

# THE INDEPENDENT.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

## ENGLAND AS A NAVAL POWER.

### Strength of the Empire on the Seas Dates from an Early Period.

It is a little startling at first to say that England's great naval strength grew out of the reformation. But a perusal of Mr. Froude's last book on "English Sailors in the Sixteenth Century," published by the Scribners, will show that this is no absurd paradox. Had there been religious unity throughout Europe during the reign of Queen Elizabeth there would have been no occasion for the exploits of Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake. While both would be remembered in these times as pirates there can be no question that they availed themselves of the sufferings of Englishmen at the hands of the Spanish inquisition to wage their peculiar war upon Spain. It was their way of retaliating upon Spain. The piratical enterprises of these two great English sailors seem a queer way of carrying on a war in behalf of religious liberty. Under the condition of the time no other method appears to have been possible. Queen Elizabeth lacked either the courage or the honesty to declare open hostilities against Philip II. If Froude's portrait of her is correct, her motive was probably to make her peace with the Catholic church. She was quite destitute of religious conviction. She did not scruple at conduct that deserves the severest condemnation. For example, she was a partner in one of the slave expeditions of Sir John Hawkins, and shared generously in the profits of Sir Francis Drake's first voyage around the world, a voyage that was nothing more nor less than the greatest practical expedition that history records. But she was willing that her sailors carry on an irresponsible war with Spain, hoping that they would thus compel Philip to show more deference to her and aid her in her ambitious scheme. But her notion that England could ever again become a papal power was an absurd one. The Protestants of England were too numerous and powerful to make that project possible. Moreover, the outrageous treatment that Spain showed to Englishmen stood in the way of her ambition. The conditions, therefore, favored the continuance of the practical warfare between the two great powers. The natural outcome was, of course, the Spanish armada, which was designed by Philip to put an end to English piracy and to reduce England to subordination to the papal power. But that expedition was doomed to ignominious failure. The navy that Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake had built in their peculiar way saved England from the fate that threatened her. It was this navy that formed the basis of England's naval power to-day.

### Testing the Doctors.

The emperor of China has lately had so much trouble with his functionaries of every kind that he has grown distrustful of them all. He had noticed that while his statesmen seemed to be widely at variance, the court physicians agreed beautifully, whenever they were called in together. But a test that he might make of their skill and sincerity occurred to him. Feeling somewhat indisposed, the emperor sent for one of his court doctors. These physicians are paid functionaries, and are all learned professors. One of them came, listened to his majesty's account of his trouble, diagnosed it, prescribed, and took his leave. Then the emperor sent for another court doctor, and gave him exactly the same account of his difficulty. This doctor then made his own diagnosis, which was quite different from his brother physician's, prescribed a different remedy, and went his way.

A third and fourth physician were called, and each found a different disease, and prescribed a different medicine. Then the emperor became angry and also sarcastic, and begged to know how he could have so many things the matter with him and live, and whether he should continue to live if he took all the diverse sorts of medicine that had that day been prescribed for him. The doctors could give him no satisfactory answer to these questions, but each insisted that he was right and all the others wrong. But the emperor declared that this could not be true, and condemned every one of the physicians to lose a month's salary. Of course the moral to this story has no Occidental application. Though the doctors of our Western countries reserve the right to disagree, such a case of radical indulgence probably could not occur under the practice of our perfected science.

### Mixed Metaphors.

A year or two ago Sir John Lubbock gave a public lecture on his "personal and political reminiscences." In this discourse the famous lecturer upon scientific and historical subjects showed his versatility and his sense of humor by telling some amusing stories. He dwelt in particular upon the funny things which he had heard in the House of Commons. One honorable baronet from the south of Scotland was speaking on the proposition to vote two million pounds toward the expense of the Afghan war. Wishing to show how inadequate this sum would be, he described it as only a "lea-bite in the ocean."

On the same occasion the same gentleman was advocating an increase in the number of European troops to be employed in India. In the course of his argument he said, "You may depend upon it, Mr. Speaker, that the pale

face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army."

Sir John does not regard the Irish members of the present generation as very amusing. The examples given above of what we should call Hibernicism if we did not know their origin, it will be remembered are instances of Scotch blundering. The Irish drollery may be conscious or unconscious. In either case it is inimitable. On a certain occasion a member from Ireland was arguing against the imposition of a gun tax. The ground upon which he based his argument was this, that every man had the "divine right to carry a gun."

