

**Winning a Brute's Respect.**  
In an article on the training of wild animals in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Frank C. Haddock, the famous showman, said: "If I were to lay down a basic principle, I would say, just as my father did to me the first time he ever gave me a whip and a lion, 'First of all, warm up to him.' That does not mean to pet him or talk silly nonsense of the affectionate sort, but to treat him with a frank, common sense and a kindly hand and care."  
"Once a very fierce old tiger which we had in London had nearly killed my brother, and her keepers were afraid of her. It happened that she ran a bit of bone into her paw and had a very sorry time of it. I undertook to remove it and by the use of lashings and a little patience succeeded. It took four men to help me. When we were about half way through the operation, she got the idea of what we were trying to do for her, and a more docile patient surgeon never had, though the pain was great, I am sure. The next day I put a poultice on that foot with one keeper standing outside the cage with a prodding iron as a precaution, and ever after that till the day of her death I could enter her cage at any time without her giving any sign but that of pleasure."

**He Knew His Friend.**  
An old German was on his deathbed. In his earlier years he had led a wild life, but since the death of Schneider, one of his boon companions, he had reformed and given up his bad habits. This Schneider in his day had been a mighty drinker, famous for his capacity and carousals.

The priest was ministering to the dying man, consoling him with visions of the paradise he would soon enter, telling him that he would meet there his old friends and what a joy it would be to see them all again.

The dying man asked feebly, "Will Schneider be there, your reverence?"  
Thinking to give him pleasure, the priest replied, "Yes; Schneider will be there."

"Ach!" said the other. "Dot is very bad. All dose drinkings und eatings und fighdings all over again, all dot oer und whisky!"

"But there will be no drinking in heaven," said the priest.  
"But you said Schneider would be there."

"So he will," was the priest's reply.  
"Und dere won't be no drinkings, you dink? Ach! You don't know Schneider!"—Lippincott's.

**Long Courtships in Norway.**  
Norwegian weddings are almost always celebrated at the close of a short Scandinavian summer, a season which the industrious Norsemens find too short to work and from which they could never dream of taking the days that are necessary for the long drawn out festivities of the Norse wedding. To the maidens who are wooed all the year round are usually wedded at the beginning of winter. Norwegian wooings are very frank and very long—a dog's. On summer Sundays the lanes, the highways and byways are strewn with lovers. Each couple saunters slowly along, not in the least shy, his arm about her shoulders, her arm about his waist. Nor do they untwine their arms if they pause a little to chat with friends, not even if they stop to speak to casual acquaintances. Ten or a dozen years often elapse between the first day of courtship and the day of marriage, while a seven years' betrothal is considered of very moderate length.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Table of the Babbling Brook.**  
Once upon a time a fish in search of adventure came to the broad mouth of a brook which emptied itself into a great river. He turned into the smaller stream, ascended its current and listened to its constant babbling as he went leisurely along.

As he proceeded he noticed that the brook became very much narrower and slower. Yet it kept up its babbling at the same. Finally he reached its end and found it to be very insignificant.

"Brook," said the fish, "never in my life before have I seen such a large stream and heard so much babbling from so little head behind it."  
"Brook," the head cannot be judged by the mouth.—New York Herald.

**Slang in 1833.**  
1832 Coleridge in his Table Talk of the word talented as follows: "I regret to see that vile and barba-ric vocabulary stealing out of newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of today. Why not 'shillings,' 'hinged,' 'tengenced,' etc.? The nation of a partiple passive from man is a license which nothing but very peculiar felicity can excuse. If convenience is to justify such attacks upon the idiom, you cannot until the language becomes, in the sense of the word, corrupt, be of these pieces of slang come America."

**Where Voices Are Raised.**  
Spain is the natural home of the profundo; Spain is the country where and has been from the time of the Gadsdons, when the Gaditans (Gadiz) singers brought high in the slave market; France pro-mozzo sopranos in profusion; America, pure screamers, and no one knows why.—Musical Review.

**Back to Slavery.**  
Williams done got 'vored 'bout say!"  
"De truth. De jury give 'im his 'vestiddy."  
"Har is he now?"  
"On his honeymoon!"—Atlanta Union.

