RACE UP A MOUNTAIN

A KANAKA RUNNER DISTANCED HALF A DOZEN HORSES.

It Was a Terrific Test of Endurance, and the Sturdy Subject of Kalakaua Won Easily, Though Two of the Horses Dropped Dead.

"Did any of you ever hear of a 35 mile steeplechase for man and beast?" inquired one of the California men in a party of turf followers when stories of queer bets and long shots were going around. "Well, there was an affair of that kind down in the Hawaiian bunch in the fall of 1883, when that genial chile concarne proposition, Kalakaua, was king of the islands. There were no telephones joining the islands then, and state messages and mandates were carried by the interisland steamers and delivered by Kanaka runners. These runners could gallop all day, like American Indians in retreat or on the trail, and they didn't know what getting winded or tired meant.

"Kalakaua thought a good deal of these runners of his. He always maintained that they could go faster and farther than horses over the rough Hawaiian country. In this he was disputed by a number of the white attaches of his court. Kalakaua wagered $5,000 in gobs of $1,000 with five of them that he would pick out a runner from among his Kanakas who'd get from Hilo to the top of the burning lake of Kilauea, a distance of 35 miles, quicker than any horse and any rider could do the trip. They snapped the king up at even money. It looked as if they had the good end of it. The king and a big party from Honolulu sailed in one of the interisland steamers to Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to see the finish.

"The king picked out a huge, lithe, sinewy Kanaka, a man about 30 years old, who had been employed as a runner on the island of Maui for a number of years, to try the trick for him. Eight Kanakas made the start a-horseback, on native ponies, bred away back from western cayuses—strong, sure footed, nippy tempered little demons, thoroughly used to the bad roads and the climbing. The king and his party had gone up to the Volcano House, at the top of Kilauea, in coaches the day before to be on hand to greet the winner.

"Now, I understand that that road from Hilo up to the burning lake of Kilauea has been improved since the time I'm speaking of, but it surely was a bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was about a 45 degree affair in the climb all the way up. The palms that lined the road used to get blown across the trail by the score in big windstorms, and the coach drivers counted it a part of their business to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoulder them out of the way. This work had all been attended to carefully, however, in advance of the race by order of Kalakaua, and it loked like a pipe for the cayuses, all of which had made the run up many a time.

"Kalakaua didn't ask for any handicap allowance for his man. The runner toed the scratch with the horses, and they got off together at the crack of the gun. The horses distanced the runner from the jump, and he let them distance him. He was dressed in a G string, and he just took up a steady lope and let the cayuses get out of his sight. For ten miles the cayuses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't even see them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait. The horses began to come back to the runner long before the Half Way House was reached, and the Kanaka was just galloping along at the beginning of the third hour with the same big stride he had started in with, his arms up and shooting out in front of him like soldiers on the double time drill. There wasn't a pant in him when he fetched up at the Half Way House. He stooped down there to a spring beside the road and took a couple mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a bit, blowing their heads off, for they had been going at a clip that they had never been pushed to before.

"The Kanaka headed the bunch a mile beyond the Half Way House, and it was a big romp for him the rest of the distance. He took a position for the remaining 17 miles of the journey about a city block ahead of the writhing and panting horses, and he just stuck to his lope like a man wound up. He never let 'em get nearer than a block to him for the remaining three hours of the trip, looking back at them with a grin once in awhile. When only three miles yet remained before the Volcano House was to be reached, the Kanaka took another drink out of a spring and began to draw away. The Kanaka riders whipped and spurred their horses, but it was no good. The Kanaka runner disappeared out of their sight on the tortuous trail, and when six of the cayuses pulled up at the hotel veranda about three-quarters of an hour later the runner was sitting on the steps, fanning himself and drinking saki. Two of the horses had dropped dead in their final effort.

"The Kanaka made the 35 mile trip over sticks and stones on a miry road in 6 hours and 40 minutes, and he looked fit to run for his life when he got through. When I was reading about the young fellows who did the long distance running in those Olympian games in Greece some years ago, it struck me that any one of Dave Kalakaua's runners could have made the whole bunch look like aluminium dollars."—Washington Post.

When you are particularly busy is the hour to expect a call from the man who uses ten words where one would do.—Atchison Globe.

SHORT WORDS.

Here Are Some, and They Are Right to the Point.

