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Knew From Experience.

"I say," said a friend the other day, "you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married, and don't understand much about the business, but has a married man any rights left when he once assumes the hymeneal responsibilities?"

"Rights? Yes, lots! He's a right to pay all the bills, to"—

"Stop. I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box and drawer and portmanteau and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's property and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars"—

"Hold hard! I know what you mean. Listen, young man. If your bedroom were 200 yards long and lined from the floor to the ceiling with drawers and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of collars, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hairpins, tufts of frizzes, pads, scent boxes, old gloves, powder puffs, rings and things. So just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper or some brown paper and hide the parcel under the bed."

The inquirer smiled loudly and ironically and passed on a wiser if not a better man.

Eskimo Throwing Sticks.

A "throwing stick," "throwing board" or "spear thrower," as it is sometimes called, is a contrivance for casting a javelin or harpoon, which is employed by various savage races, such as the Australians, some South American tribes and especially by the Eskimos, among whom its use is almost universal. Roughly speaking, it is a narrow grooved board a foot or so long, with one end cut into a handle and the other provided with a stud or spur for the butt of the spear to rest against. It is used thus: Grasping the handle as he would a sword, the man fits the shaft of the spear into the groove, with the butt resting against the stud, steadying the spear with the finger. Then, extending his arm and bending back his hand till the spear lies horizontal, he aims at the mark and propels the weapon by a quick forward jerk of the stick. In this way I have seen Eskimo boys casting their forked javelins at wounded waterfowl.

When Buchanan Was King.

George Buchanan was a scholar, historian, controversialist and the best Latin poet of his age. Buchanan was tutor to Mary, queen of Scots, and to her son James, afterward James I. of England. One day he caused himself to be made king of Scotland, and this was the way of it: Having observed in James a tendency to too ready acquiescence, he drew up a paper for the royal pupil to sign. James did so at once without having read it. The document happened to be a transfer of the royal authority to Buchanan for fifteen days, and no sooner had the poet got it into his possession than he began to play the monarch, even before the king himself. James thought the man a lunatic until the instrument was produced by which he had signed away his sovereignty. This incident was used by the worthy preceptor to illustrate the day's lesson on the responsibilities of monarchs.

Monkeys as Nurses.

"Monkeys make poor nurses," said a zoo keeper. "When they live near a stream of water and one of the colony falls sick they invariably toss him overboard. They don't want him around. His sighs and groans annoy them so. 'Psst! Off the dock!'

"Here in captivity I have to remove at once a sick monkey from his comrades' reach. Otherwise they would soon kill him. When they can, well monkeys take a strange joy in tormenting an invalid. They bite the end of his tail, they drag him about, and they pinch him. Finally, when he dies, as many as can find room sit on his body, close together, very solemn, as though engaged in some religious rite."

Fixed Bayonets.

It is said that during the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer war the assault column of British, advancing in thick darkness, climbed up an almost precipitous wall. Once or twice they were faintly challenged. At last a Boer recognised them and shouted to the sentry to fire on the "verdomde rooineks!" As the crest was gained the fire broke out. A few of the attackers began to reply, but they were stopped, and the voice of the commanding officer was heard to give the order, "Fix bayonets!" That there were no bayonets did not matter. The men, taking up the cry, rushed on the Boer gunners, who fled at the thought of the cold steel.

No Guarantee.

A sporting paper recommends a certain way of avoiding the bites of a dog, however savage. All one has to do is to stand perfectly still and hold one's hand out. The dog, says the writer, will take the hand in his mouth, but will not bite it. But what guarantee have we that the dog knows this?—London Globe.

He Might Be Needed.

It is best to be courteous to all, even to the man that you dislike. You may want to borrow money from him some day.—Boston Globe.

Didn't Belong to Colorado.

In the early days of Leadville there was a singular character living by the name of Major Martin McGinnis. The major was the important man of the camp, and when any distinguished parties came to the city they were received by Major Martin McGinnis and presented with the freedom of the camp on a gold plate. The French government sent three mining engineers over to examine and to report upon the mineral deposits of this locality. They were received by Major Martin McGinnis, who put them in carriages and took them around the camp. As they were going up California gulch the Frenchmen suddenly jumped out of the carriage and commenced to hammer and chisel upon a large black bowlder that lay alongside the road. The major watched them gesticulating to one another, and he finally said to the interpreter: "What do they mean? What are they talking about?" The interpreter said, "They say that rock don't belong here." The major said: "The deuce it don't! You say to those foreigners that I won't stand for them coming over here and running down our country. Tell them that they can find anything anywhere in Colorado."

The Frenchmen were right, however, for this black rock was a meteor and had fallen from the skies.—Leadville Herald-Democrat.

The First Bathing Machine.

There does not seem to be much doubt that the first bathing machine was seen at Margate and that it was the invention of a worthy Quaker named Beale, who placed his hopeful invention on the Margate beach in 1750. "The public are obliged to Benjamin Beale, one of the people called Quakers, for the invention," writes the author of "A Short Description of the Isle of Thanet," published in 1766. But it was the old story, the public became grateful after the inventor had been ruined by his enterprise. His successors had reaped the harvest. Old Benjamin Beale's widow could remember in her last days the first family that ever resorted to Margate for the purpose of bathing being carried into the sea in a covered cart. In 1803 Beale's machines were one of the institutions of Margate. It was alarmingly claimed for them that "they may be driven to any depth into the sea by careful guides."—T. P.'s London Weekly.

The Busiest Street In the World.

West street in New York presents a network of piers and docks for its whole length. Most of the great steamship and railway transportation companies have their pier terminals there, and other steamship companies have built their terminals on the New Jersey shore opposite, so that all transatlantic and a large share of the continental travelers must cross West street in coming to or leaving the city. When one considers the great number of short trip travelers, including commuters, who daily make their way in and out of the metropolis across this busy thoroughfare a faint idea of its importance may be gained. Manhattan Island has thirty-two miles of water front.—John P. Fritts in Leslie's Weekly.

This Was In 1824.

English opinion of the United States in 1824, from the standpoint of the fashionable London set, is shown in the extract from the correspondent of John Whishaw:

"You must have read some time since in the papers of a few young 'fashionables,' Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby's grandson), Messrs. Wortley and Denison, ministerial members, and Labouchere, a nephew of Mr. Baring, having sailed for New York with the intention of making a tour of the United States. The scheme was thought very wild and much disapproved of by the west end of the town, and disappointment and disgust were universally predicted."

Protection For Swimmers.

"Cotton in the ears," said a physician, "should be used by all those who swim out beyond their depth. You know how often good swimmers of that type drown, don't you? Their drowning is imputed to cramp, but you will never find one of the drowned with his ears stuffed with cotton. Why? I'll tell you why. Because it isn't cramp that causes these drownings. It is a perforation of the eardrum, followed by unconsciousness, due to the pressure of the water. Cramp isn't, after all, the deadly thing it is made out to be. If you get a cramp in your leg while swimming it is easy enough to roll over on your back and float. The cramp won't kill you. But a perforation of the eardrum is different. It takes away your senses, and down you go like a log. So always, if you are going to do much swimming, stuff cotton in your ears."—New York Press.

A man who, twenty years ago, stole a ride on a Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway feright train, has sent the company $4.50.

While Miss Coats of Greenville, Tex., was walking with her three nieces, a negro man grabbed her. She screamed and he fled.

Musical director of "His Highness, the Bey," refused to play with a non-union orchestra at San Antonio, and play the piano without orchestral assistance.