Wichita Eagle

Lost by the Jump.

When a Chicago and Eastern Illinois suburban train was driving along through Eggleston, a suburb eight miles from the court house, at a rate of nearly a mile a minute, a man was seen to spring from the rear platform. The engineer of a passing train saw the act and signaled a stop. Out piled the conductor, brakemen, engineer, fireman and a hundred or two passengers, all fully expecting to see the ground scattered for yards around with bones and mangled human flesh. Instead they saw a tall German, who stood ruefully rubbing the back of his head with his left hand, while in the other hand he held a new hat which he was brushing against his trousers to rid it of dust.

"Why did you jump off?" indignantly asked the conductor.

"Ter hat, mine new hat, him blow off unt I yoomp after him."

"You flabbergasted idiot, don't you know that it might have killed you?" the conductor said as he pushed the German forward toward the train.

"Mine hat, him cost ein tollar; him blow off unt I yoomp. Him vas a new hat."

This last sentence was said for the enlightenment of the indignant passengers, who were applying anything but complimentary remarks to the man with the broken head. The following morning the fellow was again a passenger on the same train, and when he saw the conductor he at once apologized for having jumped from a "cannon ball" train.

"Glad to know you've learned some sense; you'll not try that game any more," said the conductor.

"Yaw, I vas so sorry. Him knocks a holes in mine het, unt der doctor sharges ein tollar und a haluf. Dot vas pad. Der new has him cost but ein tollar, unt der doctor him sharges ein tollar unt a haluf. I vill not yoomp no more, so hellup me. I lose yoost one haluf tollar. I vas sorry."

And the German chook his head lugubriously.—Chicago Herald.

Senator Palmer's Contribution.

There is a good story told about Senator Palmer when he was living in Washington. It was his custom to go to church every Sunday morning, and also his custom to put a single dollar on the plate. As he passed into church one Sunday morning, accompanied by his private secretary, he began to search through his pockets with a dismayed look on his face. Turning to his companion he asked for the loan of a dollar, explaining that he had nothing but a $2 bill. The secretary could not accommodate the senator, but a bright thought suddenly seemed to strike the latter, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, well, I can fix it."

"You wouldn't make change off the plate, would you?" asked the secretary, horrified at the thought.

"Never mind how I will do it," replied the senator; "you will see it done."

When the plate came around the senator gravely took out his $2 bill, tore it in two pieces in the middle, and laid one piece on the plate. After the services were over he walked forward to where the stewards were counting the collection money, and asked the one who had come down his aisle if a mutilated $2 bill had been found on the plate.

"Yes, and we don't know what to do with it," was the man's reply.

"Well," said the senator, "here's the other half, and you can have it for $1. That will make your half worth $1 to you, and $1 is all I ever give."

He got the dollar.—New York Press.

Patent for Seven League Boots.

Who ever heard of a man lifting himself by his boot straps? Only small children believe in the performance of "The Seven League Boots." Well, the patent office has granted papers to a Russian upon a device which is a combination of the hitherto deemed impossible boot strap act, with a little of the seven league business added. The Russian lives in St. Petersburg. He calls his invention an "apparatus for walking, running and jumping." The apparatus consists of bows and springs fastened to the feet, the legs, the waist and shoulders. As the knees are bent either to walk or run or jump the tension of the bows and springs is increased, and the man shoots upward and forward. At least that is what the drawings and specifications of the invention say will happen. The Russian did not send over any actual samples of his contrivance, and the patent office people have to act upon the theory only.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Poets Are Not Like Birds.

The late George H. Boker wrote to his friend, R. H. Stoddard: "Read used to tell a story of some Yankee poet who resolved to wait for an impulse from the Muse. He waited thirty years, and at the end of that time concluded himself no poet, although his youthful poems gave promise of great things. That man perhaps wanted but industry to make him immortal. I hold that there is a labor connected with all great literary achievements sufficient to drive any but a man of genius stark mad. This the world will never believe. It has an idea that poets write as birds sing, and it is this very false idea which robs us of half our honors. Were poetry forged upon the anvil, cut out with the ax or spun in the mill, my heaven! how men would wonder at the process! What power, what toil, what ingenuity!"

