

HE WAS BALD.

And He Tried to Correct the Working of Nature.

It was one of the by-laws of the Heartache's Heavenly Hair Raiser that it be used freely before retiring, rubbing it into the scalp. Just before he went to bed that night, the man bolted the back door, put the cat in the wood-shed, came in whistling the "Fatinitza" waltz, danced up to the clock-shelf, and, pouring out what he supposed to be his hair fertilizer, he mopped it all over his scalp, and stirred it well in around the roots of his little hedge of hair at the back of his neck.

The glue bottle, by an unearthly coincidence, was nearly the same shape and size as the hair sap bottle. He went to bed.

"George," said his wife, turning her face to the wall, "that stuff you're putting on your hair smells like a pan of soapgrease."

"Perhaps I had better go up stairs and sleep," snarled George. "You're mighty sensitive! You wouldn't expect that a man can put stuff on his head make his hair grow, and have it smell like essence of wintergreen, would you?"

They went to sleep mad as Turks. This particular bald-headed man, like a good many other bald-headed men, had to get up and build the fires. When he arose next morning the sun peeped in at the window, and saw the pillow cling to the back of his head like a great white chignon; he thought it must have caught on a pin or shirt button. It looked ridiculous, and he would throw it back on the bed before his wife saw it, so he caught it quickly by one end and "yanked."

"Oh! oh!" he screamed, "what's been going on here? Thunder an' lightning!" and he began to claw at his scalp like a lunatic. His wife sprang up from the couch and began to sob hysterically.

"Oh, don't George! What is it. What's the matter?"

George was dancing about the room, the pillow now dangling by a few hairs, his scalp covered with something that looked like sheet copper, while the air was redolent of warlike explosives, as if a dictionary had exploded. With a woman's instinct the poor wife took in the situation at a glance, and exclaimed:

"It is the glue!"

The bald-headed man sat down in a chair and looked at her a moment in contemptuous silence, and then uttered the one expressive word:

"Glue!"

Now began a series of processes and experiments unheard of in the annals of chemistry.

"Jane, you must soak it off with warm water. I've got to go to Utica to-day."

"I can't, George," she replied in a guilty tone, "it's waterproof."

"Yes, I might have known it; and I suppose it's fireproof, too, ain't it?"

He scratched over the smooth plating with his finger nail.

"It's hard as iron," he said.

"Yes—he said it was good glue," repeated she innocently. "Can't you skin it off with your razor, George?"

"Don't you trifle with me, Jane. Get me that coarse file in the woodshed."

It may be imagined what followed, and now as the bald-headed man sits in the office he never removes his hat, for his entire skull is a howling waste of blistered desert, relieved here and there by oases of black court-plaster. — The Christian at Work.

Not On Our Road.

One night we were coming in on the train when we encountered the fiercest looking storm I ever saw. I knew the conductor of the train very well, and he knew I wanted to see a cyclone. So he took me forward and put me on the engine, telling the engineer to show me the first cyclone that crossed our path. The great black cloud was streaked ever and anon with lightning as forked as a snake's tongue. I could hear the roar of the wind above the tremendous breathing of the engine. It was a grand and terrible scene to me. The engine seemed to be driving right into the storm center. I looked every moment to see the smokestack twisted from the boiler and the cow-catcher hurled into black night. I closed my eyes for a moment, for it seemed to me my time had come. When I opened my eyes the sky was clear. The stars were sparkling like diamonds, and the storm lay in the back ground like a monster that had been overpowered. I looked at the engineer. He was as calm as if he had been at a harvest dance. As soon as I could catch my breath I said to him,—

"No cyclone yet?"

He gazed at me fixedly a moment, then he asked,—

"Have you been asleep?"

"Not so far as I can remember," I answered meekly.

"Young man," said he, solemnly, "no cyclone ever tackles this engine. They get out of the way when they see it coming. One tried it once and went out of the business the next day. If you were on the road you would have seen the eye. It loves to dally with that road, not with our'n. Sorry we can't accommodate you. Conductor ought to have known better than to take you on—in."

"So I go back home with no cyclone story but this, hey?"

"You've had the best that we can give you, stranger."

