

Lo! already a fern new born
Curls in the hedgerow his mimic horn,
And the primrose hourly edges aside
The heavy driftage of winter's tide;

Between moist meadow and sunlit sky
The sad-voiced plover is circling high
Sudden and loud through larch and fir
Rings the laugh of the woodpecker;

And the wagtail flirts his plumage plied
In patches of blue by the water's side;
Garden voices that late were dumb
Whistle and warble—a time will come
For shade of leaves and pillage of
shades

And swallows a-twitter in last year's
avenues.

Lo! she comes, in the old sweet ways,
The happy April of other days,
Maiden April, merry of mien,
Trips amid in the meadow green;

Slack or sound, or sorry or glad,
Utter it, echo it, in the meadow
Lad and lass in the youth of the year
Echo it, utter it—April's here:
Then comes May, pleasure and play,
Holiday-dance and roundelay.
—Armine Thomas Kent.

Was It a Miracle?

"Stranger, do you believe in miracles?" I looked up from my newspaper, the columns of which I had been listlessly scanning and encountered the gaze of the speaker. I saw before me a man about 40 years of age. He had a bluff, open face and his hair was streaked with gray. He wore the regulation uniform of the railway, and I recognized in him the ticket agent, telegraph operator, et cetera, of the station in which I was waiting for my train.

I had finished my business in the town some two miles away, and as I had nothing to do until the train arrived, I was not at all averse to chatting with him.

"That depends entirely upon what you consider a miracle," I replied, throwing aside my paper.

"I don't know that I can exactly explain what I mean, but I believe that the event I am thinking of might be called one."

Of course I expressed a desire to know what he referred to, imagining that he had a story to relate to me.

"Well," he remarked by way of an introduction, "it isn't often I tell this story, but to-night I feel just like it. Perhaps the facts of the events occurred exactly seven years ago may account for the inclination."

"It was just such a day as this, the air was cold enough to make a fire seem comfortable, while at the same time it was not at all disagreeable out of doors."

"At that time I was employed at the same job I am now. There was of course less work to do in those days; this region has rapidly increased in population during the last few years."

"But this does not interest you; so I will fill up and start on my run with a full head of steam."

"Six miles west of here lies the town of Barton; ten miles to the east, Dawson. This is the only station between the two."

"It was exactly this time of day, half past five, when my sander commenced clicking away at my call. For some reason I did not respond at once; when I did, I received the following startling message:

"Wild engine headed your way—Old Tartar. Ditch her."

"The message was from the operator at Barton, and in plain English meant that the engine known as the Old Tartar had by some means or other started off without any one on board, and was headed in this direction. To ditch an engine is to open a switch, thus allowing it to run on to a siding where it at last leaves the track and probably goes over on its side. Of course the engine is badly smashed if not completely ruined, but it is the only safe course to adopt."

"There was but one siding suitable for the purpose, the others having more or less cars on them. The switch was about a hundred yards down the track in the direction of Barton."

"It was evident to me that the Old Tartar must have passed Barton when they commenced calling me, and as wild engines generally travel pretty fast, I foresaw that I had not any too much time in which to carry out my instructions."

"I will mention one more fact; an accommodation train was due from the east inside of half an hour."

"You may believe I did not lose much time in leaving the depot and heading for the switch. I had not taken half a dozen steps when I heard a dull roar of but momentary duration. That told me as well as words could that the Old Tartar had crossed Mud River bridge, less than quarter of a mile away."

"I can get over the ground at a fair rate of speed when necessary, and I considered that one of the occasions I had traveled considerably more than half of the distance when, glancing up, I saw the Old Tartar shoot around the curve at the top of the grade which ends at this station. It was a race between myself and that engine, with the switch as the objective point."

"Apparently I was a trifle late, but I realized that I had no time to spare."

"I had nearly reached the switch when I stumbled and fell. Not more than five seconds were lost, yet I fell. I was in the act of scrambling to my feet when the Old Tartar rushed past me like a whirlwind. I realized that I had missed her, but I did not bemoan my luck. There was not time for that, as the operator at Dawson must be warned immediately."