Pugnacity of the Fox Terrier.

A walk with a fox terrier as a companion can never be wholly without incident. There will be, unless a great amount of care is exercised, at least one fight, and if the owner likes he can without violent exertion promote several. Whether the dog's antagonist be a mastiff or a tiny toy terrier it is all the same to him, his disposition being much like that of the Irishman who, hearing a noise in the street, sent his little girl to inquire its meaning and to say that "if there was going to be a row, father wanted to be in it." Severe lessons and lacerations seem to be entirely without effect, and the terrier is sure to go a second time at the bulldog who has all but converted him into a corpse.—New York Tribune.

Scrap Books.

I find that a very cheap scrap book can be made out of old government reports; they are just wide enough for two columns of the ordinary newspaper. Cut out about twenty pages after each fifty. Then the book will be filled to its proper size again when the clippings are pasted in. Be sure to use only one side of the page in making the scrap book. Label your book when it is finished. An index can be easily attached in each book.—Cor. Author and Writer.

Only Five Left.

There are only five states in the Union in which a schoolmaster can now legally flog a pupil. In all other states a pupil menaced with corporal punishment can arm himself with any sort of weapon and use it as best he can. Massachusetts teachers flog an average of two boys per day per capita.—Detroit Free Press.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FLIES IN THE SENATE.

THEY ARE SCARCE, BUT WHEN THERE MAKE LOTS OF TROUBLE.

Contemplation Thereof Incites Robert Graves to the Perpetration of an Interesting Epistle About Senatorial Bald Heads and Hair.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, June 23.—It is fly time in the Capitol, and the bald headed row in the senate is restless and irritable. Not many flies get into the senate chamber—there is a rule against their entrance—but when one does get in he raises a disturbance akin to that caused by the advent of a mouse in a roomful of ladies. Pages are sent in pursuit of the offender, while the baldheaded senators retire to those convenient cloak rooms, in which electric fans titillate the sultry atmosphere and deferential body servants serve the apollinaris lemonade, which Uncle Sam has duly paid for. Grandpa Isaac Bassett, who has been in the senate chamber, boy and man, for fifty-eight years, tells me he never knew a senate which had so many bald headed members as this one. About two-thirds of the senators are more or less bald. Fully twenty-five present the bare craniums which tradition assigns to the front rows at the opera.

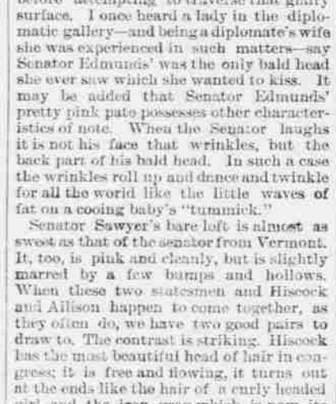
FLY TIME IN THE SENATE.

The baldest, bleakest state in the Union, judged by its representatives in the senate chamber, is Nevada. Both Jones and Stewart have large deserts on their heads, and when the silver bearded statesmen from the silver state confer in the senate chamber bystanders are prone to remark that the wealth of Nevada's soil is not in the surface, but in the depths. It is a noteworthy coincidence that Stewart and Jones are of about the same age, are both blonde, have flowing white beards that could be transplanted from one's chin to the other's without exciting comment and are also the possessors of two bleak and barren sections as near alike as one sandy township in Nevada is like another.

