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Mutually Agreeable.

One day last summer a sour visaged, middle aged, fussy woman got on one of the smoking seats in an open car in the subway. Next to her sat a man who was smoking a cigar. More than that, the woman, sniffing, easily made out that the man had been eating onions. Still more than that, she had the strongest kind of suspicion that he had been drinking beer. The woman fussed and wriggled and grew angrier and looked at the man scornfully. Presently she could endure it no longer. She looked squarely at him and said:

"If you were my husband, sir, I'd give you a dose of poison!"

The man looked at her. "If I were your husband," said he, "I'd take it!"—Boston Transcript.

A Brilliant Finish.

"I saw him kiss her just before he was killed," said the door vinegary [illegible]

Giving a Super a Chance.

This is how a super, thus given an opportunity of distinguishing himself, once delivered a few short lines descriptive of a man being picked up after a cab accident: "The hansom cab was picked up off the esplanade with a handkerchief tightly tied around its mouth. When removed, it was found to be perfectly dead."

Still the manager gave him another trial the following evening, when he acquitted himself as follows: "The esplanade was picked up off the man, with the hansom cab tightly tied around his mouth," etc.

He was sent to the back row again, or maybe farther. This is not an unusual sample of what the average super can do. Naturally, therefore, managers look askance at training him.—Criterion.

Italian Babies.

Babies seem to be no trouble in Italy, and one cannot but be struck by the number of them. These bambinos are often hung upon pegs in the front of the house, where they look out of their little black, beady eyes like papooses. I unhooked one of these babies once and held it awhile. Its back and little feet were held tightly against a strip of board so that it was quite stiff from its feet to its shoulders. It did not seem to object or to be at all uncomfortable, as it only howled while I was holding it. I have an idea that, except when invaded by foreigners, the bambino's existence is quite happy.—Lilian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.

An Odd Stage Wager.

The late Signor Foli, the well known vocalist, once made a very curious wager with some of his companion singers at Her Majesty's Opera House. Some 20 years ago Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust" was among his favorite impersonations. In the garden scene his strides when attempting to avoid the elderly Martha formed an important feature of the humorous business.

One night, the length of his legs being a subject of chaff as he was standing at the wings, he declared his ability to cross the stage in three bounds. The comments that ensued resulted in a bet.

When the proper moment for the experiment came, he retreated a few paces, and then, to the surprise of the audience as well as to the representative of Martha, leaped from side to side. The scene never evoked more laughter, and Foli was acknowledged to have won the wager.

Found His Auditor.

Professor Charles D. R. Roberts, the poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At a reception held in New York just prior to his leaving for Europe Roberts was introduced to a distinguished French artist, who was here on a visit.

The artist asked in his own tongue, "You speak French?"

"No," answered the poet. "I am sorry I do not, but I understand it well when it is spoken to me."

"I am so glad," replied the Frenchman. "You are the audience I have long wanted. I can talk to you all I please, and you cannot talk back."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

American News V[illegible]

Another case of g[illegible] got the news. A Lond[illegible] said the other day: "New York is on the eve of a fierce social struggle. The persistence with which 'Boss' Croker, Mayor Van Wyck and the other magnates of Tammany have been ignored by the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Gerrys, the Goelets, the Livingstons and the other members of New York's exclusive Four Hundred has so galled and irritated the families of the former that they have resolved upon founding a new and stillmore exclusive society of their own, which is to take the sails out of its rival."

Degenerate Cockney.

The language of the lower Londoner is changing:

"Getch trine?"

"New. Thee gawn, eat it?"

Translated:

"Get your train?"

"No. Train gone, hasn't it?"

Eh! (the old sho'o seems to cover isn't, wasn't, weren't has, hasn't, have, haven't, had, hadn't.—Notes and Queries.

Defeat in Detail.

[illegible]

How a Lion Charges.

A lion's first signs of anger are as follows: Its tail rapidly twists from side to side, the bottom slightly raising and the black tassel at the end beating the air; it lowers its head more than usual and growls, at intervals showing its teeth. Then its voice becomes louder, it roars, shows its teeth and lowers its ears, the movements of the tail increasing all the time.

At the time of charging—that is, at the height of its anger—the tail rises in the air until it is almost vertical, the black tassel continues to move, the ears are flattened completely, and the animal comes toward you at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and finally springs forward with open mouth and extended claws.

Sometimes it shows these various symptoms without charging, restrained by prudence, but it never charges without showing them. When the tail rises, the hunter can bring his rifle to the shoulder and await his opportunity. In hunting, a man who is on his guard is worth four.

