SPINNING WHEEL.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

[It is announced that weddings by night are to be fashionable next season.]

The groom has donned a dazzling shirt
And tied a careless bow;
The bride in far extending skirt,
With bodice boldly low,
Without a fear that folk will note,
Has powdered nose and ears and throat.

And now through London's glittering streets,
Gay with electric stars,
While Signor Mancinelli beats
The Opera's opening bars,
'Mid tinkling hansoms see they fare
To bright St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

Oh what a good and gracious sight,
In this patrician stress,
To see a thronging church by night
Ablaze with evening dress;
The flash of diamond studs, together
With pumps of gleaming patent leather.

No longer in the day's to-do
Shall parsons earn the fee
That comes from making one of two
And setting ladies free;
For now—a moral you may mark—
Men take the leap—Well, in the dark.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

—:o:—

Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald Isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the legal technicalities of a case. A gentleman who has been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for some time relates the following anecdotes. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivial offense.

"Phwat are yees there for but to foind out?" was the quick rejonder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She wuz, sor, now an' then; but she ginerally used th' potaty masher."

A witness, testifying in a murder case, was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sor, if ye sthand at th' bottom they run up, an' if ye sthand at th' top they run down."

In a suit brought by an installment house to obtain payment for a suit of furniture a witness was asked if he knew what "quartered oak" meant. Here is his definition:

"It means thot it's thra-quarters poine."—Baltimore Sun.

—:o:—

When a young minister of high church tendencies was called to preside over a congregation that abhorred ritualism and was a stickler for the simplest of services, he called on Bishop Potter to ask what would be the result if he went in for ritualism just a bit. "Suppose I should burn a pastille or two during the service; what do you think would happen, bishop, for I dearly wish to try the experiment?" "Your congregation would be incensed, your vestryman would fume, and you would go out in smoke," quickly replied the bishop.—New York Times.

—:o:—

"While I was in practice," says Judge Gates of Kansas City, "I was before the Supreme court on one occasion. While waiting for my case to be called I listened to a lawyer from the southwestern part of the state arguing his case. He was at least 6 feet 7 inches tall, and had a voice so deep that when he spoke it seemed like the rumbling of Niagara. 'I will read,' he said, 'from a work with which your honors are no doubt familiar —Blackstone.' The judges did not smile, although there was a decided twinkle in their eyes as they glanced at each other. The man read a few lines and then said: "There is reference here, your honors, to a footnote by Lord Granville. I would have your honors pay particular attention to this note, because it is by Lord Granville.' The judges waited expectantly. The lawyer held the book in front of him, glanced at it two or three times and then coughed as many times in rather an embarrassed manner. Everybody waited for several seconds. Finally he said: 'Your honors, I see on closer inspection that this footnote is in Latin, so I reckon I'd better skip that.'"

—:o:—

"I sees," said Old Si, "dey am still fightin' an' massakerin' 'round ober dar in de Fillippines?"

"Yes, those savages have been doing some bloody work lately."

"Well, hit look lack ter me dat we all Yankees oughter do better in de game dan we do."

"What game?"

"De game o' filopena, boss!"

"What's that got to do with the case?"

"W'y yo' aint fergot, is yer, dat in de game wid filopenas de pusson dat guesses fust wins out! Dat's why we gotter spunk up an' guess faster!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—:o:—

Two clubmen were discussing the financial affairs of some of their acquaintances.

"Now, there's Brown. He's been speculating heavily in wheat. How has he come out?"

"Away ahead."

"And there's Williams. He has dabbled extensively in oats. Has he made anything?"

"He hasn't done as well as Brown has. But Thompson—you know Thompson?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well, he's worth as much as Brown and Williams put together."

"There you're wrong. I know Thompson's circumstances exactly. He isn't worth a cent."

"Just so. Brown is worth $200,000, and Williams is $200,000 worse off than nothing. If you combine the wealth of the two it amounts to nothing, the same as Thompson's. Have you forgotten your mathematics?"—Youth's Companion.

—:o:—

Two men were discussing an acquaintance whose desire to gain wealth and distate for any demands upon his charity were equally well known.

"What in the world does he want with more money?" demanded one of the men, in the tone of one who defies the public at large to find an answer to his question. "He hasn't any near relatives, and he doesn't begin to spend his income now."

"Ah," said the other man, "that's just it. He wants to economize on a still larger scale."—Tit-Bits.

