

EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN.

To run.
To swim.
To carve.
To be neat.
To make a fire.
To be punctual.
To do an errand.
To gut kindlings.
To hang up his hat.
To hold his head erect.
To respect his teacher.
To wipe his boots on the mat.
To read aloud when requested.
To cultivate a cheerful temper.
To speak pleasantly to an old person.
To put every garment in its proper place.
To remove his hat upon entering a house.
To laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.
To help and not tease boys smaller than himself.
Not to let any other boy get ahead of him in his studies.
To never make fun of children who are not well dressed.
Not to go in the company of bad boys who use bad language.
To be as kind and helpful to his sisters as to other boys' sisters.
To attend strictly to his own business. A very important point.
Not to get sulky and pout whenever he couldn't have his own way.
To see if he couldn't get people to like him by being civil to everybody.
To keep his hands and face clean and hair brushed, without being told to do so.
To try and see the little things that he could do to help his mother, and do them without being asked.

John Hay's Rare Letters.

There have been few better letter writers than John Hay. He wrote more nearly as he talked than any man I have ever known, and, as he could not talk in a dull or uninteresting way, so he could not write a dull letter. Some day, when time shall have made it not indiscreet to publish a compilation of his letters, they should be given to the world. They will prove to be not only an intellectual delight, but an inestimable contribution to the history of the time in which he lived and in which he bore so honorable and useful a part. It would be quite out of the question to publish them now, for they relate intimately to men now living and to public affairs that are still in process of evolution. Unlike many brilliant letter writers, he did not write with the obvious expectation that his letters would be published. He let himself go freely, as was his wont in familiar conversation, and the consequence was that he never wrote without saying something that the recipient of the letter would most unwillingly let die.—From Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "A Friendship with John Hay" in the March Century.

Latent Pad.

Gritty George—Lady, would yer mind writing off a list of all de things in dis cold meal on a slip of paper?
The Lady (in surprise)—What for, my poor man?
Gritty George—Well, yer see, mum, I am collectin' menus along me travels an' every one helps.

Could Use the Other Kind, Too.

"Here," said the salesman, exhibiting another one, "is something new. We call this the 'lovers' clock.' You can set it so that it will take it two hours to run one hour."
"I'll take that," said Miss Jarmer, with a bright blush. "And now, if you have one that can be set so as to run two hours in one hour's time or less, I think I'd like one of that kind, too."

Old Hunks.

Mrs. Hunka—Ezra, what is good for a pain in the jaw?
Old Hunka—Give the jaw absolute rest.

Where England Leads Us.

While the total sum given each year for educational, charitable, and philanthropic causes in England is far below the total for the United States, England has a much larger number of men of wealth, intelligence, and high influence who give themselves to the service of their fellow men, and for this reason, perhaps, she is the richer of the two. It was the need of more men who have the leisure and the means to be of helpful service that found a voice in a recent address by ex-Mayor Low, of New York, at a Young Men's Christian Association among college men. "One of the chief needs of this country," said Mr. Low, "is a greater number of men who do not have to work for a living. England has a large number of this class, and I suppose we have not because we have not had many men of great wealth until recent years. This class of people can give their time and ability to working for their community. If some of the men who are tolling and molling in their offices and counting rooms to add a few more millions to their already over-much wealth would only hear this call and give the remainder of their years to the promotion of noble causes in sore need of men and money, both they and the world would be far happier and richer for the service. It is one of the pities of this world that the will to do and the wealth to do with are seldom found together.

Mutton Coming Into Favor.

Americans are becoming a nation of mutton eaters, says a westerner. The popularity of the flesh of sheep is growing at a prodigious rate, and the consumption is at least six times what it was twenty years ago. One cause of this is the better methods of butchering and handling the carcasses. In the old days a lamb was thought fit to eat within a few hours after it was killed but we know better than this now, and after slaughtering let the body hang from ten days to three weeks, thus doing away with the rank flavor that of yore made mutton unpopular.

There are 55,000,000 sheep in the United States, Montana ranking first with more than 5,000,000. Texas once led in numbers, but the Lone Star State now has less than 2,000,000.

For the past two or three years the owners of flocks have had things coming their way, and last year's prices put them in very comfortable condition. So satisfactory have the profits been that many cattlemen have also gone into the sheep business, the old-time theory that the breeding of both could not be carried on together being obsolete, for sheep will live and grow fat in localities of scant vegetation, thriving on food that steers will disdain to eat.

SPLINTERS.

Pad locks—False hair.
Even the cranky man is satisfied with himself.
If you cannot tell when to stop, you should never start.
You have got to look ahead of you to keep on the right track.
Cultivate the ground you have before you try to acquire more.
Trouble is about the only thing that you can borrow that is not wanted back.
Boyce—Did you say that man Smith burns his money? Joyce—I saw him put a quarter in a slot gas meter.
Benners—Don't you have an account at the store? Jenners—No; when my wife pays cash she knows when to stop.
Fond Father—Young man, when you have earned \$50,000 you may have the hand of my daughter. Ardent Suitor—Gee! You must think that marriages are made in heaven.

The present Princess of Wales, who was born on May 26, 1867, received no less than eight names at the baptismal font.

Domestic Economics.