A charge is extremely dangerous, almost always fatal when unexpected, either because of the dense vegetation or other causes, but if you see the animal getting ready flight is useless. Stand your ground. The only thing to do is to keep cool and trust in your weapon. If you have no confidence in yourself it is prudent to avoid measuring your strength against these animals.

Bread For Horses.

A delivery wagon of one of the big bread baking factories stopped in front of an up town livery and boarding stable, and two men at once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable. The bread looked good and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels—"homemade," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham" and "cottage."

The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he ventured to ask the proprietor of the stable what it meant.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse feed. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feed, and it makes first class food for horses. It is stale bread and costs us 40 cents a barrel, and there are 50 or 60 loaves to the barrel, so you see it comes pretty cheap. Some of the bread is only a day old and is good enough for any man to eat, but the bread factories cannot sell it. What you see here are returned loaves from the groceries."—New York Journal.

The Illusion.

"What beautiful peaches!" said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of the choice fruit. They were covered with a pink gauze and looked very tempting indeed.

The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stall keeper a small piece of pink veiling.

"Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she asked.

The stall keeper told her that he did not.

"Well,' she said, "when I took those peaches home they were small and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that veiling that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, people would think I'd found the elixir of youth."—London Fun.

Some Queer Tastes.

He put his fingers in the open ironwork of the hotel lamppost to steady his weak knees, wiped the rain from his face with a shaking hand and fixed an uncertain eye on the windows of the dining room. He was very drunk. His face was pale and hairy. The thin rain had soaked his rags. Inside the dining room well groomed men and showy women sat in a glory of tinted lights, in a room beautiful with table flowers, shining with silver and cut glass, warm with crimson walls, damask curtains, plush carpets. They lifted delicate food to solemn faces. They smiled formally. The dripping observer kept his watery eye on them. "Well," he said, in a voice of generous pity, "sh'pose they're enjoy'n'selves—in th'own way."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Honesty.

"Young man," asked the proprietor of the store, who was making the rounds of the various departments, "[illegible]

A Tough, Tough Fish.

Fish seem to have no sense of feeling, and many people believe that the angry and energetic movements of a fish when it is caught are due rather to annoyance at losing its liberty than to any sense of pain. I can confirm this, because I have over and over again taken an undersized pike that has been once or twice caught and put back into the water.

Upon one occasion three of us—boys of the Old brigade—were fishing in a small pool in a narrow, sluggish river. Jones caught a small pike, and as it was undersized, being barely four pounds, he cut the hooks out of its gullet and threw the fish in again. Inside of 30 seconds Jones caught the same fish again. Once more he cut out the hooks, and this time he had to maul it very much. Once more it was kicked in.

Then I caught it, still bleeding. I got the hooks out with difficulty, and before I could throw the fish in again a terrier dog bit it half through. Then I kicked the fish in, and Brown caught it. At last we got so tired of catching this fish that I threw it away in disgust. It caught in the fork of a willow tree and staid there for half an hour, when a crow attacked it, dislodging it from the tree, but not before it had removed one of the eyes. The selfsame fish was caught next day by the keeper.—Fishing Gazette.

Pride of the Poor.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, who is so well known for her philanthropic work, says that in all her experience in visiting the tenements of the poor of the city she has never been asked for alms. Mrs. Burns has made a business of visiting the poor with the hope of helping them whenever she saw the need, but finds it almost impossible to make the really deserving poor acknowledge that they are in need of anything.

One day she visited a family who were all huddled together in one bare, cold room, and their faces were so pinched she knew they were starving. But in response to her offer to help them the mother said:

"No, thank you. The children have had something today. I am sure to get work soon."

After questioning as to just exactly what the children had had to eat Mrs. Burns found that they had subsisted for three days on a few dried scraps of stale bread. This experience, she says, is repeated frequently.—New York Tribune.

She Hadn't Dropped Off.

"Della!"

"Yis, ma'am."

"I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."

"Yis, ma'am."

"If I should happen to drop off, call me at 5 o'clock."

"Yis, ma'am."

So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened by the clock striking 6 and cries indignantly:

"Della!"

"Yis, ma'am."

"Why didn't you call me at 5 o'clock, as I told you to do?"

"Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye had dropped off. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all! Ye was lyin on the bed in the same place, sound asleep!"

Nailed Down.

