

TRICK WITH DOMINOES.

A feat that will puzzle those not in the secret.

An interesting feat can be performed with the dominoes, which the operator announces as follows: "I will lay the dominoes in a line, one beside another, lying on their faces and making one black line. Now I will go into the next room, with my eyes as closely covered as you may desire. In my absence you may take from the line any number of dominoes you please provided you take them from that end which is now at my right hand and place them at the opposite end, so that, except for the change in the places of the pieces, the line is just the same as before. On my return, without unbandaging my eyes, I will tell you the number transported from one end to the other. I will, do more. From the midst of these dominoes, of which you have changed the position, I will draw one which, by the addition of its spots, will tell you exactly the number which you took from right to left. After they have made the change count with your fingers—if your eyes are bandaged—the dominoes from left to right as far as the thirteenth. The spots on this thirteenth will invariably represent the number of dominoes whose position has been altered. But in forming the line originally you must have arranged the first thirteen dominoes, beginning at the left, so that the spots on the first form the number 12, of the second 11, of the third 10, and so on up to a double blank for the last and thirteenth. You place the other dominoes afterward in the order in which they happen to present themselves."

THINGS NOT TO EAT.

Among Them, According to a Medical Man, Are Baked Beans.

Abolish soup from the dinner table; scotch tea and coffee, pass the baked beans with silent contempt, beware the genuine pancake, be not lured into turning traitor to your stomach by America's common enemy, pie; be tranquil and cheerful at mealtimes, even if you are nursing a chronic grouch the rest of the time, and never, never go to bed with your stomach filled.

These are scattering fragments of a thirty-two inch shell of advice fired before the Chicago Medical society by Dr. Edwin B. Tuttle, who lectured on "When to Eat, What to Eat and How to Eat."

"Soup," declared the doctor, "is superfluous in a substantial dinner menu. So is tea and so is coffee and, in fact, any moisture except that which is naturally contained in the foods. Soup in the form of beef broth, without eggs, cereals or vegetables, would starve a dog to death in ten days. Beef tallow made from the solid extract sold for the use of invalids is a mere stimulant, a non-nutritive, queer tasting temperance drink. Tea and coffee are not foods, but stimulants. They retard digestion and often cause gastric catarrh, nervousness and insomnia.

"Beans, the dried and baked variety, cooked with salt pork, are baneful. Teaspoons, soldiers and Boston intellectuals subsist upon them to some extent. Pass them by."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Belcher Artesian Well. The Belcher well in St. Louis is one of the famous artesian wells of the world. The boring of it was begun in the spring of 1849 by William H. Belcher, who had a sugar refinery near the river a few blocks north of where the Eads bridge now is. After the expenditure of \$10,000 the well was in 1854 driven to a depth of 2,199 feet, where a flow of seventy-five gallons a minute was struck, but the water proved to be so impregnated with mineral matter that it was unfit for use in the sugar refinery, for which Mr. Belcher wanted it. It is used now only for medicinal purposes and for sanitary baths.—St. Louis Republic.

A Hostess and an Emergency. Lady K. had sent Parnell an invitation to dinner, but Charles, who was very absentminded with respect to social functions and unconventional in the extreme, had forgotten the right date of the party. He therefore turned up a couple of evenings afterward an hour before the time. Lady K. glad to have him on any terms, did not undecide him as to his error, but hastily sent off several notes explaining the situation and asking some of her most intimate friends to help her in her emergency. She also ordered a hastily improvised dinner from a near caterer's.—Life of Parnell.

The Pottery Tree of Para. One of the curiosities of Brazil is a tree whose wood and bark contain so much silica that they are used by potters. Both wood and bark are burned, and the ashes are pulverized and mixed in equal proportions with clay, producing a very superior ware. The tree grows to a height of 100 feet, but does not exceed a foot in diameter. The fresh bark cuts like sandstone, and when dried is brittle and hard.