The two prettiest bald heads in the senate are those of Edmunds and Sawyer. The word "prettiest" is here used deliberately, for I contend that a bald head may be pretty. That it is more often ugly only adds charm to the aesthetic specimen which we occasionally come upon. Now the bald head of Senator Edmunds is a delight to the eye. The entire head, excepting a hairy fringe near the neck, is of a delicate pink, as sweet as a baby's face, and so smooth that the experienced fly dips his feet in some convenient mucilage bottle before attempting to traverse that glairy surface. I once heard a lady in the diplomatic gallery—and being a diplomate's wife she was experienced in such matters—say Senator Edmunds' was the only bald head she ever saw which she wanted to kiss. It may be added that Senator Edmunds' pretty pink pate possesses other characteristics of note. When the Senator laughs it is not his face that wrinkles, but the back part of his bald head. In such a case the wrinkles roll up and dance and twinkle for all the world like the little waves of fat on a cooing baby's "tummick."

Senator Sawyer's bare loft is almost as sweet as that of the senator from Vermont. It, too, is pink and cleanly, but is slightly marred by a few bumps and hollows. When these two statesmen and Hiscock and Allison happen to come together, as they often do, we have two good pairs to draw to. The contrast is striking. Hiscock has the most beautiful head of hair in congress; it is free and flowing, it turns out at the ends like the hair of a curly headed girl, and the iron gray which is now its prevailing color is here and there dappled with shining black. Allison, despite his twenty-five years of congressional labors, has a fine, luxurious crop of hair, which is neither black nor gray, and which has a tendency to fluff like a woman's bangs.

If we wanted to draw to these two pairs, and to fill on the hairy end, we would take George, of Mississippi. He is noted as the senator who wears the largest hat in congress—No. 9 1-8. If he were to have his hair mowed off he could get along with a size or two smaller. Mr. George's big, sturdy head with its shaggy covering reminds one very much of the old buffalo bull kept in a pen at the National museum, and who is intended to be the patriarch of the National Zeological park which congress has just voted a large sum of money to establish in the beautiful Rock creek suburbs of the capital. If we wanted to fill these pairs on the bald end we could do so by shutting our eyes and reaching out quite indiscriminately in the senate chamber.



NEVADA'S BALD HEADED SENATORS.

Senator Pierce, of North Dakota—one of the few men in the chamber whose friends habitually call them by such familiar names as "Gil"—has a good deal of hair, quite enough for an ordinary head; but the Pierce head is so long that the black, curly hair does not cover it by a good ways, though the thin locks are skillfully adjusted. Senator Hoar's hair is as white as Irish linen paper and fine and silky as a maiden's. The senator would be very bald but for a little tuft of silk just back of the brow, which he folds down neatly and makes the most of. Mr. Hoar's capillary adornments are of such light texture that when he sits under the electric fans they wave about like thistle down in spring zephyrs.

Senator Hawley is not very bald, and all the baldness there is appears on the back of his head, so that his fine looks are not much detracted from by the absence of hair. The senator is still one of the handsomest men in the senate, though since his recent marriage he does not dress with that scrupulous neatness which was formerly one of his characteristics. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, is another member of the bald headed row, and one of the most jolly and popular. He spends a great deal of his time in the cloak room smoking cigars and telling stories. Mr. Davis is inordinately fond of three things in this world. One is his remarkably fine wife, the second a good story, and the third an imported cigar. The cigars he always buys at the rate of three for a dollar. Senator Coke, of Texas, who is one of the most grim looking men in the senate and one of the best humored, has an old fashioned bald head, ample and honest, without any combing crosswise or spreading out of scant tufts in an effort to disguise.

Senator Payne, the oldest man in the body, is not so very bald, though he sits in the row. Senator Cockrell's thatch is somewhat thin, but judicious combing makes a little hair go a long way. "Uncle George" Hearst, of California, has a frowsy pate of white hair which covers the whole of his head excepting a spot exactly as large as a silver dollar. I am precise about this, for the senator's bald spot has been measured. It was at Chamberlin's where a number of congenial spirits had gathered, that a discussion rose on baldness. The discussion resulted in a wager as to the size of the white spots on the respective heads of Hearst and Quay. A half dollar piece covered the white spot in the black head of the Pennsylvanian, while a silver dollar was required to hide the clearing in the Californian's forest, and the latter ordered another bottle.

