

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Nearly two hundred million people in India are dependent on agriculture for their living.

Seven years ago there were two thousand students in China, and in 1907 there were 175,352.

In the last ten years 325,000 people have emigrated from England and become Canadian farmers.

In the rural districts of England and Wales the death rate is about 23 per cent lower than in the urban districts.

Twenty tons of ostrich feathers, valued at more than \$500,000, were recently carried by the Mauretania to New York.

The Koh-i-noor diamond originally weighed eight hundred karats, but by successive cuttings has been reduced to 106 karats.

At the end of the last fiscal year in the United States 278 life-saving stations had been established, of which more than two hundred were on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, sixty-one on the Pacific coast and one on the Ohio River at Louisville, Ky. More than six hundred persons are numbered in the crews and there were 838 disasters in which the service took an active part.

According to report a section of the amphitheater in King Arthur's round table field in Monmouthshire, England, has been partially excavated. The archaeological society has made five excavations around the walls and the sand which formed the bed of the arena, and a corner stone. From inscriptions on the stone they trace the date of the theater back to 110 A. D., or eighteen hundred years.

At the Court Theater at Darmstadt a Christmas play in five acts, entitled "Bonifacius," was performed a few weeks ago. The plot is laid in the Black Forest; the time the eighth century. The subject treated is the conversion of the heathen by St. Bonifacius. The play was well received and it now becomes known that the author, on the bills as E. Mann, is the grand duke of Hesse, who is hailed by the German press as the latest recruit to the ranks of royal dramatists.

The year 1909 will always be remembered as the year in which the effort to maintain finished steel prices collapsed, but in the light of the history since made it will be well to remember that the year is also conspicuous as witnessing a healthy and reasonable reaction toward fair prices with an absolutely open market, but with a spirit of fairness and good will pervading the trade which never before existed under similar outward conditions.—Iron Trade Review.

There is no incident of Christmas beneficence with our knowledge of such far-reaching scope for future good as the gift of Henry Phipps to the University of Pennsylvania in furtherance of his plans for the study, treatment and prevention of tuberculosis. Mr. Phipps, who has now expended \$3,000,000 with a view to the extirpation of this most destructive of maladies, has made sure of the future effectiveness of his object by putting its direction in charge of a capable institution already organized to make the most competent use of the weapons placed in its hands.—Philadelphia Record.

Nearly one million new farms have been created in the United States during the last ten years. In the last ten years the total number of farms has increased 18 per cent. In the older States, from Ohio eastward, there has been going on for twenty years a tendency toward the amalgamation of farms distant from market into larger holdings. On the other hand, this section has witnessed the cutting up into smaller sizes of many farms nearer to market. There are now almost three times as many farms as in 1870, and an unprecedented increase in the value of farm lands and live stock.—American Agriculturist.

In India such surnames as these are frequent: Tilak (a caste mark on the forehead), Piyari (beloved), Chh Kouri (six little shells), Longa (a clove), Karbani (sacrifice), Moti (pearl), Suraj (sun), Kharg (sword), Ball (strong), Phul (flower), Bahadur (brave). There sometimes they give their children bad names so that evil spirits will pass them by and not harm them, thinking they are worthless—as Bhikari (beggar), Bhangi (scavenger), Chuha (rat), Gobar (cow dung). I know a high caste family who lost several children in infancy. When the fourth was born they called him Bhangi, and he lived. They attribute his life to the name they gave him.—Muzaffarpur Christian Advocate.

Some people believe that the banana was the original forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden. In any case, it is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, being not a tree, a palm, a bush, a shrub, a vegetable or a ran herb, but a hercaceous plant with the status of a tree. Although it sometimes attains a height of thirty feet, there is no woody fiber in any part of its structure, and the bunches growing on the dwarf banana plant are often heavier than the stalk which supports them. No other plant gives such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana; it yields forty-four times more by weight than the potato and 133 times more than wheat. Moreover, no insect will attack it, and it is always immune from disease of any kind.

