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Mainly About People.

As the coffin containing the affectionate wife of a sorrowing husband was being conveyed to the churchyard in a certain country parish in the South of Scotland it accidentally struck against the corner of a wall, in consequence of which circumstance the deceased was aroused from a trance and lived for several years. When the poor woman really died a few years afterward, in the act of passing the same spot the husband anxiously exclaimed to the bearers of the coffin, "Take care of the corner this time."

Labouchere and King Edward (as Prince of Wales) were for years fast friends. Apropos of this friendship, Labouchere was once asked what he called the Prince when he dined at Marlborough House. "Well," said the famous radical, "when the soup comes on I address him as 'Your Royal Highness.' The fish comes the reserve and I get a little chum and often as not call him 'Wales,' while during the entrees and joints I get quite familiar and he becomes 'Eddie,' while he sleeps me on the back and dubs me 'Labby.'"

An Englishman was traveling not long ago in a compartment of a London train. At one of the stations a German entered the carriage and took the seat opposite the Englishman. When the train had started, the German, seeing the other's cigar, boldly asked for one. Although astonished at the request, the Englishman nevertheless pulled out his case and handed it to the stranger. The German lighted the cigar, took a few puffs, and, beaming affably through his spectacles, said: "I could not help doubting you, but I had a match in mine boggit, and I did not know what to do with it."

In a mining town in the mountains of Virginia lived two little chaps aged eight and nine years, neighbors and good friends, who passed most of their leisure time together in boyish sports, but, like all healthy boys, they sometimes "scrapped." On one of these occasions the younger one, who was built on the lines of the proverbial man who could not stop a pig in an alley, was being twitted by his companion on his bow legs. He stood it manfully for a while, but finally, losing patience, he blurted out: "Well, I may be bow-legged, but when the Lord made you He made you as ugly as He could and then hit you in the face."

At a Scottish town, the other day, a Londoner on his way to a hotel addressed the porter who led the way: "Not a large place this?" "Na verra," was the answer. "Has it a corporation?" "A what, sir?" enquired the baggage-bearer. "I mean, who rules it?" "Rules it? Jist the provost." "Ah, the provost. Like our lord mayor? Has he got any insignia?" remarked the cockney. "Insignia! What d'ye mean?" asked the puzzled Scot. "Yes, insignia; that is to say, has he a chain?" the polite visitor hinted. Whereupon the almost dumbfounded native gasped out: "A chain, sir? The provost chain? Na, na! He gangs loose; but dinna be feared, he's quite harmless."

Dr. Daniel M. Stimson, the family physician and life-long friend of the late poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, relates an anecdote to the effect that the poet, while endeavoring to procure an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends after Mrs. Stoddard and the servants had retired, found a box of sardines. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a sardine-can's objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above. "What are you doing?" she called down. "Opening a can of sardines." "With what?" "A dashed old jack-knife," cried the exasperated poet. "What did you think I was opening it with?" "Well, dear," she said, dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer!"

Salvatore Cortesi, in a very readable article in the "World's Work" on King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, says that after the assassination of his father, Queen Margherita was very anxious that King Humbert should be buried at the Superga at Turin, where all the rest of the House of Savoy lie, with the exception of the great Victor Emmanuel. Moreover, her Majesty did not wish to wound the susceptibilities of the papal party by a state funeral in Rome. King Victor, pale and tired, entered the room where the Queen was, exclaiming: "Well, that is arranged—my father will have a fitting burial in the Pantheon." "Victor," cried his mother, "I see you want to break my heart. You offend my religion as well as my affections." "I am sorry, mother," he said gently, and then added sternly: "The religion which is offended at a martyr being buried in his own capital and lying beside his own father needs radical changes."

A story is told of Labouchere at the very beginning of his editorial career. A friend came in one day, and, seeing a quantity of books around, which had been sent in for review, offered to bet that he had not got in the office. Labouchere enquired the name of the book, and his friend promptly answered, "A Bible." With a laugh, Labouchere offered to bet ten pounds that he had even that book. Turning the conversation in another direction, he furtively sent a note out into the clerk's office, telling the boy to go downstairs and ask the book-sellers underneath for the loan of a Bible. Presently he returned to the subject of the bet, and, calling his assistant in, asked him whether he had a Bible in the office. The clerk produced the book, which Labouchere handed over to his friend, giving himself away, however, as he did so by saying sotto voce to the clerk: "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves!" Of course the English Bible does not require its leaves to be cut.