### The Lost Chahim.

The Egyptians, both Mussulmans and Christians are a temperate people, but as a warning to those who are inclined to be otherwise, they often tell the story of the lost Chahim. It is certainly a picturesque illustration of the degrading and pitiful helplessness into which even a little alcohol can lead one. Chahim was an honest citizen of Cairo, who had, nevertheless, a weakness for wine. One evening when he had partaken of the cup he returned home rather late. He was aware upon previous experience that when he should wake in the morning, his head would be in a pitiable condition. So he took his writing tablet and laboriously noted down upon it the whereabouts of all the articles which he would need in the morning.

"The slippers," he wrote, "are on the outer threshold. The jacket is on the table in the east chamber. The trousers are on the tobacco." Then he sank down on the bed, and with the writing tablet still in his hand, he wrote, "And Chahim is on the bed." He fell into the stupid slumber of intoxication. Late in the morning he awoke. His head ached cruelly, and all his ideas were in confusion. Then his eyes fell on his writing tablet on the bed beside him. He was overjoyed to find this record of the whereabouts of his wearing apparel. Dragging himself out of bed, he dressed himself by its aid. When his clothes were on, he read on the tablet: "And Chahim is on the bed." He looked on the bed. Chahim was not there! He was filled with consternation. Chahim must have been mislaid. He began to hunt through the house; no Chahim was to be found. He became weak and dizzy from his vain search, and threw himself down on the bed. After a few moments his head steadied a little, and he became aware where he was. Chahim was on the bed! He had found himself. Uttering a cry of joy at this rediscovery, he arose sober. He realized then what a fool he had been, and resolved never again to drink of the liquor which turns a man into a sillier thing than a sheep or a hen.

### His Own Business.

The Detroit Free Press says that President Hayes has for one of his Ohio neighbors a testy old fellow who kept a small truck farm. He was an honest man and a good citizen, and Mr. Hayes held him in high esteem notwithstanding his want of what are called the social amenities. During Mr. Hayes' four years at the White House, on one of his visits home he passed this old man's farm, and found him planting potatoes in a patch near the road. The President, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some eccentricity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a little chat called attention to it. The old man defended his method, and finally Mr. Hayes said, as he started along: "Well, I don't think you will get the best kind of a crop if you plant in that manner." The farmer rested his elbow on the fence. "They ain't neither one of us above havin' fault found with us," he said; "but if you jest go on president's to the United States your way, an' I go on plantin' potatoes my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

### The Nile of the North.

Dr. Bell, who undertook an expedition last June into the fastnesses of British America by a route directly north from Ottawa to Ruppert's house on James bay, has discovered a river, which he describes as the "Nile of the North," and the sixth largest river in the world. Its average width is a mile and it is 500 miles long. It has three tributaries, one rising north of Three Rivers and in the Lake St. John region, and the third near Lake Mistassini. A primeval forest skirts the river's brink the whole distance, which is navigable to the rapids near the north.

### A Reverend Wag.

The Rev. Caleb Stetson, a famous transcendentalist minister of a generation ago, in New England, was almost as well known for his pun-making proclivities as for his eloquence in the pulpit. Upon one occasion, at a public dinner, feeling the breeze which came from a window behind him a little keenly, he beckoned the waiter to him. "Boy," said he, confidentially, "I wish you'd shut that window; I feel that 'ere air in this 'ere 'ere'" — pointing first to the window and then to his ear.

### Furniture of the Star Chamber.

Some of the original oak furniture and paneling of the famous star chamber, which was abolished in 1641, came under the hammer in London recently. It included the whole of the old oak paneling of the notorious chamber, together with several very fine oak cabinets and antique chairs, all of which are in an excellent state of preservation.

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

The Sun is the only New York paper that does not use typesetting machines. Nearly 16,000 tons of tea were landed in Tacoma from China in one day not long ago.

The Berlin Academy of Sciences is preparing to issue a complete edition of the works of Kant.

A fisherman near Seattle says that he hauled in 1,000 salmon with one cast of his seine the other day.

It is estimated that some 4,000 dozen eggs were smashed in a railroad wreck that occurred at Canterbury, N. H.

