

GASTONIA GAZETTE.
 Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
 The Gazette Publishing Company
 R. D. ATKINS, Editor
 W. ATKINS, Business Manager
 Admitted to the mails at the Post
 office at Gastonia, N. C. at the pound
 rate of postage, April 29, 1912.
 Armstrong Building, Main Street
 Phone No. 50

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES
 One year \$1.50
 Six months .75
 Four months .50
 One month .15

FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1907.

The prohibition fight is all right, but what we sadly need, especially in the South, is a vigorous campaign against the deadly pistol. The carrying of a concealed weapon is the most cowardly act of which a man can be guilty, and the practice should receive the same severe condemnation that is now coming to be dealt out to the vice of drunkenness.

We extend congratulations to the good citizens of Raleigh upon the signal victory won there yesterday by the prohibition forces. The majority against the dispensary was 547 out of a vote of 1,313. One by one the cities and towns of the State are driving out the iniquitous traffic and the time is surely not far distant when prohibition will be universal in the South at least.

William James Bryan, of Jacksonville, has been appointed by Governor Broward, of Florida, to fill out the unexpired part of the late Senator Mallory's term, ending March 4, 1909. This appointment is another instance of the rapidly growing tendency to send a younger class of men to the Senate than formerly. Senator Bryan is only 31, just one year above the constitutional limit of youthfulness. Thus, while not the youngest member of the Senate, he will be among the youngest.

The joyous Christmas time, like all the other things of life, has its dark side. The pleasures and festivities of the day are followed, next morning, by the long roll of tragedies, terrible in themselves, and much more so by reason of their occurrence at this time when, of all times in the year, there should be a surcease of strife and encounter such as inevitably arise from time to time between individuals. The dispatches in yesterday morning's papers seem to recount a longer and more ghastly list of such fatalities than usual. Homicides of various degrees are reported from almost every section of the country and in many places the sacred festival seems to have been turned into a veritable carnival of crime. What peculiar conditions have caused this state of affairs this year, it is impossible even to conjecture.

Under a government where every question is ultimately settled by the voice of the people, the only hope of continued good government and permanent prosperity lies in the intelligence of the voters. The carelessness and indifference with which so large a proportion of the good citizens of the land turn the management of civic matters over to professional politicians is an ill which ought certainly to be gradually but effectually remedied. The present situation in North Carolina in regard to railroad regulation is undoubtedly the result of this very thing. The politicians have had their turn, and have succeeded in getting things beautifully muddled. Whether an extra session of the legislature, which we are assured will be called, will be able or willing to take the steps necessary to bring about the right relations between the State government and the railroads, cannot now be predicted. But the whole matter will teach the people of the State a much-needed lesson, that too much politics is a poor substitute for wise and effectual legislation.

Croup! Pneumonia! Dangerous diseases. Require prompt treatment.
VICK'S CROUP-PNEUMONIA SALVE IS
 Emergency Doctor in your home. Delights of your money back. 25c trial size at drug stores.

THE PENGUIN.
 Comically Serious in Mating—Its Wicked Flippers.
 It is probable that penguins pair for life, although nothing definite is known on the subject. When mates are chosen the process is as interesting as it is striking. As is the case with so many creatures, the males fight with each other for the females, might being right in the penguin code. The birds have regular fighting places, and one such battleground was found under an overhanging ledge. The results of innumerable encounters were present in the shape of great quantities of loose feathers surrounding the little fighting ring, which itself was clear of all debris. Although the beak of a penguin is so formidable a weapon when used on thin-skinned enemies, yet their own skin and blubber are so resistant that they can inflict no injury by this means. The customary mode of fighting is really a kind of boxing, or "flipping." It might be called the two combatants proceed to the fighting place and then walk cautiously about each other, jockeying for an opening and ready to take instant advantage of a false step or move on the part of the opponent. All, however, is solemn and decorous, consistent with the rest of the life of these strange little beings.
 When at last each secures a good grip on the neck or body of the opponent the real fighting begins. As nineteenth of the life of penguins is spent on the open sea, where they pursue and capture fish, swimming with great swiftness by strokes of the flipperlike wings, it can well be imagined that the strength of their wings is very great, and when the two fighters begin to belabor each other with rapidly vibrating flipper strokes each resounding whack must make a considerable impression even on the protecting coat of blubber fat. No one has ever recorded the finish of such an encounter, but it is not probable that they result fatally. The weaker of the two must soon succumb under such severe punishment and yield the field and the fair penguin mate to his stronger rival. The strength of the wing strokes can be tested by allowing a penguin to take hold of one's coat sleeves or, better, the back of the hand. The third or fourth stroke will draw blood, and one is soon fully satisfied as to the penguin's ability in this respect. The tough skin and the loose, rubbery blubber beneath, besides breaking a fall and protecting the bird from the icy waters in which it lives, sometimes subserves another most important purpose.—New York Tribune.