The Night Name. "Officer, what is this man charged with?" "Carrying concealed weapons, yer anner."

"Carrying what?" "Concealed weapons. He soaked Murphy in the eye with a chunk of tea."—Cleveland Leader.

An Observing Youngster. Papa (sternly)—Come here, sir. Your mother and I agree that you deserve a sound whipping. Small Boy (bitterly)—Oh, yes, that's about the only thing that you and mamma ever do agree about.

NATURE'S CRUELTY.

The Ichneumon Fly Makes Its Natural Enemy Serve Its Purpose.

The ichneumon fly of Ceylon is the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp with a marvelously thin waist. It makes its nest of wet worked clay and then goes on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, which is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay. Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother ichneumon fly proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can offer no resistance.

This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner and then closes; then she adds yet another cell and so proceeds until her store of eggs are all provided for, and, her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure. In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a ladder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon grub till it is ready to pass in the chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders.

ANTIQUITY OF FISHING.

The Art of Angling Is as Old as the Human Race.

The art of angling no doubt had its origin in man's necessities. The earliest record of mankind makes reference to the taking of fish for food. There are frequent allusions to it in the Bible. Job, in the oldest book of all, says: "Canst thou draw out a leviathan with a hook or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook in his nose? Homer, in the "Iliad," speaks of fishing in these lines: "As bearing death in the fallacious bait. From the best anglic stinks the leader's weight."

And it is recorded in the "Odyssey" as when the angler, his long rod in hand, On a projecting rock assumes his stand, Casts to the sary fry the baited snare, Then flings the wriggling captive in the air.

The Romans, Greeks and other races of early days around the Mediterranean practiced the art of angling. Plutarch tells of a prank played by the late Egyptian, Cleopatra, while out fishing with Antony. "They waggled off their angling, and her dress did hang a salt fish on the hook, which he with fervor drew up."

The ruined walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii abound in frescoes of fishermen. All along the track of his to-day's recreation, showing the gradual improvement from the hook of bone and rude equipment of the cave man to the elegant accessories and belongings of the modern angler.

Apple Cure For Drunkenness. "For ten years," said a physician, "I have advocated apples as a cure for drunkenness. In that time I have tried the apple cure on some forty or fifty drunkards, and my success has been most gratifying."

"Let any man afflicted with the love of drink eat three or more apples daily, and the horrible craving will gradually leave him. The cure will be greatly helped along if he also smokes as little as possible."

"I know a woman who cured a drunkard's husband without his knowledge by keeping always a plentiful supply of good apples on the dining table. The man ate these apples and finally stopped drinking altogether."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Practical Eye Wash. A little salt and water used as an eye wash will cleanse and strengthen inflamed lashes and rest tired eyes. It is safe to use it at any time that irritation is felt. A New York surgeon prescribes the ocean for bad eyes, particularly young eyes. "Get off," he says, "whenever you cap and let the salt and the sea breeze wash and blow around your eyes. It will do them good. It will dislodge the germs of disease, for the air breathed by half the world is germ laden, and sore eyes are more quickly caught than smallpox and more fatal. It will brighten and strengthen them and prolong their beauty and usefulness."

The Laughing Owl. One of the most fantastic of birds is the laughing owl of Florida and some other southern parts. He sits well up in a tree at night and emits a series of loud, strange ha-ha's that sound like half human laughter. The sound sufficiently terrifying to a nervous camper unacquainted with the habit of the bird, though less gruesome than the unearthly call of the Chesapeake loon heard at all hours of the night along the shores of that bay.—New York Telegram.

Fairy Stories. Mr. Bacon—When a woman tells a fairy story she always begins like this: "Once upon a time." Mrs. Bacon—Yes, and when a man tells a fairy story he always begins like this: "There now, dear, don't be angry with me; you see, it was like this."—Youkers Statesman.

A man fifty years of age has in ordinary course addressed himself 18,302 times and of course dressed himself just as many.

THE CRANBERRY.