The following paragraph on "The Use of Short Words" is attributed to Horatio Seymour. It practices what it preached therein, since there is no word in it with more than two syllables, save such as are quoted for purposes of illustration:

"We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar or through the press. To do this in the right way they should use the short words which we learn in early life and which have the same sense to all classes of men. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which you find them. Take that which says, 'O ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? There is one long word which ought not to be in it—namely, 'generation.' In the old version the old word 'brood' is used. Read the verse with the term, and you will feel its full force: 'O ye viper's brood, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?' Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals and we call it a 'defalcation,' we are at a loss to know if it is a plunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth, and we are told that it is a case of 'prevarication,' it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrongdoing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp terms. It is a good rule, if one is at a loss to know if an act is right or wrong, to write it down in short, straightout English."

A FEAT IN GLASS BLOWING.

The Trick Which a Russian Sprung on the Experts.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate theAlexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose were indicated and the glasses ordered at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed, that was self evident, but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable, when at last a long bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it; he had strong lungs; he would only rinse his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much. And how did you do it all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball and then, becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sothern and Laura Keene.

While in New York and before he had made any hit, the elder Sothern had a dispute with Laura Keene concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keene went into one of her tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing room and, still angry, sent for Sothern and began to rate him fiercely.

"Stop, Laura—stop just a minute!" interrupted the comedian and advancing to the light deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothern, "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now, go on."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Paid 15 Cents to Hug His Wife.

The maddest man in Platte county lives at Humphreys. He attended a social, and during the evening the ladies inaugurated a hugging bee, the proceeds to go to the Sunday school. Prices were graded according to the person hugged. For instance, for hugging a young, inexperienced girl the bidder had to give up ten cents, married women brought 15 cents and widows a quarter. Well, the man was blindfolded and, giving up 15 cents, he said he would take a married woman. After he had hugged 15 cents' worth the bandage was removed from his eyes, and, lo and behold, he had been hugging his own wife! Then he kicked and wanted his 15 cents back.—Columbus (Neb.) Times.

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—Harlem Life.

A Blue Grass Definer.

The applicants for teachers' certificates in Calloway county were asked at examination to define "bric-a-brac." One teacher answered that "bric-a-brac is something to throw at a dog."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIFE'S VARIORUM.

Some work for this, some strive for that, and
grind at every turn;
Some long for what they haven't got, and what
they have they spurn,
And some rush for the mountain peak to get the
sun's last ray,
Then crawl into some sunless hole and sleep it
off next day.

Some find this earth a first rate place to slave
and stint and save
And life's chief pleasure to consist in being
glum and grave,
And others with a twinkle in the hand and
heart and eye
Will stake their lives that they can spend more
than they can find laid by.

Some take a drink when they are dry and some
when they are wet;
Some drink for sweet remembrance sake, some
that they may forget,
And some there be, like you and me, free from
all sham accurs'd,
Who have laid down a rule for life—never to get
athirst.

Some turn to this, some turn to that, for fortune
and for fame,
And some won't turn for anything and get there
just the same.
But there's a common turning point, a fate, unkind but just,
Where rich and poor and great and small turn
one and all to dust.

—Galveston News.

TALKING SHOP.

A Sentiment Concerning Which There Is Considerable Humbug.

"If there is one thing that makes me a little wearier than another," said an amateur cynic, "it is to hear a man boast that he 'never talks shop.' I met a fairly eminent actor at a little gathering not long ago, and when some pleasant reference was made he drew himself up and said, 'You will pardon me, I am sure, but, really, I make it a rule never to talk shop.' That remark convinced two or three thick headed hearers that he was singularly free from vanity, but it convinced the rest of us that he was a double dyed donkey and a poseur of the purest ray serene.

"Every right minded man likes to talk shop and does so whenever he gets a chance. It is that which makes class clubs almost invariably a success. The members are all interested in the same thing and can talk shop ad lib. without getting called down. One of the redeeming features of matrimony is the fact that a man secures a helpless victim to whom he can talk shop every day of the year.

"When a chap is traveling as in a strange city, what a joy it is to bump up against somebody in one's same line of business! It is like meeting a long lost brother! I have often thought that the chief objection to being a hangman is that there are so few persons with whom a fellow could chat about the craft.

"And yet it has grown to be a fashion among people of eminence in all the professions to affect a reluctance to discuss the precise thing in which each is most interested. They don't like to talk shop! Faugh! Nobody has any right to make such an assertion except a burglar in a police station!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Saw the Point.

A former attorney general of the United States, in a recent article, tells the following anecdotes of Mr. Justice Miller of the federal supreme court:

Judge Miller was a very agreeable man socially, but in the later years of his life became somewhat impatient upon the bench. He was no orator himself and seemed to have an aversion to all attempts at oratory in court. I have seen him on more than one occasion disjoint with sharp questions a beautifully prepared speech with which an ambitious orator expected to charm and captivate the court. One midsummer day, as it is said, he was holding court in a western state, and a lawyer, whom we will call Brown, was addressing him in a long, rambling speech. The judge listened and fanned himself and fidgeted about on the bench for some time, and, finally, leaning over his desk, said in an audible whisper, "Confound it Brown, come to the point."