"I rushed back to the station and called him up. He responded immediately, and I forwarded to him the message I had received but a moment before. Back came the reply:



Scene in a Calcutta Street Where the Cow Is Permitted to Rest.

To the Hindus, who make up the great bulk of the population of India, the cow is a sacred animal, and many of the disturbances which break out between the Hindus and Mohammedans are due to the fact that the latter utterly disregard this Hindu reverence for the animal. Recently in Calcutta the police authorities, out of deference to this sentiment of the Hindus, issued orders forbidding Mohammedans sacrificing cows. As a result, fierce rioting occurred and much difficulty was experienced in restoring order. The Hindus and Mohammedans are always at variance, and were it not for the strong arm of British authority, the former, who are submissive and peacefully inclined, when their religious sentiments are not interfered with, would be slaughtered by the latter.

The Hindu reverence for the cow often leads to peculiar situations. Wherever the cow chooses to rest it is permitted by the Hindus to stay, for they would never think of disturbing it. Our illustration, taken from the Illustrated London News, shows a cow at rest in one of the streets of Calcutta. The poor Hindu would never think of compelling it to find another resting place, even if it blocked traffic a whole day.

conductor for the purpose of learning how the collision had been averted. To my surprise, he had no knowledge of the Old Tartar's being 'wild.' He considered me a fit subject for an insane asylum, and did not hesitate to tell me so. I even began to doubt my own sanity."

"A message of inquiry was forwarded to Barton, and the following reply received:

"Hines was ordered to ditch the Old Tartar. Did he do it?"

"Not one of us could offer any explanation until suddenly the conductor exclaimed:

"She must have jumped the track!"

"Such proved to be the case. The Old Tartar was found at the foot of an embankment about a mile and a half east of this station. Near by were found several cars, most of them pretty well smashed up."

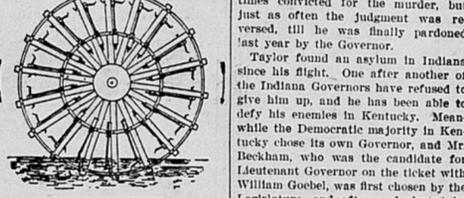
"You doubtless wonder how this extraordinary thing happened. It was explained about a year later by Pete Scully, a member of a notorious gang of outlaws who had infested this region. It seems that they had planned to 'hold up' the accommodation train. They had lanterns, et cetera, with which to signal the train; but fearful that the engineer would recognize them, they placed several ties on the track, so that if he failed to heed the signal his train would be derailed."

"They had just finished operations when the Old Tartar appeared on the scene. She knocked the ties a-flying, but they did their work, for she jumped the track and rolled down the embankment. Fifteen minutes later the accommodation passed that very spot unmolested. The gang had decided that under the circumstances it would be best not to 'hold up' a train."

"That was the Old Tartar's last run. And now, stranger, that you have heard the story, I want you to answer the question: Was it a miracle?"—Waverley Magazine.

REMARKABLE PADDLE WHEEL.

New Device Feathers the Water
An automatic feathering wheel for a paddle-driven steamboat has been invented and perfected by W. N. Crutchon of Seattle, who has patented the invention. The new wheel has an automatic tilting contrivance, so that the buckets enter and leave the water without depressing or lifting it in operation. The new buckets are shaped corresponding to a spoon oar, which enables them to exert a greater force in propelling the vessel. By means of lateral wings on the outer edge they are able to enter the water with the least resistance, and held by a stop pin while the pressure is exerted.



NEW PADDLE WHEEL.

ed, when an automatic spring releases them and they assume their former operative position.

The concave form of the bucket creates greater pressure against the water. The position of the buckets while out of the water and moving concentric with the wheel shaft develops through the air diminishes air resistance. The manner in which the buckets enter the water edgewise avoids the loss of power involved in the downward pressure of the water. The automatic tilting of the buckets leaving the water throws off the back wash and eliminates dead weight. All jar or concussion from the buckets entering and leaving the water is avoided. In starting the wheel without a load the buckets are only thrown into working position by its movement either forward or back.—Seattle Times.