One of the severest punishments a refractory soldier can experience is to be "nailed down" in a tent. It is said that a Turkish bath is a frigid affair as compared with a perfectly close tent under a hot sun, and after an hour or two of that sort of sweating the most rebellious soldier will readily promise to be good.

A Clash.

Wealthy families in China who have marriageable daughters whom they desire to keep at home advertise for desirable sons-in-law. The son-in-law thus secured does not take his bride away, but merely hangs up his traps in his wife's home and becomes one of the family.

The length of the Grand canal from Tien-tsin to Hang Chow, in China, is 650 miles. It connects great ports with rich coal regions.

The bank checks passing through the clearing houses in London and New York in one month exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the world.

Give a youth resolution and the al[illegible]

A Mysterious Password.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts was once shopping in Paris and was passed from one department to another by the shopmen, always with the remark, "Two ten." She was escorted from counter to counter, and everywhere the cabalistic words "two ten" were repeated.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, the baroness asked the proprietor as she left the establishment: "Pray what does 'two ten' mean? I noticed each assistant said it to the other wherever I went in your shop."

"Oh, it is nothing," he replied, "merely a password that they are in the habit of exchanging."

But the baroness was not satisfied with this explanation. So in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, she said:

"My boy, would you like to earn 5 francs?"

Of course he had no objection.

"Tell me," said the lady, "what does 'two ten' mean, and I will give you 5 francs."

"Why, don't you know, ma'am?" said he, evidently astounded at her ignorance. "It means, 'Keep your two eyes on her ten fingers.'"

The mystery was solved. The shopmen of the Trois Quartiers had taken the richest and the most generous woman in Great Britain for a shoplifter.—Tit-Bits.

Where Everything Grows.

The tuberose flourishes amazingly in the open air in the Transvaal with but the smallest attention and cultivation. The bulbs shoot up their three or four foot stems, each bearing very sweet smelling flowers, in an incredibly short space of time.

In Pretoria roses are prolific—in fact, most of the streets are bounded by rose hedges throughout their length, and they bloom with a frail, pink monthly rose blossom for three quarters of the year. In public places, such as the Burghers' park, the profusion of roses, lilies, carnations and tuberoses is bewilderingly beautiful.

The wild orchids of Swaziland are famous. They are of at least 20 different kinds. They are extremely curious, and with a little care and extra heat they can be induced to develop into very wonderful plants.

Everything grows in the Transvaal if the trouble is taken to plant it. The soil being all virgin and naturally rich, the very smallest amount of attention is required.

Wise Man.

"Great idea, that of Mike's," said the enthusiastic leader of the better sort. "He isn't satisfied with shaking hands with his constituents in the ordinary way. When he meets one of them, he grabs both his hands."

"Ain't that rather overdoing it?" said the cautious person.

"It might look that way to you, but Mike knows his business. As long as he holds the fellow's hands his watch is safe."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fool Luck.

"You can bet it is always a fool for luck," said the man who has had his nose to the grindstone all his life.

"Now, there was Jack Shane of Tennessee, who drew $25,000 in a lottery. Jack didn't know enough to go in out of the wet, but he had a little money, and he bought a ticket that won, while I got ten and didn't fetch a cent. The winning number was 42, and when I saw Jack I asked him how he happened to take that number. 'Well,' he said, 'you see, it was this way: I had a dream one night, and I dreamed that the door of my room opened all of a sudden and a big number seven walked in. Then right after it came other sevens and more and more till the room was chuck full and I was about smothered under them. Then I woke up and began thinking it over. I knowed that one seven wasn't the number to draw nor 77 nor 7,777, for there was a million of them, and no lottery had that many numbers. But I figured awhile and, at last made up my mind that seven times seven was 42, and 42 was the number, so I drawed that one. That was all there was to it.'

"Now," concluded the talker, "if that isn't a case of a fool for luck what the dickens is it?"—Washington Star.

Savage Crabs.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting—to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another as their claws rattle against the hard shells. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death.

But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and, with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off, and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.

A Bibliophile's Reply.

Mandell Creighton, the bishop of London, has a horror of lending his favorite books, says a London correspondent. The bishop is a charming wit as well as a great scholar. A fellow clergyman once visited the bishop and took a fancy to an old edition of Shakespeare. He borrowed the volume and did not think to return it for several months.

Finally the minister returned it with a letter, saying: "My Dear Bishop—I have great pleasure in returning the volume you loaned me."

The bishop answered: "My Dear Brother—All the joy is mine."—Denver Republican.

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