It Was So Named Because Its Bud Resembles a Cranberry.

The history of the cranberry can be told on a bit of parchment no larger than the fruit itself, but to judge its interest by its length would be like ranking the berry's importance by its weight. The cranberry, to begin with the day of its christening, was so named because its sponsors fancied that its bud resembled a crane, and, in truth, just before the bud expands into the perfect flower with stem, calyx and petals, it resembles the neck, head and bill of that ungainly bird; hence it was originally dubbed "cranberry," popularized into cranberry.

Like all families of importance in the agricultural race, the cranberry has an imposing genealogy. Its European forbears belonged to the clan of the Vaccinium oxycoccos. How long the American branch, or the macrocarpon, has been established here nobody knows, but it began to attract attention about 100 years ago. Its acquaintance was first cultivated in the Cape Cod region of Massachusetts—New England has ever been ready to pay respect to ancestry.

It gradually worked its way out of obscurity until today the cranberry occupies a place of no mean industrial importance in the community. Yearly it adds to the wealth of our nation all the way from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000. The family is exceedingly prolific, 1,300,000 bushels being produced in the United States, leaving Europe far behind in quantity as well as in its quality.

About 60 per cent of the family are born and reared in Massachusetts, for the greater part in the districts of Cape Cod, Plymouth and Barnstable. New Jersey, which devotes more of its territory to the cranberry than any other state in the Union save Massachusetts, rolls up 24 per cent and takes second place. Some years ago forest fires destroyed the marshes and dried up the streams of Wisconsin, a calamity which reduced the production of the Wisconsin berry to 11 per cent and forced that state to assume third place, but Wisconsin is gradually recovering and is striving for a position at the head. The rest of the cranberries hail from Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington and West Virginia.—Pearson's Magazine.

New Picture Was Sold. One of the pictures disposed of at the Jalisco sale was an immense military canvas shown at the salon in 1877 by M. Jean-Paul Laurens. "The Austrian Staff Marching Past the Body of Marceau" (1839). Perhaps the chief interest in the picture is a curious but true story told about it. When shown at the salon it was much admired, but no one felt inclined to buy till at last M. Turquet, then director of fine arts, to encourage the painter purchased it out of his own pocket. Soon after a man called upon him, saying that he knew he would like to get rid of it and offered a handsome sum. M. Turquet accepted at once, but his visitor added that there was one essential condition to the bargain—"Make me a knight of the Legion of Honor." The official was shocked, but the visitor went on: "You need not mind. I am not a Frenchman, but an American citizen. Give me the red ribbon and say it is a reward for services rendered to French art." The official was persuaded, the picture changed hands and the buyer became and is still a knight of the Legion of Honor. He eventually parted with the picture to M. Jalisco.—Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

Turbine Steamships. The use of steam turbines has been common for some time in stationary plants and in small vessels.

Instead of the piston and valve arrangement which is the foundation principle of the old style steam engine, the turbine takes the steam directly from the boiler into a cylinder fitted with flanged wings, and the expansive force of the steam acts against these flanges on much the same principle as a turbine water wheel. There is no alternating or reciprocal motion, but a constant revolution at even pressure which can be transmitted directly to the revolving screw.

The turbine principle saves fuel, but its greater advantage are in its simplicity of operation, the reduction of the machine-parts required, the direct transmission of power and the freedom from vibration.

The transmission of power from fuel to effective energy is still in its infancy. No commercial device has yet succeeded in utilizing even half the theoretic power of coal.—New York World.

A Happy Hit. Many stories are told of the happy faculty of saying a word in season possessed by Dr. Hall, an old clergyman of Princeton, N. J., years ago.

At one time a difficulty had arisen in the Presbyterian church at Cranberry. The presbytery was convened to hear and adjust the matter. It met at Cranberry, and the discussion became so very hot that a good deal of unpleasant feeling was discernible in the tones and faces of those who were carrying on the arguments. Just at the most critical point old Dr. Hall rose to pour oil upon the troubled waters, as was his invariable custom.

