SPINNING WHEEL.

THE WINDXVILLERS AGAIN.

The triendly neybors came to rest,
Within the village store,
Where Perkins de'lt out kaliker
And sugar fur galore.
An' as they sidled cosily with faces bloomin'
Rosily, an "howdy do's" of greetin'
To the 'lected place of meetin'—
Amaziah Zeb'sul Tipkins took the middle of the floor.

"Thur hain't no sense ner reason,"
Sed 'Maziah with a wink.
"Why other folks should kick ag'in
Jest what a man'll drink."
An' then he ambled loftly with Perkins creepin'
Softly down the old stairs a'creakin'
Where the cider was a-leakin'
From the barrel thatw as bustin' from the spigot to the sink.

Then Hezekiah Slocum took
A herrin' from the pail,
An' peeled it frum the gizzard
To the nether end of tail;
An' leanin' casual he sighed: "In Kennebunk yer see
They dried the codfish on the sandy
Beach, b'gosh! where all was handy—
uBt here they fasten herrin' down—an' do it with a nail."

Said Perkins, the proprietor,
When all was sed an' done:
"Say, Azarial Peterkins,
Consarnin' of yer son—
He's slipt in debt f'r cigarettes an' other thin's
To pay his debts—I wonder can you pony
Forty-five cents—thanks. I on'y
Menshned this here slight occurrence 'cause the cash behind has run."

Horace Seymour Keller in New York Sun.

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Few shrewder students of human nature exist than the little donkey boys so familiar to the Egyptian tourists. The tourist of course has done much to quicken this shrewdness. Few persons have such opportunities to study the various points and characteristics of so many different races and nationalities. The donkey boy who speaks less than half a dozen languages is the exception. Incidentally he doesn't amount to much as a donkey boy, success in that profession depending largely upon one's ability to address a tourist in the latter's own tongue. The names of the donkeys vary with the nationality of the tourist. The identical animal which, when mounted by Miss Knickerbocker, responds to the name "McKinley," answers to "Gladstone" when an English girl is upon his back, or "Bismarck" when the rider is frau or fraeulein. An American woman in Egypt this last season, upon asking her donkey boy the name of her beast, was promptly told "Gladstone." "Oh, no, not Gladstone," replied the American, who had been in Egypt long enough to know the tricks of the tourist trade, and who, by the way, is one of the very few Americans who know how to speak their own language. The donkey boy looked up quickly. "Not Bismarck, lady?" he half-questioned. "You no German." "No, not Bismarck," returned the American; "I'm no German." The donkey boy looked puzzled. "Donkey's name not Gladstone, not Bismarck," he repeated. "You no English, lady; you no German. What are you, lady??" "I?" said the tourist, "I'm an American." The donkey boy laughed. "Oh, no; you no 'Merican, lady," he said, incredulously; "you no," pinching his nostrils together with a pair of grimy fingers—"you no talk through your nose."—New York Evening Sun.

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"The man is a driveling idiot," said the trust magnate.

"A plumb fool," agreed the coal baron.

"An unmitigated lunatic," assented the steel king.

"Crazy as a March hare," asseverated the great financier.

"A hopeless imbecile," asserted the power in Wall street.

"Absolutely and utterly devoid of sense," chimed in the senator.

"As brainless as a barrel," added the corporation lawyer.

"But what has he done?" asked the ordinary citizen.

The crowd was convulsed with laughter.

"Why, he says," they replied, choking and gurgling, "he actually says that money isn't everything."—Alex. Ricketts, in Smart Set.

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A good story comes from Houston, Tex., on Samuel Martin, an auctioneer, and whose home is in Milwaukee. The story goes that Mr. Martin was selling a line of fine jewelry and in the course of the sale put up a fine $300 diamond ring. A frisky and excitable dog was so carried away with the sight of the jewel and Mr. Martin's words that he stood on his hind legs, frisked about, barking joyously. Suddenly Mr. Martin let the ring slip from his fingers, and the dog at the same instant leaped upward with a joyous bark. The ring and the dog met in the middle, and in some way the ring flopped right into the dog's mouth. The bark was cut in two in the middle and the dog was almost strangled. When he recovered, the ring was in the dog's anatomy.

The crowd stood paralyzed over the seeming loss of the ring. All except Mr. Martin, who immediately grabbed up the animal and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have here probably the most valuable dog in the world. He is quite eccentric, feeds on diamonds, and, as he is now, I will warrant he is one of the most valuable slices of dog meat to to be found anywhere. He is also a combination dog—if you don't want him to catch rats or use him as a lap dog, you can convert him into a jewelry casket, which I will guarantee is burglar proof. No safecracker can work the combination on this dog. Now, ladies and gentlemen, how much am I offered for this burglar-proof, combination-jewelry-casket and house dog?"

It is said the dog's owner purchased him for the full value of the diamond. Mr. Martin, however, says the story is a joke of the worst sort.—Evening Wisconsin.