A woman, who has buried one husband, separated from a second, and lives unhappily with a third, doesn't usually think very well of the men.

If an actress is called an old stage it's enough to make her fussy.

For boys and girls

His Mother.
We sit in one big chair, for mother's little
And rock and talk, all in the fire-light's glow;
She pats my hands, perhaps you think it's funny,
It's somehow easier to visit so.
She loves to read the very books that I do,
That tell of Laucelot, and all the rest;
She thinks that Charlemagne was such a hero,
But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was best.

She knows about the school, and what she studies;
She likes the boys, remembers nick-names, too.
I tell her everything that I am doing—
Why, bedtime comes before we're nearly through!
She's glad that I'm a boy, and growing taller.
She can't sorry that my hair does curl.
My mother is not like a grown-up lady;
I'm sure she always seems just like a girl.

—Alix Thorne.

THE MUMP PARTY.

Ruthie was guiding Flora's hand as she wrote. Flora could write almost as well as her little mother. She carefully spelled out "Grandma" on one side of the slip of paper, folded the paper and poked it through the key-hole of grandma's door. Then Ruthie knocked three times.

"Bless me," cried grandma, "there's the postman, I see I have a letter."

"It's an invitation," explained Ruthie, running with the paper to grandma's chair. "It's a mump party for Flora, because she feels so badly for not to go to her cousin Dorothy's party this afternoon." Flora's throat was tied up in fannel, so was Ruthie's.

"Mump parties are the best kind for lame old ladies," said grandma, with a kiss as thanks for her invitation.

Ruthie flew away to get ready. Back she came with Flora dressed in her prettiest gown. Then came the best tea-set used only on state occasions.

"We're going to have something very nice because Flora's so disappointed," Ruthie said as she set out the dishes on grandma's table.

"There's going to be sugar in milk for tea, and animal crackers!"

"Do not fail to provide a birdhouse early they begin their building, what a merry time they seem to have and how many kinds of nests they make. Such strange taste some of them have! The kingbird and the golden robin, for example, will want all your cotton battings, and will fight off all the other birds that have the same fancy. The chipping sparrows will carry off every horse hair and never seem to have enough. The other birds have, one and all, their own choice of building material, and know just where their nest must be and all they ask is to be let alone."

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Ruthie gave grandma a little hug and brought the apron. She had on her own best dress and her hair nicely combed. It began to feel like a real party.

"What games does Flora like?" asked grandma when Ruthie at last announced that the party was ready to begin.

"She likes 'What am I thinking of,'" replied Ruthie glancing at grandma's lame foot. "She would not be so impolite as to say tag or hide-and-seek. So they play until she is tired, and then she goes to bed."

"She'll have to tell us," said grandma, when the clock struck four.

Ruthie jumped up and clapped her hands. "She's thinking it's time for the animal crackers."

"She is lame and cannot walk," Mary thinks he will enjoy looking at the pictures.—Primary Education.

THE ARITHMETIC LESSON.

"Put down," the little fellow said, reading from the advertisement, "ten pounds of sugar at five cents a pound, and two pounds of coffee at thirty cents a pound, and two pounds of butter at twenty-eight cents a pound, and two cakes of soap at five cents each."

"I've got them down," the grocer said, looking up from his pad.

"How much does that come to?" the little fellow asked.

"That's just what I'm 'rithmetic for tomorrow, an I couldn't work it," the lad said, as he disappeared through the door.—Home Herald.

THE BOY MARCONI.

It is a somewhat curious fact, perhaps, that the boy Marconi, the value of whose system of wireless telegraphy has been so strikingly demonstrated by the saving of the passengers of the ill-fated Republic, showed little signs of cleverness. One of his teachers, in fact, once said to him that he could never learn anything in Rome. Nevertheless, he was only 21 when he began to startle the world with his demonstrations of wireless telegraphy. In spite of his unassuming of men, and hates demonstrations. He was once recognized while in Rome. Immediately a pebble-adjunct to it. During the next six or seven years the Panama Canal will be the source of still greater criticism. Harsher challenges will be issued to those engaged in its management and construction and there may come accusations of various kinds. All will have to be met and refuted. The plans will need continuous defense and the expenditures will need continuous justification. It is the way in which progress is made under our system of government. The canal is a public enterprise and everybody's business.