"Mr. Moderator," said he in his gentle voice and with no suspicion of a smile on his fine face, "Mr. Moderator, I rise to offer a resolution, which is that a little sugar be put into this cranberry tart."

The effect was instantaneous. The laugh came at just the right moment and the bitterness that had begun to gain ground was checked then and there.

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

A Decision That Freed the Text of All Time.

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman, passing by, asked, "Which will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All three denied her, but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and asked the poor woman, and then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed," said she when she saw them, but when they asked her which was the most beautiful she said, "It is not the hand which is washed clean in the brook, it is not the hand that is dipped with red, it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but the hand that gives to the poor is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide the question in dispute, and that decision has stood the test of all time.

STATE LOTTERIES.

They Were Once Very Common and Very Popular in Europe.

Lotteries were common in ancient Rome, and during the middle ages lotteries were utilized by the Italian merchants for the disposal of their goods. Some of the Italian states then adopted the lottery as a means of raising revenue, and the institution of state lotteries afterward became very common and very popular throughout Europe.

The earliest English state lottery of which there is any record was in 1600, when 40,000 chances were sold at 10 shillings each, the drawing taking place in the west door of St. Paul's cathedral.

The prizes consisted of articles of plate, and the profits were employed for the repair of certain harbors. Early in the reign of Queen Anne private lotteries were suppressed "as public nuisances," but government lotteries, however, were still maintained, and from 1708 to 1824 considerable sums were annually raised in lotteries authorized by acts of parliament.

The average yearly profit to the government from 1796 to 1824 was over \$240,000. On the ground of injury to public morals lotteries of all kinds were abolished in England in 1826.—London Saturday Review.

FORGET YOURSELF.

No One Can Grow While His Thoughts Are Self-Centered.

Forget yourself. You will never do anything great until you do. Self-consciousness is a disease with many. No matter what they do, they can never get away from themselves. They become warped upon the subject of self analysis, wondering how they look, how they appear, what others will think of them and how they can enhance their own interests. In other words, every thought and every effort seems to focus upon self; nothing radiates from them.

No one can grow while his thoughts are self centered. The sympathies of the man who thinks only of himself are soon dried up. Self-consciousness acts as a paralysis to all expansion, cripples executive ability. The mind which accomplishes things looks out, not in; it is focused upon its object, not upon itself.

The immortal acts have been unconsciously performed. The greatest prayers have been the silent longings, the secret yearnings of the heart, not those which have been delivered facing a critical audience. The daily desire is the perpetual prayer, the prayer that is heard and answered.—Success.

What the Blind See.

"I can always tell when people are looking at me," said a blind man. "Indeed, nearly all blind persons can tell when people are looking at them. I have always about me a soft golden glow of light. When people whom I like come into my presence this glow becomes paler, lovelier. When those I dislike are about the glow is darkened and beambrashed. I can tell what kind of characters people have by the touch of their hands. There is individuality in the touch. A man's touch shows me whether he is alert or sluggish, cold or passionate, kind or cruel."

Stone in the Heart.

A Greek woman employed in the American hospital in Caesarea, Turkey, was stirred by a revival. She straightway asked leave to visit a woman whom she had injured and to whom she had not spoken for ten years. When she trudged through the snow three or four miles to ask her "enemy's" forgiveness her relatives were sure she had gone daft, but the next day, when she came back to the hospital, she said, "We made peace, and the stone in my heart is gone."

Not So Successful as Most Girls.

Nell—Some of our proverbies are so ridiculous. For instance, "Where ignorance is bliss"—Belle—What's the matter now? Nell—Why, you know, Charlie gave me my engagement ring last week and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Altogether Unsuccessful.

Bobby—Went fishing yesterday. Instead of going to school, Tommy—Catch anything? Bobby—Not until I got home.

DIAMONDS.

