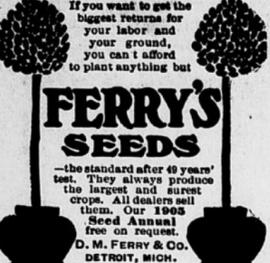


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A TACTFUL GIRL.
The Way She Gave James a Lesson in Table Etiquette.
They were an engaged young couple and were having a quiet dinner while the band played alluring music. The girl was sweet and refined looking and the man big and strong. Her manners were perfect, but his left much to be desired as far as etiquette is concerned. After they had finished their meal an interested observer noticed that the big, wholesome man placed his knife and fork like the crossbones under the skull. With a blush the girl, whose own implements were placed correctly side by side, noticed the break.
"James," she said, with quick tact, looking all around among the tables, "did you ever notice that men and women eat differently? When a man finishes a meal he always places his knife and fork across each other, while a woman invariably places them side by side. It's funny, but I've often noticed it."
"Which is correct?" anxiously questioned her fiancé while he gingerly toyed with the objects of comment.
"Why, placing them side by side, dear, of course," she said. "But, then, men are so busy that I suppose they have no time for such details." And then she became interested in the band leader, while the erring James slyly adjusted his knife and fork according to regulations.
"There's a woman who is going to manage her husband without letting him know it," observed a sweet old lady who had overheard. "It all depends upon the way you do it whether you can get a man to come round."—Philadelphia Record.

MEN AND THEIR HAIR.
Peculiarities That Puzzle the Barber Who Notices Things.
The secretive, taciturn barber was finally induced to talk. He remarked: "I've noticed one peculiarity about my customers that I could never quite explain—the less hair a man has the more attention he pays to it.
"There's a man who comes in here nearly every week for a hair cut, and if I shaved him clean from the back of his collar to his forehead you'd never know that I'd touched him. He's got a short, light colored fringe that plays around under the rim of his hat like the soft, fluffy fringe you see on those shawls the women wear over their shoulders, but you'd think, to hear him, that he could braid it and do it up in coils. Wants me to be particular and trim it close on the neck and around the ears. I humor him, of course. I take a handful of somebody else's hair and sprinkle it on the cloth I put on him, and then I snip the air gently for ten or fifteen minutes and make a great ado when I whisk him off.
"And when he leaves the chair and says he mustn't let it grow so long again I say it was pretty long. I hope the Lord will forgive me. Nine out of every ten of the baldheads are that way, but men who've got plenty of hair will keep away from here until they look like edges of an old fashioned hayloft. It's curious, and, as I said, I never could account for it."—Providence Journal.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.
Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a year" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.
"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."
Age and Work.
Sir Walter Scott began to write his celebrated novels at forty. Milton began "Paradise Lost" at fifty. When "East Lynne" appeared its author, Mrs. Henry Wood, was forty-five. Cromwell was forty-one when he began his public career. The year of the hebra was the fifty-third of Mohammed, and Marlborough reached his independent command at the same age. In spiritual examples Abraham was seventy-five when called of Charan, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion of Israel.

The Leading Hand.
In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now, but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's.—George Eliot.

Men's Ways.
"I assure you I'm always willing to acknowledge my faults when I see them."
"That's all right, but I'll bet you never acknowledge them when your neighbor sees them."—Philadelphia Press.

They Usually Do.
"So he's really dead. Well, he made a hard fight. If ever a man had an iron will he had."
"Yes, but I'll bet the lawyers will break it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Purity of heart is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the conception of sin is offensive.—Chalmers.