(the while now, and when I come back I shall expect to find you all some again, safe and happy.")

How quickly the next two hours passed, and how busy the little brains and fingers were!

Bobby went to California. His first picture was of the "Sunset Limited," the train in which he chose to cross the continent. There were views of Western cities that he passed through; and when he reached the sunny land he filled his booklet with scenes in the great harbor on the Pacific coast, pictures of wonderful flowers and fruits that grow only under southern skies, photographs taken at an ostrich-farm, and many other things of interest, until the last leaf of the journey-book was covered.

Elsa went to Japan, and she collected pictures of bamboo houses and Japanese children with cherry-blossoms and butterflies.

Everybody journeyed somewhere. When Aunt Bertha came in again, she brought a big plate of sugar jumbles, and the way the cookies disappeared proved that each little traveller had returned in good health with a good appetite.—Christine Gleason, in the Youth's Companion.

SOME NEW FRIENDS.

Would you like to make some new friends, and meet some pleasant merry folks?

Hunt up some bits of cotton batting, pieces of horse hair, string and tow, and some strips of cloth. Fasten these to bushes and limbs of trees, fence posts and any other handy place. Then wait and see what will appear.

As soon as the snow melts away, on the very first warm days of spring, you will see some little feathered things come hurrying back from the South. And the very first thing these wise little creatures think about is a home for themselves and a nest for the new babies that always come to them in springtime. Their sharp eyes can peer into every nook and corner, and you may be sure that your little offerings will be seen.

You will be surprised to find how early they begin their building, what a merry time they seem to have and how many kinds of nests they make. Such strange taste some of them have! The kingbird and the golden robin, for example, will want all your cotton battings, and will fight off all the other birds that have the same fancy. The chipping sparrows will carry off every horse hair and never seem to have enough. The other birds have, one and all, their own choice of building material, and know just where their nest must be and all they ask is to be let alone."

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By this method, always making the output of the most modern European plants the standard of cost abroad and retaining in the estimate the output of every antiquated plant in the United States, disregarding costly and extravagant methods, the gap between home and foreign cost may be made to grow on widening to the heart's content of the most ardent monopoly tariff enthusiast. This could not be done if the home cost were based on the showing of an up-to-date and thoroughly accurate American plant.

The viciousness of the cardinal principle of the Republican tariff plank of 1908 is, also, in the difficulty, in fact the impossibility, of ascertaining just what the cost of production in any case really is. There are so many ways of making the returns that the committee of Congress can arrive at a uniform basis of computing the actual amount.

One manufacturer will ascertain the cost by counting what he pays for raw material, labor, coal and administration. Another will add something for wear and tear of machinery. Still another will count in interest on bonds outstanding or add expenditures for betterment and improvement of plant. It should be remembered, too, that a strike period the cost of a certain quantity of output is very much greater than for a period of equal length when all hands are at work and everything running smoothly. So, also, the cost of making sales can be made run up cost of production indefinitely.

The inquiry is bewildering and impossible of convincing results. But by giving the benefit of every doubt to the cost of domestic production, and holding foreign cost down to the lowest ascertainable minimum, the Senate Republicans can use the platform of 1908 to get a margin of protection as much wider than the Dingley margin as may be necessary to make the new tariff prohibitive of imports.—St. Louis Republic.

MARY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"Oh, dear," said Mary one day, "it is so stormy, I cannot go out to play. I don't know what to do."

"Why don't you make a scrap-book?" said mother.

"I don't know how," said Mary. So mother showed the little girl how to cut out the pictures from old magazines. Then she pasted them on some white muslin. How pretty they looked! Mary was delighted.