"What point?" inquired the somewhat astonished lawyer.

"Any point," responded the judge; and, though the sequel does not appear, it is probable that there was a rapid condensation of talk in that courtroom after this short colloquy.

The Camel's Eye.

The Nile is essentially a river of silence and mystery. Even the camels turn their beautiful soft eyes upon you as if you were intruding upon their silence and reserve. Never were the eyes in a human head so beautiful as a camel's. There is a limpid softness, an appealing plaintiveness in their expression which drag at your sympathies like the look in the eyes of a hunchback. It means that with your opportunities you might have done more with your life. Your mother looks at you that way sometimes in church when the sermon touches a particularly raw nerve in your spiritual make up. I always feel like apologizing when a camel looks at me.—Lilian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.

Pinning Him Down.

He—I believe that a man should let his acts speak for themselves.

She—Am I to understand then that when you took my hand in yours last night you intended it as a proposal of marriage?—Chicago News.

Quite the Reverse.

Osmond—Well, you've never seen me run after people who have money.

Desmond—No; but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have money.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

The most celebrated battle steeds of the civil war were Cincinnati, Traveler and Winchester, the favorite charges of Grant, Lee and Sheridan.

The first postoffice was opened in Paris in 1462; in England in 1581; in America in 1710.

Two Austrian Fops.

The two greatest dandies at the Empress Maria Theresa's court were Count Crobor and Marquis Taroncca. These two men made a wager as to who should appear in the most costly costume at the next court ball, jewels to be debarred. The Marquis Taroncca appeared in most gorgeous apparel and was considered by every one to have triumphed over his rival, who was attired in a plain satin suit. While the jury were deciding Count Crobor threw open his plain satin cloak, and, placing it on the ground, showed that it was lined with one of Correggio's most famous works. The count won the wager—1,000 ducats—but the Correggio had cost 100,000 ducats.

The same count once paid a visit to Paris with a large party of friends and entertained them at a "dinner" which lasted three days and nights. It is interesting to note that this extravagant nobleman died in penury some 30 years later. Having exhausted his means, he was pensioned by the Emperor Francis, but in 1765, when Francis died, his pension was reduced to about £80 a year. One morning in midwinter the frozen corpse of the count was discovered on a heap of refuse on the shores of the Danube.

The Enormity Melted.

There was especial opposition to the disturbance of the old Granary burial ground adjoining the Common in Boston, through a portion of which the subway runs. It was necessary to remove the remains of 910 persons interred there. One elderly man of Scotch descent made a great fuss over what he termed "the enormity of molesting the bones of his ancestors."

After much argument, delay and persuasion the venerable Scot was induced to agree that if the city would construct a tomb according to his ideas he would consent to the removal without causing further trouble. On the day the vault was completed the guardian of his progenitors was taken over to inspect this new repository.

"Now," said Dr. Green, a former mayor, who had charge of the work of removing the bodies, "you can set a day and the remains can be brought over and deposited here."

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Have that nice new tomb littered up with those old bones? Never! Close up the old tomb and let 'em be!"

Thus did he secure, without cost, a new family tomb.—New York Tribune.

A Pet Whale.

On a small island in the middle of the South Pacific lives a planter, the only white man on the island—which is full of brown skinned folk—who cuts and dries the meat of the cocanut, which he sells to trading vessels.

When any stranger stops at his island he will give him of the best that the island affords; he will get up great concerts and dances of the islanders; above all, he will take him out to see his pet, which is perhaps the largest and oddest animal that was ever petted by any man.

This pet is a sperm whale, nearly 70 feet long. He came through the narrow entrance into the little harbor, which is walled in by a coral reef, when quite small, and remained until he had grown so large that he could not get out if he wanted to.

The great creature comes up to be fed when the planter blows a horn, and after his meal of a barrel of chopped meat or fish performs some ponderous and amusing tricks, apparently knowing what is expected of him.—Stray Stories.

His Double Demise.

"Wull, wull!" ejaculated McLubberty, in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper which he had carelessly picked up. "Bedad, poor Duffy is dead again! An ut sames to hov happened in dhe same way as ut did prayvously—he has been blown up by a prematoor blast. Oi shud hov t'ought thot wance wuu hov been enough to satisfy him, but thin he always was wan av thim feuers thot niver know dheir own moinds."