Ransom, of North Carolina, still one of the handsomest men in the senate, with a fine figure and soldierly bearing which the ladies in the gallery much admire—but never without the senator's knowledge, as he is very alert in such matters—is, to his great sorrow, quite bald. I am told he meditates trying the efficacy of a wig, which has been found to work so admirably in the case of Vice President Morton. Mention of Mr. Morton reminds me that one dull day a number of roguish newspaper men sat up in the gallery talking of how they could best produce a sensation in the senate chamber. It was finally agreed that Mr. Fergus Ferris, of Baltimore, had suggested the most original and startling plan. Ferris is the champion fisherman of the press gallery, and his proposition was to bring his rod up to the Capitol and throw the line down and make a catch of the presiding officer's wig as he would of a trout's gills when engaged in his favorite sport. That would indeed create a sensation.

Plumb, the stalwart and independent man from Kansas, hasn't the sign of a bald spot. His big head, next to George's in immensity, is thatched all over with a thick crop of hair of a color which cannot be easily described. His colleague, Mr. Ingalls, has luxurious steel gray hair which bristles backward like the quills on a porcupine that is not fretful. I have heard it said Mr. Ingalls' capillary crop ran away from his face as hard as it could go, and no wonder, with such a face; but however this may be, the hair of the eloquent president pro tempore is characteristic of one of the most original and picturesque men in public life.

A PAIR OF EACH KIND.

One of the noteworthy heads of hair in the senate is that of Senator Dixon, of Rhode Island. Flies have no terror for this statesman, for his top knot is as thick as grass in June and as black and glossy as the skin of a genuine Ethiopian. This, the blackest crop of hair in the senate, is always kept neatly combed, the parting furrow being as straight and white as the lime line that runs from first base down to the foul flag on a baseball field.

The hair of Senator Cullom used to be as black as ink. Of late it has been trying to get gray, but has made a failure of it. John Sherman has long, stringy hair, all the shoots lying in parallel with the others, no two crossing and the whole almost describing an arch from near the left ear to the right. He is only approaching the gray age, though he has been in public life for more than a third of a century. Evarts is another man whose age could not be guessed by his hair, which is that of a man of 50—long and ample and only tinged with hoar frost. Senator Pasco, of Florida, looks an Indian with hair and beard of jet black. Zeb Vance has a fine crop of iron gray hair, thick, massive and always neatly laid over from ear to ear. The hair of the patriarch Colquitt, who fought in the war with Mexico as well as the rebellion, is still plentiful and gray only as a black field is gray after a moment's snowfall.

Senator Stanford's nearly black hair comes down in front on his wide forehead like an iron pier projecting into a bay. Don Cameron has a bare spot about as large as a poker chip in a mass that is otherwise dun colored. Wilson, of Iowa, has a stumpy shock of white hair that bristles straight up toward the ceiling, as if the man were either much frightened or very angry. Senator Teller's black crop, combed straight back from the forehead, makes him look a little like an Indian chieftain. His colleague, Senator Wolcott, is not at all bald, and beside being the youngest man in the senate is the only one who parts his hair in the middle. Handsome Senator Manderson has curly hair all over his head, while Senator Harris never combs his hair, because he hasn't any to comb.

ROBERT GRAVES.

Ten years ago a young chief told Sitting Bull that the whites outnumbered the reds, and that war was sure to result disastrously to the latter. For this he was brained with a club as a liar and a fraud, and old Sitting Bull declared that his own tribe could march from the plains to Boston. It is only within a year or two that he has changed his mind.—Detroit Free Press.

A Strange Fact.

When Jay Gould was a struggling young surveyor, with hardly one cent to rub against another, he stamped his initials and the date on a copper cent and put it in circulation. Yesterday Mr. Gould received some pennies in change at the Twenty-third street ferry boat, and on looking over them he found the coin he had stamped was not among them.—New York World.

