BEING SOME STRANGE PERSPECTIVES SEEN THROUGH THE SMALL END OF THE GLASS—WITH A CHERRY AT THE BOTTOM

DESCRIBED BY HELENA SMITH-DAYTON
PICTURED BY ANGIE BREAKSPEAR

JUDGE SOTHERGILL---THE TOWN'S LEADING CITIZEN.

Judge Sothergill has gone to Ogdensburg, N. Y., to visit his brother, the Rev. Sothergill.—Dawsonville News Letter.

At Albany, where he changed cars, WHOM did the judge run into but Spike Peters!

Naturally the judge forgot whether he was bound for Ogdensburg, N. Y., or the off-peak of the Himalaya mountains. He forgot he was president of a savings bank, trustee and the Person-with-whom-visiting—celebrities—always-stayed-while-in-Dawsonville.

It took 15 minutes to get through the "who'd-ever-expect-to-meet-you-heres" and the "where'd-you-drop-from-s."

"Let's go over and sit down somewheres," said the judge, and so great was the power of suggestion he looked as if he expected to hear the Voice of Authority that had broken up so many encounters with "that horrid Peters boy" in the long ago.

Spike and the judge looked upon the lemonade when it was red.

"Sure," agreed Spike. "Don't cost any more to sit down than it does to stand up!"

"Well—and now tell me what you are doing," urged the judge when they had found an empty bench.

"Why—you see, Tommy, I'm a clergyman," began Peters with a roar of gyman, "began Peters with a roar of appreciation for his own drollery. "And I'm now on my way to a mothers' meeting. Say' Cast your eye over me and guess!'

"Not really?" demanded the judge in awe after close scrutiny.

"Uh, huh," nodded Spike contentedly. "The sawdust ring for mine. But lookin' at you I can read in your palm that you didn't follow your youthful incline-ations," Spike laughed so loudly that two perfect ladies looked at him in disapproval.

When this picture, during the court session, flew from the judge's pocket with his handkerchief, there wasn't a dry eye in the house. See "Cherry."

"Was it all we—you—imagined it would be, Spike?" questioned the judge eagerly.

"More!" stated Peters solemnly. "Why, Tom, you may not believe me, but I love the business better to-day than the day I struck out from Dawsonville with my nut full of swinging bars and plaid zebras. Guess I was borned with sawdust in my veins Always had a hankerin' for a circus since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"I never got over the circus fever either," sighed the judge. "I ran away once after you left—but was hauled back."

"Get out, did you?" asked Peters incredulously. "Didn't think you had the spunk without me."

"Wasn't my fault I had to go back after we cut out together," defended the judge. "You see, you didn't have any folks to keep you back."

"But you could 'a'gone later," reproached Peters relentlessly.

"Reasons kept coming up," explained the judge. "Father died and some one had to stay with mother and—I was getting along pretty well—and—"

"Oh, I suppose maybe it was just as well," condescended Spike. "You might a'been a miserable failure in the circus business. I take it you've done well in the lawsuit trade? Still—must be a dry life."

"There's no red lemonade to moisten it," admitted the judge.

"I'd just like to give you a leetle taste of the life," said Spike eyeing him critically. "Supposin'—just supposin'—I was to invite you to sidestep your trip to Skinny Jim's and come on the road with the 'Grand Amalgamated' for a week—what d'ye say?"

"Do you mean it, Spike?" demanded the judge hoarsely. "Could I come along for a week? I'd be willing to carry water for the elephant!"

"What time is it by your gold watch and chain?" asked Spike. "Well—we've just time to get over to our car. Come on."

* * *

"You don't suppose there's any danger of me getting dizzy and falling off?" queried an excited voice from the throne of Neptune's golden chariot as the daily parade of Huntsinger's Grand Amalgamated circus was forming.

"You're all right, Nep," came a gay voice from below. "Straighten your crown a little—a teeny, trifle—to the left. That's right. And say, don't hold that trident as if you were out spearing gold fishes. Wave it graceful like."

Judge Sothergill, atop a gilded and mirrored coach, rode proudly through the town's principal thoroughfares, bowing right and left with regal graciousness in response to the cheers of admiring small boys. When he lost his trident overboard a hundred solicitous youngsters struggled for the honor of restoring it. Sothergill felt that his life had not been without its moment; some people go to their graves without ever basking as he did now in the spot-light of public adulation.

