

Around the Tea Table.

Disappointed.

A dear old lady who was taken to see the sights, not long ago, in the city where her children live, was one night passing with her daughter a huge building full of electric light "plant." They passed by a basement window, and looked down among the swiftly whirling bands and moving wheels.

"Is this a factory?" asked the mother.
 "No; it's where they make electricity for the electric light. I don't know just how they do it, but John will explain it to us when we get home."

"What turns the machinery, Malvina?"
 "Steam, I suppose. There's an engine on the other side of the room. I've often seen it from the back windows."

"And does all this have to go on, night after night, for the city to be lighted?"

"Yes, mother."
 "Well, I don't want to hear another word about electric lights," said the old lady emphatically. "I thought electricity was a gift of nature, free to all, and according to this, you've got to work as hard for it as if 'twas common gas or kerosene."

Captain Carter's Monkey

Captain Carter, who lived in Washington, D.C., when on land, had a great fancy for fine fowls, and among his collection prized a fine old king gobbler. On his last cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which gave him so much trouble it was a good deal like an elephant on his hands. One day, hearing a terrible squeaking in the henry, the captain found Jocko with the king gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out the poor bird's last tail feather. The captain rescued the turkey and punished the monkey severely, who knew very well why he was commiserated. The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, he went to the scene of action, and there sat Jocko, with the much-persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions were good, but the turkey did not appreciate them.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Preventive For Gossip.

Men of serious purposes have a horror of shallow garrulity. A good story is told of Dr. Jenner, the famous physician, and his method of protecting himself from an infiltration of this kind.

One of his regular visitors, a lady, would cheerfully pay her fee just to have the opportunity of gossiping with him. The first words would be, "Have you heard—" and Jenner would break in: "No, I have not. Please put this thermometer in your mouth, that I may take your temperature;" and he kept the tube between her lips for ten minutes, so that only five minutes were left for the lady to indulge in chatter.

Ten Cents a Hundred Miles.

Mr. Josiah Flynt's article on "The Tramp and the Railroads," in the *June Century*, embodies his experience in investigating the tramp nuisance on a single road. He estimates that 10,000 tramps ride free on American railroad trains every night of the year.

To-day it is the boast of the hoboes that they can travel in every State of the Union for a mill per mile, while in a number of States they pay nothing at all. On lines where brakemen demand money of them, ten cents is usually sufficient to settle for the journey of one hundred miles, and twenty cents often secures a night's ride. They

have different methods of riding, among which the favorite is to steal into an empty box car on a freight train. At night this is comparatively easy to do; on many roads it is possible to travel this way, unobserved, till morning. If the train has no "empties," they must ride on top of the car, between the "bumpers," on one of the car ladders, or on the rods. On passenger trains they ride on top, on the "blind baggage" and on the trucks.

Taking the whole country it is no exaggeration to say that every night in the year 10,000 free passengers of the tramp genre travel on the different railroads in the ways mentioned, and that 10,000 are waiting at watering tanks and in railroad yards for opportunities to get on the trains. I estimate the professional tramp population at about 60,000, a third of whom are generally on the move.

A Connoisseur's Advice.

Advice is cheap, but often timely and helpful. Says Harper's *Draiver*:
 "A man entered an 'ice-cream parlor,' and slowly and thoughtfully ate his portion of vanilla. While he was paying the cashier he said quietly, 'I notice you advertise that you make your own ice-cream.'"
 "Yes."

"Let me give you a pointer which will help your trade amazingly."

"Well?" asked the man, curiously.
 The reply was bland and apparently courteous. "Get some other fellow to make it!"

The Queen's Boots.

English papers are telling with some gusto a story of a private soldier named Murphy, who was brought before the commanding officer at Davenport, charged with selling part of his kit. Said the colonel:

"Now, private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?"

"I'd worn them for two years, sort, an' I thought be that time they was me own property."

"Nothing of the sort, man! Those boots belong to the Queen."
 "To the queen is it, yer anner! Sure, then, I didn't know the lady took twelves!"

Her Signal.

Railway men—conductors, engineers and brakemen—are so used to communicate with each other by means of gestures, that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In the early days of one of the great western railroads, according to a story in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, it was so common for cattle to be run over, that the manager required the engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and kind of animal.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day, and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but a reference to the files showed that the engineer had reported no such accident. The manager sent for him, and enquired why he had omitted to report the matter.
 "I didn't know I hurt the cow," he answered.

"Do you remember hitting her?"
 "Oh, yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."

Dr. Crawford Johnson tells about a "be-nighted Englishman," who was travelling in the South of Ireland. He was very anxious to hear a good specimen of Irish humor, and was also very fidgety about his trunk. At every station he enquired of the railway guard if his trunk was all right, and at last that exasperated official exclaimed, "I wish

you had been born an elephant instead of a ass, and then you would have kept your trunk with you."

An Atlanta married man says: "I do not like my wife to stay too closely at home. When she stays in the house for several days at a time, the table cloth drifts to the servant's faults, the spots on the wall paper, and the general wear and tear of the house. When she goes out she always has something bright and interesting to tell me when I come home. Home is a very good thing, but a woman can have too much of it."

"Weel, John, how are you to-day?" said a Scotch minister to one of his parishioners on meeting him on the road. "Gey weel, sir—gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "gin it wassn for the theumatism in my right leg." "Ah, weel, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir!" returned John: "I wouner to hear ye! Auld age has naething to do wi't. Here's my ither leg jist as auld an' it's quite sound and soople yet."

Interesting Facts.

THERE are 400,000 teachers employed in the public schools of the United States, their salaries aggregating \$165,000,000 yearly. There are three times as many bar-keepers as school-teachers and they receive over \$1,000,000,000 a year.

THE New Admiral, George Dewey, has a hobby almost as strong as his conception of naval discipline and public duty. During his long years of naval travel he has secured many thousands of magnificent specimens of the butterfly, and to-day has the finest private collection in America. This collection is insured for about \$8,000.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Paris Exposition of 1900 is to be a large scenic map that shall show every railroad in the United States by electrical devices, and the elevations and natural features of the country in proportion and color. Thirty railway companies have joined to produce this unique map, which is to cost \$100,000.

THE average speed of the horseless carriage which recently made a trial trip from Cleveland to New York, 707 miles, for the entire trip, up and down hill, on good and bad roads, was fifteen miles an hour, and where the roads were reasonably favorable the speed of twenty miles was often attained. The entire cost of the gasoline used for the trip did not exceed \$1, proving that for cheapness the automobile can never be approached by any competitor.

IT would now seem from experiments which have been carried on in the University of Iowa that we do not taste many of the things which we eat at our daily meals. It is asserted confidently that we merely smell them. If the nose is tightly closed in the ordinary man and he is blindfolded he will not be able to distinguish coffee from water or a weak solution of quinine. This has been proved by experiments made on many persons. Common coffee was said to be water; it was also said to be quinine. Water was said to be coffee. Tea was called coffee. Turkey was called pork. Raw apple was called grape juice. Malt extract was sherry wine. Lard was pronounced butter. In short, experienced persons were unable to distinguish many common foods and drinks when sensations of smell were removed, and the conclusion was reached that a person might even practice economy in eating by merely blindfolding the eyes and substituting hard, pork and beef for butter, turkey and venison, while if the further precaution was taken to close the nose a very weak solution of quinine would pass for good coffee and vinegar for the most costly wine.—*Christian Work.*