

Shadon Etiquette.
 "I saluted the Kafir chief respectfully and hearty," said the sailor. "Can you imagine my surprise when he gave me a kick?"
 "Get off my shadder," he says.
 "Vot?"
 "Get off my shadder."
 "I was standing, by crinus, on his shadder, the shadder of his stomach. I skipped from there to the face. He groaned. When I got on to sunlit ground again he says to me:
 "Didn't you never have no bringin' up? Look at you now, lezthenin' out your shadow longer'n a mile. Crouch, crouch you, or I'll warm your hide with this here club."
 The sailor gave a loud laugh and emptied his glass of milk.
 "Them Kafirs," he said, "regards their shadders as part of themselves. A polite Kafir would no more walk on another's shadder than a polite American would hit a lady. They have a regular shadder etiquette. You mustn't on no account let your shadder be longer than a superior's. You must crouch to make it smaller, and that there crouch for the purpose of diminishin' the shadder is thought by the Spencerian philosophers—I don't say I think so, mind—to be the origin of the bow."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Much Law, Poor Case.
 Among lawyers there is a saying that in the trial of a case an attorney if light on facts must be heavy on law. The other day an attorney was preparing to leave his office in one of the big office buildings to go to the courthouse to try a case. From the shelves of his library he had taken many large law books containing decisions and opinions of higher courts. At intervals a boy went in and out of the door, and each time he bore in his arms a stack of the books, which he carried to an express wagon that stood in the street below. The attorney was to use the books in the courtroom. Another lawyer, who is of southern birth and who always addresses his friends with some army title, watched the boy as he went in and out carrying the law books. Then he dug his hands deep into his trousers pockets and said to the lawyer:
 "Well, Ah'll sweah, kunnel, you must have no case at all."—Kansas City Times.

Snow and Rain.
 The first man to whom it ever occurred to find out how much rain was represented by a given fall of snow was Alexander Brice of Kirknewton, who in March, 1765, made a simple experiment with the contents of a stone jug driven face downward into over six inches of snow. What he learned was that a greater or less degree of cold or of wind when the snow falls and its "lying a longer or shorter time on the ground" will occasion a difference in the weight and in the quantity of water produced. "but if," he added, "I may trust to the above trials, which I endeavored to perform with care, snow newly fallen, with a moderate gale of wind, freezing cold, will produce a quantity of water equal to one-tenth part of its bulk." So that a fall of snow of ten inches represents a rainfall of one inch.—London Chronicle.

The Adder.
 A full grown adder may measure two feet in length and about six inches around the thickest part of its body. Its movements are sluggish, and of course the idea that it is capable of transferring its head from one extremity to the other every six months is due simply to superstition. The fact is that the tail of this snake does not terminate in a point, as with ophidians generally, but is stumpy and resembles the head so much that it is difficult for an observer situated at a distance of a few yards to distinguish the one from the other; hence the story of its being two headed, the fallacy of which no intelligent observer could fail to detect.—Pioneer.

Courtesy.
 The parvenu stood it till he could stand it no longer.
 "James," he cried out piteously, "tell me the worst! You find my table manners execrable!"
 But his new butler, bowing first with stately condescension, only replied:
 "As a matter of professional courtesy I cannot hentertain, much less express, any opinion which might seem in any way to reflect on my predecessor here."
 And he bowed again and was silent.—Puck.

The Wings of Time.
 Methuselah was walking in his garden.
 "My goodness," he exclaimed suddenly, "there's another flower on that century plant! Why, it seems but yesterday since I plucked a blossom from it."
 He walked slowly toward an oak tree 200 years old which he had tenderly raised from an acorn.
 "Ah, me," he mused, "how time flies!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Larger Class.
 "Of course," said the seeker after knowledge, "we seldom hear 'thees' and 'thou' nowadays. They're used mostly by poets, aren't they?"
 "No," replied the editor; "they're used mostly by people who think they're poets."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Prudence.
 Dentist—I've filled all your teeth that have cavities, sir. Mahoney—Well, thin, fill th' rist av thim too. Thin whin th' cavities come they'll be already filled, D'gobs!—Puck.

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.—Arkadelphia (Ark.) Southern Standard.