During the week that followed he enjoyed a variety of roles in the street parade. On Wednesday he disported himself as Mars, on Thursday he made an effective but elderly Apollo, while Friday found him perched aloft on the moving stage as the prince in a scene from "Cinderella." The young woman who played Cinderella told the judge he was the most gentlemanly person who ever played the prince, which so flattered the judge that he nearly fell off the sea-going vehicle. And all the time the calliope toiled industriously at the "Mocking Bird."

"Um-pa-pa-pa-pa
Hump pa-pa-pa
Um-pa um-pa."

* * *

"It's the circussy smells and noises and bein' surrounded by a t'ousand dangerous animals, all the more pleasant on account of their bein' caged," explained Spike to the judge as they sat down on a chest of snakes to smoke a cigar.

"I like it first rate," assented the gentleman who had started for Ogdensburg, N. Y. "And I never met a nicer class of people."

"Yes, ain't it?" cried Peters. "If you'd a-come a spell back when I was in the ring myself I could a-given you even a better time. I was only on then for my act and had lots of time. All I'm good for now is to sell tickets," he sighed. "Still—that's a post of responsibleness. Huntsinger himself says to me: 'Perry' (I was billed as Pericles, the Peerless), 'Perry,' says Huntsinger, 'there hain't a man with this organization that I can trust as I do you.' And that was a good deal for the old man to say, too!"

"You make an ideal gentlemanly-ticket seller," smiled the judge, regarding a hippopotamus that was so neat it dwelt in a bath-tub.

"'Tain't nothin' to sell," deprecated Peters. "Just takes a all 'round insight into human nature, a command-in' achitude an' a level head—and there you are! If the howlin' mobs of antique Rome wanted to see Huntsing- [illegible] they'd have to wait their turn in line if I was in the ticket wagon. When I looks out an' see 'em shovin' and pushin' and all ready to give me back talk I says quiet and ca'm: 'One at a time, gents—one at a time, please, or I'll be obliged to put on me white kid gloves an' come out there an' spoil somebody!'"

"Pardon me a moment, Spike; I think I just saw Miss Montmorenci enter the tent opposite," began the judge. "She has promised me an autograph picture."

"Well—if Midgie was there you probably hain't in any doubt about seeing her. Makes a hit with me to see you and the fat lady going it so friendly. She certain is all eyes for you, Tommy."

"She's as nice a little woman as I ever met," said the judge.

"Rather purty face," admitted Spike. "Too bad she's so hearty. By gol, Tom, I'll miss you a heap when you're gone. It's been a great comfort to me to have you along. Do you always smoke such good cigars?"

"Glad you like 'em, Spike. I'll send you some now and then—just let me know where you are."

"Couldn't you come for another week?" pleaded Spike. "Don't you find everything A1?"

"Never had better," replied the judge. "Circus people certainly live well."

"Nuttin's too good," echoed Peters. "The boss don't have no better than we do. Well—here's where I've got to mosey to the ticket struggle. Run along, Tommy, and amuse yourself. Oh—I forgot to tell you. Roger's gone on a toot an' I told 'em you'd tend door at the side-show to-night, an' do the barkin', you bein' used to speakin' in public."

"All right," said the judge cheerfully. "I said I wanted an all-around experience."

He felt a proprietory interest as he entered the curiosity tent. The exhibits were taking their places and enjoying a social half-hour. Sothergill strolled around the circle, stopping here and there to chat with a "featured" acquaintance.

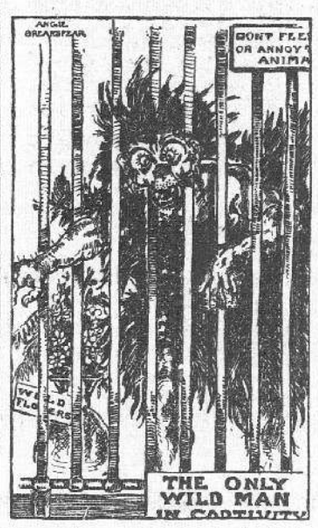
"Wh-hoo!" called Midgie, the fat lady, catching sight of the judge. "You naughty boy, aren't you going to notice your old friends?" Midgie, like all statuesque types, yearned to be kittenish and counted "a regular little witch."

