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1893.

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ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the fullest and latest information about Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1893 will be written by Walter Besant and Edna Lyall. Christine Terhune Herrick will furnish a practical series, entitled, "At the Toilet." Grace King, Olive Thorne Miller, and Candace Wheeler will be frequent contributors. The work of women in the Columbian Exposition will be fully represented with many illustrations. T. W. Higginson, in "Women and Men," will please a cultivated audience.

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An Invigorating Tonic for strengthening the weak, purifying the blood, clearing the complexion and imparting the rosy bloom of health to the cheek. Pleasant to the taste and a favorite with ladies. $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Almanac for 1893 with Storm Calendar and Weather Forecasts by Rev. Irl R. Hicks will be ready Sept. 1, 1892. Furnished free to all dealers who sell our medicines. Ask your druggist for one or send a two-cent stamp to

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DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 4 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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☞ Headquarters for everything used in the school-room. We cordially invite you.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer.

About a quarter of the people of Paris live in apartments.

An inch of rain means 100 tons of water on every acre.

Spain has fewer daily papers than any other European country.

Put a teaspoonful of salt into a kerosene lamp once in awhile.

A pretty woman's reflections are seldom deeper than her looking glass.

A yearly outlay of $5,000,000 shows American enterprise in advertising.

The first omnibus appeared in Paris in 1825; in New York five years later.

The Davy safety lamp for miners was invented by Sir Humphry Davy in 1815.

There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.—Walter Besant.

Change the socks from one foot to the other unless you wear anatomical socks.

It is estimated that about 250,000,000 bricks are used monthly in Great Britain.

A gold leaf electrometer was invented by Bennett in 1789, and subsequently improved.

Only the wounds of self respect are fatal, but the wounds of self love ache the hardest.

Complete cable communication was established in 1872 between Australia and England.

The first telephone exchange was established in London in 1879. Ten offices were connected.

It is the song, the picture, the book, and the preacher that touches on the human basis in man that is successful.

A medical man tells us that the habit among women of biting off the thread when sewing is the chief cause of blood poisoning.

American Deference to Things English.

Mr. La Farge, than whom there is no higher authority, has pointed out that the reason why there was originally no provision for painted glass in the proposed art exhibition at Chicago was that there had been no provision for it in European exhibitions, and that the reason for that omission was because it is an art not now actively cultivated in Europe. But it is an art actively and successfully cultivated in this country, and this fact, which should have insured the prominence of this department in the exposition, came very near causing its entire omission from the programme.

In politics and in mechanical invention we have attained to what may be called national maturity; we have not merely achievements, but we have an independent basis of achievement; indeed sometimes the basis is of more value than the achievement, as our national constitution is better than most of the laws that are made under it. In oratory, too, we have a certain self confidence, but in other arts we have absolutely been sliding back as to self confidence since Emerson's death until we really speak with more deference of the London of Lang and Haggard and Oscar Wilde than men showed twenty years ago in speaking of the London of Darwin, Carlyle and Browning.

All the vast expenditure of the Chicago exposition will be a trivial investment if it can only initiate a period when we shall be a little less colonial, and shall at least put our own estimate on our own birds, our own books and our own men.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Collegiate Life of Tennyson.

Little is known respecting the collegiate life of Lord Tennyson, though occasional references to it crop out from time to time in the correspondence of his fellow students. To what extent he was a student in the learned tongues is not clear in his early verse, or not so clear as that he was a student of English poetry. Nor was he alone in this study, and the practice which accompanied it, for, besides his friend Hallam, his brother Charles was sent, like himself, on winning the laurel. The two brothers published two more collections of verse in 1830, not together, as in the Louth venture three years before, but separately.

Charles Tennyson's volume, which was the smaller of the two, consisted mostly of sonnets, or rather of carelessly constructed quartorzains, which so many English poets will insist upon writing and calling sonnets, while the volume of Alfred, though it contained seven of these unshapely compositions, had a wider scope and range, as was indicated by its title, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." It was followed by a second collection two years later. The reception that these volumes met with is worthy of a chapter in the "Curiosities of English Criticism," should such a work ever be written. It was as singular and unreasonable as the reception of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," Byron's "Hours of Idleness," Shelley's "Laon and Cythna" or Keats' "Endymion." — Harper's Weekly.

