



VACATION DAYS.—WHERE THE SPECKLED TROUT ABOUND.

The day was approaching when the story must begin. So one day the novelist took himself off to Broadstairs, determined not to return until a title had been found. He walked for hours along the cliff between Kingsgate and what is called Bleak House; he smoked a case of cigars, and all to no purpose. Then, vexed and much worn out by the racking of his brains, he threw himself on the grass as the sun went down. He was lying facing the North Foreland Lighthouse, and, half in bitter jest, half unconsciously, he began to apostrophize it thus:

"You are ugly and stiff and awkward, and you know you are—as stiff and as weird as my white woman—white woman—woman in white—the title, by Jove!"

A title had been hit upon, and the author went back to London delighted.

Why We Are Righthanded.

One of the professors of a well-known college has figured it out that if you are left-handed it is a sign that your ancestors were not good fighters.

"Most persons are right-handed," says he. "Only one in every twenty is left-handed. Why are people right-handed? They may have been born that way, it is true; but why?"

"Away back in the beginning the chief occupation of man was fighting. In battle he carried a shield in one hand and a weapon in the other. It was not much work to carry the shield, but the quick action required by the hand and arm which did the fighting soon developed that arm. It also developed the nerves and the half of the brain that governed the right side of the body. Those who