Eight sockets.

A new socket for incandescent lamps has been brought out, which is flexible and will admit of the lamp globe being turned in that direction or another. A spring coil forces one of the connections to the lamp base,

and takes the place of the thread on the regular socket. Another novelty about the spring is a sharp point on the end which prevents unauthorized persons from removing the lamp by pressing open the spring, and allows only a person carrying a cover for this point to tamper with the socket

Made Him Desperate.

She had a shrill young voice that pervaded the whole car, and when she spoke to the infantile darling at her side, she slopped over into baby talk that made all the other passengers grit their teeth and clutch the plush backs of the seats in front. The car was full, and the foad young guardian of infancy and innocence occupied the first seat. Back to back with that was the seat that faced the stove, and on this undesirable spot sat a thin, old man, with three satchels and chin whiskers.

There was a lull for a few miles, and the passengers began to relax their muscles, and breathe freer, when the fusillade suddenly began again.

"Seepy, ittle dir? Oh, so seepy?"

No response.

"Was oo mamma's wittle yam? Mamma's wittle yammyyam? Look up here! Look at me! Oh, you bad. Was oo mamma's naughty bad?"

Three slaps.

"Oh, you bad, precious, ittle sing. Mamma's Daisy Ducktums, her ownie totty trots. Kissum me! Do you hear? Kissum me!"

There were beads of perspiration on the face of the man with the chin whiskers, and when the conductor opened the car door he gave a convulsive shiver, that knocked down the coal shovel.

"Conductor," he whispered, "you haven't come too soon."

"Why?"

"I'm a desperate man."

"Too hot?" asked the conductor soothingly, opening the stove door.

"Hot? Man, it's that woman and baby back of me. It's the baby twaddle. I tell you I can't stand it. I've raised nine young ones myself out in loway, and I didn't raise 'em on that. Git the woman anything she wants. Git her a house and lot. I'll chip in, but keep her quiet. If you don't, conductor, I'll brain that baby with this yaller sample case. Hear? I'm desprit!"

The conductor didn't reely. He leaned over to the young woman and said:

"Madam, you must send that dog to the baggage-car."—Free Press.

Sunspots and Thunder-Storms.

Among the supposed relations between sunspots and the atmosphere of the earth is one in which thunder-storms are concerned. Half a dozen years ago it was noticed in Bavaria that destructive lightning strokes were apparently less numerous during a maximum than during a minimum of sunspots, and Doctor Von Bezold came to the conclusion that "high temperatures and a spotless solar surface give years abounding in thunder-storms."

If this theory is correct, the summer just passed should have been comparatively free from thunder-storms, for the sunspots are now approaching a maximum.

Next summer also should, upon the same hypothesis, witness relatively few thunder-storms. In England there has, indeed, been noticed this year an apparent tendency to follow the supposed law described above, as thunder-storms there have been less numerous than they were a few years ago, when the sunspots were near their minimum.

Probably, as is the case with all the other supposed relations between sunspots and terrestrial phenomena, the proof in this case will be very slow to obtain and very far from convincing, until we have learned much more than we now know of the general laws of the solar action.

A Pardonable Difference.

There had been a homicide in a saloon and one man was telling all about it, even to the minutest detail. He had seen it all and knew what he was talking about, he said, and notwithstanding everybody had not implicit confidence in his statement, nobody cared to call him to account and make him show proof. Naturally such a man would be a good witness and at the examining trial he was put on the stand.

"What do you know about this affair?" asked the court.

"Nothin' yer honor," he replied so promptly as to startle those who had heard his story.

"Didn't you," asked the surprised Judge, "tell a number of people you had seen it all?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Then how does it happen that you say here that you don't know anything about it?"

"Well, it's this way, yer honor," he said with a redeeming blush. "I was only a talking then, an' now I'm a swearin'."

The court noted the distinction.

Just So.

It is one of the prime secrets of happiness to recognize and accept one's natural limitations; but philosophy of this kind is perhaps hardly to be expected of children.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the other good things that go to make a grand Thanksgiving dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at her unfinished dish of ice-cream.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mourn' full."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.

A good thing to have around the house is a "W. G. G. G."

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