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The colonel of a British regiment, of whom Good Words tells, was noted for his precision and love of order. One day, after parade, he complained to his bandmaster. "Jenkins," said he, "the trombone players are spoiling the appearance of the entire battalion." "'Ow so, sir?" Jenkins asked. "Not enough uniformity," replied the colonel. "You must see in future that the men move those sliding things in and out together."

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Mr. Green of Wichita, Kas., who has just celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday, was a neighbor of Martin Van Buren, whom he disliked. He saw and talked with a man who witnessed the famous ride of Gen. Putnam and who said that Putnam did not ride down the steps, but descended a hill beside them. He knew Aaron Burr, Admiral Decatur, President Jackson and Santa Ana. His boyhood chum was a cabin boy to John Paul Jones, the famous sea fighter. "The last time I took a drink," said Mr. Green, "was the day Franklin Pierce was elected. Myself and three others went into a tavern and set 'em up. The round cost me 12 cents. In those days whisky was good and it didn't cost much. After I drank my jigger I turned around to the boys and said: 'That is my last drink.' They laughed, but I have kept the pledge ever since." Referring to his dislike of Van Buren, he says: "Maybe it is because I knew him so familiarly. He looked too much like a wolf to suit me."

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The Classical Cannibal.—"But why," asked the sub-chief of the Cannibal isles, "do you insist upon having the man who fell while leading the charge against us served up at the banquet this evening? He seems to be hard as nails."

"Huh!" answered the chief of the Cannibal isles, "I read in a book of poetry left by our last meal that 'the bravest are the tenderest.'"—Baltimore American.

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"Now," said the Northern visitor, "if there was a colored man in your community who had proved himself to be a law-abiding, sensible man, would you not give him a lift?"

"Well, suh," replied the Southerner, "his chances of being lifted wouldn't be so very strong. We don't generally lynch that kind, suh."—Philadelphia Press.

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Progressing.—"How are you getting on with your new house, Maude?" "Oh! just splendid. Harry is letting me select all the colors for the parlor, drawing room, dining room and bedrooms, and after he gets some money he's going to see somebody about building it!"—Baltimore News.

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There is a young man downtown, reports the Philadelphia Record, who has the trick, or habit, of saying: "Since you press me." On being offered a cigar he answers smilingly: "Well, since you press me, I wih, thanks," and to an invitation to luncheon, to the theater or to a drink his answer is always the same: "Since you press me, I believe I will." It happens that he is engaged to be married, and that his fiancee has a little brother. This lad has heard often and with much wonderment the phrase, "Since you press me," used on all sorts of occasions, and the other night at a dinner party in his house, when, unfortunately there were some strangers present, he pointed his knife at the young man and said, in his loud, childish treble to his father: "Papa, why is Mr. Blank always a-sayin' to sister, 'Since you squeeze me?'"

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Ascum—"Isn't that man a city hall official?"

Joakley—"Yes. Didn't you read his annual report? It is full of sweeping statements."

Ascum—"That so? Who is he?"

Joakley—"Chief of the Street Cleaning bureau."—Philadelphia Press.

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He—"Darling, tell me truly, does the fact that I weigh 100 pounds less than you make any difference in your love for me?"

She—"Of course not, dearest, but sometimes I would like to know how it feels to sit in your lap."—Brooklyn Life.

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The telephone girl and the bill clerk, to whom she had promised her heart and hand, were sitting in front of the fireplace talking about the happy days to come when they would be one.

From one little detail to another the talk finally drifted to the subject of lighting the fires in the morning. On this point the young man was decided. He stated it as his emphatic opinion that it was a wife's place to get up and start the fires and let her poor, hard-worked husband rest.

After this decision there was a silence for the space of about three-quarters of a second. Then the telephone girl thrust out the finger encircled by her engagement ring and murmured sweetly, but firmly:

"Ring off, please. You have got connected with the wrong number."—Salt Lake Herald.

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Teacher—"What zone is this in which we live?"

Johnny—"Temp'rate."

Teacher—"Correct. Now, what is meant by a 'temperate zone?'"

Johnny—"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter an' red hot in summer."—Philadelphia Press.

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She Preferred It.—He—"It is better for us quietly to live apart, without the scandal of a divorce." She—"I don't agree with you. My social position is not so strong at present that I can afford to neglect any means to make it better."—Brooklyn Life.

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This is purely a conversational joke heard in Washington. A correspondent, quoting it, adds that it gives it away to write it, but the writing may be worth while if only to show how grave and reverend senators sometimes get down to earth. One senator meets another in a cloakroom. "By the way, senator," the second senator thinks he hears the first senator say, "where would you go if you wanted a housemaid?" "Ah," the second senator replies, "I should go to an employment agency, but Mrs. Senator usually attends to that sort of thing." "Indeed!" says the first senator, "I merely wanted to know. For myself I should go to a carpenter and builder." Then the second senator realizes that the first senator said "house made" and they eat a piece of pie over it.

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"No; old Mr. Adoniram Taft did not precisely doubt the efficacy of prayer."

"Howsumever," said he, "I notice thet them thet's forever prayin' fer rain or else prayin' fer it tew quit rainin' don't seem tew git nuthin' much done, somehow!"—Punch.