"Phwot are yez tarkin about?" asked Mrs. McLubberty in some surprise. "Duffy dead again? Is ut crazy ye are?"

"No; Oi do be r'ading ut roight here in dhe papy, an"—

"Lave me look at thot dockymint! Whoy, yez blunderhead, dhis is a 2-year-owld papy thot Oi laid out to spread on dhe shilf!"

"Is thot so? Wull, ut relaves me moind. Oi was sorry to t'ink av such bad luck happenin to poor Duffy."—Harper's Bazar.

The Road to Wealth.

In my opinion, the secret of money making depends chiefly upon five things—push, "squareness," clear headedness, economy and rigid adherence to the rule of not overworking. Too much work is worse than no work at all. It undermines the constitution and unfits a man mentally and physically for the battle of life. Ten hours a day of steady work is as much as any man—no matter how robust—ought to attempt. In addition to these things, avoid being too grasping; better make a small profit by sure means than attempt to make a larger one by uncertain and risky measures.—Andrew Carnegie.

A Dinner Test.

In Siberia there is a good custom that a bride, on coming to her husband's house, has to give a dinner prepared with her own hands as a test of the education she has received. If she succeeds in gratifying her guests it is taken as a proof not only of the young woman's own excellence, but also as a recommendation of her whole family, by whom she was instructed.

Tin is one of the oldest known metals. The Chinese have used it in the fabrication of their brasses and bronzes from time immemorial.

PAID WITH A SNUB.

A Case of Badly Misplaced Civility by the Younger Woman.

If anything rolls a woman, it is to have some younger woman get up and offer her a seat in a street car. This misplaced civility infers that the elder woman is to be considered on account of her age, when, in fact, there is little difference in years between the two.

I witnessed a droll bit of comedy the other day in a Brookline electric that makes me smile every time I think of it. The car was full, with several passengers standing, when in bounced a stout, well preserved person, with white hair beautifully pompadoured. She was dressed in deep mourning, but a bunch of violets in the front of the coat gave a touch of "mitigation" to her grief, which was quite borne out by a merriment lurking in her mouth and eyes. The lady grasped a strap and looked out of the window. Then suddenly a young person sitting near, observing perhaps that no man in the car intended to offer his seat, rose and leaning forward touched the other on the arm, saying:

"Won't you have my seat?"

"Are you going to get out?" asked the standee.

"No, ma'am," replied this tactless creature, "but you are older than I, and"— but the sentence was never finished. If a glance could slay, that young person would have fallen on the floor dead.

"Thank you. When I am too old to stand up, I shall not enter a public conveyance."

That was all. The junior woman slunk back into the seat, and some of the passengers tittered. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

A $1,000,000 BEDROOM.

Gorgeous Sleeping Apartment of Ludwig II, the Mad King.

"Half way between Munich and Salzburg is the third castle—Herrenchiemsee—built by Ludwig II," writes Professor J. H. Gore in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "This great structure is incomplete, fortunately for already overtaxed Bavaria, for no one could surmise what its cost would have been. One room alone—the renowned bedchamber—could not be duplicated for less than a million dollars.

"The vaulted ceiling is one great allegorical painting, the rounded cornice is covered with a score of richly framed mural paintings, the walls are panels of hammered gold of intricate designs, and even the floor is of a marvelous pattern. The only suggestion of the purpose of this wonderful room is the sixty thousand dollar bed with its canopy more magnificent than any that covers a regal throne.

"In the gorgeous dining room he had erected a disappearing table, which dropped through the floor when a course was finished, and in its place came up another, set and served. He desired this so that servants would be unnecessary in the room and the most secret state matters could be discussed in safety.

"Many people sought in vain to see the famous room at Herrenchiemsee. Once an actress pleased Ludwig so much by her recitation that she thought it an opportune moment to request permission to see his 'most poetic bedchamber.' She was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received."

Hezekiah a Waterworks Engineer.

Hezekiah, king of Judah, who reigned in the years 717 to 688, B. C., was a pioneer in constructing a system of waterworks, bringing water into the city of Jerusalem. In the holy book we read: "He made the pool and conduit and brought the water into the city, stopping the upper part of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works." From the "pools of Solomon," near Bethlehem, water was conveyed to Jerusalem, a distance of six or seven miles, through a conduit of earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter. The pipe was incased within two stones, hewn out to fit it, then covered over with rough stones cemented together. Even in those days "boil the water" was a well known injunction.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Won In Spite of His Lawyer.

A well known attorney is telling a good story on himself. He had been retained to defend a counterfeiter and advised him to plead guilty. His client did so, and as there was in the mind of the court a fixed idea that if a prisoner pleads guilty he does so because he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.