**Power of an Inch of Rain.**  
"Fine shower we had last night," said a talkative man.  
"Yes," answered the thoughtful man. "How much rain fell?"  
"The weather report says just an inch."  
"Do you know what that means?" asked the other as he took a pencil from his pocket and began to figure.  
"It means clearing the air, laying the dust and furnishing needed moisture for vegetation and for us, I suppose."  
"But have you ever thought what it means in power?" continued the thoughtful man. "You said an inch of rain. Now, see these figures. New York city contains 308 square miles of surface, and one inch of water over that would measure 715,455,600 cubic feet, which at 63 pounds—which is the weight of a cubic foot of water—makes 45,079,372,800 pounds, or 22,539,686 tons. Can you realize it?"  
"Now, what comes down has gone up, and this water fell about 5,000 feet. Old Sol had quite a pull to get that moisture up there, for a mechanical engineer will tell you that that represents the expenditure of nearly 2,500,000,000,000 foot pounds of energy. It's sad that we can't hitch machinery to that power without having to take it secondhand through coal."—New York Herald.

**He Wouldn't Interfere.**  
An old Scotchman went to stay for a short time, as he said, with friends of his, a young couple with no family. After living with them for some two or three weeks the young couple began to get tired of their visitor, but did not like to tell him the state of their feelings toward him, so they arranged a little plan between them as to how they would get rid of him.

"Tomorrow," said the husband, "when I come home for dinner, I shall quarrel about the soup and say it is not good. In the midst of our quarrel we will appeal to our friend, and if he takes your part I will give him notice to leave the house, and if he takes my part you do just the same."

Next day at dinner the "quarrel" arose about the soup, and in the heat of the argument "uncle" was appealed to, but he coolly replied:

"Ye see, ma freens, for a' the time I intend tae be here—just a month or twa—I hae made up ma mind no tae interfere wi' yer hoose affairs."

**A Story of Wendell Phillips.**  
At the close of the civil war and before he was well known Wendell Phillips, the distinguished abolitionist, went to Charleston and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and a brother and, more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist. The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale or the condition of his soul, and finally Mr. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited on by a slave.

"You must 'scuse me, massa," said the negro. "I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'sponsible for de silver-ware."

**Charity's Choice.**  
"Mummy," said a small girl—"mummy, dear, I do wish I might give some money for poor children's dinners."  
"So you may, darling."  
"But, mummy, I haven't any money."

"Well, darling, if you like to go without sugar I will give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The small child considered solemnly for a moment, and then said, "Must it be sugar, mummy?"

"Why, no, darling. I don't mind much. What would you like to do without?"

"How would soap do, mummy, then?" exclaimed the small maiden in triumph.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Got His Money.**  
When King Edward VII. was an undergraduate at Oxford, he was a great huntsman, and few men could beat him across country. On one occasion his royal highness and some other riders galloped into a farmyard by way of a short cut. The farmer, a sturdy yeoman, closed the gates and told the huntsmen they must pay him a piece for trespass.

One of the gentlemen smiled indulgently at the rustic and said, "But, my good man, this is the Prince of Wales."  
"The good man was in no wise abashed and retorted, "Prince or no prince, I'll have my money." And he got it.

**A Lost Chance.**  
"He that will not when he may" is likely to repent his indecision for many a long day afterward. A lady who had spent a weary hour in "beating down" the salesman at a Turkish shop in Paris returned the next day prepared to purchase. "I believe you said 20 francs," she began, taking out her purse.  
"Ninety, madame!" answered the smiling Turk.  
"But you came down to twenty!"  
"Ah, that was yesterday, madame! Everything goes up again in the night!"

**Careless.**  
Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.  
Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.  
Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.—Philadelphia Press.

**Promptly Given.**  
He—My train goes in fifteen minutes. Can you not give me one ray of hope before I leave you forever?  
She—Er—that clock is half an hour fast.—Brooklyn Life.

**Treachery of Tropical Nature.**  
"It is very like a fairy story," said Esther under her breath.  
"Very," said he. "And in fairy stories there are witches, enchanters and horrible things that come out of the forest, are not there? Well, so it is there in South America. There is a background of danger. One must keep one's eyes open. Here in England nature is safe and kind, eh? You can play with her as if she were an old tabby cat, but out there she is a striped tiger, beautiful and fierce and never to be trusted."

"There is everlasting strangling going on in the woods. Even the flowers are not kind and harmless. The orchids twist and perch and swing and bloom on branches they are bugging to death. You break a twig of something that looks like a vine, and its milk raises a blister on your hand; you touch what you think is a leaf, and it gallops off on a hundred legs! The animals pretend to be vegetables and the vegetables to be animals. Every living thing is trying to protect itself with all its little might and main and to get the better of its enemies, just as the people in towns do. Oh, the high woods of the Andes are not moral, they're not Christian, I assure you! Nature is opulent, and she is splendid, but she isn't good."—"The Alien," by F. F. Montresor.