Soon the little girl was working busily. She never noticed how quickly the time flew by. She was much surprised when mother told her it was supper time.

Mary says she is going to work on her scrap-book every stormy day until it is quite finished. Then she is going to give it to little Cousin Joe. He is lame and cannot walk. Mary thinks he will enjoy looking at the pictures.—Primary Education.

REBUTS OF THE DAY

Tariff for Incidental Revenue.
The country need not be surprised if before Senator Aldrich and his Committee on Finance get through with the Payne bill the tariff is made even more thoroughly protective of monopoly than the outrageous Dingley act against which even a large portion of the Republican party has, for at least four years, been in open revolt.

Senator Rayner, of Maryland, truly depicted the spirit and purpose of tariff revision as we see it on the Republican side of the Senate when he declared on Wednesday that the Aldrich bill is for protection only, that its purpose is not to provide revenue, but to prohibit importations, that it does everything to tighten the grasp of monopoly upon the commerce of the country and gives nothing to the consuming public.

The first Republican national platform that of 1856—did not mention the tariff. The tariff plank of the platform of 1860 was virtually a plea for tariff for revenue with incidental protection, though not in these words, and the same is true of all the Republican platforms for thirty years after the party put its first presidential candidate into the field.

The policy of the party as it is now expounded by Senator Aldrich has been revolutionized to mean tariff for protection with incidental revenue. Every schedule in the Dingley act which shelters a monopoly is scrutinized for opportunity to make it rates prohibitive, and in computing the difference between the foreign cost of production and the cost in this country, every sophistry and false method is resorted to in order to minimize the foreign cost and exaggerate the domestic cost.

If the provision asserting that the true basis of protective taxation is the difference between the home and the foreign cost was honestly put into the Republican platform of 1908 its authors did not have in mind the possibilities of such tricks as Mr. Aldrich and his disciples are resorting to in order to make that declaration a farce and a sham.

They are making the low cost of production in the most modern foreign plants the standard of the foreign cost, while the cost of production in the clumsiest and most out-of-date and worn-out plants is the standard of the home cost.

By this method, always making the output of the most modern European plants the standard of cost abroad and retaining in the estimate the output of every antiquated plant in the United States, disregarding costly and extravagant methods, the gap between home and foreign cost may be made to grow on widening to the heart's content of the most ardent monopoly tariff enthusiast. This could not be done if the home cost were based on the showing of an up-to-date and thoroughly accurate American plant.

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Function Far Less Ceremonial Than in Queen Victoria's Time.
A word about the coronation, as there are to be several during May and June, is in a way far less ceremonial than in the days of the late Queen Victoria, and, being held at night, it assumes the guise of a royal reception. There is music, and after the presentation there is a supper—unfortunately, of the buffet variety. Men now attend and have a supper of their "women folk" as we say in this country, making their way to the throne, curtsy to the king and queen, retreat a few steps sideways from her majesty, catch their train from the attendant and go out, frankly turning their backs on the throne; and another lady has absorbed the attention of the king before the first has really retired from the presence. King Edward wants the coronation through rapidly, and it is done in thorough twentieth century style. Men get several points of vantage in the face corridors. From there they can see their ladies enter the presence and can meet them as they come out. And by the way, "kissing hands" only applies to Englishmen or subjects on an appointment, generally to diplomatic cabinet or political post.

His Question.
A party of young men were camping, and to avert annoying questions they made it a rule that the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself was to do the cooking.

One evening, while sitting round the fire, one of the boys asked, "Why is it that a ground squirrel never leaves any dirt at the mouth of its burrow?" They all guessed and missed. So he was asked to answer it himself.

"Why," he said, "because they always begin to dig at the other end of the hole?"

"But," one asked, "how does he get to the other end of the hole?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's your question."

His Poetry.
"My brother," said the good man, you should always keep your debts in mind. Experience has taught us all that our debts are our enemies."

"But they don't worry me, my dear sir," laughed the unvarnished bear.

"And why not?"

"Because I have always been taught to forget my enemies."