Public benefactions of the larger sort during the year now closing are believed to have reached \$141,000,000, which beats the record by \$40,000,000, most of this excess being due to the death of John S. Kennedy, whose bequest figures in the benefactions of the year to the extent of \$26,550,000. Nearly \$13,000,000 of it credited to John D. Rockefeller, and over \$6,000,000 to Andrew Carnegie, while Mrs. Christopher L. Magee is put down for \$5,000,000. Two millions left to the University of Wisconsin by Colonel Vilas, who was in the first Cleveland cabinet, is included. Mrs. Sage gave away nearly two million, and the bequest of \$1,000,000 for cancer research made by Mrs. Union and a half million more. More than a third of the total was given for educational purposes.—Philadelphia Record.

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighths inches. So calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he is an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by three. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

QUEER STORIES

A baby born amid the floods at Alfortville, Paris, has been named Moses.

Attached to a tombstone in a Harlequin (England) undertaker's shop is a card which reads: "You may telephone from here."

A cent's worth of electricity, at the average price in this country, will raise ten tons twelve feet high with a crane in less than a minute.

No coal is mined in this country lower than a depth of 2,200 feet, while several English mines penetrate 3,500 feet down, and there are mines in Belgium four thousand feet deep. Eight-inch seams of coal are mined commercially abroad, while few veins less than fourteen inches thick are worked in this country.

A woman who likes to have flowers in her window but finds it impracticable to do so in the city has artificial ones painted on the glass. The windows are high up above the street and the flowers are in bright colors to enable them to be seen more easily. The apartment house in which the woman lives is on Broadway, and the effect of the art is very striking.—New York Sun.

Montreal is said to be in a bad sanitary condition. The water supply has been condemned in parliament, and the method of sewage disposal is far from satisfactory. A medical member of parliament declares that the Montreal water furnished on the cars of the Intercolonial railway, where alcoholic drinks are not allowed, is a distinctly dangerous beverage, containing "disease and death." Typhoid fever is prevalent in the city.

The number of automobiles owned by farmers is growing rapidly. Out of ten thousand autos in Iowa, five thousand are owned by farmers. Kansas farmers spent \$3,200,000 for automobiles during 1909, and \$2,750,000 in 1908. In one Nebraska town of eight hundred population, forty autos were sold last year to farmers near the town, and retired farmers in the town. Careful estimate of the number of automobiles owned by farmers in the entire United States is 76,000.

Corn grows in 120 days from its planting time. Out in the great corn belt, during 1909, the corn farmers made the ground give up to them \$15,000,000 every day of those 120. In other words, every day from the time the corn farmers put the seed in the ground, \$15,000,000 were poured into their laps until a grand total of \$1,720,000,000 was rolled up! All the gold and silver in the whole United States to-day isn't equal to this corn crop of last year.—Travel Magazine.

New Way to Swear Off Taxes.

The best way of not paying taxes on your personal property is to swear them off. By "swearing off" is meant going to the tax assessor and making a deposition that you really don't live where you seem to live, that you really don't own what you seem to own, and that, while you appear to be very rich man, you are really overburdened by debts which you have hitherto successfully concealed. Since personal property taxes began, so many ways of swearing off have been invented that the tax authorities had come to believe that there was no new tax dodge under the sun.

But the tax authorities were mistaken. A few days ago a man came to the New York tax commissioner and asked to be relieved of his personal taxes. "I have only \$5,000," he said, "and that money is in city bonds and is being held in trust." "For whom?" asked the tax commissioner. "The question was unexpected and at first there was no answer, but the tax commissioner insisted. Finally, in a stage whisper, the swearer-off explained: "The money is held in trust during his lifetime—for my dog."—Success Magazine.

When a boy expresses a willingness to climb a tree to pick cherries they are not for his mother to put up.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

VALUE OF SMALL ECONOMIES.

THE high cost of living nowadays is added to the expense of shaves at barber shop, staves at the bootblack stand and cigars at the tobacco store. Formerly these were listed in the cost of high living, to which few men aspired. Perhaps the housewife is entitled to her part of the blame for today's high cost of living (not now regarded as high living), on account of her poor management of household expenses or bad cooking, but the husband who buys shaves, staves and cigars is hardly qualified to complain of pose as a model.

