getting that 'far away look' in your eyes, and it worries the directors."

How Nature Grows a Tree.
Nature invariably does two things when she tries to grow a tree—she protects the bark from hottest sunshine and the roots from severe changes of temperature. Both these points are almost invariably overlooked by man. Observe a maple or elm or birch as it shoots up from the ground; its sides are clothed all the way with small twigs, unless removed by knife or browsing. Any tree started in an open lot is thus protected from the sun. Otherwise the extreme heat will rupture cells and the bark will dry or split. As far as possible there must be equal development of cells on all sides of the tree. But care of the roots is even more important. The feeding of a tree is at unequal depths, but most of it is near the surface. If the sunbe allowed to strike directly on the soil the finer rootlets that do the foraging are destroyed, and extreme droughts will affect the roots for a foot in depth. What is worse, the extreme changes of temperature also affect the tree and suck its life away. In some cases such conditions are produced as encourage the development of lungi or other enemies to plant life. Nature guards against this by laying down each autumn a layer of leaves to enmesh her forests or solitary pines.—[*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*].

One After Result.
Baska—I don't mind the grip itself so much—it's the after effects I'm afraid of.
Rivers—The after effects is what ails me. I'm still standing off the doctor for \$65.—[*Chicago Tribune*].

A student at Bates College is Somerton Zoa Clayton, a prince of the Bessan tribe of western Africa, whose name is on the college books as Louis E. Clinton.