**Crushed the Objector.**  
Booker T. Washington told an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the children of Israel passed over the Red sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said:

"My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned."

At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red sea is nearly under the equator."

"There, now," said the old preacher. "That's all right. I've been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators either."

**Some English Ads.**  
A general servant advertised in a Bristol paper for a place the other day, but required "no inquiries, no caps or aprons, every evening out, good wages," and a journalist advertised himself as of "no particular ability" as a recommendation. A clerk recently sought a place "where great strength, personal appearance or ability are not required." "Good butter, sixpence a pound. Nobody can touch it," was ambiguous and may have been wrongly interpreted by the public, and a Gloucestershire paper which inserted the advertisement, "Our one and nine penny dinner at 6:30 p. m. Funerals promptly attended to," apologized next day for mixing up two separate and distinct announcements.

But it is a fact that a church paper appealed lately for "Old man, lame, deaf, epileptic. Will any Christian take him for a gardener?" and that in a leading Scotch journal an advertiser asked for "£55 to pay debts incurred through losses at betting."—London Standard.

**Unexpected Erudition.**  
"An absentminded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered—Ova gallinae."

"This the waiter interpreted as meaning 'extra well done,' and that is the way they came to the table.—Youth's Companion.

**A Story of Bunsen.**  
Sir Henry Roscoe in a privately printed book of lectures tells a story of Bunsen, remembered from the time when he and the German scientist were traveling together in England. They met a lady who mistook Bunsen for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen.

"Have you finished your book, 'God in History,' yet?" she asked him.

"No, madame," he replied. "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

**Discretion the Better Part.**  
Miss Gushington—But were you never frightened, captain, when you saw the enemy advancing?  
Captain Kador—No; I felt safe so long as I had a couple of life preservers with me.

Miss Gushington—Life preservers?  
Captain Kador—Yes; my legs.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Figure It Out.**  
Since the force exerted by the human heart every twenty-four hours is sufficient to lift 120 tons one foot high, when a man tells his sweetheart that "he loves her with all his heart," can it be that he means 10,000 pounds an hour?—New York Times.

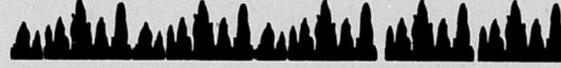
**A Suggestion.**  
The Angry Father—What do you expect me to do—send you all the money you ask for or calmly allow you to get into debt?  
The Son—You might do both.—Life.

# Uncle Jay Steps In "The Boys"



"Did you sell all those dishes you had there?"

We told him we did, and would fill up again this morning. "Heavens," he says, "you are selling your China cheap. Don't wonder that you sell it so fast. Why, here is as fine a cream pitcher as I ever saw for 10c., and that Japanese ware, there, is 'out of sight.' You've got them all on dishes this year, sure. Those lamps are fine. You are selling a Central Draft Lamp with globe for \$3.00. Never saw it before. You bought the best Nuts you could get, did you?" We told him yes. "Those Jumbo grades are immense. You sell the mixed Nuts for 12c.; that's cheap. Boys, you ought to give each of your customers a sample of your 25, 30 and 35c. coffee. That can't be beat anywhere. Don't be afraid to tell your customers that. How much candy have you got, anyway?" He tried to count the pails and quit. We told him we had over half a ton. "Gee," he says, "you ought to supply them with stuff enough this Christmas. Keep on, you are coming to the front, Boys."



# "The Boys"

## The Palace Bakery

Wishes to announce that its Anniversary week was a great success. We heard a number of our regular customers expressing surprise at the fact that we could keep up the high grade of our goods without advancing the price owing to the heavy advance in price of raw material. We explained to them that we could not, except that we bought in enormous quantities of the best grades for spot cash, taking advantage of quantity, price and all discounts. Besides being satisfied with a small profit on each sale; this with our constantly increasing patronage makes us a reasonable living. We also wish to announce that our stock is large enough to meet any and all demands at their notice. We have now in stock for Christmas smokers, the well-known brand of cigars--Bona Vita, Maquoketa, Henry George, Little Tom and Jackson's Best Cigars in boxes of 25 for \$1.00. Also, the La Tama de Joseph, 10c cigar packed 12 in aluminum box for the same money. These prices can't be beat for high grades. Call and see us.

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