How Rothschild Was Painted.

Baron Rothschild was very anxious to have Horace Vernet paint his picture, and visited him with this object while Vernet was engaged upon his enormous Algerian battle piece, "La Prise de la Smala." Vernet said he would paint the baron for 50,000 francs, and although Rothschild visited him repeatedly to induce him to name a smaller sum he stuck to his price. Finally, upon one of the baron's visits, Vernet told him that he had already painted him full length for nothing, as he, the baron, could not afford to pay for his picture, and that he would find himself in the "Prise de la Smala" at Versailles.

The baron accordingly went to Versailles, and there he was, the central figure in the foreground of the enormous picture, and he overheard the following conversation among the spectators: "Who is that man to whom the woman is appealing to save her child and who appears not to hear her?" "Why, don't you see? He is a Jew running away with a casket." Rothschild, by threats, entreaties and bribes, could not induce Vernet to paint out the figure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Forster's Poor Wit.

Mr. Forster, if taken at his own valuation, would be quite the biggest person at any dinner table.

He used his wit like a flail, and then looked round as much as to say, "See, now, how the air is choked with the chaff of other men's talk." I do not think Crabb Robinson liked Forster, though they often met—perhaps because they often met. They had both slightly disparaging anecdotes to tell to each other.

As a poor instance of Forster's wit, I remember on one occasion Crabb Robinson told the story of his butler whispering to him at the dinner table that the soup had run short, whereupon Forster, to the astonishment of his guests and to the dismay of his serving man, roared out the plagiarism, "Then let there be more mullagataway soup," at the same time looking round as if he had said a very good thing indeed.—Mrs. Crosse in Temple Bar.

Plant for a Metropolitan Newspaper.

"I am a member of a syndicate that is going to start a new morning newspaper in New York," remarked Stuffley. "We have all our plans completed, and it's bound to be a success."

"Who's your editor?" inquired Assborough.

"We haven't any editor and don't want any, but we've got an architect who says he can put up a nineteen-story building," was the reply. "We've hidden three reporters in a sewer, interviewed five men who died ten years ago and hired a Hoboken dog catcher to write cablegrams from Berlin. It will be a success from the start."—New York Herald.

Irish Spies and Informers.

The recorded emoluments of these Irish informers were enormous. As to their indirect profits it would be idle to speculate. One Reynolds, a spy of very secondary importance, received on March 4, 1799, a sum of £5,000 from the secret service money, and was further gratified with a secret pension of some hundreds a year. He afterward obtained the office of British postmaster at Lisbon, the emoluments of which amounted during his four years of service to nearly £6,000. He was subsequently appointed to more than one well paid consulship, and at length, retiring in middle life from the public service of his country, he chose Paris as his final place of abode, and enjoyed his pension to the day of his death, having drawn from the exchequer of a hated government not less in all than £45,000.

Armstrong is said to have received close on £30,000 for his information; and Magan, who took up the business as a needy barrister, left over £14,000 to his sister. Higgins, who was not even an informer at first hand, but a species of information agent or spy keeper, began life as a pauper and a "sham squire," and after many years of free and easy living in Dublin, maintaining a reputation for that liberal hospitality so necessary to his success in his profession, died worth no less than £40,000. Very few were the real squires or peers of Ireland for the matter of that who left so considerable a sum of money behind them in the early days of the present century. —Edinburgh Review.

A Crooked Railway.

There are few more interesting engineering achievements than the little narrow gauge railroad running to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, from its seaport, La Guayra. The distance between the two cities, as the crow flies, supposing for the moment that he could fly through the mountains, is only six miles, but the railway connecting them is twenty-three miles in length, and consequently twists and turns on itself. The road runs in zigzag fashion up the mountain to an altitude of about 5,000 feet above its starting point and then descends some 1,500 feet in the same manner into the valley of Caracas.