The season's apple crop is set at 93,256,000 barrels, which is pretty close to a barrel for every man, woman and child in the country.

The demand for coon cats in Belfast, Me., has become so brisk that cat stealing has become decidedly annoying to the residents there.

London has imported from America during the last fortnight 40,000 tubs of butter. It fetched from 24 to 28 cents a pound over there.

A Malay opera troupe is on its way from Polynesia to London, where it will perform "Rishi Sha Hirzan," described as a national opera.

Prospectors are very much elated over a find of unadorned green and purple slate just north of Castleton, Vt., which they say is very valuable.

On account of local opposition the monument to John Brown, which it was proposed to erect at Harper's Ferry, will not be built at present.

Pension Agent Millisen of Maine has received 2,026 applications for State pensions, an increase of about 500 over the number received last year.

Thirty years ago, it is said, England had 20,000 miles of toll roads and 1,047 turnpike roads. There are now no tolls and the roads are better than they were then.

Bierholm's estimate of the world's wheat crop indicates a total of 2,395,000,000 bushels for 1895, compared with 2,558,000,000 in 1894 and 2,458,000,000 in 1893.

One of the meanest white men on record is a fellow in New York, who, after playing poker some half dozen times with four friends, had them arrested for gambling.

Bears are becoming quite numerous in the region of Gardner's Lake, Vermont. One farmer met one on the road recently, and another resident has had several sheep killed by them.

A Vermont trapper has just received an order from a Montreal party for 1,000 live skunks. Just what the party wants them alive for the trapper cannot understand, but he says that he shall fill the order.

Indiana will celebrate in 1900 the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the government of the territory of Indiana. A commission was appointed under a concurrent resolution of the last Legislature to fix plans for a State exposition.

They are telling a queer tale of a man in Orono, Me., who in many months has been hoarding gold in the hope that a series of furries in the bond and currency markets or a change in administrative methods would give it a premium, from which he could realize a fortune.

The granite pedestals for the equestrian statues of General Winfield Scott Hancock and General George G. Meade, to be erected on the Gettysburg battle field, have been shipped from the quarries at Westerly, R. I. The pedestal for the Meade statue consists of three large stones weighing in the neighborhood of seventy-nine tons.

One of the residents in Greenfield, Conn., has an antique wooden clock which is peculiar in having a very erratic method of keeping time which is all its own. The house is near a railroad and whenever a train passes the clock starts and runs for a while. Then it stops and waits for the next train to pass before taking up its work again.

Jack Grisby, of Lawrenceburg, N. Y., was engaged in storing pumpkins in the loft of his barn and his 5-year-old girl was standing near by watching him. A large pumpkin, weighing about thirty pounds, rolled from the loft, and, falling, struck the girl in her upturned face, bending her head suddenly backward, breaking her neck and causing instant death.

There are 434 Federal licenses permitting the sale of liquor in Vermont, or about one for every 784 inhabitants. Burlington has sixty-three, Brattleboro one, or one for every 686 people. Barre has one for every 223 and Montpelier one for every 244. Rutland has one for every 405. All this in a State where the prohibitory law is supposed to be impartially enforced.

There is complaint in the small towns and in the rural districts of England that it is difficult and frequently impossible to get a glass of cider at the public houses. The reason is that many of these public houses have fallen into the hands of the big brewers through mortgages, and the new owners allow their tenants to sell no drinks that will decrease the sale of beer.

The city of Manchester, England, already owns the tracks of the street railways within its boundaries, and is about to petition parliament for authority to operate the railways themselves, on the expiration of the lease to the companies now operating them, which will be within a few months. Glasgow and Birmingham already operate municipal street railways with success.

Several towns and cities in Oregon and Washington have lately obtained an excellent and adequate water supply in an inexpensive manner by the use of wooden pipes. The pipes are made from common pine logs, ten inches in diameter, hollowed out with a six-inch bore. It is claimed that the

wooden pipes last as long as iron pipes. One town has a line of pipes seven miles long that, with all connections, cost but \$2,000.

Mongolian pheasants have been successfully introduced for game purposes in various parts of Oregon and Washington in the last few years, and now an attempt is being made to propagate them for the same purpose in California. A number have been imported into Santa Clara County from Oregon, and lettuce seed is to be planted by the mountain springs to provide food for them. They are protected by statute for three years.

