

His Type of Beauty.
 "This young man Hollar that's sorter running for the legislature," said Mr. Gap Johnson—"well, I can't precisely describe him to you further than to state that I reckon he is the only one of the kind ever born in captivity. His head is so narrow that his eyes are on the north and south ends of his countenance and he has to come at you sideways."—Kansas City Star.

Cooking Beef.
 Beef when boiled loses nearly one pound to every four pounds and when roasted eighteen ounces.

Trouble Ahead.
 Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you?
 Young Wife—I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

Might Have Been Worse.
 Maude—That horrid old cat told Claude I was forty years old! Mamie—The mean thing! But she might have done worse. Maude—How? Mamie—Well, she might have told some lie about you.—Exchange.

MARK TWAIN AS A LECTURER.

The Story of His First Appearance Upon the Platform.

The story of Mark Twain's first great public lecture is told in Albert Bigelow Paine's "Boy's Life" of the humorist in St. Nicholas. It had been suggested that he should lecture on the Sandwich Islands, where he had been spending some weeks as a newspaper correspondent, and one of his San Francisco friends urged him to hire the largest hall in the city and charge a dollar a ticket.

"Without waiting until his fright came back," writes Mr. Paine, "Mark Twain hurried to the manager of the Academy of Music and engaged it for a lecture to be given Oct. 2, 1866, and sat down and wrote his announcement. He began by stating what he would speak upon and ended with a few absurdities such as:

A SPLENDID ORCHESTRA
 Is In Town, but Has Not Been Engaged Also

A DEN OF FEROCIOUS WILD BEASTS
 Will Be on Exhibition in the Next Block.
A GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION
 May Be Expected; In Fact, the Public Are Privileged to Expect Whatever They Please.

Doors open at 7 o'clock.
 The trouble to begin at 8 o'clock.

"Mark Twain was well known in San Francisco and was pretty sure to have a good house. But he did not realize this, and as the evening approached his dread of failure increased. Arriving at the theater, he entered by the stage door, half expecting to find the place empty. Then suddenly he became more frightened than ever. Peering from the wings, he saw that the house was jammed—packed from the footlights to the walls. Terrified, his knees shaking, his tongue dry, he managed to emerge and was greeted with a roar, a crash of applause that nearly finished him. Only for an instant—reaction followed. These people were his friends, and he was talking to them. He forgot to be afraid, and as the applause came in great billows that rose ever higher he felt himself borne with it as on a tide of happiness and success. His evening from beginning to end was a complete triumph. Friends declared that for descriptive eloquence, humor and real entertainment nothing like his address had ever been delivered."

DRAWING A STAR.

Trying It This Way Is Said to Be as Funny as a Circus.

When your party is not making progress enough to suit you try the following on them: Take a large sheet of plain paper and draw a five or six pointed star on it. Have the star about ten inches wide from point to point. Then draw another star on the outside of the first one, so that a space of about half an inch is left between the two stars all the way around.

Then provide yourself with a hand mirror and a book. Place the paper flat on the table. Put the book end up on the side of the paper nearest you. Take the mirror and place it on the opposite end of the paper. Then looking into the mirror you should be able to see the whole star. Having provided yourself with a pencil, fix it on a spot inside the two lines of the star and proceed to draw another star on the inside the two lines by looking only at the star through the mirror.

The book is simply used to prevent your eyes dropping down to the drawing itself. If your pencil goes outside the lines or inside you have lost your turn.

Try it out and see what you can do. Some say it can be done, and others say it can't, but whether it can or can't has little to do with it; it will furnish enough amusement to keep a crowd convulsed for an hour.—Cleveland Dispatch.

What is Good Water?

Good water is colorless, clear, free from suspended matter, of brilliant luster and free from smell or taste. Bad water may sometimes meet all these specifications and yet be full of germs. Rainwater is good; so is water from clear ice or from springs, lakes, large rivers and streams in uninhabited districts. Rainwater from polluted surfaces is bad; so is the water from snow ice, small ponds, streams and wells in inhabited places. Marsh water is bad, and streams below towns are almost certainly full of germs and sewage.—Outing.

Made It Hard Work.

First Maid—So you don't like to work for highbrows? Second Maid—You bet I don't. I worked for one pair of them—and never again! Him and her was fighting continually, and it kept me running back and forth between the keyhole and the dictionary all the time.—Puck.

As It Really Was.