Twenty-two thousand rails were used in laying the track, and of these over 18,000 are bent. It is jestingly said that the engineer almost died of a broken heart because he could invent no excuse for bending the remaining 4,000. He did his best, however, and no one who has to ride over the line and find himself shaken at every one of the 346 sharp twists which the track makes will find it in his heart to condemn the poor man for not making a perfect job. Two passenger trains pass over the road daily, leaving La Guayra at 8:30 in the morning and at 3:30 in the afternoon, making the journey in two hours and a half. This is a speed, exclusive of stops, of not quite ten miles an hour.—Pearson's Weekly.

Close Observers of Nature.

The most successful beast tamers are generally small, wiry fellows, with plenty of nerve and a good stock of trade secrets, derived from the close study of wild animals. In the latter respect savages, with their outdoor mode of life, have a considerable advantage over their civilized rivals. In the Chilean Andes the naturalist Tschudi made the acquaintance of a creole farmer who confessed that he had experimented for several years before he succeeded in capturing a live alpaca.

He had imitated the traps of the Indians, their method of fixing them in the sand of the river banks, their precaution in obliterating the traces of their footsteps, but all in vain till an Indian renegade revealed the secret—namely, that the alpacas select their drinking places where there is an audible ripple in the current of the river, perhaps for the same reason that cows prefer a brook to a pond and a running spring to a sluggish creek.

The murmuring of the stream seemed to suggest the idea of purer and cooler water, and where the current was slow the Indians contrived to produce a ripple by an artificial obstruction.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Long Winded Fogies.

"The Scythians," said Sydney Smith, "ate their grandparents when they became troublesome and told long stories." Who knows whether the Eumenides may not suffer a remnant of these useful Scythians to survive even unto our day to be a terror to long winded fogies, male and female?

I met at dinner recently an old fogy who I am sure has his Scythian waiting for him. He had been harrying the company with stupid remarks about natural history, asking questions, too, that would turn the stomach of a school inspector. At length, in that peculiar tone of voice in which theological questions are uttered, our fogy said, "Ha, an oyster brains?" "Certainly," replied our host, "for an oyster knows when to shut up."—Temple Bar.

Getting a "Scoop."

I remember seeing a war correspondent of a Boston paper at the battle of Bull Run. Bullets were flying thick as hailstones, and shells were cracking as though pandemonium had broken loose, but the correspondent kept skirmishing around in the thick of it all, notebook in hand. Our major bawled out to him, "Lie down, you fool—you'll be killed." "Maybe so," he replied, "but I'm getting the d—dest scoop on the other papers ever you saw!" A little thing like getting killed doesn't worry your thoroughbred news gatherer when there's a scoop in sight.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

[illegible]

Mr. J. M. Schaeberle, of the Lick observatory, has introduced a new element into the discussion about the "canals" of Mars. It has generally been assumed that the darker areas on that planet are water surfaces, and the lighter regions continents and islands. As the canals are dark in color it was naturally inferred that they must be channels filled with water.

Mr. Schaeberle, as a result of his studies of Mars with the great telescope, suggests the possibility that the astronomers may have been mistaken about the meaning of the colors on Mars, and that the dark areas may really be the lands of that planet, and the light areas the seas.

One of his reasons for this conclusion is that at times some of the bright areas appear more than usually brilliant, as though the reflecting surface were in a state of agitation. The contrasts, he thinks, are like those witnessed in light reflected from a calm and from an agitated water surface.

But if Mr. Schaeberle is right, then the "canals" are not canals, not water courses, but phenomena connected with the land. He suggests that they may be the ridges of mountain chains which are almost wholly immersed in water. The double "canals" then would represent parallel mountain ranges such as we have upon the earth.

When trained observers, possessing the advantages arising from the use of the best telescopes, differ so widely in opinion concerning the markings on Mars, the confident statements about the conditions of that planet and the doings of its inhabitants, which have been widely printed, begin to appear ridiculous. Yet that should not cause any one to lose interest in such studies.—Youth's Companion.

"Doing" Europe.