The man whose thrifty choice of a wife is chronicled in the Rochester Herald will doubtless make a success in the business of life. His talents destined him for a wider sphere than that of a simple farmer's life. He was an Alabama youth, and courted two girls at the same time. One was Sally; the other was Mary. Sally was a very fine girl, thrifty, industrious, and of a domestic turn. She was not so pretty as some other girls, but James, the swain in question, had courted her in his early years. When he had prospered and earned a little money, he became infatuated with Mary, sweet, pretty, but always idle. The neighbors at first were puzzled by the double courtship, but after awhile they decided that Mary was the favored one. Suddenly James married Sally. The Methodist preacher who performed the ceremony had a little of the curiosity which possesses all mankind. "James," he said, "we all thought you were going to marry Mary." "Yes," replied James, "but I thought if I married Mary I should have to engage Sally to wait on her. If I married Sally she would wait on herself."

Webster's Wit.

Most men of weight dislike the frail gilt and satin chairs which accidentally fall to their lot in a crowded drawing room. They were in use in Mr. Webster's time. At an evening reception given to some western lawyers soon after the accession of President Tyler and the dissolution of President Harrison's cabinet, Mr. Stanberry, late attorney-general, was accompanied by his bashful friend, Mr. Leonard, who immediately retired to a corner and selected this gilded trifle as a resting-place. In order to withdraw still farther from notice he tilted the frail structure backward. Down it went, smashed into a dozen pieces, and Leonard the embarrassed was Leonard the observed by all. Mr. Webster immediately rushed to the rescue of his unfortunate guest and raised him from the floor with the reassuring remark: "Why, my dear Mr. Leonard, you should have remembered that no cabinet work would hold together here."

Squirting Music.

A. E. Wheeler of Geneva, N. Y., has recently invented a music squirting hose, which is capable of distributing music to any considerable distance. Already twenty families are being entertained by his nightly concerts a hundred miles away, and all at the same time, every note reaching the ear distinctly. There is about sixty feet of ordinary rubber tubing, one end being attached to the diaphragm of a phonograph machine and the other end to the transmitter of the telephone. Mr. Wheeler has succeeded in getting the sound into the transmitter of the telephone in such a way that the harsh effect on the other end of the wire is entirely eliminated.

An Emphatic Answer.

They are telling of a girl in a certain city who received a proposal of marriage by telegraph. She went to the telegraph office and asked the clerk how many words she could send for a quarter. He said ten, and her answer was: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

In the Happy Ranks.

Don't lose time a-sighin'
On Jordan's stormy banks;
Better be enlisted
In the happy ranks.
To Providence we're givin'
Our everlasting thanks;
Thank the Lord we're livin'
In the halleluia ranks.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Hint to Misers.

Wills of rich men oft remind us,
If in our graves we'd rest content,
In dying we should leave behind us
Not one single bloomin' cent.

The Trans-Siberian Railway crosses five rivers, each of them as long as the Mississippi.

Theater as a Language School.

"If you want to learn American as she is spoke," said a professor of languages to certain foreigners who had settled in New York and who demanded his aid in becoming acquainted with the vernacular, "go to the vaudeville shows. You can learn more in a week in the variety theaters than you can glean in a year in a drawing room." That was practically an admission that the teacher regarded slang as the mainstay of our language. Of course, he was wrong. Nevertheless, foreigners assert that two-thirds of the everyday talk between Americans is made up of catch phrases such as Broadway comedians pour forth. The Turkish minister, who came to Washington without knowledge of English, has reached the point where he can talk glibly, and he gained most of his education at the plays. He went night after night, to every theater in Washington, for three years. His success has inspired some of the Spanish contingent to pursue a similar course.

The Dispassionate View.

"Isn't it appalling," said the new boarder, "to read the daily list of awful crimes that are committed in this town?" "On the contrary," answered the philosophical boarder, "I find it singularly fascinating. I have a theory that crimes come in waves. One week there will be nothing but holdups. The next week, perhaps, you will read of a series of embezzlements. Then comes a season of confidence games and pocket picking. Just now, of course, there is a murder wave. I won a dollar and a half not long ago by making a bet that there would be three horrible murders in succession, inside of ten days. And so it goes. If you watch these things from a calm, methodical point of view, you will be surprised to see how accurately you can theorize, and even forecast, as to the recurring epidemics of crime, each in its turn."—Chicago Tribune.

Did Not Have Circular Insanity.

A young man familiar enough with New York to know some of its street eccentricities was walking along Park Row near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge the other night, when he was accosted by a wabbly old man who said:

"Say, young fellow, which way is Pearl street?"

"Where do you want to go on Pearl street?" was the reply.

"What difference does that make?"

"A great deal," said the young one, "for you can get to Pearl street by going that way," pointing north, "or that way," pointing east, "or that way," pointing south.

The old man steadied himself, and then with great deliberation and disgust said: "You go to h—; I may be drunk, but I haven't got circular insanity."—New York Sun

Wasn't Lost.

"Bub, does your mother know where you are?" asked the policeman, grasping him by the collar.

"All my mothers know where I am," answered the Salt Lake City boy, with lofty dignity.

Line of Retreat Cut Off.

"By the way, Mr. Hankinson, papa made such a funny remark about you the other evening."

"What was it, Miss Bella?"

"He said he wondered why you were coming here so often."

Feminine Diplomacy.

Mrs. Neighbor—Mrs. Meeker certainly has wonderful tact.

Mrs. Homer—How so?

Mrs. Neighbor—Why, she actually makes her husband believe he is having his own way in everything.

The average farmer's wife's idea of being "foxy" is to leave her butter, eggs and chickens on the outside of the grocery store and walk into it, and in a roundabout way inquire what the grocer is paying for such things.

Australia has 210 churches to every 100,000 people, a larger number per capita than any other country. England has 144 and Russia only about fifty-five.