—:o:—

A new crop of Mrs. Malapropisms was gathered by the passengers who returned to this country not long ago on the same boat with a certain Chicago woman whose reputation for this kind of unconscious humor was firmly established years ago. She lamented leaving London so soon "because there was an elegant sculptor there who wanted to make a bust of my arms." In referring to the delights of her visit she spoke enthusiastically about a fancy dress ball which she attended, and to which "one of my acquaintances went in the garbage of a monk." One of the passengers congratulated her on her daughter's better health.

"She is not nearly as delicate as she was the last time I saw her," he said.

"No," was the reply. "My daughter is in much better health. You know that naturally she is a very indelicate girl."—New York Sun.

—:o:—

"John, did you split the kindling?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is the coal in?"

"Seven buckets full."

"Now come and help me get the children to bed, and when the house is perfectly quiet you can have the dining room to yourself, and write a short story to pay the house rent, and a poem or two for the gas and water bills, and see if you can write a love song that you can sell for enough to pay the milkman and the washerwoman!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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When France and Germany were at war an Englishman was arrested by the French and accused of being a German spy. A letter dated "Berlin" and signed by his mother was found upon him. He was tried by drumhead court-martial and condemned to be shot.

On the way to the place of execution he said that he had left something behind and insisted on going back for it.

"You can't go back," was the reply. "You are about to be shot."

"I can't help that," said he. "I have left something and I must get it."

"What have you left?"

"My umbrella."

That settled it. He was released. No one but an Englishman, said his captors, could be such a thorough-going imbecile as that.—Youth's Companion.

—:o:—

The following obituary notice from an English town shows enterprise:

"Died on the 11th inst., at his shop, Greenwich street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, as a master upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all praise and his beaver hats only 15 shillings each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family."

—:o:—

An eminent American lawyer now deceased was sadly given to intoxication. On one occasion he entered a church while a minister was holding forth on the future punishment of the wicked.

Fixing his eye upon the lawyer, who was reeling near the door, the preacher exclaimed: "There stands a sinner against whom I will bear witness in the day of judgment."

At this the lawyer folded his arms, planted himself as firmly as he could, and addressing the man in the pulpit, electrified the whole congregation after this fashion:

"Sir, I have been practicing in the criminal courts for twenty years, and I have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to give state's evidence." —The Scotsman.

—:o:—

"De reason some folks don't want ter be no angel is kase dey is too lazy ter fly. A good man don't have ter blow his own trumpet. Half de time he's too po' ter own one. Some folks thinks heaven is 'way up yander, w'en, in fact, hit's so clost ter 'em dat a li'l' chile could tip-toe en reach it. I hez come ter de conclusion dat dey ain't much diffunce 'twixt a great sinner and a weak saint."—Atlanta Constitution.

—:o:—

A local contractor had a faithful Milesian working for him for several years. A few weeks ago the employe announced his intention to pay a visit to a brother in the West. He was to be gone a month, and the contractor, being a good-natured fellow, purchased a valise for "Tim." The night "Tim" was to quit the valise was presented to him with a few kind words. "Tim" looked rather surprised for a moment, and then asked: "And what am Oi to do with thot?"

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go away," answered the boss.

"Put me clothes in, is it?" said "Tim." "And what the divil'll Oi wear if I put me clothes in that?"

Explanations were considered unnecessary.—Albany Journal.

—:o:—

Tess—"Did he really propose to you?"

Jess—"Yes, and it actually made me shiver."

Tess—"Why so?"

Jess—"He asked me if I 'would care to share his lot,' and he looked so funereal I thought he referred to one in a cemetery."—Philadelphia Press.

—:o:—

He—"You owe men ten kisses. Pay up!"

She—"Explain, sir!"

He—"I won 'em. You know very well I wagered a dozen gloves against ten kisses and won. I——"

She—"Oh, but kisses, you know——"

He (firmly)—"Kisses should be paid just as religiously as any other debt."

She (thoughtfully)—"Just the same as a note?"

He—"Yes."

She—"Or a check?"

He—"Yes."

She—"Or a—draft?"

He—"Certainly."

She—"Then, you poor fellow! I'll give you a draft on mamma."—San Francisco Bulletin.

—:o:—

"What good does your college education do you if you can't carry a bowl of soup to a guest without putting your thumb in it?" said the summer hotel proprietor to the student-waiter.

"Oh, well," was the reply, "you must remember I have two years more in college!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—:o:—

Sir Robert Finlay, M. P., when in Ireland on one occasion met an Irish drover with a number of cattle proceeding to a fair in the south and stopped him.

"Where are you going to?" he asked.

"To Waterford fair, yer hanner."

"Indeed! And how much do you expect to get for your cattle?" said the eminent K. C.

"Shure, an' av I get £8 the head I shall not do badly," replied Pat.