A Light Hop.

The following characteristic invitation to a dance was picked up on the street the other evening:

MISS ELLA: Your honor is cordially called to attend a light hop to be given at Mrs. Mary Parson's abode at 8:30 p. m. sharp, to the solicitation of your obedient servant, WM. JOHNSON.

—Washington Star.

And Then He Wouldn't Kiss Her.

They were playing kissing games.

"You shan't kiss me," said she.

"It is my right."

"You insist?"

"I do."

"Give me then five minutes, I beg."

"What for?"

"To take ether."—New York Herald.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO.

To clean tombstones. To polish knives. To clean dishes.
To renew oil-cloth. To scrub floors. To whiten marble.
To renovate paint. To wash out sinks. To remove rust.
To brighten metals. To scour bath-tubs. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth. Surgeons to polish their instruments. Confectioners to scour their pans. Mechanics to brighten their tools. Cooks to clean the kitchen sink. Painters to clean off surfaces.
Engineers to clean parts of machines. Ministers to renovate old chapels. Sextons to clean the tombstones. Hostlers on brasses and white horses. Artists to clean their palettes. Wheelmen to clean bicycles.
Housemaids to scrub the marble floors. Chemists to remove some stains. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Scavengers to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

MY FAIR CLIENT.

It was just such a day as this two years ago, and a year or so after my call to the bar, that my mysterious little visitor came; and now she seems to have vanished into thin air. I was sitting, as I am now, smoking a cigarette, and I believe I was wondering which of my lady friends would be most pleased to entertain me at 5 o'clock tea, and whether my clients would ever be numerous enough to prevent me from paying calls at all. There was a light in my clerk's eye as he showed her in, as if he did not regard her as a client at all. He saw the matter differently after I handed him his fee, and reminded him that the attorney general had laid down the rule that in non-contentious business there is nothing in the nature of professional etiquette to prevent a barrister from assisting his clients without the intervention of a solicitor.

She looked very much more cool and collected than I did, I am sure, as she walked up to my table and placed on it a little jingling envelope, saying with a half smile: "One pound three and sixpence—that's right, is it not?" I simply gasped, "What for?" forgetting all about the attorney general's edict, and thinking that a dear little female lunatic in the smartest of hats and frocks must have escaped from its asylum on purpose to visit me. I may add that she was unmistakably a lady. I have an eye for detail, and my first glance embraced her natty little patent leather boots, her gloves and general etceteras.

"What for?" she echoed, and then went on quickly: "Why, for your advice, of course. You are Mr. Fairbairn, are you not?" (I bowed.) "I hear that you are very clever" (I blushed), "and I want your help." (I smiled encouragingly.) "You need not try to find out who told me to come to you, for she won't tell you (the assistance of the fair sex in advertising one's capabilities is sometimes not to be despised); and you need not know my name, for it has nothing to do with it."

"With what?" I said, as she paused for breath.

"With my case."

"Will you explain your case to me?" I said, hoping that the explanation would be as long as possible.

"I've left all the papers behind," she said, "but they were of no use to Sir Humphrey Raby or Mr. Wigsby when they gave their opinion, so I thought they would be none to you. My solicitor took me to see them," she added, looking down and sighing as she recalled what no doubt was a painful and disappointing interview, "and they were snuffy, dull old gentlemen, and I've come to you because I was told you were very clever and original and had brilliant ideas." (I blushed again.) "I have their opinion, as they call it, in my pocket." As the names mentioned were those of two of the most eminent leaders practicing at the chancery bar, and as my client seemed to think that my original and brilliant intellect would instruct me in the facts of her case without her assistance or the usual sources of information, I held out my hand deprecatingly for the opinion, and read it through a couple of times before I wholly mastered its contents. It ran as follows:

Opinion: On the instructions before us we cannot advise the residuary legatee that she has any grounds either for upsetting the will, on the ground of the lunacy of the testator, and so taking as next of kin, or that she can accept what the testator leaves her and refuse his conditions. He bequeaths to her the bulk of his fortune, which we understand to be considerable, on condition that she accepts it within a year of the date of his death, and that before accepting it she marries a husband. To this is appended the further condition that this husband shall be some other person than a certain Capt. Henry Scott-Shackleford, to whom the testator seems to have borne a particular dislike. Should she fail to accept the property on these conditions it is to be distributed among various charitable institutions named by the testator. It is suggested to us that will must be absolutely void, on the ground that this condition is in restraint of marriage and so contrary to public policy; we are aware of no authority which would support such a contention, and need hardly point out to the young lady that she is offered every inducement to marry at once, and that her choice of a husband ranges over the whole unmarried bachelor population of the world, to say nothing of the widowers and divorced husbands, with the one solitary exception named. At all events, it is our opinion that the residuary legatee must marry some one, not being the individual specified, before the 18th of May next, if she intends to accept the property.

Here followed the signatures of the two great luminaries, and I felt I must bow to their authority.

"I'm a common law man," I said, as I handed her back the document, "and they are very eminent chancery counsel."

"Oh," she said, "does that mean that you are cleverer than they?"

"Not precisely," I answered modestly.

"But chancery barristers are always prosy and inky," she said. "I have a cousin who is one, and he and all his friends are simply horrid. They may be very intellectual of course, but I call them stupid."

"Perhaps," I said, "on this side of the Strand we see more of the practical things of life."

She nodded with a hopeful smile, and I felt I ought to say something else.

"So you don't want to marry," I said.

"Don't want to!" she cried. "Why, it's just that; I do!"

"Then why don't you? Under the circumstances you would be justified in asking—in hinting at all events—if no one proposes to you."

"But they do," she said; "they propose in shoals, and have done so for months. Only the other day a girl said to me that she could not stay with the Blankneys for the Bicester ball, because a man would be in the house whom she had refused. 'Bless you,' I said to her, 'if I were to refuse invitations to all houses where I should meet men who had asked me to marry them I should stop at home for the rest of my life!'"

"Then you cannot fall in love!" I said.

"I am in love—that's just it."

"Won't he propose?"

"He proposed years ago."

"Then why don't you"—I felt myself getting puzzled, but she interrupted me.

"I don't see that you are so very clever," she said. "Can't you understand that my horrid old uncle has done his best to prevent me from ever marrying the only man I ever cared for in my whole life! How would you like some one to leave you money on condition you would not marry your Euphemia?" Her voice began to shake, and there were tears in her blue eyes.

"Are you a friend of Euphemia?" I said gently, to divert her thoughts for a moment. I really never blushed so often in an afternoon before or since.

"No," she answered, with a quick smile, though her voice shook as she continued, "I don't know her, but I know of her; and I hear that you love her very much, and when the solicitor said he could do no more to help me I came to you to see if you could; and oh, Mr. Fairbairn, I do want the money so to help my brothers and sisters as well as myself; and I can't, I can't give up Harry." Here she fairly broke down and sobbed aloud to my very great embarrassment.

"Well," I said, at my wit's end, after a few moments' silence, "you ought to marry—to marry—can't you marry—some one else first?"

"What!" she sobbed, "and wait for Harry till I'm an old, old woman?"

"Not exactly," said I; "your husband might—I mean you might div—I mean your marriage might be put an end to after a time, or he might die!"

She did not answer at once, and I felt I had been recommending a divorce by collusion, with the alternative suggestion of murder, and had perhaps said enough for the present.

"He might die," she said, meditatively, apparently rather struck with the latter suggestion.

"Of course he might" I said, cheerfully, "and his life might not be of much value."

"Then he would be sure to live unless he was very, very old to begin with."

"Do you know any one very, very old?" I asked, a new light dawning upon me.

"No one," she said, "except old Blifkins. He is 102."

