

His Wonderful Method.

"You haven't been married very long, have you?" said a guide at the desk...

"How did you know?" demanded the young man.

"Oh, we get used to such people here and can tell them every time," was the response.

"Well, we haven't been married very long, but I don't see how you can tell from the signature."

"Well, let me see." The guide picked up the book and scanned the name closely.

"You have been married five days today," he said with an air of certainty.

"That's right, it's five days, but I don't see how you can tell."

The young wife had been sitting on the marble bench during the colloquy, and not until the couple went out of the building did she tell "bubby" that the guide had accosted her in the same way and that she had told when they had been married.

Bavarian Distances.

In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance.

"For instance, one asks, 'How far is it to Oberammergau?'"

"A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."

Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means twenty-five minutes, "a good half hour" thirty minutes, "a big half hour" thirty-five minutes, "a small three-quarters of an hour" forty minutes, and so on.

An Economic Protest.

"Did I understand you to ask me if I wanted work?" asked Plodding Pete.

"That's what you understood, if you understood anything," answered the woman with a cold, steely eye and a square jaw.

"You've got some wood that needs chopping, I suppose."

"Lady, I'm surprised at you. Don't you know that de trees gather moisture gradually an' by slowly lettin' it into de ground keep up a steady water supply? Don't you know dat when you leave de hillside naked an' bare de water comes down in a freshet, same as beer from a barrel will de head stove in? Don't you know dat future generations is goin' to miss de umbrageous protection overhead an' dat our grandchildren is liable to be at de mercy of a parasol trust? An' you want me to chop wood! Lady, I'm surprised at you!"

His Saturday Night.

The pretty, broad faced, blue eyed woman was telling how it happened that her husband came home so late of a Saturday night.

"When he goes to get shaved for Sunday," she said, "he waits so long for the line that gets there before him that he goes to sleep in the chair while he is being shaved. Then the barber, who is a friend of his, lets him sleep as long as he likes after he has finished with him. But I don't see how he can fall asleep with a dangerous razor scraping all over his face. I couldn't. Could you?"

"It isn't the most plausible excuse I ever heard," said one to whom the question was put, "but it ought to pass on account of its originality."

Coloring an Abyssinian Bride.

Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin. From ebony she has to become the color of case an' lard.

Prevalent Punitive.

"Do you don't believe in Santa Claus?"

"I didn't exactly say that," answered the little brown girl. "But I don't believe in him. I understand that he gets after 6 o'clock and doesn't wear evening clothes."

Rescuing a Camel.

The camel has been called the "ship of the desert." Like the ship, he may be capsized, and in that predicament he is helpless.

"The caravan was made up of camels. I had brought some new ones and had no idea of taking any other animals into a country largely composed of loose sand."

"In this case it was not so. The animal lay with all four feet in the air, perfectly resigned and incapable of a single movement to help itself. To draw it out took more than half an hour and required the united efforts of many men with cords passed under the camel's back."

Welcoming the Traveler.

I have always had a good opinion of the enterprise of the life insurance agent. It has seemed to me that the busy bee is a lazy ne'er-do-well compared with him.

An old colored servant living in a neighboring family made his first trip away from home and visited relatives in New York.

On his return to Louisiana he was asked what he did while in the north.

"Well, 'mong uddah t'ings I done tuk out a life insurance policy fo' f' hund' dollars."

"Why, what on earth do you want with a life insurance policy? You have no wife or children?"

"Dat's what I done tol' him, but I had t' take it, all de same. De agent man, he met me at de boat landin', an' he said I'd haf t' have one or he'd sen' me back home. He warn't gwine fo' t' 'low me t' land if I didn't buy one. Dey don't 'low no one in New York 'less dey has a 'substance policy.'"

Economy of Costly Foods.

The economy of expensive foods is explained by the fact that digestion, at least in man, is dependent upon flavors, without which it is so defective that we do not obtain the good of the food we swallow.

A Novel Method of Advertising.

A storekeeper in a small out of the way town many years ago hit upon a novel method of advertising his store. He conceived the idea of buying up the stock of stamps at the postoffice across the way.

Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won his wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games.

Drawing the Line.

"I don't mind listening to a man who is paying for my dinner tell me the story of his life," said the woman. "Men's lives are generally interesting, but I won't stand to hear a woman tell everything she knows, even if she does pay for my dinner."

Crowding Him.

Mr. Pogson's three sons had married and gone to settle down in different parts of the country. One day he received this telegram from the eldest:

You have a grandson. Fine boy. Ten pounds. GEORGE.

Mr. Pogson answered it at once: Good! Buy finest baby carriage you can find and send bill to me.

FATHER.

In due time the bill came. It called for \$35, and he sent his check for the amount.

A few weeks later his second son sent him this dispatch:

You are the grandparent of a fine boy. Not weighed yet, but a bouncer. HENRY.

To this he responded: Glad to hear it. Buy good, serviceable baby carriage and forward bill to me.