If You Want to Make Them, Here Is the Process of Manufacture.

Would you like to know how to manufacture diamonds—real diamonds? The process is somewhat difficult, requiring time, patience and some outlay of money, but then consider the possible results! The diamond, we know, is simply carbon in a transparent crystalline form. It comes of humble parentage and is brother to the lamp of coal.

Unlike easily crystallizable bodies, carbon is insoluble in all ordinary solvents, but molten metals will combine with it. Let the diamond maker choose iron for a solvent for charcoal, melting it in an electric furnace, allowing it to take up as much carbon as it can—in other words, saturate itself with carbon. The crucible containing the white hot metal should then be plunged into a bath of molten lead. The result will be that globules of iron will rise to the surface of the lead and are quickly cooled on the outer surface. Inside the hard crust the iron remains for some time in a molten condition, and as iron expands in solidifying the contents of these little globules receive a pressure unattainable by any other means. When the lead becomes solidified some bullets of iron will be found bound up in the mass. Dissolve with some powerful acid first the lead and then the iron, and a residue of carbonaceous matter will be found to contain tiny crystals—real diamonds. Any chemist with a well equipped laboratory can make diamonds in this way, but the largest of them will not be more than a flash of an inch in diameter.

THE CULT OF SILENCE.

Truist Intercourse Between Congenial Spirits Is Without Words.

Now, to keep one's freshness around ought to be a zone of silence around every human being during some part of every day. It is significant that the great religions of the world have come out of silence and not out of noise, and the finest creative work is done, as a rule, in seclusion—not necessarily apart from men nor in solitary places, but away from the tumult and away from distracting sounds.

It is in silence alone that we come into possession of ourselves. The noises of life disturb us as a cloud of dust intervenes between the eye and the sky. There ought to be a cult for the practice of silence—a body of men and women committed to the preservation of the integrity of their souls by neither hearing nor making speech for certain periods, pledged to the culture of the habit of quietness.

Masterson has pointed out the fact that the best things are never spoken, and the truest intercourse between congenial spirits is carried on without words. If we said less and thought more there would be far fewer things to explain, many sources of irritation would be dried up at the sources and the prime cause of irritation, which is nervous exhaustion or excitement, would be removed.—Outlook.

Long Beards.

Howells' "Welsh Celibitaries" says: "Llewelyn had the longest beard of which we have record. When loose and flowing it fell down over his horse's shoulders almost to the animal's knees. It was of a peculiar yellow or straw color, which was all the more curious, both his parents being dark haired mountain Welsh people. Years afterward the mountain people had proverbs which referred to this freak, they often using the expression, 'About as long as Howland's beard' or 'Yellow as the whiskers of Llewelyn.'"

George Killingsworth, whom Queen Mary sent to Russia in 1555 as one of her agents to Czar Ivan the Terrible, had a beard five feet three inches in length, and Count Kaloof of Poland, 1607, rejoiced in the possession of a mustache which was so long that he could not touch the ends of it with his fingers.

Sulphur.

Sulphur is a solid, nonmetallic mineral which has been known from earliest ages. It is hard, yellow and brittle and has a most offensive odor. It is found in veins or beds, mostly near active volcanoes. The imported sulphur mostly comes from Sicily, but large quantities are also produced from copper and iron pyrites. These minerals are heated, and the sulphur being volatile flies off in fumes, which are conveyed by means of pipes to a condensing room. If left to the powdery state in which it condenses it is called fleur of sulphur. If melted and cast into bars it is called roll sulphur.

Written in Stars.

Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges it he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Joshua was really a fine gentleman. The Schemonites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."

For Pocketbook.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Schoppen. "I've lost my pocketbook!" "Never mind, dear," replied her husband. "I'll get you another pocketbook, and you can easily collect more dress goods samples."—Kansas City Independent.

Wigwags.

Elegance is something more than ease; it is more than a freedom from awkwardness or restraint. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spirited, yet delicate—Ha got home.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

A Charming Visit, With a Somewhat Terrifying Climax.