"I couldn't say I didn't see you," retorted the judge. "But you were talking to the Skeleton when I passed, and I thought three might be a crowd."

"Fudge!" chirped the fat lady. "We was just remarkin' how some of the people had the nerve to stand up and call us freaks! If you could see the mugs we have to look down into!"

"Do you enjoy this sort of life?" asked the judge.

"The right person might induce me to give up art for the domestic," murmured Midgie. "Is Dawsonville a nice place?"



The refining influence of the judge penetrated even to the wild man, who developed a taste for flowers.

"Eh?" cried the judge. "Oh—Spike has misinformed you. I live in New York city." The judge mopped his brow.

"I adore New York," confided Midgie. "Do you know if I was to drink lots of water and walk a great distance every day I'd get slight. Still—I don't admire thin girls, do you?"

"I—I'm due at the door—awfully sorry. See you again," muttered the judge hastily. "Thanks again for the pretty picture."

As the judge made a bee line for the entrance he deftly avoided the pretty snake charmer and the circassian Beauty .

"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, to see the Wild Man eat raw meat! Only wild man in captivity—step right up—one and all. You may never have another opportunity—right this way to see the Albino Girl, the Tattooed Man, the sword swallower, the Armless Wonder—and to see the Wild Man eat raw meat—" the judge, carried away by his own eloquence—is brought back to earth by being hit in the mouth by a well aimed peanut. On the outskirts of the crowd that was beginning to surge in was Spike Peters waving his arms wildly. The judge, placing a substitute on the door, hastened to join his host.

"By gol, you've had a narrer escape," ejaculated Peters excitedly. "Who just bought a 'admit-one' from me but the Reverend Skinny Jim himself!"

"Cheese it, Spike," scoffed the judge, unconsciously falling into the vernacular of boyhood days. "Don't give me a scare like that, even for a joke."

"Honest," persisted Spike. "But hain't it just like your brother Jim to sneak to a circus? But it makes it misfortunate for you. I ruther see 40 caravans of trained caramels turned loose than to have him show up."

Mrs. Sothergill unpacked the judge's grip, last seen in the hands of Spike Peters.. See "Cherry."

"Jim always did try to make me feel as hampered as one baby elephant with two mammas," growled the judge.

"I guess we'll put understudies on our jobs and go get a glass of red lemonade after that," suggested Spike. "But hain't Jim the sly cuss?"

"I'll have to be meandering back to Dawsonville about to-morrow," sighed the judge. "Your idea about the red lemonade is a good one!"

* * *

The Cherry—But the real circus began when the judge reached home!

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HOW TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.

Simply Observe a Few Important Rules of Health.

It is amazing that so common a difficulty as dyspepsia should be so little understood by the general public, and that its remedy should be so hard to find. But it can be cured, and without any marvelous nostrums, by observing a few important rules of health.

The dyspeptic must first fix in his mind the fact that his ailment is the result of bad habits of eating and living, and that these must be changed; that drugs will do him no good. He must begin by avoiding all starchy foods, as potatoes, rice, oatmeal, beans, etc. Meats, soft boiled eggs, milk, toast, swieback, etc., are the best foods for avoiding fermentation, and the gas that causes dyspepsia pains. In serious cases buttermilk is one of the best dependencies; another is boiled milk with a slight addition of limewater. Either of these will enable the most chronic dyspeptic to procure some sustenance without serious distress. He should drink freely of hot water, at least two quarts a day, always taking a glass half an hour before mealtime. He should not crowd his meals close together, as with an impaired digestion it is often best to have the meals six or seven hours or more apart. The rule to be followed is that a new meal should not be eaten until the previous one is digested or out of the way, and the stomach has had a little rest, and there must be further rest after eating.

It is absolutely essential to eat slowly and chew with the greatest thoroughness. Complete chewing in the mouth, permitting no washing down with coffee or tea, salivates the food so that it is ready for digestion when it goes into the stomach, and persistence in the practice will put good flesh on any lean dyspeptic.

There is a theory that when solid food is chewed in the mouth to an absolute pulp the organs in the back of the mouth exercise a selective action and send to the stomach only that which is fitted to be converted into blood and tissue, thus relieving the digestive organs of handling the waste. Whether or not this is correct is for the science of the future to determine; certain it is that nature gave us grinding teeth for the purpose of chewing our food, and never intended that we should swallow it unchewed, as do those animals having more than one stomach.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Was all Blank to Him.

