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Left-Handed Ping-Pong.
A southern girl gave a left-handed ping-pong party which proved the jolliest sort of extravaganza. The game was, of course, ping-pong but played with the left hand instead of the right. What a difference it made! The crack ping-pongers were reduced to the level of the veriest tyros and one's most strenuous efforts resulted in absurdly low scores. It so fell out that the town champion in ping-pong received the booby prize. The prizes were little silver pins in the shape of racquettes, with a box of ping-pong candy as booby. Supper was served upon a table decorated in Japanese style, the favors being Japanese dolls filled with sweets. Ice cream took the form of the balls used in the popular game. Sandwiches were cut with a sharp tin cake cutter the form of a racquette, with small olives pressed down into the break to give the effect of balls.—N. Y. Sun.

"The Biography of a Snowflake."
Under this title Mr. Arthur H. Bell describes the life history of the aerial frost flowers of winter. In order to have a fair start in life a snowflake should be built up on a particle of dust. Then, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth, and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, our snowflake is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warmer air the little flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and when it enters a colder stratum below, the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows. In a thawing air many flakes sometimes cohere, forming disks from an inch to two or three inches across.—Knowledge.

White Oranges.
In a few years white oranges may grace the American dinner table or the Italian fruit wagon. One of the explorers of the agricultural department discovered this freak of nature along the shores of the Mediterranean some months ago, and brought some cuttings from the tree to the United States. These were carefully grafted on an ordinary stock at the department grounds, and are now three feet high. A cutting of this plant was sent to Santa Ana, Cal., to be tried in that climate. A couple of years will see the first fruit. If it proves of fine flavor cuttings will be widely scattered, and in time the white orange may be as plentiful as the seedless orange.—Washington Star.

Town Pigeons.
The increase in bird life in the metropolis is not one of the least striking of the many changes which have come about of late years within the sound of Westminster bells. Scarcely less noticeable than the irruption of wild species, though as yet little commented on, is the enormous increase in the numbers of the enormous increase in the numbers of the tame pigeons haunting our London streets.—London Field.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.
First Detective—How did you manage to get a confession from that desperado?
Second Detective—Well, you see, we traveled together by rail for 200 miles. "But what had that to do with his confession?"
I bought a cigar of the train boy and gave it to him. After smoking it he thought he was going to die, so he told me everything.—Chicago Daily News.

Our Cities a Century Ago.
At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 16 cities in the country which had a population of more than 4,000. Philadelphia was first in the list with 69,000, with New York a close second, while Baltimore had taken third place from Boston by 26,000 to 25,000. At the same period the population of the country was 5,308,483, of which only 5 per cent. was urban.—Indianapolis News.

Community in a Crater.
In the interior of the extinct crater Aso San, about 20 miles from the city of Kumanmeto, in Japan, 20,000 people live and prosper. The vertical wall of the crater is 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form almost a little nation by themselves.—London News.

Discouraging.
He—I don't hear you practicing on the violin any more.
She—No, you see the heat injured it so that I can't use it.
"The heat?"
"Yes, pa threw it into the fire the other night."—Philadelphia Times.

He Hastens to Explain.
The Wife—I believe that Mrs. Rivers thinks I am a fool.
The Husband—There is no evidence of that!
"Of what?"
"That she thinks you are a fool, my dear."—Smart Set.

Too Trivial to Be Noticed.
Rooney—Were yez iver shtruck be lightning, Pat?
Casey—Of don't remember.
"Don't remember?"
"No. A mon tho' his bin married tin years don't remember sich troiffes as thot."—Judge.

Procession Too Swift for Him.
Mr. Upjohn—I wish you would tell Kathleen she cooks her steaks too much.
Mrs. Upjohn—You are three girls late, John. The name of the present one is Mollie.—Stray Stories.

Threw Them at Him.
"I suppose he got a divorce on the 'incompatibility of temper' dodge?"
"Not exactly. It was more the bric-a-brac and kitchen utensil dodge."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Wealth Awaits Him. Great wealth awaits the oculist who can help people who are blind to their own interests.—Chicago Daily News.