Detained at the Siberian village of Krivochookovo. M. Jules Legras remembered that he had a letter to a notable of the place and hastened to present it. M. Gantier in his book on Russia describes in M. Legras' own words the cordial hospitality with which he was received and also tells of the difficulty which concluded his charming visit.

"They had detained me till 10 o'clock in the evening," he writes, "by repeating, 'Why are you in a hurry? and I was on the point of making my departure when I heard the mistress of the house say in a low voice to her husband, 'Shall I send for the carriage?' To which he replied, 'No.' At this word a shiver passed over me. Doubtless this host, who had made me send away the coachman, was unaware of what his refusal meant, else he would have said to me, 'Here is a sofa; sleep here.'"

"My situation was perilous, but what could I do? At the end of a few moments I rose to take my leave, and, having asked if I could get a cab, was met with the reply that at this hour none could be obtained.

"Krivochookovo is a village whose population constitutes the very fonsam and jetsam of Siberian civilization. The village has neither streets nor lights nor police. It is considered a cutthroat spot, where honest people shut themselves tight at night.

"I had neither stick nor revolver, and I had on me a large sum of money. Finally, I was ignorant of the exact position of my inn, situated over a mile away. First of all, dogs threw themselves upon me. I shook them off and started as best I could.

"The night was lark black. Amid the irregular clusters of houses there was no regular street by which to guide myself. As I hesitated I heard a 'Who is that?' It was a watchman of a pile of wood who hailed me. He directed me, and, giving me a large branch that would do as a stick, he said: 'You are wrong, barino, to go about this way without a revolver. The place is not safe. May God protect you!'

"As I approached another cluster of houses a watchman sounded his rattle menacingly and dogs flew at me savagely. When this watchman approached I induced him to accompany me. He informed me that the evening before a traveler who was staying at my hotel, having started early to catch a train, had been assassinated about ten paces from there. Finally we reached the inn. It took a long time to make them open the door, but I finally got inside and reached my room, trembling with fever and fatigue, and fell down helplessly, only conscious of having passed an hour and a-half whose remembrance will remain with me long. As for my so amiable host, whose hospitality might have cost me my life, he will doubtless never know of this adventure."

Macedonia.

Macedonia, the land of the three streams, Vardar, Struma and Vistritza, is hemmed in by lofty mountains, of which the best known and the highest are Olympus, Shardaigh and Rhodope, the last named rising to between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is among the most picturesque countries of Europe, abounding in magnificent forests, which climb hills, fringe rivers and cover islands; in wild mountain scenes, wonderful waterfalls, silent, sailless lakes—an appropriate setting for gems of emerald islets, deep gorges, dizzy mountain paths, smiling plains and desolate passes, which ought to prove an irresistible attraction to the traveler who regards genuine danger and real discomfort as the appropriate condiment of pleasure.

The Shaving Brush.

It is likely that the best shaving brush ever made sheds more or less hairs. To prevent this take an elastic band, neither too heavy nor too light, cut it once (not in two), and holding one end firmly on the handle, wind the rubber around the bristles as close up to the handle as you can, stretching taut as you wind. When you comb to the end tie a simple flat knot (not a granny knot) or else lose the end. By careful winding a very neat job can be done, and the bristles can be worn down to the socket without losing a hair.

A Work of Art.

Miss Knox—There goes Boss Mugler. Miss Bright—Yes, she played the part of the heroine in the private theatricals at the church. Miss Knox—Gracious! Did she have the face to play the heroine? Miss Bright—No, but the customer fixed one up for her.—Philadelphia Press.

Obedient.

"Now, Tommy," said the mother of a small boy as she passed in the disciplinary slipper exercise, "what made you eat the whole of that pie?" "Cause," sobbed Tommy, "you told me to n-never do things by halves."—Chicago News.

She Got the Shavings.