How Telegraph Operator Becomes a Mere Machine.

A splendid example of the mechanical working of the mind was offered in the office of a big city telegraph office the other night. Two operators were side by side, separated only by the glass partition running the width of the table. One had charge of a line over which news dispatches were received from certain sections of the south. The other's territory embraced a part of the west. Business was dull and the two operators, leaning back in their chairs, were discussing the news of the day when the sounder of the southern wire began to click. The operator exchanged the few necessary preliminaries, then began to typewrite the message. The man on the western wire listened idly at first, then his attention was riveted, as it was a news dispatch from his native town in the south and the first words concerned an intimate friend. Just then his own wire got busy and he was speedily immrsed in a message from Cleveland. Both operators finished at almost the same time. The man with the western wire leaned over the partition and said: "What was that story about from that Virginia town?"

"Hanged if I know," replied the man who had received it, "I wasn't listening."

ABSALOM THE AVENGER

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1907, by the Author, W. S. Edson.)

Scripture authority—2 Samuel, chapter 13.

SERMONETTE.

In this incident we see the beginning of the fulfillment of the prophecy of Nathan spoken at the time of David's great sin, when he declared that "the sword shall never depart from thine house," and "Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house."

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children as the inevitable outworking of the natural law of cause and effect. It is as true to-day as in the days of David.

David could not violate the moral law without its exerting a hurtful influence upon the members of his household. His example proved demoralizing. His yielding to the lusts of the flesh encouraged a like indulgence on the part of his own sons.

Sad is it not to contemplate such reckless violation of parental obligations, and yet how repeatedly we see its repetition to-day. Fathers and mothers into whose care have come the little innocent lives forget the Divinely imposed obligation and live to gratify their own selfish desires. They think to indulge the secret sin without poisoning the atmosphere of the home and contaminating the lives of their children. But can they? This tragedy in the family of David protests an emphatic NO! And innumerable cases which fill the columns of the papers of the country daily reiterate over and over again the same emphatic NO!

Does that drinking father expect his children are not going to be influenced by his example? Does that mother think that she can abandon herself to the pleasures of society and indulge in all manner of excesses and not have the daughter's life poisoned by the evil example? Does that father of easy morals, who is reckless of the sanctity of another's home, forget that the monster of vice may enter his home and claim as a victim his daughter, or his son? Why is it that divorce is increasing at such a terrible rate? Is it not because children are following in the footsteps of their divorced parents?

But the sins of parents, while being a reason, are no excuse for the sins of children. The example of the parent may have encouraged the child to like sinful indulgence, but it does not absolve the child from responsibility for his own conduct.

Amnon, the firstborn son of David and heir to the throne, saw his father gratify his lustful desires at any cost, and why should not he?

Absalom saw David his father deliberately plot the death of another, why should not he? Absalom, the natural protector of his sister, should have seen that punishment was visited upon the head of the wicked Amnon, but it should have been strictly within the limits of the law. Had he in the heat of passion at the moment struck Amnon down it would not have been surprising, but for him to harbor hatred and wickedly and in cold-blood plot murder indicates an evil heart which knew not, neither feared, God.

THE STORY.

HATRED nursed within the heart is a slow poison which at last permeates all the life, destroying the better impulses and giving rein to the evil passions.

So it was with Absalom, the handsome and prepossessing son of King David. For nearly two years now there had rankled in his heart the evil passions which had been aroused when his beautiful sister Tamar had poured into his sympathetic ear the story of her grievous wrongs at the hands of her half-brother, Amnon, and certain it is that time had not softened his anger, or weakened his murderous resolve.

Day after day he had fed the flame of his hatred, and day after day he had plotted and schemed how he might compass the destruction of Amnon without danger to himself.