A man in New York, who for thirty years shaved his own face, shined his own shoes and eschewed cigars, tells the Sun, of that city, that in that time he saved \$2,500 through these economies. With this money he, three years ago, purchased for his adult boy the business of the boy's deceased employer and the son has wholly repaid his father out of the business and is on the road to fortune. This is the way the father figures his thirty years' savings:

Shaving, three times weekly, at 15c, 45c; a year, \$22.50; thirty years \$ 675

Shoes, three times weekly at 5c, 15c; a year, \$1.50; thirty years 225

Cigars, three a day (box price), 15c; a year, \$52.50; thirty years 1,575

Gross saving \$2,475

Therefore, when figuring the high cost of living, or the cost of high living, do not forget the shaves, the staves and the cigars. A great deal of money goes into these unnecessary luxuries, and they are not less wasteful than automobiles, which many thoughtless persons who buy shaves, staves and cigars foolishly imagine are the acme of extravagance. Also should be included the cost of shampoo, massage and tip at the barber shop. Many men are throwing away fortunes every day, without stopping to figure their waste. And yet they think they are skimping along without enough to live on constantly. A good many of them talk about extravagance of their wives, when they, poor things, are buying fewer luxuries than their lords and masters.—Portland Oregonian.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

THE AMERICAN farmer went out of business this year he could clean up \$30,000, 000,000; he would have to sell his farm on credit, for there is not enough money in the world to pay him half his price. He earns enough in seventeen days to buy out Standard Oil and in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the Steel Trust off the industrial map. One American harvest would buy Belgium, king and all; two would buy Italy, three Austria-Hungary, and five would take Russia from the czar.

With the setting of every sun the money box of the American farmer bulges with new millions. Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise, agricultural exports) have brought in enough of foreign

MARK TWAIN'S WATERMELON.

Story of One of the Humorist's "Monkey-shines" in Hannibal. "Going to Bermuda, is he? Well, I can tell him a plan that'll beat that. Let him come over here and climb up and down the old hills, chop holes to fish in Bear Creek and smoke some Old Fisherman cigars and he'll forget the ain't feeling part."

This spoke Joe Tisdale Sunday morning when told that his old friend and playmate Sam Clemens had gone to the southern islands for the benefit of his health, a Hannibal (Mo.) correspondent of the New York Sun says. Mr. Tisdale had been out walking since 7, without gloves, enjoying the keen wintry air, he said. It was then 11, and everybody but Mr. Tisdale seemed to be wearing a heavy outer coat and thick gloves.

He is a small man, a trifle bent, but active and vigorous as a school boy. There is only a few years' difference between his age and Mr. Clemens'. "Are you the man who used to make those long three for a nickel stogies for Sam?" Mr. Tisdale was asked.

"I made cigars, sir, not stogies," replied the old gentleman with some indignation. "Began down there where Tom Foster kept drug store alongside the printing office. That was long before the war—the big war, you know. I guess it was in 1852. Sam came in there now and then and bought smokers; used to say they were the best he could get. He was a bit particular about what he smoked, even when a youngster."

"What did the people think of Sam in those days?" "They thought he was a darn fool." The response was made with such promptness that no one could doubt the old cigar-maker's sincerity.

"He was a joke, Sam was. I remember one time he got a big watermelon. The Lord knows how, but anyway he took it upstairs and laid it on his stool near the window. I was coming around the corner and as I looked up I noticed Sam spying up and down the street."

Presently John Meredith comes along and when he was directly under the window Sam drops that big melon right square on John's head. Gee, but it smashed him. I think John's first idea was that some building had fallen on the head man.

"John saw me grinning and came in my direction like he was going to take it out of me, but when he looked around the street and saw everybody was laughing I guess he thought it too big a job to lick us all. Of course Sam wasn't nowhere in sight, but John found who did it and he never spoke to Sam from that day till they met years after at Pike's Peak."

"In talking about it Sam said he studied a long while which would be the most fun, to eat the melon or drop it on somebody's head, and he flipped a nickel to find out which he ought to do. The head won."