THE WEST POINT CHAIN.
 It Was Nearly a Mile in Length and Weighed Almost 200 Tons.
 From an ironmaker's point of view the greatest achievement during the Revolutionary period was the making of the great West Point chain. This massive chain, which has probably never had an equal since the first hammer struck upon the first anvil, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point to prevent the British fleet from making a second attack upon Kingston and Albany. It was nearly a mile in length and weighed almost 200 tons, many single links being as heavy as an ordinary sized man. To complete it in six weeks sixty men hammered day and night at seventeen forges, and the cost of it was placed at \$400,000. "The great chain is buoyed up," writes Dr. Fischer, "by very large logs, pointed at the ends to lessen their opposition to the force of the current. The logs are placed at short distances from each other, the chain carried over them and made fast to each by staples. There are also a number of anchors dropped at proper distances, with cables made fast to the chain, to give it greater stability." No British ship passed this iron barrier. With its aid West Point became the strongest military post in America—so strong that treachery was tried where force of arms had failed. When Benedict Arnold was plotting the surrender of West Point he wrote Andre and said, "I have ordered that a link be removed from the great chain and taken to the smith for repair." The chain, however, remained in place till the end of the war, and links of it are still to be seen in the museums of Albany, West Point, Newburg and New York.—Exchange.

Quincy Sore Throat.
 The following mixture will generally quickly bring relief in case of a quincy sore throat: Thirty grains of chloride of potassium, three drams of tincture chloride of iron, four drams of glycerin and enough distilled water to make four ounces. The dose for an adult is one teaspoonful every hour until relieved. To avoid the constipating effect of the iron a good dose of some saline laxative should be taken.—New York World.

Method.
 "He occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman.
 "Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."—Pittsburg Press.

Classical Music.
 "What is your idea of classical music?"
 "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "as I understand it a classical piece is something that is very hard to play written by somebody whose name is very hard to pronounce."—Washington Star.

More Than One.
 Edgar—What is better than a kiss?
 Emma—Don't you know your multiplication table?—Pick-Me-Up.

RUBBER Stamps, made while you wait at the Gazette Publishing Co's. One-line stamp, 20 cents; 2-line, 25 cents; 3-line, 30 cents. If

A Wasted Present.
 "What in the world shall I send Aunt Betsy, John?" demanded the manterful lady of the mild little man.
 "A workbasket or a basket?" he suggested.
 "Don't be a fool, John! You've no taste. I'll send her one of those fancy boxes of soap."
 And she lifted to her nose a box containing six round tablets of perfumed soap.
 "Yes," she continued, "this is the very thing!"
 "But, my dear, really"—he protested.
 "You be quiet, John! Now, wrap this up, miss!"
 Two days later a packet arrived from Aunt Betsy, and in haste they opened it to see how she had taken their thoughtful present. Under the wrapping was the affectionate message:
 "Niece—Herewith I return the box of shaving soap you sent me. I am too old to appreciate the joke of being regarded as a bearded lady. You aunt, Betsy."
 Then, but only for a moment, the mild little man smiled.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Dreadful Assault.
 Justice Ball, an Irish judge, was noted for his amusing manifestations of ignorance, but whether they were real or pretended has never been clearly established. He tried a case in which a man was indicted for robbery at the house of a poor widow. The first witness was the young daughter of the widow, who identified the prisoner as the man who had entered the house and smashed her mother's chest.
 "Do you say that the prisoner at the bar broke your mother's chest?" said the judge in astonishment.
 "He did, my lord," answered the girl.
 "He jumped on it till he smashed it entirely."
 The judge turned to the crown counsel and said: "How is this? Why is not the prisoner indicted for murder? If he smashed this poor woman's chest in the way the witness has described, he must surely have killed her."
 "But, my lord," said the counsel, "it was a wooden chest."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Buds.
 Old Dr. Ryland, clergyman and educator, was greatly beloved in the south, and his visits were always enquired by his former pupils and parishioners. In his later years it was his custom to offer prayer whenever he made a ministerial call. On one occasion he called at a house where three of his former pupils were staying. These ladies were all past the thirtieth year mark, but in the eyes of the old gentleman they were still girls, which explains the petition he offered:
 "Lord, bless these dear girls, just budding into sweet womanhood."
 This was too much for one of the number, who, taking advantage of the doctor's deafness, added this clause sotto voce: "Alas, Lord, budded, bloomed, faded and still unpicked!"