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Maude—"Gaskell thinks he is a regular lady killer."

Esther—"I shouldn't wonder. I had to talk with him last evening, and I really thought I should die, he wearied me so."—Boston Transcript.

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Antidote for Tragedy.—Winks—"Come along, old boy. I've got two complimentary tickets for a dramatic performance." Jinks—"Tragedy or comedy?" "Tragedy." "I don't like tragedies. They appeal so strongly to one's sympathies that I always feel blue for a week." "This one won't. You'll come home as jolly as if you'd been to a circus. It's by an amateur company."—New York Weekly.

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Deep Respect.—"You must always have the greatest respect for your parents," said the benevolent stranger. "I have," answered the boy with freckles. "Why, either one of them can whip me with one hand."—Washington Star.

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A traveler getting outside of St. Petersburg discovered when he tried to reenter the city that he had left his passport in the bedroom of his hotel. The guards refused to let him pass; refused to send for the passport. "According to you," said he, "the only thing for me to do is to throw myself in the Neva!" "No!" said the sentry, "suicide in Russia is strictly against the law."

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"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "seems built in such a way dat dey nebber seems to be puttin' forward deir bigges' efforts 'ceppin' when dey's headin' foh trouble."—Washington Star.

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All in Knowing How.—She—"I often wonder how you manage to dash off those exquisite little poems of yours. And what a lot of money you must make!" The Poet—"Oh, it's very easy. I sit down, say in January, and think until about August or September. Then in November or December when the poem is completed, I sell it for $5, or sometimes as high as $10."—Life.

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Crush.—"There was a crush at the wedding, I suppose?" "Crush? Why, the ushers had to form a flying wedge in order to get the bridal party up to the altar!"—Life.

GREAT COLLECTION OF CACTI.

Specimens from All Over the World to be Shown in Pittsburg.

Superintendent Falconer of Schenley park is busy arranging for the stocking of the new cacti house which Henry Phipps has offered to add to the conservatory. According to Mr. Falconer it will be more than twice as large as any cacti house in America, and he is making every effort to place in it the most complete exhibit of cacti in the world. The house will be exactly similar to the other wings, a curvilinear structure, 75 by 36 feet, built on a framework of iron with a stone wall supporting the glasswork. It will extend out on the west side of the thirty-foot passage between the Victoria house and the palm house, parallel with the west wing, where the rose show is located at Easter. It is hoped to have the structure completed and filled by the end of October and probably in time for the chrysanthemum show.

Supt. Falconer now has correspondents in the West Indies, Florida, Northern and Southern California, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico trying to arrange for the gathering and shipping of the plants during the summer months. Some one from this city may be sent out to these countries with a view to studying the plants in their native wilds, and to arrange for the collecting and shipping.

The gathering of these plants is an undertaking of great difficulty, as most of the best specimens are found in the desert and mountain regions, in many cases almost inaccessible, and must be transported on the backs of burros from 75 to 100 miles to reach a railroad.

In addition to plants known as strictly cactus others of a succulent nature, such as century plants, yuccas, bitter aloes, and fleshy Euphorbias will be placed in the cacti house. Trailing over the stonework, next to the pathway, will be the perennial ice plant (mesembryanthemum), so abundant in the California gardens, but which comes from South Africa. No benches will be in the house, but it will be mounded and undulated in a natural way and the beds elevated by tufa stone. Cacti from the northern climates will be placed at the colder end of the house, while those from southern countries will be in the warmer end, in order to give them their natural climate as nearly as possible.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Gasu-Basu, a New Anesthetic.

A new local anesthetic obtained from an Indian plant, called "gasu-basu," has recently been submitted to careful examination by some Hungarian dentists. The anesthetic action of this substance was discovered a year ago by a dentist in Fiume, Dr. D. Dalma, who tried the effect of gasu-basu in cases of painful pulpitis, and recommended it as a powerful agent which might replace arsenic in the treatment of that condition. Dr. Dalma also separated the active principle of the plant, which proved to be an alkaloid, and in his later experiments he used the salt obtained by treating the alkaloid with hydrochloric acid. This salt has been named "nervocidine." In weak solutions (one-tenth or one-twenteith per cent.) nervocidine produced a marked local anesthesia of the cornea of warm-blooded animals. Two drops of a one-twentieth per cent. solution applied to the human conjunctiva produced a burning sensation accompanied by lacrymation and followed after twenty minutes by anesthesia of the cornea lasting for five hours. After seven hours the cornea regained its normal condition. A one-tenth per cent. solution of nervocidine brushed over the mucous membrane of the cheek caused local anesthesia of the brushed surface and of the tongue, accompanied by loss of the sensation of taste and the perception of touch, but without loss of the perception of heat and cold.—Lancet.

—Ostrich farming is to be tried on the Riviera if the birds can be acclimated. An experimental farm will be started with twenty ostriches, which have already arrived at Nice.

—California has almost a monopoly of the cultivation of apricots in the United States.

—The cotton crop of the United States now almost equals in value its wheat crop.

—Drunkenness is said to be diminishing in Italy.

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