"About twenty years after Sam had left us he came back. I met him and told him when he wanted an old-time smoke to come around to my shop. I got up a box of the Old Fisherman, and when he and John Garth came in I made Sam a present of the box. "There were forty-six big cigars in it. John Garth told me before he and Sam went to bed that night they smoked the entire contents of the box except two, which they saved for morning. I don't guess there are many fellows who could smoke like Sam. "That's the way he did about every-

thing he went at. It was no trouble if there was fun at the end of it. We never supposed he was training for a funny writer, though. If he'd have stayed in Hannibal and wrote all them pieces that's made him a great man the people wouldn't have paid any attention to him. They'd just say, 'Oh, that's some more of Sam's fool nonsense,' and let it go at that. He sure showed good sense by getting out of Hannibal if he wanted to turn his monkey-shines into dollars."

money since 1892 to enable him, if he wished, to settle the railroad problem once for all by buying every foot of railroad in the United States. Our new farmer, instead of being an ignorant hoo-man in a barnyard, gets the news by daily mail and telephone; and incidentally publishes 700 trade journals. Instead of being a moneyless peasant, he pays the interest on the mortgage with the earnings of a week. The railroads, trolley, automobile and top buggy have transformed him into a suburbanite. The business now swinging the whole nation ahead is not the traffic of the stock exchanges, but the steady output of \$20,000,000 a day from the fields and barnyards.

The American farmer has always been just as intelligent and important as anyone else in the republic. He put fourteen of his sons in the White House and did his full share of the working, fighting and thinking all the way down from George Washington to James Wilson. He got no rebates, franchise, subsidies. The free land that was given him was worthless until he took it; he has all along been more hindered than helped by meddling of public officials.

Today farming is a race—an exciting rivalry between the different states. For years Illinois and Iowa have run neck and neck in raising corn and oats. Minnesota carries the blue ribbon for wheat, with Kansas in second place; California has shot to the front in barley; Texas and Louisiana are tied in rice, and New York holds the record for hay and potatoes.—American Review of Reviews.

THE CURSE OF NOVELTY.

ALL the fads that humanity adopts, perhaps none is more detrimental to modern life than the unreasoning passion for the new, simply because it is new, and not because it is one whit better in any respect than that which is discarded to make way for the novelty. This restlessness, without any basis of reason, without any sense of conviction, with no real feeling in the matter except a craving for something new and uncommon, is dangerous to the health of the individual and harmful to the community.

The fearsome freaks which fashion annually invents to cater to this spirit among women illustrate in a homely way the tendency of the times. But fashion is not alone in its craving for the unknown. Art, literature, music, the play, law, business, every phase of life is affected. Religion, morals and even the home do not escape. Everything seems to be in a constant state of transition. Everywhere and at all times turmoil and unrest exist. Comfort, quiet, friends, the joy that comes of familiar friends, old books, surroundings that give one the comfortable sensation of acquaintanceship, all these are lacking.

The American nation is losing its sense of location, its feeling of the permanence of conditions, the sense of home, which exists in the brain of the carrier pigeon and the family cat. Those who hope to enjoy life to the full should have a care lest they mistake unrest for progress, and the temporary and superficial things of life for those that are abiding and real.—Chicago Journal.

POLICE PROTECTION IN CITIES.

Atlantic City, Washington and St. Louis Have Greatest Amount.

Interesting facts concerning the police in the 158 largest cities in the United States, each having a population of over 30,000 in 1907, are comprehensively assembled in the United States Census Bureau's special annual report on the statistics of American cities for that year.

The police protection afforded the inhabitants of different cities is indicated by showing the number of police per 10,000 inhabitants, per 1,000 acres of land area, and per 100 miles of improved streets.

It is stated that the number of police to each unit increases with the size of the city. In cities of over 300,000 population the number of police per 10,000 inhabitants was 19.4, as compared with only 10.5 in cities of from 20,000 to 50,000 population. The cities with the greatest protection, according to this unit of measure, were Atlantic City (25.1), Washington (23.4), St. Louis (23.2) and New York (21.5).

INDIANS TO KILL WOLVES.

How Colorado Cattle Men Expect to Put an End to the Past.

Tough times for timber wolves are looming up in the future. The latest scheme for ridding the White River cattle country of these four-legged marauders is to let the Indian do it. And this appears to be the best notion yet.