Got His Discount.
 "The other day I was in a village general store," said a drummer, "endeavoring to make a sale of jewelry when a farmer entered.
 "Give me," said the farmer, "a half pound of tobacco, three bars of soap, five yards of blue baby ribbon and a pair of good suspenders."
 "The articles were brought forth, inspected, approved and wrapped up. They came to 95 cents.
 "Yes," said the farmer, "95's right. But there's the discount. You advertise a 5 per cent discount, don't you?"
 "We do, sir," said the clerk, "but only on purchases of \$1 or over."
 "On the counter lay a basket of pocket combs marked at 5 cents apiece.
 "Well, I'll just take one of these," said the farmer. "That'll make us square!"

A Stingy King.
 In the beginning of the eighteenth century the now so powerful German empire was nothing more than the little kingdom of Prussia, having just dropped its title of duchy of Brandenburg. The country was very poor and the military discipline very harsh. Frederick William I. was hard, cross and stingy and did not even know what it was to make a present. His reputation was so widely spread that it became a byword to say that a man had worked for the king of Prussia when he had done an unprofitable task.

Maximilian and "La Paloma."
 Wherever that haunting air, "La Paloma," is played the memory of the Emperor Maximilian, shot by the Mexicans on June 19, 1867, should be preserved. Maximilian's final request was that "La Paloma" should be played while he stood up to meet his doom. He died with the tune in his ears, and his wife went mad with the shock of his execution.

Papa Is Brave.
 Elsieben—Mauma, is papa ever brave?
 Mother—He is always brave, I hope. But what makes you ask? Elsieben—Because I thought if he were he wouldn't let my governess pull his ears so.—Fliegende Blätter.

Lincoln's Sarcasm.
 Probably the most cutting thing Lincoln ever said was the remark he made about a very loquacious man.
 "This person can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met."

Certain Differences.
 "Do they never forget their differences?"
 "Why, yes, in a way. He forgets that he's a gentleman, and she forgets that she's a lady."—Puck.

The Doctor's Imagination.
 "I have a good story on one of Washington's best known officers," said a prominent clubman, addressing some friends in the billiard room of the Metropolitan club. "My eyes had troubled me for some months, and finally I went to see the doctor about them."
 "After a thorough examination he said that the muscles were badly strained, and then he gave me a prescription for drops to be used in my eyes three times a day. When I left he gave me an appointment for what day week, as he said he could not examine my eyes for glasses until they were in their normal condition."
 "Well, I mistook that blessed prescription, and as I had no time to get another copy. So in some trepidation I kept my second appointment."
 "As the doctor examined my eyes I hesitated a moment about telling him I had not used the drops, when he took the words out of my mouth and the breath out of my body by remarking with pleased emphasis:
 "Your eyes are very much improved. That medicine which I gave you is certainly wonderful. It always has such prompt and satisfactory results."
 "It was all I could do to keep silent," concluded the speaker, laughing. "But I wasn't quite sure how he would take the joke. Yet see, he may not have a sense of humor."—Washington Star.