Expensive Bulbs.
Five hundred dollars was often paid in Holland during the famous tulip craze for a bulb of the Admiral Liekens or of the Gouda variety, \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a Viceroy, and \$2,000 for a Semper Augustus. In 1634 the craze became so great that all usual industries were abandoned. A choice bulb sold for \$1,900 in cash, two horses, a carriage and a set of harness, representing in all \$3,000. Persons frequently invested \$50,000 in a few dozen bulbs with which to begin business, mortgaging their houses or giving personal property in exchange. These extraordinary values checked the cultivation of tulips, as the bulbs could be bought and at once sold at a profit to speculators. Finally the real tulip lovers became disgusted, and in February, 1637, suddenly placed large quantities of the most valuable varieties upon the market. This produced an immediate and disastrous decline in the price of bulbs. Without a day's warning, thousands found themselves ruined. It was several years before Holland overcame the effects of this strange mania.—Chicago Daily News.

Private Mailing Cards.
"The newest thing in private mailing cards in this country is a card with places in it made translucent, to represent say, windows. Openings are stamped out of the body of the card which is then backed with a thin, orange-tinted paper that will let light through when the card is held up to it, but which is of such a character that it can be written over without blotting. Here, for example, is a card with a picture of the New York post office, as seen from the south. The light spaces in this are the window openings and a crescent moon shows above. There are light spaces also in these buildings seen to the left up Broadway, none of these translucent spots being observable as such when the card is being handled in the ordinary manner. But hold the card up to the light and you have a picture of the New York post office by night.—N. Y. Journal.

Willing to Make Amends.
An amusing street incident happened recently. A young lady left her husband's side to look in a window. On leaving it she took, as she thought, her husband's arm, and continued her conversation.
"You see," she said, "you don't even look at anything I want you to see. You never care how I am dressed; you no longer love me. Why, you have not even kissed me for a week, and—"
"Madame, I am sorry, but that is my misfortune, not my fault," said the man, turning round.
The lady looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man.—London Spare Moments.

Weird Electrical Feat.
To talk through a human body—or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that—is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of a medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.—Science.

An Appropriate Choice.
"Edward Goodley," the Sunday-school superintendent announced, "has passed the best examination in Bible study. As a reward I will give him for a prize any book he may name. Now, Edward, what shall it be?"
"Why," said Edward, promptly, "I'd like to have 'Captain Firetooth, of the Bloody Avengers, or Flash o' Lightning's Feud.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Compromise.
Wife—But why don't you want me to buy your neckties any more?
Husband—Well, er—I'd rather buy them myself than have you go to all that trouble.
"But I like to do things for you."
"Oh, in that case I'll let you look after the furnace this winter."—Chicago Daily News.

Proof of It.
"Is it true," asked the boy, "that riches have wings?"
"My son," replied the old gentleman sadly, "if in your later years you ever put money into a flying machine invention you will have proof of it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Forest Fires in Greece.
Last summer Greece was devastated by some very destructive forest fires, and it is surprising to read that in some cases they were started, as in our own western states, by peasants making clearances for arable lands.—Detroit Free Press.

Rubbing It In.
The Bride (after the elopement)—Oh, papa, can you ever forgive us?
Papa—Sure. By eloping you saved me the \$500 I had intended to blow in on a swell wedding when you and Tom got married.—Chicago Daily News.

Mexican Port Lost.
Ocos, formerly one of the principal Mexican ports on the Pacific coast, has almost completely disappeared in the sea, owing to the sinking of the harbor bottom after an earthquake.—Chicago Post.

Not the Right Climate.
"Hello!" said the heavy-man. "I thought that you started out two weeks ago with a hot show?"
"So I did," replied the low comedian; "but we struck a frost."—Judge.

Wealth Awaits Him.
Great wealth awaits the oculist who can help people who are blind to their own interests.—Chicago Daily News.