FATHER.

Promptly came the bill. It was for \$25, and he paid it.

Ten days elapsed, and then came a dispatch from the third son to this effect:

You have another grandson. Large, fine boy. Named for you. ALBERT.

Mr. Pogson's response to this was as follows: All right, but looks like crowding me. Am sending \$12.50. Buy baby carriage with it.

FATHER.

-Youth's Companion.

Very Lucky.

The following is a genuine essay by a ten-year-old boy:

"My life has been a very lucky one. When I was three years old I fell downstairs and cut my head. When I was five years old I was looking at some hens, and a dog bit my leg. When I was eight I went with my brother in the trap, and the horse fell and threw us out of the trap; my brother lit on his feet, and I lit on the horse's back. Last year I was playing, and I ran into a surrey and cut my eyebrow, and it has left a mark. One day I went into the slaughter house, and a big sheep ran after me and knocked me down. I have had a happy life."

This cheerful acceptance of what are usually regarded as the ills of life reminds the writer of an old school-fellow who took part in the fight at Elandslaagte at the beginning of the South African war. After the engagement he was taken to the hospital at Pietermaritzburg. As soon as he was able he wrote home and sent his people the tunic he had worn in the battle.

"You will see," he wrote, "that there are eleven bullet holes in it, but I was awfully lucky. Only six of them hit me." -Cleveland Leader.

Sixty Kinds of Bananas.

To most persons in the temperate zones a banana is a banana. But the truth is that there are over sixty known varieties of the fruit, with as great or greater variation in character as in the different kinds of apples. Hawaii is said to have something over forty distinct varieties of the fruit, most of which have been introduced by the whites.

The Bee's Market Basket.

Every bee carries his market basket around his hind legs. Any one examining the body of the bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tips, so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it after a successful journey he will cram enough pollen to last him for two or three days.

Trying to Explain.

Howell-What did you mean by saying that I would never set the world on fire? Powell-I meant that you were too much of a gentleman to do it. -Exchange.

First, Forgive.

When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any, that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. -St. Mark xi. 25.

In friendship we see only those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends. In love we see no faults but those by which we suffer ourselves. -De la Bruyere.

A Hard Shot.

Husband (angrily) - What! More money? When I'm dead you'll probably have to beg for all the money you get! Wife (calmly) - Well, I'll be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.

Peace and War.

"Peace hath her victories," quoted the wise guy. "Yes, but we generally have to fight pretty hard for them," added the simple mug. -Philadelphia Record.

Origin of Old Glory.

In the reminiscences of Lord Russell Gower is found a story of the origin of the stars and stripes.

The "star spangled banner" of the American republic had its origin from an old brass on the floor of an ancient church in Northamptonshire. The brass covers the tomb of one Robert Washington and is dated 1622. On it appears the Washington coat of arms, consisting of three stars, with bars or stripes beneath them.

This introduced the stripes of the present, but retained the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner. In 1777 the crosses were replaced by stars, as the Declaration of Independence rendered the retention of the English element unnecessary and inconvenient. In thus adopting the arms of his ancestors as his own distinctive badge Washington no doubt intended the flag merely as a private signal for his own personal following, but it was at once adopted as a national emblem. Probably there is not another case in the world's history in which the private arms of an obscure family have attained such worldwide eminence and repute.

The Bank Could Stand It.

A western lawyer tells of a remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic as evidenced by an occurrence which he once witnessed while standing on the edge of a crowd that was besieging the doors of a bank supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

A conversation between a rosy cheeked Irishwoman and her husband, who were near the lawyer, at once attracted his attention.

"Mary," said the man, "we must push up, so ye can draw your money at once!"

"But I don't want to draw it out, Roger," replied Mary placidly.

"Don't ye know, Mary," persisted the husband, "that they'll lose your money for ye if ye don't hurry t' draw it out?"

"An' shure, Roger," retorted Mary, "ain't they better able to lose it than we are?"

Roger was stunned by this unanswerable logic, and after a few more words the two withdrew. Fortunately the bank survived its difficulties, and no depositor lost a cent. -Harper's.

A Purse For the Bride.

Some brides may be inclined to regret that the old marriage custom of the dowry purse has fallen into disuse. It was the custom of the bridegroom to fill a purse with a goodly sum of money and present it to the bride on the wedding day as the price of the purchase of her person. It sounds like slavery, like the buying of goods and chattels, yet the bride had a nice little sum of money for her own use. Some of the oldest inhabitants of Cumberland may remember a similar custom in that county. The bridegroom provided himself with a number of gold and silver pieces, and at the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" he handed the clergyman his fee and poured the other coins into a handkerchief held out for that purpose by the bride. In other places, again, the bride had the right to ask her husband for a gift of money or property on the day after the wedding, and he was bound in honor to grant the request. -London Answers.

Ben Franklin's Keeness.