Comets in Olden Days.
 People nowadays do not regard the comet as one of those signs that foretell the death or fall of kings, but the superstition was still current in the time of Queen Elizabeth, though, to the amazement of her courtiers, the queen calmly scorned it. It was also thought that if the sovereign would refrain from looking at the malignant celestial passerby no harm would come to her. On one occasion Elizabeth's attendants shut and curtained her windows, but her majesty, as might have been expected, with a courage answerable to the greatness of her estate, caused them to be opened, crying as she looked up: "Jacta est alea—the die is cast!" Then, like King Knut on the seashore, she read her people a homily, asserting that her steadfast hope and confidence were too firmly planted in the providence of God to be blasted or affrighted with those beams which either had no ground in nature whereupon to rise or at least no warrant in Scripture to portend the misshaps of princes."

Queen Elizabeth as an Ale Drinker.
 There is an amusing letter written by the Earl of Leicester to Lord Burleigh as to the lack of sufficiently strong ale for the queen at Hatfield. "There is not one drop of good drink for her here. We were fain to send to London and Kenilworth and divers other places where ale was. Her own beer was so strong as there was no man able to drink it." Ale and bread were the chief items of the royal breakfast. The quantity of ale consumed by ladies at breakfast in those days was considerable, for in the reign of Henry VIII. the marks of honor were allowed for breakfast "onechet loafe, one manchet, two gallons of ale and a pitcher of wine." A Lady Lucy made a mighty tuncle of the national brew. Her breakfast was a chine of beef, a loaf and a gallon of ale, and for her pillow meal a posset porridge, a generous cut of mutton, a loaf and a gallon of ale.—Westminster Gazette.

His Class.
 The head of a large mercantile house received not long ago a letter from a millionaire banker in the west asking that the latter's son be placed in some business house where he could learn "things from the bottom up." The writer explained that his offspring was "no good at home."
 Soon after the western millionaire received the following reply from his New York friend:
 Dear Sir—Your hopeful has arrived. I have given him employment in my establishment at \$6 a week with others of his class. One of these young men has just bought a \$20,000 yacht, and another comes to the office in a \$2,000 motor car. No doubt your son will find his surroundings congenial.
 —Harper's Weekly.

A Bad Cast.
 Mr. Lawhead—Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday? Miss Brushley—Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you "thought you would drop me a line." I want you to understand that I'm not a fish.

An Illustration.
 Little Harry—Pa, what's a foregone conclusion? Pa—Anything that's sure to follow something else. To give you an illustration, if I were to lock the drawer of my desk it wouldn't be twenty minutes before your mother would break it open for the purpose of finding out what I was trying to conceal.—Cleveland Leader.

Forgetful.
 "I suppose," said the beautiful girl, "that you often burn the midnight oil?"
 "No," replied the poet. "I hang my hat on the doorknob, so the lady can't look through the keyhole and catch me burning the gas."—Judge.

Inquisitive.
 "I'll send my boy to a boarding school."
 "What for?"
 "Oh, he asks such questions. He's wanted to know last night if a shoe-maker could breathe his last."
 There is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it.—Tupper.

A Discourager.
 Miss Kneech—Some authorities believe that the practice of singing will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Hurt His Feelings.
 She—I think Mr. Rymer, the minor poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night. He—What did I say? She—You said there was only one Shakespeare.—London Telegraph.

SHORN LAMES.
 Ways of the Man Who Lost Their All in Wall Street.
 What becomes of the man who has lost in Wall Street. They are seldom heard of. The visitor to New York gets the notion that the gay crowd of men at the Waldorf—the "uptown street"—comprises them all. But this crowd is altogether misrepresentative and has no true sign value, says a writer on Wall street in the New Broadway Magazine.
 You can retain your equilibrium easily in watching them by remembering that Runner of New Britain is hiding somewhere, a fugitive from justice; that Jumper of Milwaukee is in prison; that there are many other men who went down hard with big crashes, and that for every one of the big men there are 10,000 little men whose losses are smaller, but not a whit less fatal.
 You would find some of them tonight in New York. If you knew in what window to look, figuring anxiously and endlessly, looking over insurance papers to see if further loans are admissible.
 Their wives are sewing; their daughters are studying stenography. You will find others hanging about hotel lobbies, and the moment you catch their eye or grip their hands you know that they are nervous, distraught, broke, restless—typical Wall street victims.

