

MADE MATTERS WORSE.

Her Effort to Correct Her Error About Charles and Mary Lamb.

Charles Lamb, the beloved Ella of the essays, wrote both tragedies and comedies, but was not a successful playwright. When his face "Mr. H." was produced at the Liberty Lane theater it failed conspicuously, and the genial author, who was in the audience, himself joined with companionable vigor in hissing it.

It is, indeed, an airy trifle, too slight in texture for the professional stage, but it has proved a charming play for amateurs. At a recent performance by a college dramatic society a little dialogue took place between two ladies in the audience which would certainly have delighted Lamb himself could he have heard it.

"Mr. H., a farce in two acts by Charles Lamb," read one of them from her program. "Do you know, I had quite forgotten that Lamb was a dramatic author."

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed her neighbor, with a superior smile, "of course he was! Surely you must remember that he and his sister collaborated with Shakespeare."

"Collaborated with Shakespeare?" exclaimed the first speaker, startled out of her politeness. "Ridiculous! What could have put such an idea—Oh, you must be thinking of the 'Tales From Shakespeare' by Charles and Mary Lamb."

There was mirth in her voice, and the superior person, flushing, perceived that overhasty "gramming" for the occasion had led her into error. She tried to retrieve herself.

"I did not mean collaborated with him, of course," she explained joyfully. "That was merely a slip of the tongue. I meant translated him."—Youth's Companion.

AN ESKIMO CHURCH.

The Sealskin Sweatbox Finally Went to the Dogs.

The missionary sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Badin Land dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From 300 miles around the expectant Eskimos came to behold their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The sealskin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered 40 degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland sound have long since been forgotten the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimos from Meta Incognita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.—Everybody's Magazine.

Lingering Superstitions.

"Will a lucky gentleman give an unlucky one a tiny mascot to bring luck?" runs an advertisement in an English paper. Here was a poor soul—for if there is a creature on the face of the earth whose fate calls for pity it is a gentleman who is down-keeping in her poverty some of that superstition or faith, whatever it may be called, which is the only thing that keeps misfortune from crushing the sufferer. If only she could get the right charm she might induce fate to look kindly on her! People call this a practical age, but evidences of superstition continue to appear. A lawsuit not long ago revealed the fact that an astrologer kept a motorcar and had a fine house, etc., all of which came out of the proceeds of a zodiacal magazine.

As Exemplified.

Having given his order twenty minutes before and seeing no indications that his dinner was ready, the man with the sparse whiskers beckoned to a waiter.

"My friend," he said, "perhaps I have made a mistake. Is this a pay as you enter restaurant?"

"No, sir," responded the young man in the white apron, yawning. "This is a dinner cooked while you wait restaurant."

Thereupon he resumed his dreamy contemplative attitude, and the man with the sparse whiskers waited some more.—Chicago Tribune.

A Reply to Gladstone.

"Gladstone had no great scientific knowledge," said an English writer, "and at a dinner, when Faraday described an important new scientific discovery, the premier showed indifference."

"After all," he said, hiding a yawn behind his hand, "what use will it ever be?"

"Why," said Faraday, "there's every probability, sir, that some day you'll be able to tax it!"

A Turn Down.

Suagasy—Beg pardon, mister; I'm a stranger in dese parts. Farmer Harrow—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to get acquainted with ye. Turns a yawn.—Boston Transcript.

STENOGRAPHERS' NOTES.

Perfectly Intelligible Only to the One Who Wrote Them.

"My stenographer was taken ill suddenly," said a well-known business man the other day. "and as I had dictated some important letters to him which I wanted written at once I took his notebook to a stenographic institution and asked for a man to translate the notes. Judge of my surprise when I was informed that no matter how good an expert a stenographer may be he cannot read the notes of a colleague."

"This is a common complaint of men who know nothing of stenography and have never studied it," said a shorthand reporter recently. "It is true, however, that no stenographer can accurately translate another's notes. This does appear strange, but it must be remembered that stenography is by no means a perfect science. In fact, it is most imperfect, and there is room for improvement. Therefore every intelligent person who studies stenography after he gets through the rudiments of it begins to improve it in his own way, invents word signs and characters and changes or alters these he has learned. As a result every stenographer's notes are stamped by his own individuality, a mystery to another, and therefore, with the exception of words most commonly used, it would be impossible to read another's notes accurately.—New York Herald.

