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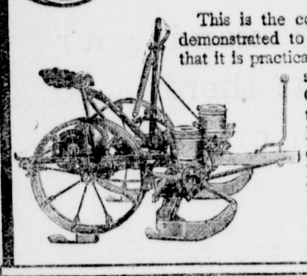
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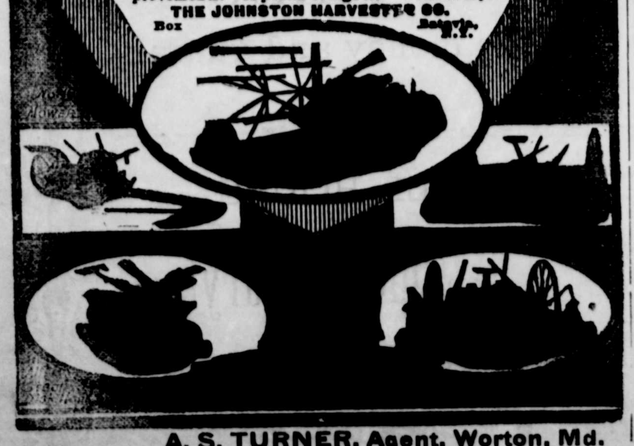
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A Lost Bank Note.

A friend of mine, writes a Scottish correspondent, recently saw a piece of paper lying on the street. He picked it up. It was a one pound note. Some men might have pocketed it, with a smile of satisfaction. My friend, however, honestly handed it over to the police. A short time afterward he discovered that he himself had lost a pound. He thought over the matter and remembered that before finding the note he had been standing on the edge of the pavement for some time. It slowly dawned upon him that the pound he had found was his own and that he had drawn it from his pocket unconsciously. He went back promptly to the police station and explained the circumstance. The officer in charge only shook his head and smiled incredulously. "Very clever," he said, "but—eh—it will scarcely do." If my friend cared to call back at the end of six months, he was informed, he would get the pound if in the interval it had not been claimed. During this time of waiting he is inclined to meditate as to whether honesty is always the best policy.—London P. T. O.

In Case of Accident.

Don't bluster. Be tactful. If there are dangerous germs present, ask them to withdraw. If they demur, ask them where they were brought up with gentle irony.

Be careful to render first aid to the injured. A great deal of unnecessary suffering has been caused by persons hastily rendering third or even fourth aid where first aid was indicated.

In case of drowning select a best method of resuscitation. There are 4,639 best methods in all. Have them about you in the form of loose newspaper clippings and run them over briefly before acting.

Keep cool. Stop every little while and take your temperature.

If the coroner arrives while you are at work, immediately desist. It is discourteous to save life in his presence.

Take accurate notes of the street and number. Reviving patients almost always ask where they are.

If possible, induce death to supervene rather than to take place merely or even to ensue. It gives the family a sense of dignity.—Puck.

The Frank Critic.

"When Sir John Millais was engaged in painting his 'Chill October' among the rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth," said an English artist, "a railway porter from the station at Kinfauns used to carry the canvas back and forth for him.

"The porter was a quaint chap. His services were called for many days in requisition. He became quite friendly with Sir John and seemed to take a hearty interest in the progress of the painting.

"Well, 'Chill October' was eventually finished and sold a little while afterward for a thousand pounds. This fact somehow reached the porter's ears. He met Sir John's brother-in-law at Kinfauns one day and said excitedly:

"'Mon, is't true that Sir John's sold t'picture and got a thoosand poond for't?'

"'Yes, certainly,' was the reply.

"'A thoosand poond!' repeated the porter. 'Why, mon, I wadna gi'en half a croon for't.'"

Rotundity of Earth.

We are assured by competent authority that Thales of Miletus taught that the earth was of a globular form so early as 640 B. C. Pythagoras demonstrated from the varying altitudes of the stars that the earth must be round. Aristarchus of Samos maintained that the earth turned on its own axis and revolved about the sun, which doctrine was held by his contemporaries as so absurd and revolting that the philosopher nearly lost his life B. C. 280. The wisdom of the ancients was, of course, lost sight of in the darkness of the "middle ages," and it took Galilei and Copernicus to restore the old knowledge to the world.—New York American.

Murder In Germany.

Germany distinguishes between two kinds of murder—one, premeditated and intentional, is punishable by death; the second, intentional homicide without deliberation, is punishable by penal servitude for from five to fifteen years. Dueling in Germany is a misdemeano of a special kind. Who kills his opponent in a duel is not charged with murder or manslaughter, but with dueling, the punishment for which is detention in a fortress for fifteen years.—London Chronicle.

Ruffled His Feathers.

Artist (showing friend his masterpiece)—Now, my boy, that is a picture, if you like—real and natural. What do you think of it? Friend—Capital! Capital! So lifelike! Such light and shade! I don't think I ever saw a better picture of a battlefield. Artist—Great Paul Rubens! That's not a battlefield—that's a basket of fruit!—London Standard.

Reduction.

The old nag was jogging up the hill with the elopers.

"Yes," said the old nag, "it is rather tough pulling them up to the parsonage, but it will be easier coming back."

"How so?" queried the friendly goose at the roadside.

"Why, can't you see that after leaving the parsonage two will be made one?"—Chicago News.

The Editor Regrets.

Office Boy—The editor says he's much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them. Fair Artist (eagerly)—Did he say that? Office Boy (truthfully)—Well, not exactly. He just said: "Take 'em away, Pimple. They make me sick."—London Tatler.

ANIMAL TAILS.

The Functions of Those of Cats, Lions and Jaguars.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can pur? But nevertheless it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or a man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail, that of an aid in balancing. As a tight rope performer sways his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the center of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary, this organ functions as a storehouse of fat and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground or it is suspended on two small wheels.—C. William Beebe in Outing Magazine.