### One of the Crazy.

Times of intense general excitement lead to an unsettling of weak minds. Mr. A. G. Riddle, in his "Recollections of War Times," remarks upon the number of visionaries and fanatics who came to Washington in 1861 and 1862, some of them of the prophetic order, others with a commission, as they felt, to take their places at the head of the government. One such unbalanced man, perhaps 35 years old, Mr. Riddle saw again and again hanging around about the hall of the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Riddle was a member.

Once or twice he managed to remain in the hall till after prayer, and was then hustled out. He seemed to know no one—a harmless, moon-struck young man, country grown, neatly clad in a home-made suit of light brown. One morning when I had reached the hall early, this specially commissioned young man came in, an unusual look of resolve on his meaningless face. Seeing me alone, he approached, and casting quick glances about, hesitated a moment, and then said:

"You are one of the Congress fellows, ain't you?"

"What makes you think so?" was my response.

"Wal, you are sittin' in one of the seats, I've seen you 'round talkin' and actin' like one on 'em."

"Well, if you won't tell on me—"

"No, no! I won't tell. I shouldn't think you'd want to have to git out. I won't tell on ye."

"Well, then I am one of the Congress fellows."

"Wal, brightenin' you're one of the very ones to help me."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Wal, you see," stopping near me and in a confidential tone, "you see, I'm sent here to take things in hand, and put 'em right—you understand?"

"Well," asked I, "why don't you take right hold? It needs somebody, the Lord knows!"

"Yes, but somehow I can't seem to git hold. Can't git a goin'. An' you fellows must help me, you see."

"Who sent you?"

"God," solemnly.

"He did? Are you sure?"

"Oh, sure as I live."

"As He used to send the prophets?"

"Exactly. That's it—in the Old Testament times."

"But don't you know that when He sent a man He always opened the way, provided the means? His man always knew how to get hold. If I were you, I would go right back for instructions."

This was a new idea. He stood dazed and confounded.

I saw him about for some time after that, waiting, perhaps, for instructions. He was not a solitary instance.

### "Tricks in Every Trade."

A merchant and a dairyman were recently swapping business secrets, when the merchant found he was not "in it" with the milk dispenser, when he remarked:

"Why is it, you ask, that I have the reputation of never being out of milk? I'll tell you. I make it."

"Make it!" echoed the merchant.

"Yes, sir! And I will give you a formula for making as nice milk as ever flowed from a cow, and, what's more, it will stand the test of any inspector's instrument."

"When I find myself running short of the genuine article, I take a couple of cans of good condensed milk, costing me about twenty cents, pour them into a forty-quart canful of water, adding a little common baking soda, and then thoroughly stir the mixture up. The soda takes the sweet taste from the condensed milk and gives the mixture a regular Jersey froth. I add a little salt, which with the soda sends a test instrument right up to the notch required by law."

"Why, during the blizzard last winter I sold fifty cans of my home-made milk every day, at a clean profit of \$2 on every can. Talk about a milk scarcity—you never find one where I do business."—Michigan Tradesman.

### Cat Did Not Come Back.

When a parrot in a large cage arrived in a passenger's baggage at the Great Northern depot yesterday morning, Baggage-master Miller set him on the floor of the baggage room. There he stood for two mortal hours in dead silence, and no coaxing of the passengers could arouse his loquacity.

When the crowd had left the depot a large, sleek cat appeared on the scene, and spying the bird perched majestically up to the cage and sat down. He poked his nose between the bars and sat contemplating Poll, thinking what a dainty morsel he would make if those pesky bars were only out of the way. He had sat thus for an hour, and the silence had gradually grown denser, when Mr. Miller was aroused by an unearthly scream from Poll's direction:

"Ha, ha! Come on, boys."