Two incidents recall the keeness and the thoroughness—the great twin abilities, to see and to utilize—of Ben Franklin. One day he chanced to observe a lady in the possession of an imported whisk broom. With his usual interest and careful consideration he examined it as a novelty. He discovered on the brush of the broom a seed, which he carefully removed. Presently he planted it, and the growth from this seed was the first crop of broom corn in this country. Again one day when Dr. Franklin was walking by Dock creek he saw stuck in the mud a wickerwork basket, which had sprouted. Carefully he fished out the basket and carefully took it apart. He gave cuttings to his friend, Mr. Charles Norris, who planted the twigs in his garden, where they grew to great size. They turned out to be yellow willows and, as Franklin had foreseen, proved of great commercial value.

He Knew Them.

This was overheard in the lobby of a big hotel in Cincinnati when a bus load of travelling salesmen came from the station. Every man of them as he signed the register paused to shake hands with the hotel clerk—fatherly old fellow who had been there many years. "Ah," said one of them to the clerk, "it's a good thing you're still on deck, Uncle Dave. I don't think the house could run without you." "Couldn't it, though?" said Uncle Dave. "You fellows would come in here, and if there was a strange clerk you'd say, 'Where's Uncle Dave?' And the clerk would say: 'Why, didn't you hear?' He died a month ago. And then you'd say: Well, I'll be darned! That's too bad. Say, when 'il dinner be ready?"

Scolding a Nephew.

A gentleman in Scotland once found a Turkish carpet in every part of the house.

He pointed to a nail in the wall and replied, "It is my duty to scold you."

Asked why, he explained that the carpet was a Turkish carpet, and that he had driven the nail with the intention of hanging a picture; that a man had furiously objected, saying it was an interference with decency and wanted to pull out the nail; that thereupon the Turkish government had intervened and he had to watch the nail and see that it was hung upon it and that it was pulled out.

To allow the picture to be pulled out would have been to admit the claims of those who drove in the nail. To allow it to be pulled out would have been to admit the claims of those who objected to the driving in of the nail. Therefore the nail must be pulled out and the picture must not be hung. To see that this was so an army must watch day and night. I thought I know he may be well still.—Rider Haggard's "A Whirl of Grimace."

Troaced by a Bluebottle Fly.

The great objection to the use of poison for rats is that they take to their homes and die there, to become a nuisance and a menace to health. Friends of the writer were compelled to have the floor and wainscoting of their dining room removed for this reason. A wiser man, knowing that a pair of poisoned rats had got under the floor, summoned not a carpenter, but a naturalist, to his aid. They knew that the rats were under the floor, but the difficulty was to fix the spot. The naturalist seemed to the owner of the house an alternative to the removal of the whole floor; hence his appeal to a nature detective. The latter was not hear of the floor coming up. He cried out for a bluebottle fly. One was captured unhurt and turned loose in the room. After a little prowling hawking the bluebottle darted to the floor and remained on one spot, as a pointer which has found game.

"Your rats are under there," said the naturalist. They cut down the floor that board, and there were the rats. -New York Mail.

The First Pantomime.

John Rich has the credit of giving the first pantomime ever seen in England. This was performed on Dec. 26, 1717, at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Rich had found himself unable to compete with the legitimate drama at Drury Lane, so he thought himself of the comic pantomime, occasionally performed in London, combined with their scenic and mechanical effects the maneuvering of the pantomime ballet. The result was "Harlequin Executed," which is a divertissement of that day described as "a new Italian mimic scene, having a scaramouch, a harlequin, a clown, a farmer, his wife and others." This was all the business with which they were familiar from childhood, but turned into palaces, shops into gardens, houses into trees. Of course the "earnest student of the drama" protested against this innovation, but Harlequin, Columbine & Co. had maintained their hold on public favor until the present year of grace.

Dressing the Sponges.

When sponges are first born on the sea bed they are of a dark color and living. By tramping and pressing them with the feet a milky substance comes out, whereupon the sponge dies. They are then immersed in the sea for a space of eight or ten hours. The dark, skinny substance is then removed by scraping, and gradually cleaned, drying and bleaching. They take on the fine yellow color which characterizes many of them.

The Office Boy Instructs.

Contributor—I should like to see these poems with your editor. What is the usual procedure? I have done any magazine work before. Office Boy—Well, the usual custom is to leave 'em an' call back in a day or two an' git 'em. -Exchange.

In the Dark.

Uncle Joe—Yes, Teddy. It is possible that there are people in the dark.

Little Teddy—Well, what would they do when there isn't any coal?

Savage.

Caller—Sir, I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute anything? Editor—With pleasure, tonight with the ambulance, and I'll have some poets ready.—Judge.

Not Surprised.

Mrs. Gramercy—She must have been surprised when her husband gave her such an expensive present. Mrs. G.—Not surprised, my dear. Well, of course.

You may try to do many things, but you can do only one thing at a time.