"Ah, that's a sample of your country," said Sir Robert. "Now take these heifers to England, and you could average £14 a head."

"Just so, yer hanner, an' av yez were to take the Lakes o' Killarney to purgathory yez would get a guinea a dhrop."

—:o:—

The Labor Question.—Servant (in an intelligence office)—"How many in family?" Husband—"Three." Servant—"What do you pay?" Husband—"Five dollars." Servant—"Where do you live?" Husband—"Oh, don't bother about that; we'll move anywhere you wish."—Harlem Life.

—:o:—

Mr. Lushleigh came up the stairway with his shoes in his hand and his hat hanging precariously upon one ear, singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" with wondrous disregard for pronunciation and melody.

Mrs. Lushleigh met him with a cold stare and exclaimed:

"Well! To see you in such a condition! William Henry Lushleigh, I am beside myself with indignation!"

"Thash ri'," agreed Mr. Lushleigh, moodily, watching the bureau as it waltzed about him. "thash ri', you're beside y'shelf. I c'n see you right zhere beshide y'shelf. Glad you tol' me. Was beginnin' to think I'sh a big 'misht."—Baltimore American.

—:o:—

"My gracious! Bridget, look at all these spider webs you've left on the dining-room ceiling."

"Well, ma'am, ye wor complainin' about there bein' so many flies about, an' shure if ye'll l'ave the spiders alone they'll catch the flies."—Philadelphia Press.

PAWNED PRIEST'S HAT.

How Bride Got Money for the Marriage Fee.

A poor couple living in the Emerald Isle went to the priest for marriage, and were met with a demand for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but destitute of financial resources. The father was obdurate. "No money, no marriage."

"Give me lave, your riverence," said the blushing bride, "to go and get the money."

It was given, and she sped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money, and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly-made wife seemed a little uneasy.

"Anything on your mind, Catherine?" said the father.

"Well, your riverence, I would like to know if this marriage could not be spoiled now?"

"Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put you asunder."

"Could you not do it yerself, father? Could you not spoil the marriage?"

"No, no, Catherine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage."

"That aises me mind," said Catherine, "and God bless your riverence. There's the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it."—London Tit-Bits.

An Effective Mosquito Guard.

A railroad man who works in one of the switch towers on the line to Atlantic City, surrounded by a mosquito-infested swamp, has a plan of his own for keeping them out of the tower. When the lamps are lighted and the insects swarm around the windows, the switchman makes a ball out of his morning newspaper and soaks it in coal oil just enough so that it will not drip. He hangs this midway between two windows and keeps it swinging all the time. He says that no matter how thick the mosquitoes may be outside they never care to pass it.—Philadelphia Times.

Prefer to Live in Japan.

Aa peculiar result of the American conquest and rule in the Philippines is the exodus of a large number of the better class of Filipinos to Japan. It is reported from Yokohama that the number of these emigrants, or exiles, from the Philippine islands is increasing daily, and it is thought that thousands of the educated classes in the archipelago will permanently settle in the Japanese empire. Most of the Filipinos who have gone to Japan have at once taken up the task of learning Japanese and of availing themselves of every opportunity of industrial training.

Parisians Adore the Flat.

The gay French capital is undergoing a change in one respect, writes a Paris correspondent. It is becoming a city entirely of apartment houses. Perhaps you thought it always was. No, there were and still are many private dwellings, whole houses for one family each, which rent, unfurnished, for $600 per annum up. But these are rapidly being converted into aprtment houses. The reason for this is that the owners find it difficult to rent them. Parisians prefer flats. It is only the millionaires now who care for whole houses entirely to themselves.

Sweden Employs Salvationists.

The municipalities of Stockholm and other cities of Sweden have entered into contract with the Salvation Army to look after the poor and distressed and to take care of the tramps and other floating population. There are similar arrangements between the Salvation Army and the city governments of Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, but Sweden is the only country on this side of the globe in which the army is officially recognized and has been utilized as a part of the municipal machinery for charitable and benevolent work.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rural Night Telegrams in England.

The British postoffice is about to try the experiment of giving the rural districts the benefit of a night service of telegrams, says a London correspondent. At present all rural districts are shut off from telegraphic communication with the outside world from 8 p. m. till 5 a. m. next morning. The experiment, however, is to be a cautious one. It is only to be tried in villages where the parish council ask for it, and are willing to pay a guarantee fee against loss, and is to be weighted with the charge of a late fee for delivery on each message.

Canadian Pacific Land Entries.