Luck and Reputations.
 "Nobody gifted with a sense of humor can fall to be diverted by the Fock-like manner in which luck makes and unmakes reputations for business ability," says Will Payne in Everybody's. "Years ago a gentleman named Jennings was an extensive owner of downtown real estate in Chicago. He was the first, I believe, to develop on a large scale the modern system of the ninety-nine year lease, whereby the owner insures to himself and his heirs for a century an absolutely fixed rental, free and clear of all charges. After Mr. Jennings had leased a lot of his lands for ninety-nine years a depression came on. Other people's incomes were curtailed, but his was stable. 'What foresight!' said the town. 'What sagacity!' 'What superb business judgment!' Mr. Jennings' views on the business situation and outlook were eagerly sought. The depression passed. Realty prices advanced immensely. The Jennings lots could have been leased at twice the rental named in the old indenture. The town shook its head sympathetically over poor Mr. Jennings' deplorable shortsightedness."

Wees of a Drummer.
 "I'm just a little discouraged with my work," said the tall New York boy who has started out on the road. "I was making my second trip west when I met an old drummer who had been on the road for more than thirty years. He sat with grip between his knees and talked to me.
 "Chuck it, my boy," he said. "If there is anything else in the world you can do, do it. Look at my gray hairs. I don't know what it is to have a home. For thirty years I have seen my wife about once in five weeks. I know that I've a wife and children in a flat in New York, but that's all I do know about them. The children have grown up and married, but I have not had time to attend their weddings. My wife has grown gray, too, but she has had the best of it. She has had a home and the children. If there is anything else in the world you can do, my boy," he repeated, "quit drumming, and do it."

Curious Blunders.
 Some remarkable mistakes in memorials have totally escaped notice until it was too late to rectify them. The spurs on the boots of Cromwell's statue at Westminster abbey, London, are the most interesting feature of the monument, although they generally get no attention at all from sightseers. They are worn upside down. In a painted window on the staircase which leads from the floor of Westminster palace to the committee rooms an inscription on a sword wielded by the "Black Prince" has the words "Prince of Wales." Again, in the fresco depicting the embarkation of the pilgrim fathers in the corridor leading from the outer lobby at St. Stephen's to the house of lords the Mayflower is shown to be hoisting the union jack, a flag which did not come into existence until 250 years after the days of the historic Mayflower.

A "Ringers' Jug."
 A beer jug in a belfry is happily somewhat of a rarity in these days. At the beginning of the last century, however, people were not so particular. The ringers' jug at Beccles, in Suffolk, holds six gallons, a sufficiency to sustain the ten weary ringers, though the weight of the bells did exceed six tons. The vessel is made of red earthenware and has three handles, one of which is concealed by the neck. It bears the following inscription in quaint spelling:
 "When I am fill'd with liquor strong
 Each Man drink once and then ding dong,
 Drink not too much to Cloud your Knobs
 Least you forget to make the Bobbs."
 A gift of John Pattman Beccles." On the reverse side is the maker's name, "Samuel Stringfellow, Potter."—London Strand.

The Scallop.
 The scallop can anchor itself as well as any ship. It never falls to drop its anchor on the approach of rough weather. The scallop, lying in its bed of shonl water, foresees a storm in true sailor fashion and at once puts out a tough and elastic little cable from a point near its hinge. This cable it fastens firmly to the nearest rock. It is then secure in the vilest weather. He who wades through scallop haunted shoals as a storm approaches may see the tiny shellfish mooring themselves on all sides with silent bustle.

Men-of-war on Paper.
 Each man-of-war is built upon paper before a single plate of steel is forged. Not only are the length and breadth of a ship decided upon, but the naval constructor can tell to an ounce how much water she will displace when her armor and guns are mounted upon her, how many times her propellers will revolve in a minute with a given pressure of steam and how many tons of coal an hour must be consumed to attain a certain rate of speed.—London Graphic.

His Gloomy Life.
 "What," asked the sweet girl, "was the happiest moment of your life?"
 "The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange."

Inquiry as to a Holdup.
 She (sternly)—Why were you so late last night? He (apologetically)—I was held up on my way home. She (still sternly)—Were you too far gone to walk alone?—Baltimore American.

Twice Two.
 "Do you really believe two heads are better than one?"
 "Give it up, but I know we wouldn't amount to much without foreheads."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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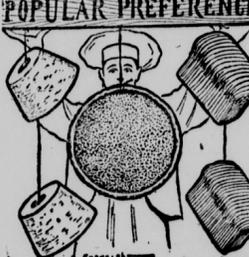
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