On the morning after his first appearance on the stage the confident but untalented youth met a friend who had witnessed his first performance. "What do you think of my acting?" asked the would-be Hamlet.

"That wasn't acting," replied the friend. "That was misbehavior."

Growing Up.

Percy Foodles—Congratulations, I'm engaged to Molly Multirox. Ain't I the lucky dog? Polly Pickles—You certainly must be. But how time does fly! It seems but yesterday I heard her father speak of you as a puppy.—New York Globe.

The Acid Test.

He—So you think she is broad minded. She—I know she is. Why, she is broad minded enough to admit that she is narrow minded!—New York Times.

**—The—
Scrap Book**

One Thing She Could Do.
 One Saturday afternoon recently in New York a frail little man started to cross Broadway at Forty-second street just when all sorts of fast moving vehicles were whirling their matinee patrons up Broadway. At the same instant a very fleshy lady started from the curb directly opposite with the same purpose in mind.

By remarkable luck both succeeded in escaping the passing wheels; but, as fate would have it, the little man, whose eyes were busy ogling the traffic on either side of him, darted plump into the oncoming woman at the middle of the street.

The result was they met with a bump. It was a sickening collision, with the little man down and out.

"You should have looked where you were going," said the fleshy woman, bending over the victim on the curb, to which he had been carried by a traffic policeman. "But is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he replied faintly, opening his eyes a moment. "Get the number of the automobile that struck me."

Learn From a Child.
 Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
 O ye who have lost the way?
 Would ye have young heart though your hair be gray?
 Go learn from a little child each day,
 Go serve his wants and play his play
 And catch the bit of his laughter gay,
 And follow his dancing feet as they stray,
 For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
 O ye who have lost the way!
 —Katherine D. Blake.

He Had Qualified.
 A stranger in an outlying village thought he might improve the time by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy talk the minister announced that he should like to meet the board.

The stranger, in company with several other persons, proceeded to walk to the front of the church. The pastor, thinking there must be some misunderstanding, said to him:

"I believe, sir, you are mistaken. This is just to be a meeting of the board."

"Well," replied the visitor, "I have listened to you talk for more than an hour, and if any one has been more bored than I have been I should like to know who it is."—Christian Herald.

No Doubt About It.
 An east side teacher was endeavoring to elucidate some of the simpler phenomena of electricity and at the close of her little lecture said sweetly:

"Can any of you children give me the name of some nonconductor and tell about it in a few words?"

A sharp eyed urchin exclaimed: "I kin, teacher. Sam Holly's old man is one. They was a spotter on his car when he knock down a fare. Old Holly's a nonconductor ever since."—New York Times.

Flossie's Right.
 The nicest thing about Clarence Goolum was his politeness.

When a woman entered an elevator in which he was riding Clarence never failed to remove his hat, though he knew that too much air on his head was bad for his brains.

The nicest thing about Flossie Slanson was her independence.

Though her parents were poor, they were honest, and as soon as a strange man began to think of getting fresh with her Flossie, who gave a boxing lesson on the side, always lit out with her shapely but trusty right.

As Flossie stepped into the elevator of the Eggenham building Clarence, the only other occupant, removed his hat. Now, in Flossie's mind this was a large piece of bold impertinence.

"Jim, this poor simp's pretendin' to know me—gettin' fresh—dipped his lid—givin' me the mash—eggin' eyes at me—spreadin' his face in a knowin' grin. Now, watch me!" she coolly said. This to her friend who had just met her at the elevator.

After the ambulance had clang-clanged away and the crowd had dispersed Flossie and Jim emerged, arm in arm, from the ice cream parlor across the street.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hot Retort.

In a certain provincial town there lives an old maid who has the reputation of being about the fastest talker on record, added to which her tongue has more than the average amount of venom. One day recently, however, she met her match. A peddler called and had the impudence to ring the front doorbell. A moment later the door was opened, and when the woman saw who it was she at once gave him a piece of her mind, finally concluding with:

"And now, then, you can be off. There's nothing you can sell me that will be of any use to me."

The peddler, who was evidently no novice at getting his own back, turned on his heel, saying as he did so:

"No, mum, seein' as 'ow I'm only sellin' mouse traps an' not muzzles, I don't see as 'ow there is."—London Answers.



MET WITH A BUMP.

Pick a Good One.
 If you are determined to live and die a slave to custom, see that it is at least a good one.

A Regular Attendant.
 "Do you go to church regularly?"
 "Yes; regularly once a year."—Detroit Free Press.

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