Secretly, Absalom rejoiced that he had found occasion against Amnon, for with him out of the way Absalom would be heir to the throne of David. From his earliest boyhood he could recall how his mother had encouraged him in the hope that some day he should be heir to the kingdom His grandfather Talmai was king over Geshur, and why should not he be king over Israel, and thus unite two strong kingdoms? Absalom's mother looked with contempt upon Ahinoam, mother of Amnon, for she had no claim to royal birth, while she, Maacah, was daughter of the king of Geshur. And this contempt which she had felt for Ahinoam she had instilled into the heart of her son Absalom, so that he had come to feel that her son Amnon was quite beneath him This feeling had grown with the years and there was no pleasant intercourse between the half brothers, and as Absalom came to manhood's estate and the pride and ambition took complete possession of his heart, there grew upon him the feeling that somehow Amnon stood in his way to success; that he was doing him an injustice.

He had been told too often of the charms of his own person not to be conscious of them, and he felt that his beauty and grace would never be fittingly set forth until he was surrounded by regal honors and power. Amnon seemed in his way of realization of this ambition, and long before the wicked conduct of Amnon had brought him within his power he had secretly plotted how he might compass his ruin without evil consequences to himself.

Hence, as we have said, when Amnon so wickedly wronged his sister, he welcomed it as the long sought opportunity, but even in his passionate eagerness to strike the blow he knew that he must move coutiously, else he would frustrate his own ends. For this reason he counseled his sister to say nothing which would bring punishment upon the head of Amnon and take him out of the reach of his power. His hand and his alone should deal with him, and all Israel should know that Absalom was as brave as he was beautiful, and as fearless in righting wrong as he was in defending the innocent.

So the time slipped by until, as we have said, almost two years had passed. That had been an exceptionally good year with Absalom. His fields and his flocks had yielded splendid increase, and there seemed nothing for him to desire.

Others had forgotten his enmity towards Amnon, in fact even the latter had in the brutishness of his own black heart ceased to think about it, for pleasures of the present always shut out the memory of past misdeeds.

But, notwithstanding the prosperity which had come to him, Absalom was not satisfied. The rankling hatred in his heart gave him no peace day or night. The one thing he desired above all else was to destroy his brother Amnon. He deserved to die, he argued with himself, and his death would place him in direct succession to the throne.

One day, as the time for shearing the sheep drew near, as he was out inspecting the flocks and planning for the harvest of wool, the thought flashed across his mind:

"Why not make the feasting time and the time of gladness which always marked the sheep-shearing season the occasion of smiting Amnon? The very thing!" he exclaimed aloud. "All the royal family knows what a prosperous year this has been with me, and they will all find delight in rejoicing with me in the good fortune which has come to me. I will invite even the king himself."

"But what if Amnon will not come?" asked a voice from within, to which Absalom responded, grimly:

"Yea, but where the wine and the feasting are to be found there you may be sure Amnon will come. He will not withhold himself from the company of the king's sons."

And so Absalom came to King David his father and said:

"Behold now, thy servant hath sheep-shearers; let the king, I beseech thee, and his servants go with thy servants."

"Nay, my son," replied the king, "let us not all now go, lest the burden of our entertainment rest too heavily upon thee."

And Absalom pressed the king to go, but he would not; however he spoke his blessing upon Absalom.

"If thou wilt not go, then let him who is thy heir go that he may represent thee, for this shall be a right royal feast, for see how the Lord hath prospered me?"

And he pressed the king that he should let Amnon and all the king's sons go with him, and he finally consented.

And when Absalom had prepared for the feast and every servant was in his place he spoke secretly with those whom he could trust, saying:

"Mark ye now when Amnon's heart is merry with wine, and when I say unto you, smite Amnon; then kill him, fear not; have not I commanded you? Be courageous, and be valiant."

And the servants of Absalom did unto Amnon as Absalom had commanded, and Absalom fled and went to Talmai, king of Geshur, his grandfather, who commended him for the success of his wicked plot and assured him of his support when he should strive for the kingdom of Israel.

New Term in Law.

The plaintiff was stating his case: "Your honor, I was walking alongside of the waiting train, when this man, who is a stranger to me, and without any cause whatever, reached out of the car window and planted a couple of powerful blows upon my face."

"Your honor," expostulated the defendant, "I was so enraged by the delay of that train and the miserable service of that road in general, that I just had to give vent to my feelings in some way. I couldn't restrain myself."

"I feel for you," admitted the judge, who had occasion to travel on the same road, "but I am compelled to fine you nevertheless. That pair of hand-me-downs will cost you just $10."

Hungry Multitudes.