Carlyle's Recipe For Chirts.
 Here is an extract from a letter of Thomas Carlyle, in which he asks his sister to make him some shirts and sends the measurements. How many women could make a shirt after them?
 "My Dear Jenny—* * * In the meanwhile I want you to make me some flannel things, too—three flannel shirts especially. You can get the flannel from Allick if he has any that he can well recommend. You can readily have them made before the other shirts go off. I have taken the measure today and now send you the dimensions, together with a measuring strap which I bought some weeks ago (at one penny) for the purpose! You are to be careful to scour the flannel first, after which process the dimensions are these: Width (when the shirt is laid on its back), 22 1/2 inches; extent from wrist button to wrist button, 61 inches; length in the back, 35 inches; length in the front, 25 1/2 inches. Do you understand all that? I dare say you will make it out, and this measuring band will enable you to be exact enough."

Began With "D" Anyway.
 "An" when they get to Italy," goes on Bill, growling quite enthusiastically, as you might say, over the idea, "he'll have 't' time of his life ruminatin' roun' them old palaces of the dogs."
 "Dogs!" I gasped. "Palaces of the dogs?"
 "Doggles, then, I s'pose you might call 'em," says he, "if you're so blamed pertiklar, though it ain't spelt that way. It's spelt dogs, only with the 'e'."
 "Bill Gladax," says I, "for an uneducated man you are th' most ignorant I ever see. Do you mean to tell me you ain't never hear of th' dogges of Venice that has been mayors of th' town for th' last hundred years or more?"
 "No, I ain't," says he, "an' no one else neither. They ain't any such folks there. Dodge ain't an Eytalian name now. It b'longs in Connecticut. Not but what there's a few belts in New York an' Rhode Island, but not in Italy, not by a derned sight."—American Magazine.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.
 The Reporter Seized It and Got His Real Start in Life.
 All the city traveling public loves a strap hanger because it has a fellow feeling for him. This is why the story of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker, got his start has an almost universal appeal. It happened when Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper, and the situation then as now, was the same. Charles T. Yerkes, the great traction magnate, and the stockholders and the public never had a word to say in the conduct of the roads. Nor could they get any definite idea of the financial condition of the properties.
 The time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the principal road came along. At all the meetings Mr. Yerkes had rattled off the reports in the usual undependable corporation way, and no one knew what was doing. So Vanderlip planned a coup. He bought a share of stock, which admitted him to the meeting. He had been a stenographer before he became a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes called into his breezy explanation of finances the young reporter took down everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used one striking phrase, and it was this:
 "The passengers who have seats pay the operating expenses, but the strap hangers pay your dividends."
 The next day the sentence topped Vanderlip's account of the meeting. It aroused a storm of discussion, for it laid bare some of the traction methods; also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary and a promotion.—Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Like That in America.
 "This was told me the other day," said a man, "by a friend who has just made the tour of Ireland. He was at the lakes of Killarney, and a jarvey driving one of those side seated cars was telling him of a visitor who was attempting to masquerade as an American Englishman."
 "You say, 'sorry,'" said the jarvey, "that you live in the United States. Were yer liver in Dubuque, Ia.?"
 "I was," said the traveler. "I was there for a fortnight."
 "Off wid yer," said the carman. "Ye were never there. Divil a fortnight do they here in America."—Indianapolis News.

Getting It Right.
 It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking and one chanced to mention a Mr. Jinks in her conversation.
 "Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr. Jenks."
 "Oh, I sees," said the other woman complacently. "I sees that you put de access on de pronoun."—Lippincott's.

A Bit of Sarcasm.
 A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called out, "Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"—Argonaut.

Her Fourth.
 Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will of course get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.

A Discourager.
 Miss Kneech—Some authorities believe that the practice of singing will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Hurt His Feelings.
 She—I think Mr. Rymer, the minor poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night. He—What did I say? She—You said there was only one Shakespeare.—London Telegraph.

Hunting the Marabou.
 Hunting the marabou is attended with great difficulty, on the bird possessing wonderful cunning and often contrives to escape the most skillful hunters. With laughable dignity it measures the ground between itself and its pursuer and takes very good care not to exhaust itself by too rapid flight. If the hunter moves slowly the bird at once adopts an equally easy pace, but if the hunter quickens his steps the bird is off like an arrow. It is very difficult to get within gun range of this calculating creature, but the natives adopt a novel means of capturing it, which the bird, with all its astuteness, is unable to comprehend and falls an easy victim. A tempting morsel of meat is tied to the end of a long stout cord, which the skillful hunter flings to a great distance, as he would a lasso, the bait falling as near the fleeing bird as he can aim it. He then conceals himself hastily behind a bush or crouches low on the sand. The marabou, which always keeps its eye on the hunter, seeing his vanishing, quietly stops and devours the bait, when it is easily secured by the hunter, who runs toward it, coiling the rope as he goes.