"Tourists do say funny things yet," said a young woman just home from Europe, "though I feared I shouldn't hear any of them. Two women were standing before a tapestry in a church, and as I approached one of them said to the other? 'Got your notebook, Hannah? Put down (consulting her catalogue) 'tapestry of St. Agnes;'' then, studying the picture before her, she summed it up: 'Girl on a bench, sheep in the foreground,' and the two moved on without a second look."—New York Times.

LUCK IN THE FAR NORTH.

All Hands on the Whaler Hume Will Be Capitalists for Awhile.

The chartered steamer Bertha, Captain Anderson, of the North American Commercial company, arrived from the Pribylov seal islands, via Oonalaska. The steamer brings quite a batch of interesting news, the most important item of which is the phenomenal catch of thirty-eight right whales credited to the steam whaler Mary D. Hume during her 2½ years' cruise near the mouth of the Mackenzie river, and well within the arctic circle. It is estimated that the catch will amount to over $400,000 when sold.

The Mary D. Hume may be expected to arrive here at any time, as she left Oonalaska three days ahead of the Bertha. She has on board 40,000 pounds of bone, which will be shipped east on its arrival. An additional 15,000 pounds of this season's catch has already been shipped here by another vessel. When the news of the immense catch reached here there was joy in the hearts of many outside of the stockholders of the Pacific Steam Whaling company. The boarding house masters, from old Horseshoe Brown down, who will get the crew to honor their establishments with their presence, were wild with delight. The lowest whaler on the lay scale on this lucky vessel will not receive less than $2,000, while the scale will rise until the captain will pull down something like $40,000. Every whaler on the Hume will be a little king while his money lasts. However, had these men had a disastrous season and come home empty handed it would have made an awful difference with them. Many of the sailor boarding houses are well filled with boarders who have disposed of their "pile," and the Hume's crew would hardly have found a place to stop at, let alone be welcome, but for their present prospective wealth.

The steam whaler Grampus, which accompanied the Hume two years and a half ago to the mouth of the Mackenzie river, returned a year ago in command of Captain Norwood. The men on the Grampus told terrible tales at that time of cruelties practiced on the crews by the different captains, and how the men tried to desert and were captured. These stories all dated over the two winters that had been spent in the ice and before any whales were taken.

There wintered with the two steam whalers at Herschel's island the schooner Nicoline. Captain Louis H. Herendeen, of the latter vessel, who is one of the oldest whalers known here, was the instigator of the whaling expedition to the mouth of the Mackenzie river, some 300 miles to the eastward of Point Barrow. No whaling vessel had ever penetrated that far before.

Indeed such a voyage was equal to trying to find a northwest passage. Two weary winters were passed by the three crews. Up to the time the ice broke up last summer the expedition had been a failure. Captain Herendeen became discouraged, and after cruising around awhile made a start to get out of the Arctic ocean. The Grampus and Hume, however, worked to the eastward, and were rewarded with sixteen and twelve immense whales, respectively. The Grampus returned and the Hume remained over another winter.

Only the whalebone in the head of a whale is taken, the blubber being thrown away, as the Hume is only eighty-eight tons net, and has no place to store the hundreds of barrels of oil that the whales she has taken would have made had they been tried out.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Playing "Honey Jug."

"Did you ever play the fascinating game of 'honey jug' when you were a boy?" said Old Beeswax (as they called him) to a gang of drummers in front of the St. James. "On moonlight nights we always had a game of 'honey jug' in my old place in Indiana. To play 'honey jug' you must get ten or fifteen boys, big and little, together. They sit down in a row on the curbstone, each fellow clasping his hands under his legs at the knees, and sometimes, to make it dead sure, holding on to his wrists. Two of the biggest fellows are detailed to test the jugs. They take each one in turn by his arms, lift him up in the air as high as their shoulders and then drop him with a jerk. If he holds fast three times he wins. If his hands break and are torn apart he is adjudged 'rotten,' and told to stand aside until the others are finished.