A PRAIRIE DINNER.
Cooking Utensils May Be Dispensed With in Preparing It.
Suppose you start on a trip across the mountains. You have plenty of "grub," but you accidentally left your cooking utensils behind—not a dutch oven, not a frying pan, not a tin plate, even a tomato can. Do you suppose for a moment I would sit down on that sack of flour and starve? Not quite.
Build a big fire and when it gets low shove a lot of good old spuds under the coals. If you have fresh meat the way is clear for broiling. If not, slice your bacon, impale it on a stout switch and when your spuds are done break them open and allow the good old bacon grease to drop on them as it broils on the end of that stick. You want coffee. Rip the jacket off that canteen; bring the water to a boil, funnel your coffee in, and your coffee is ready. But how about the bread? No pan to mix the dough in, no article in which to bake the bread. You don't like ash cakes? All right. Just mix your baking powder carefully in the top of the sack, form the flour into a funnel shape, pour in very little water at a time—don't be afraid of getting your fingers balled up—mix that dough right there, and when it is the desired consistency roll it out like a snake. Cut a cane from any old thing, wrap this snake-shaped piece of dough around it in a long coil, turn it before the fire until it is good and brown, and you will have finer bread than grandma ever made.
If the average Arizona prospector can't take care of himself when he has plenty of raw grub it is strange.—Mesclap in Tombstone Epitaph.

A KIND HUSBAND.
Should He Never, Ladies, Oppose the Wishes of His Wife?
Is the kind husband a failure? That depends. A husband can scarcely show his wife too much kindness. But sometimes real kindness may be shown in opposing her wishes. If the husband has any mind of his own he must use it. He need not be mean in his opposition nor arrogant nor tyrannical. He should be reasonable at all times and disposed to highly regard the expressed wishes of his wife even though these wishes may seem to him to be whimsical or capricious. But—Kindness does not require subservience or entire and instant surrender of opinion. Indeed, it is easy to see how such surrender might lead a wife to despise her husband. He who fetches and carries like a poodle is likely to be considered a poodle.
Women admire strength in a man. This strength need not necessarily be physical, though that is desirable. Women love strength of character in a man. And—
Is it not so, ladies? When a woman coaxes a strong man to her point of view by strenuous endeavor, does she not regard it as merit to have influenced this big, strong being? If she gains her own way at once and at all times she has achieved nothing, and there is no rejoicing in her heart.
Certainly a man should be kind to his wife—always kind. But he need not be an automaton or an echo or a plaything.
Is it not so, ladies?—Albany Times-Union.

Admitted the Lie.
Concerning King William IV. of England the following story was told, the Countess of Stafford being responsible for it: "The king was at dinner. Next to him was a titled woman whom he was entertaining with some extraordinary anecdotes, which the lady found it impossible to believe were true. She therefore answered, 'Oh, sir, I beg your pardon, but I really do not think that can be true.' To her surprise he instantly replied, 'You are quite right, marm, there is not a word of truth in it. It is a lie, marm, a lie. In fact, marm, we all lie; we can't help it. We had it from our mother.' This," concludes the Countess of Stafford, "was the biggest lie of all, for Queen Charlotte was a very truthful person, never given to lying."

Stories of the Gravediggers.
Grimly humorous is the tale of the gravedigger who complained that he did not get constant work.
"But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."
"That might be, sir, but hoo am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work? 'Deed, sir, I havena buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks."
Harder still was the case of another gravedigger who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was sair spent."—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Turn to Laugh.
Stranger—You're the only gentleman in the room. Guest—In what way, sir? Stranger—When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh. Guest—The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress.

Knew When to Stop.
Farmer Courtassel—Ye don't mean to tell me ye've stopped smokin'! Farmer Longjaw—Yep; threw away m' pipe this mornin'. Been smokin' nigh on to fifty-seven years an' was afraid if I didn't quit pretty soon I'd get the habit.—Puck.

Appropriate.
Foreigner—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money? United States Citizen—It is the emblem of its swift flight.—Detroit Free Press.