It is reported in a Montreal special that there has been patented to the Canadian Pacific railway up to date about 9,000,000 acres, comprising lands on the main line, and also a portion south of it, as well as a large quantity in northern Alberta. The department of the interior has also patented practically all the lands under the land grant to the Alberta Railway & Coal company. This comprises about 1,100,000 acres. The Calgary & Edmonton railway has received patents for 45,000 acres. This makes 10,145,000 acres.

All Old Yale Building Torn Down.

The transformation of the old Yale campus is complete. The last of the college buildings marked for destruction this summer has been razed. The old Treasury building, North college and Lyceum hall have been leveled during the summer vacation which is now drawing to a close, and nothing now remains to mark their site except newly-seeded plots which have been graded and which within a few months will leave no trace of the buildings which have covered them for a century.—New Haven Evening Register.

Cricket in England.

Cricket still holds its own in the British isles in spite of the increased attention paid to football, golf and other sports. This was strongly shown by the records of attendance and receipts at the annual match between Yorkshire and Lancashire. This match lasted three days, and the average daily attendance of spectators was 10,000. The profits amounted to a very large sum, which, in accordance with custom, was handed over to the champion professional player.

Peculiar Taxation.

Some of the most peculiar of taxation recorded are to be found in the archives of Holland In 1791, for instance, there was in existence a tax imposed on all passengers traveling in Holland. In 1874 a duty of 2 shillings was levied on each person who entered a tavern before noon, on those who entered a place of entertainment, on marriages and deaths and on many other things. If a person was buried out of the district to which he belonged the tax was payable twice over.

A Somnambulistic Eccentricity.

A few nights ago an employe of a paper company in Bellows Falls, Vt., demonstrated unusual eccentricities as a somnambulist. He got up at 2 o'clock in the morning, harnessed his team, put a load of pulpwood into his wagon and drove down to the mill, entirely unconscious of what he was doing.

Something to Brace Up On.

It was along about noon when a well-dressed man lined up against the bar. He had the air and looked the part of a high liver, but there was every sign of a bad night. He stretched himself, rubbed his head and said to the bartender:

"I want something to brace up on."

"All right, sir; what'll it be?"

"Get the large lemonade glass and break five eggs in it."

Chapman, the bartender, looked at him suspiciously and hesitated.

"That's what I want," he ordered.

Chapman broke five raw eggs in the glass and waited for further orders.

"Now a pint of champagne."

Chapman opened the bottle, and the customer poured it on top of the eggs, and, taking a spoon, stirred the mixture thoroughly and then drank it. Then he paid his bill and walked out.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Teacher's Wife.

Clarissa, Minn., Oct. 28.—Mrs. Clara Keys, wife of Chas. Keys, school teacher of this place, tells a wonderful story.

For years her life was one of misery. Her back ached all the time, her head ached all the time; neuralgia pains drove her to desperation. She used much medicine, but failed to get any relief till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She says:

"Very soon after I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills all my aches and pains vanished like the morning dew. I consider this remedy a God-send to suffering womanhood."

Encouraged by their success in her own case, Mrs. Keys induced her mother, an old lady of 74 years, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for her many aches and pains. Now both mother and daughter rejoice in perfect freedom from illness or suffering which is something neither had enjoyed for years before.

As Far One Way as Another.

The following story was told by a traveling man:

I was driving across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a wagonload of water.

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?"

"Because it's jest as far one way as the other, stranger."—Exchange.

Care of the Complexion.

Many persons with delicate skin suffer greatly in winter from chapping. Frequently the trouble arises from the use of impure soap and chap salves. The face and hands should be washed only in clear, hot water with Ivory soap. A little mutton tallow or almond oil may be used after the bath to soften the skin.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

In With the Coal Trust.

"It's my opinion," said Mr. Meddergrass, after complimenting the grocer on the fact that the store had been furnished with a new stove for the fall loafers, "that some o' these here navy officers is workin' for the coal trust. I b'lieve that's why they didn't tell Schley about their coal supply—holdin' back on him till prices went up another half dollar on the ton."—Baltimore American.

—Malaria continues to be a greater scourge of the British army in India than any other fatal cause.

—It is said that the commonest name in Scotland, as well as in England, is Smith.

Telephone from Ocean to Ocean.

With the construction of two short gaps, one from a point in North Dakota to Miles City and the other from Billings, Mont., to the same place, there will be a telephone line from ocean to ocean via Boston, New York, Chicago, Helena, Mont., Portland to Los Angeles.

—Sugar exists not only in the cane, beetroot and maple, but in the sap of 187 other plants and trees.

—A man should weigh twenty-six pounds for every foot of his height.

—Budapest is to have an international exhibition of calculating machines.

—An American desk factory is about to commence operations in London.

M. N. U. ..... No. 44, 1901