The cat did not care to continue the conversation; he just went, his tail up-lifted and swollen with fear till it looked like a feather duster. The parrot smiled a gleeful smile and the cat did not come back to trouble him.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

## AUSTRALIA CONVICT SHIP.

### Some Attractions Even in Such Floating Bells.

All is grist that comes to the mill of the showman, and even a convict ship is serviceable if it can only be made attractive. There has lately arrived in the East India dock, at Blackwall, the Australian convict ship Success, which is to be put on exhibition forthwith. The vessel belongs to the old bad system of treating criminals with barbarous cruelty, bordering on inhumanity. Built in 1790 in British India, of solid teak, the Success was first an East India trader and then an emigrant ship. It was in the year 1852, just at the time of the gold discoveries in Australia, that she was turned into a convict hulk, and moored at Williams-town, Victoria. The new gold fields attracted many bad characters from all parts, even convicts breaking loose from the penal establishments, and in order to afford safe quarters for the worst of the evil-doers five ships were turned into hulks. The Success formed one of the group, and was known as the "dark cell drift" ship, being fitted up with solitary cells that admit no light. One can well understand the horrors of the rigorous system of prison treatment practiced on board these hulks by an inspection of this ship.

Lying in the East India dock, she is a weather-beaten old wooden vessel, dingy and free from any suspicion of new paint. The first wonder, indeed, is that she ever accomplished the voyage from Australia to London, which took no less than five months and a half, but her stout timbers of teak of great thickness make her almost impregnable as a fortress. The quarters once occupied by the warders are shown on the quarter deck, where there are exhibited various rusty muskets, pistols, leg irons and manacles, as well as an original copy of a "ticket of leave," signed by the governor of the colony. The "tween deck is fitted with cells on each side, every cell having been for the accommodation of three men, and on the lower deck, where no light and but little air could penetrate, are the dark, solitary cells, which must almost have been living tombs to the occupants. At the end of each cell is a space shut off by iron rails called the "tiger's den," which was used for those regarded as irreclaimable. Here the most outrageous offenders were herded together in semi-darkness, and often murder was committed among themselves as the result of an old grudge or dispute.

The barbarity of the hulk system is further illustrated by iron necklets by which unfortunate malefactors were fastened by a line as if by halters, and in some torture chambers prisoners were so chained that they could neither lie, sit or kneel. Hardened ruffians though the convicts were, yet such treatment could only have the most baneful results, and the prisoners on the Success in 1857 found an opportunity of revenging themselves by assassinating the official head of the convict establishment, Inspector General Price. The public sentiment revolted against the hulk system, which was superseded in 1859. The old hulks were broken up, with the exception of the Success, which after being maliciously scuttled in Sydney harbor, was raised and exhibited as a show vessel at various ports in Australia. This old hulk, reeking with the memories of many cruelties committed in the name of the law, is not allowed to tell her own tale, but somewhat questionably it is sought to heighten the effect by the aid of wax figures in cells, and tableaux of scenes with notorious bushrangers, all of which appeal rather to morbid tastes.—London Chronicle.

### Why He Resigned.

A romantic tale is going the rounds among Chicago business men of a man who voluntarily resigned a \$25,000 salary. A business had gotten into bad shape through the owner being in Europe most of the time. The \$25,000-a-year man was employed to put the business on its feet. For a year or two he worked like a steam engine, putting in eighteen hours a day. When the manufactory was once more on a paying basis the manager told the proprietor that, as there was nothing further for him to do, he proposed to retire, and handed in his resignation, to take effect at once.

"But we don't want you to go. You made the business what it is," said the proprietor.

"Yes, but you can take care of it yourself now, and there is no use in his being taxed \$500 a week to support a person who isn't needed."

"Well, at any rate let us run till the first of the month; that's only three weeks longer."

"No, I won't take what I don't earn. I'm going to quit Saturday. I've been working hard and need a rest."

The man has had his rest, and wants a job where he can get big pay and a chance to earn it.—Chicago Tribune.

### Truly Religious.

The minister had been in the little Kentucky town but a short time, and when he was called to preach a funeral sermon he thought it best to pick up a few facts about the deceased. "I trust our brother gone before was a truly religious man?" he said to the surviving brother. "You bet he was," was the earnest answer. "Why, brother, he never took out his gun to lay fer one of the Simmonses without first prayin' three hours."

### Soap as a Microbe Killer.

The hygienic value of soap is hardly realized by the general public. Recent experiments have shown that a solution of soap will kill typhoid or cholera microbes. A 1 per cent solution will do so in twelve hours, while a 7 or 10 per cent solution will do it in a few minutes.

