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THEY BORED HIM.

And They Came Mighty Near Boring Him Again With Lead.

The dread of boredom is strongly characteristic of the present age, but few hate it with such intensity as the artist who lived in Paris in the days of the commune and of whom C. M. Halle speaks in his "Notes of a Painter's Life."

"A friend of mine," says Mr. Halle, "told me that he was in the studio of an artist when it was visited by a detachment of soldiers. The usual question about the possession of arms was asked and answered in the negative, but one of the soldiers found a gun in the corner of the studio, and on his evidence the owner was told that he must come out and be shot. My friend was very fond of him, so he asked to be allowed to see the gun. It was given to him, and with the help of a pencil he passed his handkerchief a few inches down the barrel and brought it out brown with rust. He pointed out that if the gun had been used the inside of the barrel must have been black with powder and not brown with rust, so the artist was let off."

"My friend asked the artist why he had not himself suggested this simple test, and all the answer he got was: 'Oh, they bored me. I would rather any day be shot than bored.'"

A POET AT WORK.

The Bumping May Have Helped Wordsworth Out a Bit.

To see a poem in the making, the uninitiated are apt to think, should prove an interesting sight. Unfortunately they will probably be disappointed if the description, quoted by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley in "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," of Wordsworth at work is to be credited. An old retainer of the family furnished this account of Wordsworth walking up and down his terrace composing:

"Mr. Wordsworth went bumping and booting about, and she, Miss Dorothy, kept close behind him and picked up bits as he let fall, and she'd take 'em down and put 'em on paper for him, and you may be very well sure as how she didn't understand or make sense out of 'em, and I doubt that he didn't have much idea about 'em either himself. But, however, there's a gay lot of fowk as wad, I dare say."

"He would start a-bumping at one end of the walk, and it was 'Bum, bum, bum!' till he stopped, and then 'Bum, bum, bum!' back again. Then he'd set down and get a bit of paper out and write a bit; then get up and 'Bum, bum, bum!' and go on a-bumping right down the terrace and back again. I suppose the bumping helped him out a bit."

France Has Run the Gamut.

No other modern nation has undergone changes more frequent, more radical, more sudden, bloody and dramatic. In forms of government France has boxed the compass—has been feudal, monarchical, imperial, republican and revolutionary. She has sounded the depths of royal absolutism and of communistic anarchy; has made and unmade constitutions in the pathetic effort to get one that would fit; has known a military despotism which bludgeoned the women to marry and bear children in order that Napoleon might be continuously supplied with troops; has known an absolute monarchy where a graceful manner was more effective at court than a head well filled with sense and has known a government of the rabble under which there was an insurrection against property and death sentences passed against citizens for the sin of wearing aristocratic names and clean shirts.—From "The Story of France," by Thomas E. Watson.

The Point of View.

The world in which a man lives shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men. To one it is barren, dull and superficial; to another, rich, interesting and full of meaning. On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience many people will wish that similar things had happened in their lives, too, completely forgetting that they should be envious rather than of the mental attitude which lent these events the significance they possess when he describes them. To a man of genius they were interesting adventures, but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, everyday occurrences.—Schopenhauer.

A Tinge of Suspicion.

"That speaker always starts off," said Farmer Cornfossil, "by telling what the country needs."
"Naturally and properly."
"I suppose so. Only I notice that when a man goes out of his way to tell me what I need it's always something of a particular line of goods."
—Washington Star.

Hard Work.

"Why did you tell me you were working your way through college?"
"I am."
"But nobody seems to know about it."
"Certainly not; my work consists of getting money from dad."—Buffalo Express.

Her Weekly Allowance.

Freda—So you have a weekly allowance from your father? Hilda—Yes, he allows me to have a gentleman caller two nights a week.—Lippincott's

THE DRAGON'S BACKBONE.

An Odd Incident of Railroad Construction in China.

When there was undertaken the construction of the railway between Kirin and Newchwang, the seaport of Manchuria, it was proposed to make a junction at a place called Lanpen, outside the city of Mukden. For this permission had to be obtained from the Tartar general of Mukden. This functionary at once proceeded to call in his geomancers, a species of soothsayers, who gave information concerning the good fortune and ill fortune of sites and were supposed by the Chinese to know what demons and dragons inhabited the earth under the surface. These wise men reported that the dragon whose body encircled the holy city of Mukden lay coiled up in such a way that if the railway came through Lanpen the long nails driven into the ties would pierce his backbone and in all probability set him to raging violently, to the great detriment of the people of Mukden.