"He's the very man!" I cried.

"Nonsense!" she answered. "He's a poor old man in our village and lives on brandy and snuff."

"Old Blifkins is the very man," I repeated. "Look here! If he's 102 he cannot last much longer, and if you don't like to take him to church go to a registry office. He will be glad to end his days in affluence, and if you will send him to Jersey or some such place where liquor and snuff are cheap"——

"Oh, Mr. Fairbairn!" she exclaimed, "I couldn't."

"That settles it," I said rather dryly, rising and looking out of the window as I lit a fresh cigarette, "but of course if you could I understand your uncle's fortune is a very large one; there are your brothers and sisters to be thought of, and then there is what's-his-name, Tom, Bill, Harry"—as I said the last word the door clicked behind me, I heard a whisk of feminine draperies brushing the banisters and the stairs outside, while a silvery voice growing rapidly more distant called back something about "good-by," and about my being so clever, but I need not repeat that again.

I have not seen her or heard of her since. My friends could not or would not tell me anything. I was much mystified then, and now the fine spring afternoon has reminded me of her and I have recalled the whole history of the visit of my fair client.

* * * * * * *

Five o'clock, by Jove! I must hurry home at once and take my wife for a stroll in the park. Euphemia never could stand being kept waiting. I wonder who that is knocking. A good brief, I hope. Probably some little paltry county court case. What do you say, William? A marriage settlement to draw. You know I never do any conveyancing; send it away. What solicitors? Sharpe & Wiseman; very good people, and new clients—about the biggest firm in London. What is the fee? Five hundred guineas! William! Five hundred guineas for drawing a marriage settlement! They must be mad. Who is it? Let me look. "Settlement on the marriage of Capt. Henry Scott-Shackleford" (I've heard that name before somewhere) "and Constantia Blifkins, widow." Constantia Blifkins sounds rather high class! Steady, though, Blifkins! Blifkins? Where have I heard that name? Aha, I begin to understand. My little client, this is indeed gratitude. But if we ever meet again, Constantia, it will be for you to blush and for me to say with Talleyrand, "Oho, madame."—St. James' Budget.

Trying to Find Out.

One of the very literal little boys who doesn't live many miles from Bangor was left at home the other day in charge of a neighbor while his mother made a trip to Boston. Every day he would ask if his mother would be at home that day, and finally the girl, with a desire to say something to please him, told him that she thought his mother would come that night. "What makes you think so?" was the boy's next question, and when told that she "felt it in her bones" the little fellow thought it the queerest thing he had ever heard of. His mother didn't come, however, and the next day he went around feeling of his arms from the shoulder to the hand until some one asked him what he was doing, when he replied: "Trying to find out if mamma is coming home tonight."—Bangor Whig.

The Girl Who Knows Everything.

Naturally it isn't you or your friend, but you certainly know her, and just as certainly you dislike her. When you dislike people there is one thing you should always do, and that is, look well at their faults and make up your mind that you are not going to fall into them. This girl, who is quite too general to be pleasant, is the girl who, having learned something yesterday, knows everything. She makes herself obnoxious by flaunting recently acquired knowledge, concluding always that the people who are quiet are ignorant; she has no hesitancy in contradicting anybody; she makes an entire luncheon disagreeable by giving her opinion on the last pronunciations, forgetting that custom makes many things correct, of which the dictionary has no mention.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Economy in Neckties.

Some small cobblers make a business of vamping patent leather shoes for $2. Nine hundred and ninety-five men out of a thousand throw away their patent leathers as soon as they crack. The same proportion of men discard light colored neckties when they become soiled. Various establishments clean them for fifteen cents each, or to practice more economy a can of ether for sixty cents will clean two dozen and a half of them.—New York Star.

Prince de Chimay, who is $2,000,000 richer by his marriage with Miss Ward, of Detroit, is a good musician and plays the violin especially well.

In computing a man's age Chinamen always reckon as though he were a year old at the time of his birth.

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