"Half or more of the little boys fail generally to stand the test. Their punishment is to 'run the gantlet.' The other boys form in a row, one behind the other, with their legs spread apart. The 'rotten jug' gets down on all fours and skittles through the openings as fast as he can—receiving as he passes from each one divers slaps and whacks which are merry enough to every boy but the one who gets them. Occasionally he makes quick time and is happy. Most frequently he emerges in a state of wreck and stands seriously aside, feeling with his hands behind him if he is all there."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Matter Out of Place.

The fierce animosity some ardent housekeepers exhibit toward dust seems amusingly exaggerated to quieter souls. To the true dust hater no family trouble or family joy is paramount. With her mouth she may mourn William's sorrow or exult over Edith's prosperity. Her eyes are roving. They spy the bit of fluff upon the carpet, and she checks her sobs to pick it up. The recital of Edith's happiness is interrupted while she walks across the floor to wipe off a table's edge or to lament the difficulty of keeping a room clean when the windows are so often opened.

Births, deaths or marriages may come and go in her household. Not one of these disturbs her equanimity half so much as having her sweeping day postponed; they are all of less importance than the discovery that her dreaded enemy has gained a foothold in some unsuspected corner.

An enthusiast of this sort one evening, with a tragic air, requested her husband to accompany her to an upper chamber. The tired lawyer was impressed by her solemn manner, and heavily climbed the necessary stairs. The lady led him into a room and pointed sternly to a table.

"Look at that," she said indignantly. "Three times this week I have told Mary to dust it. I believe she neglects it purposely. I am completely disheartened."

The lawyer looked at the table and sighed.

"My dear," he replied, "today I have had to deal with a murderer and two burglars. I have also examined two wife beaters and one child stealer, but anything like the moral depravity of Mary I confess I never saw before—never!"

And the lady triumphantly led the procession down stairs.—Harper's Bazar.

A Pretty Good Definition.

A pupil in a public school having answered the question, "What is a cynic?" by saying "A cynic is a philosopher who leads a dog's life," a writer in the Boston Journal remarks, "Evidently the pupil had confused the words 'cynic' and 'canine' and attempted to bring in something of both." Evidently nothing of the kind. "Cynic" is derived directly from the Greek "kuon" and "kunikos," meaning "dog" and "doglike;" and, in fact, "canine" is derived from a Latin word of the same meaning. Undoubtedly the teacher had explained the origin of "cynic," and thus the association of dog with the specific meaning of the word got a lodgment in the child's mind. Anyhow, as The Journal suggests, the definition in not a bad one.—New York Tribune.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

George William Curtis' Treatment of an Ambitious Young Reporter.

Some sixteen or seventeen years ago I was a reporter on one of the Chicago papers. I had only been a little while in the business, and I was both green and ambitious. Now it happened that a part of my work was to visit the various hotels every evening in the search for personal items, the arrival of well known people and the like. It was not work of the highest order, but I put my heart in it and really think that I did it well. One evening I was standing in the office of a certain hotel, which for the purposes of this story need not be precisely identified, when I observed a handsome, distinguished looking gentleman enter, walk up to the desk and register.

As he turned to say a word or two to the clerk I stepped up behind him and saw what he had written on the register. It was "George William Curtis, New York." I knew that Mr. Curtis was advertised to lecture on the following evening, and it occurred to me that it would be a good thing if I could get an interview for my paper with such a distinguished man. You see what an ardent beginner in newspaper work I was. In fact, I was full of western enthusiasm, and I was not lacking in cheek. So when Mr. Curtis turned away from the desk I summoned up all my courage—and it did require considerable—and accosted him.

"Mr. Curtis," said I, "I am a reporter for The ——, and I thought that perhaps you might have something to say that would be of interest to the people of Chicago."

He turned and looked at me in the kindliest way. I shall never forget the geniality and good nature that beamed upon me from his eyes and his whole face nor the answer which he made to my suggestion.

"Ah," said he with the most beautiful smile that I ever saw, "then you and I belong to the same profession."

What could have been more thoughtful and considerate to the raw young reporter? It has always seemed to me that there could not have been anything said better calculated to relieve my embarrassment and make me feel at home. At the same time I never could get rid of the impression that my answer was almost as good as his remark.