The general consequently refused the application of the railway people and directed them to carry the road in a straight line from Kirin to Newchwang, avoiding Mukden. The engineers thereupon appealed to the viceroy, showing that as this proposed route would go through a marshy and uninhabited country, it could not be profitable for their enterprise.

The viceroy wrote to the general of Mukden, highly commending him for his discretion in consulting the geomancers, but suggesting that these sage persons go over the ground again and see if they could not find a place where the nails would not be likely to strike into the dragon's back. Accordingly, at the command of the viceroy, the general had his geomancers indicate a spot for the junction at Lanpen where they thought that, after all, the dragon's backbone would be safe.—New York Press.

RICE PAPER.

Shaved From the Snow White Pith of Trees in Formosa.

The so-called rice paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow white pith of a small tree belonging to the genus aralia, a genus represented in this country by the common sarsaparilla and the spikenard. The tree grows in Formosa and, so far as is known, nowhere else. The stems are transported to China, and there the rice paper is made. It is used, aside from a number of other purposes, by the native artists for water color drawings, and sometimes it is dyed in various colors and made into artificial flowers.

The tools of the pith worker comprise a smooth stone about a foot square and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade is about a foot long, two inches broad and nearly half an inch thick at the back, and it is as sharp as a razor. Placing a piece of the cylindrical pith on the stone and his left hand on the top, the pith worker will roll the pith back and forward for a moment until he gets it in the required position. Then, seizing the knife with his right hand, he will hold the edge of the blade after a faint or two close to the pith, which he will keep rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remains to unroll, for the pith has, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square white sheet of uniform thickness. All that remains to be done is to square the edges.

If one will roll up a sheet of paper, lay it on a table, place the left hand on top and gently unroll it to the left he will have a good idea of how the feat is accomplished.—New York Herald.

Sawee Sawge.

Here is the old King Richard II. way of making sausage: "Pyggs in sawwe sawge" or pigs with sage sauce. "Take pyggs yskaldid (scalded) and quarter them and speth them in water and salt; take them and let them kele (cool); take parse (parsley), sawge (sage) and gynde it with brede and yolkes of ayren (eggs) harde yrode (baked); temper it with vinegar somewhat thick, and lay the pyggs in a vessel and sawwe onward (the sauce over them), and serve it forth." "Take pyggs" is pretty good. Size or number seems of no consequence.—New York Press.

A Hard One.

"Father?"
"Well, what is it?"
"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, father?"
"Yes, yes, yes."
"Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"—London Punch.

Why He Wept.

Spartan Mother: "What's the matter? Why are you crying, boy? Stung Hero who has been taught never to cry for bodily pain—Oh, I—I've sat down on a bee, and I'm afraid I must have hurt it!"—London Punch.

No Need for Alarm.

"She asked me what I thought of you."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. But don't get frightened. I didn't tell her."—Lippincott's.

No Friend of His.

"Is Mrs. Gaup a friend of yours?"
"No; she's a friend of my wife's."
"Isn't that the same thing?"
"Not at all. She feels very sorry for my wife."—Pittsburg Post.

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RAILWAY TIME-TABLE

	GOING WEST	
	No. 1	No. 3
Brockville (leave)	9.35 a.m.	3.45 p.m.
Lyn	10.05 "	4.00 "
Seeleys	*10.15 "	4.07 "
Fortiton	*10.35 "	4.18 "
Elbe	*10.42 "	4.28 "
Athens	11.00 "	4.30 "
Soperton	*11.20 "	4.46 "
Lyndhurst	*11.27 "	4.52 "
Delta	11.37 "	4.58 "
Elgin	11.57 "	5.12 "
Forfar	*12.05 "	5.18 "
Crosby	*12.13 "	5.23 "
Newboro	12.23 "	5.33 "
Westport (arrive)	12.40 p.m.	5.45 "

GOING EAST

	No. 2		No. 4	
Westport (leave)	7.20 a.m.	2.30 p.m.		
Newboro	7.30 "	2.47 "		
Crosby	*7.40 "	3.00 "		
Forfar	*7.45 "	3.06 "		
Elgin	7.51 "	3.18 "		
Delta	8.05 "	3.40 "		
Lyndhurst	*8.11 "	3.50 "		
Soperton	*8.18 "	3.59 "		
Athens	8.35 "	4.30 "		
Elbe	*8.42 "	4.36 "		
Fortiton	*8.47 "	4.43 "		
Seeleys	*8.58 "	4.54 "		
Lyn	9.05 "	5.10 "		
Brockville (arrive)	9.20 "	5.35 "		

*Stop on signal

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