Carlyle's Recipe For Chirts.
 Here is an extract from a letter of Thomas Carlyle, in which he asks his sister to make him some shirts and sends the measurements. How many women could make a shirt after them?
 "My Dear Jenny—* * * In the meanwhile I want you to make me some flannel things, too—three flannel shirts especially. You can get the flannel from Allick if he has any that he can well recommend. You can readily have them made before the other shirts go off. I have taken the measure today and now send you the dimensions, together with a measuring strap which I bought some weeks ago (at one penny) for the purpose! You are to be careful to scour the flannel first, after which process the dimensions are these: Width (when the shirt is laid on its back), 22 1/2 inches; extent from wrist button to wrist button, 61 inches; length in the back, 35 inches; length in the front, 25 1/2 inches. Do you understand all that? I dare say you will make it out, and this measuring band will enable you to be exact enough."

Began With "D" Anyway.
 "An" when they get to Italy," goes on Bill, growling quite enthusiastically, as you might say, over the idea, "he'll have 't' time of his life ruminatin' roun' them old palaces of the dogs."
 "Dogs!" I gasped. "Palaces of the dogs?"
 "Doggles, then, I s'pose you might call 'em," says he, "if you're so blamed pertiklar, though it ain't spelt that way. It's spelt dogs, only with the 'e'."
 "Bill Gladax," says I, "for an uneducated man you are th' most ignorant I ever see. Do you mean to tell me you ain't never hear of th' dogges of Venice that has been mayors of th' town for th' last hundred years or more?"
 "No, I ain't," says he, "an' no one else neither. They ain't any such folks there. Dodge ain't an Eytalian name now. It b'longs in Connecticut. Not but what there's a few belts in New York an' Rhode Island, but not in Italy, not by a derned sight."—American Magazine.

Rescued a "Foxy" Squirrel.
 A man in New York state who owns several fine cats stepped out of his house one day to see two of his feline possessions crouched in the grass, and equidistant between them sat a common striped squirrel, not daring to move a hair lest he invite the sharp claws of one or both of his enemies, but the anxious brown eyes rolled from side to side as he calculated his chances of escape between the two. The man walked on toward the squirrel, and when he came within jumping distance the squirrel seized his opportunity and leaped upon the man's trousers and ran nimbly to his shoulder. Then the man backed slowly toward a tree at no great distance from him. Again when within leaping distance the squirrel jumped into the tree and disappeared amid its branches.

Forest of Natural Columns.
 There is in Bulgaria a group of natural columns much like the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the edge of a plateau in the open country rises this forest of natural columns, which gives the impression of an antique ruin. The columns, which are about fifteen to twenty feet high, are absolutely cylindrical, and they are often as much as three feet thick. The stratification of the rock resembles joints and vertical erosion due to rain has formed Doric flutings.

No Use For a Label.
 Shopman (to undecided customer come to purchase a dog trough)—Would you like one with "Dog" painted on it, madam? Customer—No. You see, the dog can't read, and my husband doesn't drink water.—London Punch.

The Glad Ring.
 The ideal state of love will never come to pass until the wooper can use the glad ring in his voice and save the price of a diamond toward provisions for the first year in a flat.—Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.

He Didn't Like a Crowd.
 Mrs. Gotrox—Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woodly loves you for yourself alone? Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so restless when you are in the room.—Exchange.

An Intelligent Servant.
 The Mistress—Who hung the thermometer to the ceiling? The Servant—I, madam. It was so complaining because it was so low.—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Il Motto Rider.

A Question of Class.
 "They are constantly catching more grafters," said the hopeful citizen.
 "Not regular grafters," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Those who get caught are only amateurs."—Washington Star.

One cannot be and have been.
 French Proverb.