No Country White House.
The proposition to erect a \$250,000 summer home for the President of the United States is intolerable. Still less

SHEEP NONSENSE

"Didn't I see him kiss you?" "Oh, that was only a trial kiss."—Life.

"What did she get first when she inherited her billion?" "Furs and chauffeurs."—The Bellman.

Hoax—Here comes Borleigh. Do you know him to speak to? Joax—Not if I see him first.—Philadelphia Record.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat." "All right, sir, will you have it too short or too long?"—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day. Mrs. Wicks—It! What was it you caught him doing?—Boston Transcript.

She (at the piano)—I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not? He—Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account.—Judge.

Hawkins—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon? Robbins—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for him sooner.—Puck.

Little Girl—What's an Intelligence office, mamma? Mother—It's a place where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—New York Herald.

She—Fred, do you believe that the pen is mightier than the sword? He—Well, you never saw anybody sign a check, did you?—Illustrated Life.

Husband (getting ready for the theater)—My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for? Wife (coldly)—To read between acts.—Life.

Mr. Youngwife—What's the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing? Mrs. Oldone—It isn't "Have you ever lived with me before?"—Life.

"Uncle Jack, mother says you're ill, so I thought I'd like to come and talk to you a bit." "That's kind of you." "Will there be a band to play the Dead March at your funeral?"—Ally Sloper.

Indignant Papa—Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends? She—This one is not to entertain my friends papa, but to snub my enemies.—Life.

"For goodness sake, Harriet, why so sad?" "The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it; she took with her the recipe-book for all the things John's mother used to make."—Brooklyn Life.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you like to do? Tommy, Darling (in a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!—Paris Figaro.

He (calling)—I'm here promptly, Miss Fannie. She—Mr. Staylate. He—I never like to keep people waiting. She (significantly)—Waiting for you to come, my dear, of course.—Washington Post.

"If I went out in a small boat," said the teacher, "and the owner knew it was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be? After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said: "A holiday, sir."—Catholic News.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know what editors call themselves 'copy.' 'Why?' 'So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle.'"—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Englishman—You—aw—live in California, I believe? American—Yes, sir; San Francisco is my home. Englishman—Well, so, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends, the Courts, in Arizona—an adjoining State, I believe?—Harper's Bazar.

Citizen—What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone? Uncle Rastus—About two dollars, sah. Citizen—Isn't that very high? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, 'fo' 'carnin' away the stone, but I got ter hire a man to 'kep um 'ness de 'stone."—Harper's Bazar.

"I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's and didn't tell any stories," said his mother. "Only the one you put me up to, ma," replied her young hopeful. "Why, what do you mean, child?" "When she asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough.'"

"That is what I call an ideal marriage," Hardy declared to his wife as they were walking homeward after an evening with some friends. "Actually, I don't know of this absolutely perfect man, but I certainly am charmingly contented with my wife."—Harper's Bazar.

Merchant—Swannagum, your face looks as if it had gone through a corn-sheller. What's the matter? Swannagum—Mr. Phillips, did you sell this razor to my wife the day before Christmas. Merchant—I presume did. Swannagum (with a dangerous gleam in his eye)—I have come, sir, to request you to take it back and give me the worth of it in court-plaster.—Chicago Tribune.

No Such People.
The automobile industry has enriched the English language by a variety of terms which cannot be found in dictionaries published only a few years ago, but which are to-day household words. With the most common, however, a certain Massachusetts postmaster is apparently unfamiliar.

An enthusiastic automobilist who lives in Philadelphia had it in mind to tour through southern New England, and wished to make a stay of several days in one of the Massachusetts towns. He was not certain that the town contained accommodations for storing his car, and accordingly he wrote the postmaster to ask whether there were any garages there. In a few days he received the reply:

"Dear Sir: Your favor of the 12th inst. is at hand, and in reply I have to say that no person of that name gets any mail at this office. The nearest to it is a family of Gammages who live out on the Neck Road. Respectfully yours, POSTMASTER."

When it comes to doing practical housework a carpenter may have his wife beaten to a frazzle.