When it comes to trapping or shooting wolves and locating their dens an Indian knows what a white man would never find out, the Denver Republican says, so now the plan is to invite the Utes up from the reservation in the southern part of the State and their cousins from over in Utah and turn them loose to start the wolf massacre in Rio Blanco and Garfield Counties.

The idea originated with Charles T. Limburg of Leadville, a prominent cattleman and banker. He has taken up the matter with the office of the State game and fish commissioners, where the possibilities of his suggestions were recognized at once. Various schemes have been devised for getting rid of the big gray wolves which slaughter so many yearling steers in the White River country every summer and so many deer in the winter.

The wolves of the White River timber country are exceptionally large and fierce. A head of one of them shows them to be snags, capacious jaws and long, keen teeth which look as if they could snap a dog's backbone in with a single crunch. It looks as if it were up to the Indians, and it is believed that they will enjoy the outing with great pleasure, particularly since it means getting all the food they want while they are away from home, with the chance of bounty money thrown in.

"People think I'm smart because I never say much," said a man to-day.

Old Favorites

Do They Miss Me at Home?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me? "Would be an assurance most dear, To know that this moment some loved one Were saying, 'I wish he was here.' To feel that the group at the fireside Were thinking of me as I roam. Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure To know that they miss'd me at home."

When twilight approaches the season That is ever sacred to song, Does someone repeat my name over, And sigh that I tarry so long? And is there a chord in the music That's missed when my voice is away? And a chord in each heart that awaketh Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table, When evening's home pleasures are nigh, When the candies are lit in the parlor, And the stars in the calm, azure sky?

And when the "good nights" are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the absent and wait me? A whither'd "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me? At morning, at noon, or at night? And hovers one gloomy shade round them? That only my presence can light? Are joys less invitingly welcome, And pleasures less hale than before, Because I am with them no more?

THE EARTH AS A MOON.

Our World as It Appears to Venus and Our Own Moon.

If we could be transported to the planet Venus a peculiar set of views could be obtained of our earth which would enable us to see ourselves, to some extent, as others see us. Venus is about the same size as the earth, is somewhat closer to the sun and has more atmosphere than the earth. When the earth and Venus are nearest together they are, of course, on the same side of the sun, and in consequence of this the earth does not see more than a very small part of the Venus illuminated, but Venus, on the other hand, sees all of one side of the earth illuminated, and consequently is able to claim she has something that takes the place of a moon anyhow, for the earth to Venus at this time looks very large and bright, almost as much so as our moon does to us.

If we could see all the illuminated surface of Venus on these occasions we should have quite a distinct second moon. When we do see all of her illuminated surface she is on the opposite side of the sun from us and consequently at an enormous distance, yet she is so brilliant as to keep us from seeing her surface distinctly. But to our own moon we appear in the best light as a moon. A full earth as seen from the moon, according to Prof. Todd and other astronomers, is a very inspiring sight on the moon's surface. It can at once be seen why this is necessarily true. The earth is several times larger than the moon and would appear in the heavens as a disk about fourteen-times the size of the moon. It would shine with probably a variable light, due to the shifting clouds on the earth, though the light, of course, is reflected from the sun, and the reflecting is done in part by the upper surface of the clouds.

The outlines of the continents of the earth appear very clearly to the moon as if they were formed of copper mache on a globe. Cities of comparatively large size could be made out with ease in case people were there to make them out. The intensity of the reflected earth light would be as much as fourteen moons and would enable the Selentines, if such they are, to read or work in comparative daylight.—St. Louis Republic.

POSTOFFICE MASCOT DOG.

Had Headquarters at Albany, but Now Poses in Washington.

Inclosed in a large glass case in the gallery of the dead-letter department of the Washington postoffice is the stuffed body of an unattractive mongrel dog, whose history can but interest every one, especially those who appreciate the wisdom and fidelity of these almost human animals. "Owney," the railway postal clerk's mascot, is the name by which this dog was known during its very eventful career, proofs of which may be seen in the hundreds of tags and medals that are attached to the collar and harness which almost cover the body and the space around him. During the winter of 1836, this dog, a half-bred fox terrier, blind in one eye, cold, starving, made his way into the postoffice at Albany, N. Y. The clerks took pity on his forlorn condition and arranged to feed and house him. He became devotedly attached to his uniformed friends, and one day followed a mail wagon to the station, where he boarded a mail car, in which his presence was unnoticed until after the train started. Eventually he returned on another train to Albany. Having once learned the trick, he made frequent trips to different points, turning up again in course of time at the home office. His travels became so extensive that the Albany clerks provided him with a fine collar bearing the inscription, "Owney, Albany P. O., N. Y." At the next postoffice he visited the clerks attached to his collar a metal tag bearing the name of that office.