THE KING GANDER.
Don't Shoot Him or You'll Get as Crazy as a Coot.
Never hear tell of a king gander, I s'pose? No; most folk hain't. The sharps that write the bird books says there ain't no such thing, but I know better. I've seen one.
There ain't never but one king gander at a time, same's a country never has but one king at a time, but a king gander's a real king, that's what he is. It ain't jest because he's the biggest gander of any or the knowin'est. It's somethin' more. He's kind of a sacred gander, he is, and there ain't a wild goose that flies but knows it. He's captain of 'em all, an' it's only the pick of the geese that flies with him.
Ner that ain't all neither. What do you s'pose became of that big king gander Bill shot? Ever hear of a dead gander bein' carried off by his flock, restin' on their backs an' them a-honkin' out a reg'lar buryn' dirge? Well, I've said enough. Fact is I've said all I dare say.
But I tell you this: If ever you have a chance to shoot a king gander don't you do it. 'Tain't good luck. If you don't believe it look at my brother Bill. He killed one—leastways he shot him—and then what happened? Only the Lord and Bill Huckins knows. An' Bill 'll never tell. Why not? 'Cause he's been as crazy as a coot ever since—yes, sir, crazy as a coot!—Outing.

FOOD AND WEATHER.
Why People Eat More in Winter Than They Do in Summer.
It has been shown that the consumption of food increases in direct proportion to the decrease in temperature. We eat more in winter than in summer, and the inhabitants of the temperate regions require more food than those of the tropic zone.
This is due to several causes. In the first place air is denser in colder climates and more oxygen is taken in with each breath, so that a greater supply of carbon—derived from food—is necessary in order that the two gases may combine in their proper proportions for the maintenance of bodily heat. Again, the inhabitant of a cold climate usually has to work harder than the more fortunate southerner, whose wants decrease as nature becomes more generous. The harder the daily labor the greater the amount of food required.
Climate not only affects the quantity but also the quality of the food consumed. The Eskimo could not live upon the dainties of nature which load the tables of the poorest in the tropics, for the conditions of his existence require the consumption of an enormous amount of fatty matter, so that blubber is to him a chief necessary of life.

OBSCURE PASSAGES.
Lines Whose Meaning Was Not Clear to Their Authors.
A writer in London Truth recalls that Browning, when asked the meaning of a passage in "Sordello," replied, "Well, I know the poem had a meaning to me when I wrote it, but what it was I cannot now say." The writer goes on to quote parallel answers of Coleridge and of Goethe, which comforted him long ago, when he first transcribed them. Coleridge wrote the greater part of book 2 of Southey's "Joan of Arc" and annotated the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of heaven," thus: "These are very fine lines, though I say it that should not, but hang me if I know, or ever did know, the meaning of them, though my own composition." Lord Francis Egerton, when translating "Faust," wrote to ask Goethe's explanation of a passage which puzzled him and received the reply that the poet himself was at a loss for its meaning. "Surely," runs his answer to Lord Francis, "you at twenty-four should know better than I at seventy-four the meaning of a passage I wrote at your age."

Understanding Poker.
The women believe that every man knows all about poker, but only a few men do. It is true, however, that nearly every man pretends to understand the game thoroughly. When there is a poker joke at a theater all the men smile and look at their women folks with a sort of pity, but the fellows who smile know very little about the game and are afraid to play it, for in almost every little social affair connected with chips and pairs there is a tin horn gambler industriously engaged in working chumps. The few men who really understand poker have a habit of winning the money of the men who pretend to understand it, so the large majority of men know nothing about the game further than that a good hand is hard to get.—Atchison Globe.

And She Believed It.
"Henry," said his wife, "what do you need to take so many bottles along for when you're only going fishing?"
"So we can have something to cork up messages in and throw overboard, dear," he replied, "if anything should happen to the boat."
"Oh, I see. Well, do be careful, Henry. I shall be awfully uneasy."—Chicago Tribune.

No Business Depression.
"Is your business good?" asked the burglar of the counterfeiter.
"Good!" repeated the counterfeiter.
"Well, I should say it was. I have been just coining money."

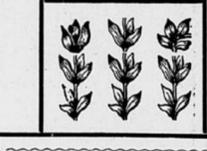
A Woman's No.
"Of course two negatives make an affirmative."
"But when there is a woman in the case one is sufficient."—New York Press.

There is no knowledge that is not power.—Emerson.



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