"That young groom," said the minister after the ceremony, "gave me a fifty dollar fee. What a blessing!" "Yes," said his wife, with her hand out, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—Exchange.

Strangers.

Mrs. de Fashion (at a children's party)—Marie! Nurragirl!—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. de Fashion—It's time for us to go home. Which of these children is mine?—Some Chat.

Nature is an Italian harp, a musical instrument whose tones are the resounds of higher strings within ourselves.

A Striking Fact.

A young man was riding in the cab with a locomotive engineer.

"Now," said the young man, shuddering, "suppose a stage load of children were to glide on to the track from that lane—what a blessing it would then be if you could stop short, instantly, like a man walking."

"Blessing?" said the engineer. "Why, young fellow, if that stage you speak of were to appear now, and I could stop short like a man walking, I wouldn't do it. Instead, I'd keep right on and kill the kids."

Preparing For the Storm.

A correspondent in the north of Ireland sends the following account of an interesting incident that came under his observation:

"Being on a walking tour through Inishowen and passing along the edge of Lough Swilly, the romantic Lake of Shadows, he noticed an immense gathering of rocks on the sandy shore. In company with several others, the tourist was attracted by this novel spectacle and began to wonder at the cause of it. An old man who was working in a field near the place offered an explanation. He said that the birds were picking up sand to ballast themselves in a storm and that when they did so it was a sure sign of approaching bad weather. He added that on shooting rocks after a gathering of the sort he had found that they were loaded with sand. As a matter of fact, the gentleman concludes, a violent gale set in early next morning."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Spider's Web.

If we compare the dimensions of the spider with those of its web we are forced to admit that the little creature is a true engineer, able to construct a cable network of relatively enormous size. Thread after thread is put in position in the desired and necessary order, and sometimes prolonged observation on the part of the investigator is required in order to understand the reasons which direct the spider in its complicated operations and which make it always follow the same order and the same laws. Some of these reasons are explained by geometry, others by the strength of materials, and he who succeeds in discovering the "why" of all the interesting details of the method employed is compelled to admit to himself that he could not have achieved so good a result with the same materials.

Poor Richard.

"In December of the year 1732," says Bigelow's "Life of Franklin," "Franklin commenced the publication of what he styled 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' price fivepence. It attained an astonishing popularity, and at once. Three editions were sold within the month of its appearance. The average sale for twenty-five years was 10,000 a year. He was sometimes obliged to put it to press in October to get a supply of copies to the remote colonies by the beginning of the year. It has been translated into nearly if not quite every written language, and several different translations of it have been made into the French and the German. It contains some of the best fun as well as the wisest counsel that ever emanated from his pen."

China's Flag.

The flag of China is one of the gayest among ensigns. The body of the flag is pale yellow. In the upper left hand corner is a small red sun. Looking faintly at the sun is a fierce Chinese dragon. The dragon's belly is a brilliant red and white. His green back is covered with stiff knobs. He is standing on his two hind paws and the left fore foot. His feet are five toed and slightly hooked. His long, five forked tail stretches away in the rear. The dragon's neck is arched back. His mouth is wide open, and he looks as if he were about to try to swallow the red sun.

Then and Now.

"When old Fladger came to this town twenty-five years ago," said the man in the mackintosh, "everything he had in the world was on his back." "And now?" queried the man who had his feet on the table.

"Well, his wife and six daughters have relieved him of the burden. They carry it all on their backs now."—Chicago Tribune.

Postprandial.

"Judge Goodliven just went down the street. I thought you were to be attending a big banquet to him this evening."

"Not at all. I saw him coming out of De's, and I merely remarked there was a big dinner in his honor this evening."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prearrangement.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do and the most beautiful things it can enjoy without thinking that every day may be the last one and that lost time is lost eternally.—Max Muller.

Sufficient Reason.

Roomerton—Guess I'll have to give up boarding. Flatfeigh—Going to get married? Roomerton—No, but my landlady wants her money.—Chicago News.