"Because my lawyer told me to."

"Did he give you any reason for it?"

"Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge."

The court flared up and ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered, and the counterfeiter was acquitted.—Philadelphia Call.

Tommy's Triumph.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should spank whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy gleefully, "'coz papa's broken it."—Harper's Bazar.

The longest plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length.

Venezuela has an enormous territory, claiming 632,000 square miles of area. It is about as large as Alaska and Arizona.

The Conspiracy Failed.

Once upon a time there lived in Leavenworth the late Len T. Smith, whom all old timers remember, and General Powell Clayton. Smith was in New York one day when he was approached by a chap who said he had on the string a rich friend from Cuba who was anxious to start a big game and wanted him to deal with him. He proposed to Smith that he would take up the offer—Smith should tackle the game and he would come to ate with Smith, so that together they could rob the Cuban of $50,000.

Smith sent up stairs for Clayton and told him what the gambler had proposed. All three started out to see the Cuban, and they found him surrounded by everything refreshing that money could buy. Smith and Clayton eat and drank and drove and went to the theater and had all sorts of fun at the Cuban's expense for three or four days, all the time having under consideration the proposed conspiracy.

Finally, when they were through with their business in New York, they thanked the gamblers for their hospitality and suggested that they go for suckers elsewhere than among frontiersmen from Kansas. It was estimated that the gamblers spent at least $1,000 entertaining their intended victims.—Kansas City Journal.

The Untruthful Mummy.

We saw only the outer gardens of the museum, the chief attraction being which is a magnificent marble sarcophagus decorated with bas-relief of Alexander the Great. The collection of statues, bronzes and sarcophagi is interesting and immensely valuable. I would like to copy some of the inscriptions from the guidebook, but space forbids.

One Egyptian mummy case has a "Stranger, forbear" kind of inscription on it. The guide furnished us with a liberal translation. The inside of the case, "swathed in spicery and fine linen," had caused an injunction to be placed on the lid of the sarcophagus:

"Do not disturb these mortal remains, for there is naught within this casement except my poor body. There is neither gold nor precious jewels. Reward the covetous."

The antiquarians who unearthed the sarcophagus did not respect this appeal. When they examined the mummy wrapped inside of tile box they found several pieces of gold clasped in the right hand, which proves that the oriental will lie even after death.—Egyptian Cor. Chicago Record.

No Use For the Alligator.

The colored prisoners in the penitentiary are acquainted with the habits of crocodiles and fully realize that they relish a pickaninny. Under these circumstances they are not anxious to make the acquaintance of a crocodile that inhabits the fountain of the prison. The other day one of them who had committed some offense was sent to the cellar to be punished. After he had been blindfolded one of the guards called out to the other, "Keep the alligator back or he will bite this man." That caused the colored man to commence to plead, and he said, "For the Lord, Mr. Deputy, ef youse let me off I'll neber come back here ag'in."

"But you told me that the first time," replied the deputy.

"But dis is de time I tells you truf, and I neber will come back again."

On leaving the tub he declared that the animal had bitten him a few times notwithstanding the fact that the crocodile had been in the fountain all the time. The colored man has kept his word up to date, but he is liable to soon forget the lesson of the crocodile that is the deadly enemy of the colored men in the south.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Reviver.

"Baby was taken very bad while you were out, mum," said the new servant girl.

"Oh, dear!" said the young wife. "Is he better now?"

"Oh, he's all right now; but he was bad at first. He seemed to come to quite faint; but I found his medicine in the cupboard"—

"Found his medicine! Good gracious! What have you been giving the child? There's no medicine in the cupboard."

"Oh, yes, there is, mum. It's written on it."

And that girl triumphantly produced a bottle labeled "Kid Reviver."—London Tit-Bits.

Making the Most of It.

In Hull recently a little girl was invited to a party at a friend's house. After tea different games were entered in until it was time to go home, when the guests were leaving the hostess offered the little girl a bun.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said the girl. "I could not eat any more."

The hostess then told her to put it in her pocket.

"I can't," relied the mite; "I've eated already; but the next time I come I will bring a basket."—Hull Times.

Where They Went.

The professor was demolishing (as he believed) Darwin and his theory, a task which he frequently engaged in—when he triumphantly wound up with the question:

"If we are monkeys, where are our tails?"

The lecturer, who had been speaking his full hour, was startled to hear a reply from one of the audience:

"We have sat on them so long that they are worn off."

This is the greatest dairy country in the world, yet in some of the older European countries two or three times as much milk and cheese are consumed per capita as in the United States.

Some royal crowns are merely wadded caps ornamented with jewels and pendants.