EYE OF THE CAMERA.

The Longer It Looks the More It Sees Within Certain Limits.

Often the eye of the camera will decipher documents of which the writing had been substantially obliterated by age, says a writer in Van Norden's Magazine. I have successfully copied with the camera the utterly faded photograph of a classmate of forty years previous.

Changes in the pigment of the skin, undiscovered by the eye, appear with distinctness on the sensitive plate, and it is said that ample warning of approaching disease has been thereby given.

The camera takes pictures of subjects which cannot be made to appear on the ground glass and of those which the eye of man has never seen. The human eye can penetrate space no farther in an hour than in a single instant. Yet the eye of the camera will gaze into the sky for hours, looking deeper and seeking more with each second that passes.

Through this attribute of the camera a great chart of the heavens is now being made. In this work distinguished astronomers and photographers throughout the world are co-operating. Yet not one in a hundred of the stars already plainly pictured by them was ever seen by the unaided eyes of astronomers.

A Verbal Speedometer.

Every calling has its technical vocabulary, and those who are familiar with it are often surprised and irritated at the difficulty other people have in understanding it. A writer in the New York World tells of an old horseman in Maine who had run over a man and was being sued for damages.

The court asked the defendant if he was driving fast. He answered, "I was going a pace." The court then said, "Now, kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury just how fast you were going."

"Well," said the defendant, "I reckon I was going a clip." "Well, will you tell the jury how fast a clip is?" "Well, it's going a dite." "Now, will you tell the jury how fast a dite is?" "Well, a dite's a dite. Anybody knows what a dite is."

Which Leg?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which they did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered. A few months afterward the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in an accident. Naturally the mishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife in discussing the matter with a neighbor was overheard saying: "It's a gay bad business for Paul, poor man, but it's his ain leg or the leg that belongs to the toon that's broken?"

Life of the Red Deer.

According to an old Gaelic legend, a red deer might live for 210 years, an eagle for 630 and an oak tree for nearly nineteen centuries. Nowadays, however, hundred-year-old deer would be difficult to find. From twenty-five to thirty-five years apparently may be about the range of their existence.—London Country Gentleman.

The Amateur.

"Yes," said the person who had attended the party, "Miss Keepunder was there, and we had to beg and beg her to play."

"And did she play?" "Oh, yes. I thought for a time that we would have to beg and beg her to stop."—Exchange.

No Fun.

Peter and John (seeing a large plate glass pane being put in)—We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall.—Flegende Blatter.

Kind words are the music of the world.—Faber.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

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Time Table

No. 56. Taking effect 10:00 o'clock p. m. Sunday, Nov. 14th, 1909.

NORTH BOUND. LEAVES No. 332 - Evansville Accommodation..... 6 00 a. m. No. 302 - Evansville - Mattoon Express..... 11 30 a. m. No. 340 Princeton mixed... 4 15 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND. ARRIVES No. 341 - Hopkinsville mixed..... 9 15 a. m. No. 321 - Evansville-Hopkinsville mail..... 3 40 p. m. No. 301 - Evansville-Hopkinsville Express..... 6 35 p. m.

Train No. 332 connects at Princeton for Paducah, St. Louis and stations, also runs through to Evansville.

Train No. 302 connects at Princeton for Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington and all points East, also runs through to Evansville.

Train No. 340, local train between Hopkinsville and Princeton. T. L. MORROW, Agent.

Tennessee Central

TIME TABLE

EFFECTIVE OCT. 17, 1908.

EAST BOUND No. 12 Clarksville and Nashville Mail leaves..... 6:30 a. m. No. 14 Clarksville and Nashville Mail leaves..... 4:00 p. m.

WEST BOUND. No. 11 Clarksville and Hopkinsville mail arrives... 11:20 a. m. No. 13 Clarksville and Hopkinsville mail arrives... 8:15 p. m. T. L. MORROW, Agent.

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