More residents of New York take their midday meal away from home than do those of any other city, and one of the most populous eating sections of the city between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on every business day is in and around Herald square. Properly within that district are 31 restaurants and in them on a recent Friday during the two hours, 12,418 meals were served.

Collection of Dolls.

Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of Leopold, is credited with having the most wonderful collection of dolls in the world. Among them are specimens from Babylon, bone dolls from Greenland, a wooden one from Peru, a paper doll from India, Greek dolls with wardrobes, even dolls' houses, with furniture and dishes in them.

Embraces Islamism.

Dr. Ewald Falls, a well-known Egyptologist and excavator, has embraced Islam. While at the head of an excavating expedition in the Nile delta he became so convinced of the virtues of Mohammedanism that he confessed the faith and was received at the mosque at Mariout. He will henceforth be known under the name of Mussa Mohammed.

BEST EVER WRITTEN

PRESCRIPTION WHICH ANYONE CAN EASILY MIX.

Said to Promptly Overcome Kidney and Bladder Afflictions—Shake Simple Ingredients Well in Bottle.

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A prominent physician is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from any druggist even in the smaller towns.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive Kidneys, overcoming Backache, Bladder weakness and Urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst forms of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

The Scranton (Pa.) Times was first to print this remarkable prescription, in October, of 1906, since when all the leading newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other cities have made many announcements of it to their readers.

Grieg as a Schoolboy.

Grieg was not a pattern schoolboy. In a description of his days at school he wrote: "Knowing that by arriving late I would not be allowed to enter the class until the end of the first lesson, I used, on wet mornings, to stand under a dripping roof, until I was soaked to the skin. The master then sent me home to change my clothes, but the distance being long this was equivalent to giving me a dispensation! You may guess that I played this prank pretty often, but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it had hardly rained at all, they became suspicious, and kept a lookout. One fine day I was caught, and made an intimate acquaintance with the birch!"

Liquor She Floated In.

On their arrival in New Zealand, according to London Tit-Bits, a party of English people drank the health of the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in this ceremony replied: 'No, I am a teetotaller; but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in." A friend disappeared and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed the water off at once, but immediately spluttered: "Ugh—ah—oh—this is—oh—what on earth is this?" "That?" said his friend. "Why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in."

Terms That Seem Strange.

There are many puzzling differences between Scottish and English law terms. For instance, bankruptcy is in Scotland "an act of sequestration," a solicitor is either a "writer" or a "law agent," the argument in a case is the "debate," and assizes is the jury, a wrongdoer is a "delinquent," an idiot—in Scottish law—is "a fatuous person," and a burglary is (with true Scottish caution), "housebreaking with an aggravation." Finally, an author is, in Scotland, not a person who writes, but the vender or seller of real property, from whom the title to it is derived.

Mutilate Art Treasures.

Authorities who have in charge some of England's ancient treasures try to discourage the habit of carving initials on these relics. A fine of $15 was recently imposed on a man who had chipped his name in letters six inches high on one of the stones in the "Druids' Circle" near Keswick. Close to the giant stone globe at Swanage a special slab is provided for the harmless reception of the names of all who are addicted to this self-advertisement. On popular Alpine summits names are left on cards in emptied wine bottles.

Will Not Supply Pigs.

Bacon curers are usually among the most prosperous firms in Belfast, but they have had to warn the farmers throughout the north not to kill any more pigs until the strikes are settled, for it is impossible to handle the carcasses. Business has thus been diverted to other Irish bacon-curing centers, although the majority of farmers have simply respited their pigs and are making no attempt to supply the market. Danish bacon factories will thus profit.—London Standard.

But He Wasn't Hired.

Senator Frank B. Brandagee tells a story of a man who wanted to be a trolley car conductor. "This man looked hearty, polite and intelligent, and the manager of the car barns seemed to think well of him. After a number of questions the manager said: 'Well, what pay do you desire?' The applicant gave a loud laugh. Then he dug the manager in the ribs and said: 'Oh, never mind about the pay, boss. Just give me the job and I'll have a car of my own in a week or two.'"—Kansas City Star.

The Old Way and the New.

The young lady from Boston was explaining: "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base and a corresponding one in the apex. Then you apply the lips to the aperture, and by forcibly inhaling the breath the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

The old lady who was listening exclaimed:

"It beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a gal they made a hole in each end and sucked."—Judge's Library.