"Yes," said I, "Mr. Curtis, you are at one end of it and I am at the other."

Of course he laughed right heartily at my sally, and instantly we seemed on the best of terms. Well, all he had to tell me was that he was on a lecture tour and that he would speak in Chicago the next evening. He was very willing to tell me where he was going—I suppose he saw no objection to advertising himself in that way—and after a few minutes' pleasant chat I took my leave, Mr. Curtis giving me a most gracious "good night." The result was about a stickful in The —— the next morning.

That was the only time I ever saw George William Curtis in my life. It is a matter of deep regret to me, now that he is gone, that I never went to hear him lecture.—New York Tribune.

The Origin of the Brant Goose.

Cambrensus, who wrote a great work on the "Topography of Ireland," tells what he knows about the wonderful barnacle or brant goose, as follows: "They are like marsh geese, but somewhat smaller, and are produced from fir timber tossed along the seashore. At first they are like gum; afterward they hang down by their beaks as from a seaweed attached to the timber. Having in the course of time been clothed with a goodly coat of feathers, they either fall into the water or fly freely away into the air. I have frequently seen with my own eyes more than a thousand of these small bodies of birds hanging down on the seashore from a piece of timber, each inclosed in shells already formed. They do not breed and lay eggs like other birds do, nor do they ever hatch any eggs, nor do they build nests in any corner of the earth. For this reason fasting bishops and priests eat them because they are not flesh nor born of flesh." Taken all in all the above is one of the most remarkable ornithological opinions ever entertained.—St. Louis Republic.

A Bright Scotch Lad.

Some year or two ago I was staying near Crieff, and visited the village school, where I saw a lad poring over Homer. The schoolmaster told me that in the course of the last shooting season he carried the game bags for a party over the moors. This he did with other odd jobs to enable him to continue his education.

In the party were a nobleman (whose name was given me, but which I have now forgotten) and an Oxford tutor. In the course of luncheon one day there was a dispute between these as to the exact wording of some phrase from a Greek drama and the author. Seeing some intelligence in the lad's face, they were led to ask him if he knew anything about the matter, when the lad was able to tell them they were both wrong, quoting the phrase aright and giving the name of the author.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Wisdom's Proof.

Billings—Wilson is a very smart man.

Witherton—What makes you think so?

Billings—He knows as much as his son.

Witherton (with emotion)—How old is his son?

Billings—Just twenty-one.

Witherton (removing his hat)—What a paragon of wisdom must that parent be!—Kate Field's Washington.

Pumped Him Dry.

A barrister tormented a poor German witness so much with questions that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked, "I think, sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."—Exchange.

Speaking English.

Almost any one who speaks English might be put down successively in half a dozen places where English is supposed to be the mother tongue and hear as many dialects spoken, not one of which he would understand until it was interpreted. An old Lancashire worthy and a London lady were one day occupants of a railway carriage. The train had been waiting long at a certain station, and there was no appearance of it starting, when the worthy remarked:

"They're a gly, tanglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady.

"A'm sayin they're a gey daidlin lot here."

"I really beg your pardon, sir."

"I'm observin they are a vera dreich lot here the nicht."

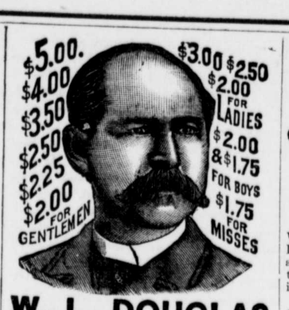
"Really I must again beg your pardon. I don't comprehend you."

"I was just tryin to say that the train was late."

"Indeed, sir, it is—very late," agreed the lady, and then collapsed.—London Tit-Bits.

Cannibals and Shaved Heads.

On the upper Congo the natives give a great deal imagination and labor to the arrangement of their headdress. Some of them, however, like the Bangala, keep their heads closely shaved, except for little tufts of hair on top and at the sides. On the middle Mobangi river the natives also shave their heads. This is a very general custom among cannibal tribes. Not all cannibals on the Congo shave their heads, but it is certain that all tribes which follow this practice are cannibals.—New York Sun.



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