## ITS BITE IS DEADLY.

### People Should Beware of a Pretty Yellow-Spotted Spider.

Next time anybody is bitten by a "poisonous black spider" he will confer a favor on Prof. H. H. Behr if he will refrain from crushing it long enough to give the professor a chance to be bitten, too. He would like to demonstrate to that part of the public who feel flippant about such things that the bite of the same "poisonous black spider" is really absolutely harmless and no more painful than the sting of a wasp or a mosquito, or even a flea of the Californian genus. Mr. Behr is professor of entomology and arachnology and a few other sciences at the big academy in Market street, and what he doesn't know about insects of all kinds is hardly worth talking about.

But if any one should happen to be bitten by a small "black spider" with four or five scarlet spots on its back he had better prepare to guzzle brandy for a day or two while a strong armed attendant rubs ammonia into the wound with one hand and keeps the victim from squirming with the other. The professor calls that little spotted insect the *Latrodectus mactans* and says it is the most venomous of all spiders, not even excepting the tarantula, which is about ten times as big. It is ordinarily not bigger than a French pea, but boasts of considerably more brawn than is commonly found among spiders.

Its body is round and covered with a beautiful velvety black growth of short fuzzy hair, with the scarlet spots above mentioned on its back. It has eight rather long legs for such a small body and eight eyes, though they cannot be taken as distinguishing features of this particular style, as the professor says all spiders have eight legs and an equal number of eyes. But it is by the location of the eyes in the anatomy of the insect that the classifications are made, and as there are some 5,000 or 6,000 species known to arachnologists, it is no small task to distinguish "which is which." This one, however, may be told by the fact that four of its eyes are located in a square in front, with the remaining four grouped in pairs on each side of its head and a little to the rear of the others. The eyes are bulging and glassy and of a deep greenish hue. Its mandibles are not very large, but, as many a victim can attest, are capable of doing great damage. Its action is quick and alert.

Prof. Behr laughs at the idea that the bite of the *Latrodectus mactans* is fatal, but he admits that the patient suffers the most racking tortures for several days, after which, if he has been properly treated, recovery is a certainty. He says that many persons may have died of fright, but never from the poisonous effects of the bite. The tarantula, which is so universally dreaded, is after all, according to Prof. Behr, not at all dangerous. Though its bite causes considerable pain and swelling about the wound, he says it is not fatal. Its bite is not nearly so dangerous as that of the "katipo," but, be that as it may, it is more formidable and ugly looking, and one might as well be poisoned as be scared to death.—San Francisco Examiner.

### Her Argument.

The teacher of a large Sabbath school class of poor children was particularly anxious that every one of them should be present at the last session before the summer vacation. He especially urged upon them to let nothing but actual necessity keep them at home.

The day after the closing service he met one of his scholars on the street, and said sternly, "Why were you not at Sunday school yesterday, Jennie?"

"After twistin' in her hands for some moments a dabbly clean apology for an apron, Jennie answered, with a downcast look:

"Because my hat was so dirty, sir."

"What of that?" said the teacher, still more seriously. "Don't you know that God does not care for outward appearances? He looks to that which is of infinitely more importance, Jennie—that which is within."

"Yes, sir," replied the little maid, submissively; "but," she added, feeling that she had the right of the matter, after all, "the lining wasn't clean!"

### The Norman's Dream.

The Normans are called the Yankees of France, which is a compliment to them, no doubt, though it sometimes has reference to their extremely thrifty habits, and to the craft which they employ in evading a service that may cost them something. It is related that one good Norman farmer went early one morning to another's house, and found him still in bed.

"Art thou asleep, neighbor?" he asked, somewhat fatteringly, in the tone of a man who is going to ask a favor.

"If I were not asleep," murmured the other from his bed, "what probably wouldst thou want of me?"

"To borrow thy donkey to go to the fair at Gisors."

"Well, then, neighbor, I am sound asleep."

"Bah! Thou canst not be asleep when thou talkest to me."

"Nonsense! It is only a dream I am having, neighbor!"

And the other had to go away without the donkey.

### Hygienic Item.

Teacher—So you can't remember the names of the great lakes? Can't you keep them in your head?

Johnnie No, ma'am. If I was to keep them lakes in my head I might have water on the brain.—Texas Siftings.

When you want a waiter at a fashionable hotel to serve you properly don't forget how you get molasses out of a jug. You have to tip the jug.—Somerville Journal.