BUSHRANGERS.

The Most Noted of the Later Day Outlaws In Australia.

Bushrangers were originally runaway convicts who took to the "bush," as Australians call the backwoods, and became holdup men. About the year 1830 the bushrangers became so numerous that they fought regular engagements with posses and soldiers sent out to capture them, and this form of crime continued sporadically until within recent years. The most famous of later rangers were the Kelly brothers. After many daring crimes and hairbreadth escapes the Kellys actually held up the entire village of Jerilderie, N. S. W., which had a population of 200. Ned Kelly looted the bank of $10,000, while his three pals held the men of the village cooped up in their homes. Although there was a special bushranging act in force at the time authorizing the detention of persons supposed to be in communication with the outlaws, the Kellys were not heard of again for nearly a year, when they "stuck up" the small town of Glenrowan, in Victoria. Here they were brought to bay, and three of the desperadoes were shot dead in a house they had barricaded, while the leader, Ned Kelly, was brought to the ground with a bullet through the legs. He was hanged in 1880. All four of the men were in the habit of wearing an armor made of plowshares and weighing almost a hundred pounds.—New York American.

An Outrageous Slandering.

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife in broken English of conduct the reverse of admirable, to put it mildly. He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles!"

N. B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."—Cornhill Magazine.

Thoughtful.

There is an elderly business man of Cleveland of whom friends tell a story amusingly illustrating his excessively methodical manner of conducting both his business and his domestic affairs. The Clevelander married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at 7 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. True to his instincts, the careful Clevelander immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read: "Don't marry till I come. Howard."—Harper's Weekly.

Acting Like a Man.

The curtain had just gone down on the second act, leaving the heroine in the villain's clutches. Up in the balcony a sentimental woman burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her husband. "Remember, it's only a play. Act like a man!"

"Very well, John," said the lady, smiling through her tears. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I must run out and send a telegram."—Bohemian.

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said graciously after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page, "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."

Trials of Writers.

George Eliot in one of her letters, referring to her novel "Daniel Deronda," writes as follows: "My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth while giving to the world that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities." Again of the same work, "As usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature and not a mere addition to the heap of books."

Montesquieu wrote thus to a friend: "I thought I should have killed myself these three months to finish a morceau (for his great work) which I wished to insert on the origin and revolutions of the civil laws of France. You will read it in three hours, but I do assure you that it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

The eminent modern French writer Gustave Flaubert suffered tortures in his efforts to attain perfection. When composing, he would sometimes spring to his feet, shriek aloud and call himself "blockhead," "idiot." No sooner was one doubt removed than another arose. At other times he would sit at his writing table as one magnetized, lost in contemplation. His friend Turgeneff declared that it was exceedingly touching to see his struggles with language. He would work a whole day and sometimes all night on a single page.

Traps of the Ant Lion.

We read of the tiger traps in India—great pits dug in the ground and covered lightly with pliant bamboo. The tiger steps upon the false top and before it can retreat is precipitated into a trap. Walking along a sandy road, look for tiny circular pits sunk below the surface and then sit down and watch an exciting episode in the life of the little still hunter which has dug the pitfall. It is invisible, and for some time the whole affair seems lifeless. Then an ant comes blundering along and without warning topples over the edge and begins to slide down the incline. But the insect fights hard for life and seems about to make its escape, when, lo, the sand grains heave upward at the bottom and with a jerk are hurled like a miniature catapult at the ant, knocking it over and rolling it to the bottom. The ant lion, for such it is, now seizes its prey and after sucking its juices casts the dry body away and mends its pit against the coming of another victim.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Scientists' Corner.

Lord Kelvin was buried in Westminster abbey in the spot which by analogy we might call scientists' corner, but it is such a very ugly phrase. If pilgrimages are made there the pilgrims will be of another type from those whose shrine is poets' corner. And yet, when one thinks of the poets, how many of them have opened up such wide spaces of imagination as Newton and Herschel, Darwin and Kelvin? If Shakespeare had known such men he would have admitted their right to take their place with the lover, the madman and the poet who are of "imagination all compact." But this conception has not penetrated the popular mind, which is hardly equal to pure imagination unadulterated with emotion and a good many primitive instincts.—London Saturday Review.

Getting His Money's Worth.

A New Hampshire man tells of a tight fisted man of affairs in a town of that state who until recently had never been observed to take an interest in church matters. Suddenly, however, he became a regular attendant at divine service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow townsmen.

"What do you think of the case of old Ketchum?" said one of the business men of the place to a friend. "Is it true that he has got religion?"

"Well, hardly," replied the other. "The fact is it's entirely a matter of business with him. I am in a position to know that about a year ago he loaned the pastor $50, which the latter was unable to pay. So there remained nothing for Ketchum but to take it out in pew rent."

Struck Out.

Dr. C., who always employs two servants, man and wife, was talking to a patient one day about a couple he had just discharged because the man drank.

He remarked: "It is so strange, but it is always the way with a man and wife. If one is good, the other is no good."

The patient asked him, "How is it with you and Mrs. C.?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Home Life of Genius.

The Actor (before breakfast)—Where are the papers, my dear? His Wife (an actress, absentmindedly)—C-curse you! They are far beyond your reach, thank heaven! And I'll die a thousand deaths before you can wr-r-r-r-ring the secret from—oh—er—Jack, I mean, the boy forgot to leave them this morning!—Puck.

A Reason.

"Pa," asked Mr. Henpeck's little boy, "why did Patrick Henry say, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'"

"He may have been out five minutes after the curfew rang the night before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Highest Applause.

You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.—Emerson.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—A. Helps.

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