This attracted the attention of all the clerks whom Owney visited, and tags of all kinds, metal, paper, leather and cloth, bearing the names of places he visited, were added. On his periodical returns to Albany these were detached and preserved. Owney continued to travel from one place to another for eleven years, always using the mail cars, looking upon every man who wore the postal uniform as his friend. At times he was assisted in his selection of a route by the clerks, who

THE TWINS' SAMPLER.

It Was Begun by a Girl and Finished by Her Brother.

There is often comedy and pathos, as well as family or historic interest, attaching to the quaint samplers of old-time children, cherished now with so much pride and care as their descendants. The impossible roses, the birds as big as cows, the cows that may be dogs, the dogs that perhaps were meant for horses, all intermingled with numerals, the alphabet, family facts, meaningless flourishes, a text or a moral verse—there is no other needlework quite so fascinating to a retrospective and imaginative eye.

A sampler which a lady much interested in antiques recently reported discovering in a remote farmhouse is perhaps unique; for it is the work not of one child, but two, and one of the two a boy. It is not especially interesting in design, although carefully executed, but it has a story.

It was begun by little Mary Holme, aged 11, who brought it, indeed, near to completion. There were but a few lines more to fill, and on the first of these she had already wrought the "Mary," which was to be followed by her surname, and date of birth. She was seated before the blazing hearth, busily stitching, when a spark flew out and ignited her dress. There was on one else in the house but her twin brother, Stephen, who sprang to her rescue. But the poor child, frantic with terror, struggled with him as he strove to beat out the flames, so that both fell and rolled together into the hot embers. Mary died that night, Stephen was so cruelly burned—he was barefooted—that he was for two years a crippled invalid, and limped for life.

During the boy's long and slow recovery his elder sisters, to keep him occupied, taught him to knit and sew. Tradition declares that he knitted a pair of stockings for every member of the family, and made a patchwork quilt for his own bed; but the only specimen of his work preserved is the sampler, which he completed. Its last lines, in faded blue and brown, are still easily read: "Mary and Stephen Holme, born Aug. 9, 1768. Mary died Oct. 2, 1779, and Stephen finished this. In Memoriam.—Youth's Companion.

Dignifying Her Guests.

One suspects the "first lady of the State" who figures in the little story below of a rebuke tempered with humor. While Thomas Chittenden, the first Governor of Vermont, was discharging the functions of an executive he was waited upon one day, in an official capacity, by several gentlemen from Albany, New York. The visitors were of the well-to-do class, and were accompanied by their wives. At noon the hostess summoned the workmen from the fields and seated them at table with her fashionable visitors. When the ladies had retired from the dining-room to an apartment by themselves, one of them said to her hostess: "You do not usually have your hired laborers sit down at the first table, do you?" "Why, yes, madam," Mrs. Chittenden replied, simply, "we have thus far done so, but are now thinking of making a different arrangement. The Governor and myself have been talking the matter over a little, lately, and have come to the conclusion that the men, who do nearly all the hard work, ought to have the same table, and that he and I, who do so much, should be content with the second. But in compliment to you," the lady concluded, "I thought I would have you sit down with them to-day, at the first table."

The Food Topic.

The lady from Boston looked bored. The hostess noticed the fact with some anxiety. "My dear Mrs. Farnel," she said, "I want the Honorable Mr. Bobstay to meet you. He's such a gifted conversationalist."

A Tender Spot.

"I acknowledge, your honor," said the prisoner, "that I punched this man in a moment of indignation." "It wouldn't have minded the moment of indignation so much," put in the complainant, "had he not also punched me in the face."—Baltimore American.

Do men who have cork legs go to bed with them on?