Sly Fishermen.
In nearly all streams where the current is swift, you will find the nets of the caddice worms, tucked down between two rocks or fastened to a flat stone on the brink of a waterfall. These little nets catch stray water bugs and sometimes entangle small fish. They are made of a silken fabric which the worm spins with its mouth and are shaped like a funnel, the larger end being pointed up stream, so that the water rushing past spreads them out in position. The nets are very strong and quite similar in construction to a spider's web. Close by his net the little fisherman builds his home. Lift up the near-by rocks and under them you will find a little bunch of pebbles bound together by silk threads. In among these is a small silk tube in which the worm lives. Were it not for the pebbles attached to it the caddice worm's home would go sailing down the stream. As an extra precaution he oftentimes fastens one end of the silk thread to a large stone.—Outing.

"Loyal Eloquence."
As a sample of loyal eloquence, this effort by an Australian schoolmaster will be hard to beat:
"King Edward is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 100 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands.
"He waves his hand, and 900,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die; he bends his head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform his bidding on the ocean. He walks upon the earth, and 300,000,000 human beings feel the least pressure of his foot.
"The Assyrian empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman empire was weak in comparison, and Greece was a small village."—Detroit Free Press.

The Case Stated.
"Did U. Miss. Me., Pa.," said the loving and conveasent wife, "when I was so ill? I had to have the M. D."
"More than tongue Kan. tell," answered the husband. "Not for the Ind. would I have it so again."
"La!" said the wife, "I hope the woman did the Wash. all right. When I get out, I'm afraid I'll look like I came out of the Ark. And all that Mass. of stuff the doctor gave me! O, you must take me to Del. and let me have a feast Ala. carte."
And then he sadly thought that even in the sacredness of home there are Conn. games.—Baltimore American.

Mathematics of Love.
"Margaret," he began, "I have \$3,750 in the bank. I own half interest in a patent churn company, that clears \$1,700 a year. My salary is \$20 a week, with prospects of a raise to \$22 next April. I have an aunt who will leave me 27 shares of a railway stock now quoted at 53. Tell me, Margaret, will you be mine?"
"Wait," she replied, "till I get a pencil."
For she never had been good at mental arithmetic.—Newark News.

All in the Way of Business.
Teacher—I was compelled to punish your son. He persisted in swinging on the gates in the vicinity of the schoolhouse, after I had repeatedly told him not to.
Parent—Really, I can't see anything terrible in that.
"It is very annoying to the neighbors."
"Very likely; but I'm a dealer in hinges."—Boston Transcript.

When He Was Quiet.
Mrs. Grimes—Didn't I see your husband with you the other day?
Mrs. Burns—Possibly. He might be with me for hours and I not notice it, he's so very quiet, don't you know?
"Why, I have always found him a most interesting talker."
"I know, but you are not his wife."—Boston Transcript.

No Cause to Complain.
"See here," remarked the guest to the new waiter, "there doesn't seem to be any soup on this menu card."
"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter, nervously. "I didn't spill it at this table—it was the one on the other side of the room."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How It Happened.
Sally Pumpkins—Jerushy Ann says: Si Hayrake offered her his hand in marriage.
Marthy Butterine—Land sakes! I don't doubt it! He's so 'tarnal awkward he never does know what to do with his hands!—Puck.

Something Wrong.
Physician—Madam, I find your husband has pneumonia in its worst form.
Mrs. Newrich—I can't understand that. We are certainly rich enough to afford the very best there is.

Worth Trying.
Daughter—He says he would give up everything—even his life—for me.
Mother—Accept him at once, dear. He is heavily insured.—Stray Stories.
Mep of blue or gray eyes are almost invariably the best shots.

Snow on Canadian Railroads.
On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to keep over 600 snow plows in operation every winter.—N. Y. Post.

A Wise Idiot.
A silent idiot is wiser than a babbling dunce.—Ram's Horn.