A Wasp's Mistake.
 It is generally supposed that instinct unerringly teaches a wasp to build the best way in which to build its home or nest, and as a rule the builder's instinct is so accurate that it is almost infallible. A naturalist placed three small empty vials in an open box on a shelf in an upright position in close contact, and they were uncorked. A short time afterward it was a matter of surprise to find that these had been completely filled by a female mud wasp. She had placed a single mud chamber in the center vial, four chambers intended to serve as food for her future brood, then proceeded to deposit her eggs in those on either side. She next closed lightly the mouths of all the receptacles with a hard lime cement. Having finished her work, she then doubtless went on her way, satisfied all had been done for her offspring that a thoughtful mother could do. But just think of the sensations of those little wasps when they come into existence, for, while starving in their sealed eggs, they can plainly see through the impenetrable glass walls the bountiful supply of food which was provided for their use.

She Thought He Was Dead.
 Magnolia had been ill for some time, and, like a great many invalids, she was somewhat irritable, and when things failed to meet his approval the next unfortunate who came within range was pretty apt to be reminded of it in a way far more forcible than polite. He lingered in this condition for several weeks, daily growing weaker, but still holding his own sufficiently to make things lively and more or less interesting for those about him. Finally one day when the family doctor called he met the long suffering Mrs. Magnolia coming out of the sick-room, and, rubbing his hands, he cheerfully remarked: "Ah, good morning, Mrs. Magnolia! How is our patient today?"
 "It's dead the poor man is, O'm after thinkin', hivin' ris'n his bow!" was the resigned reply.

Snuff as Medicine.
 "Oh, yes," said the tobaccoist, as he tapped a jar filled with a cinnamon colored powder. "I sell an ounce or two of snuff occasionally—to the old, as a rule. The young will seldom look at snuff. And those who do use it impute medicinal virtues to it. This old fashioned watchmakers, gem cutters and tailors think that a pinch of snuff now and then improves the eyesight. They think it refreshes and fortifies weary eyes as a cup of tea refreshes and fortifies a weary brain. Others think snuff cures a cold. Others take it for the headache. Others still believe that it wards off contagion. Personally I believe that snuff taking is less harmful than smoking. Its effect, too, is pleasant than the effect of smoking—it is a most soothing and fascinating effect once you get used to it—but the habit is untidy and therefore it can get no hold upon us in this aesthetic age."—Los Angeles Times.

Rescued a "Foxy" Squirrel.
 A man in New York state who owns several fine cats stepped out of his house one day to see two of his feline possessions crouched in the grass, and equidistant between them sat a common striped squirrel, not daring to move a hair lest he invite the sharp claws of one or both of his enemies, but the anxious brown eyes rolled from side to side as he calculated his chances of escape between the two. The man walked on toward the squirrel, and when he came within jumping distance the squirrel seized his opportunity and leaped upon the man's trousers and ran nimbly to his shoulder. Then the man backed slowly toward a tree at no great distance from him. Again when within leaping distance the squirrel jumped into the tree and disappeared amid its branches.

Forest of Natural Columns.
 There is in Bulgaria a group of natural columns much like the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the edge of a plateau in the open country rises this forest of natural columns, which gives the impression of an antique ruin. The columns, which are about fifteen to twenty feet high, are absolutely cylindrical, and they are often as much as three feet thick. The stratification of the rock resembles joints and vertical erosion due to rain has formed Doric flutings.

No Use For a Label.
 Shopman (to undecided customer come to purchase a dog trough)—Would you like one with "Dog" painted on it, madam? Customer—No. You see, the dog can't read, and my husband doesn't drink water.—London Punch.

The Glad Ring.
 The ideal state of love will never come to pass until the wooper can use the glad ring in his voice and save the price of a diamond toward provisions for the first year in a flat.—Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.

He Didn't Like a Crowd.
 Mrs. Gotrox—Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woodly loves you for yourself alone? Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He is always so restless when you are in the room.—Exchange.

An Intelligent Servant.
 The Mistress—Who hung the thermometer to the ceiling? The Servant—I, madam. It was so complaining because it was so low.—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Il Motto Rider.

A Question of Class.
 "They are constantly catching more grafters," said the hopeful citizen.
 "Not regular grafters," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Those who get caught are only amateurs."—Washington Star.

One cannot be and have been.
 French Proverb.