"The missus can't see you, sir; she's expecting company." "Go back and say that I have a valuable present for her—something brand-new. And by the way, mention my name again—Stork." "Oh, Stork, is it? Sure you're the very party she's expecting."—Town Topics.

Raillette—You'd be surprised if you knew the amount of time spent on that canvas. Pelletie—Yes; I understand men have stood in front of it for hours trying to make out what it is.—Yonkers "Statesman."

"I understand your son has decided to go in for literature." "Yes, and he's made a splendid start already." "You don't say!" "Yes; he went to auction this morning and bought a second-hand writing-desk for only four dollars and ninety-eight cents."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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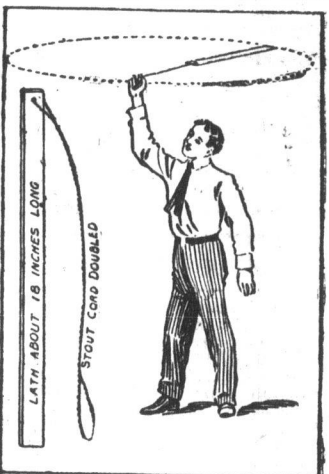
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A Noise Maker.
Most boys like noise and like to make it, too, and if you will promise to use it where it will not annoy your parents or the neighbors we will tell you how to make a toy that will make all the noise you want. Take a lath about



WORKING THE NOISE MAKER.
eighteen inches long and make a hole in it about one inch from the end large enough to allow a heavy piece of string to go through it. The string should be doubled and about the same length as the lath. Twist the string so that it is bound together. By taking the string at the end and swinging the lath at a good clip over the head it will produce a sound that will make you shiver.

A woman doesn't preserve her youth by being in a pickle.

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Because you pay Dr. Goldberg for his services and each time you call you see him personally and not some assistant.
Because each time you write it receives his personal attention.
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Because he accepts no incurable cases for treatment.
Because he discovered the Latest Method Treatment, which is recognized as superior to any discovered within the past 25 years.
Because he has 14 diplomas, certificates and licenses which testify to his standing.
Because he received four special diplomas from the New York Post Graduate School.
Because he does business on his own reputation, and not on the reputation of his predecessor.
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Because Detroit's only specialist who has stood the test of time, thousands of patients testify to his abilities.
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Mainly About People.

It is related that the Dowager Empress of Russia once saw on her husband's table a document regarding a political prisoner. On the margin Alexander III. had written: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." The Czarina took up the pen, and striking out the semi-colon after "impossible," put it before the word. Then the endorsement read: "Pardon; impossible to be sent to Siberia." The Czar let it stand.

The late James McNeill Whistler upon a certain occasion appeared at a dinner party with no tie on. A friend of his remonstrated. "For heaven's sake, Whistler, you've forgotten your tie!" "Not at all," he returned, "not at all, all I wear a tie? My white collar rises from my white shirt, which is fastened by a gold stud. Everything simple, excellent. Why put another white on top of that? I'm much better dressed than you!"

The Rev. Sanford Olmsted, the new Episcopal Bishop of Colorado, is noted for the skill with which he can collect money for charity. He once called on a man who was well-to-do, but somewhat close. He asked for money for a worthy charity, and the man said: "I'd give something gladly, but the fact is I've only \$800 by me in cash—\$300 that I've put aside for my funeral. You trust God with your soul?" said Bishop Olmsted, "but you're afraid to trust Him with your funeral, eh?" This comment gained the bishop a generous contribution.

The late J. H. Shorthouse was afflicted with a terrible stammer, which he used to say was a blessing in disguise, having led him to use the pen as his great instrument of expression. There were times, however, when the stammer almost ceased, and he could talk on uninterruptedly. One very striking and touching habit grew up out of the stammer. At "family prayers" he and his wife read all the prayers together; because, if an attack of stammering came on, her gentle voice would carry on the thread till he recovered, and the knowledge of this prevented all nervousness on his part.

Here is a favorite anecdote which Abraham Lincoln was in the habit of relating: James Quarles, a distinguished lawyer of Tennessee, was one day trying a case, and after producing his evidence rested, whereupon the defence produced a witness who swore Quarles completely out of court, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. After the trial one of his friends came to him and said: "Why didn't you get that fellow to swear on your side?" "I didn't know anything about him," replied Quarles. "I might have told you about your test as hard as he'd swear for the other side. That's his business. Judge, that fellow takes in swarrrin' for a living."

Professor William Clark, D.C.L., in his very entertaining papers on "People and Places I Have Known" in the "Westminster," recalls many amusing stories of celebrities. Of Charles Kingsley, Professor Clark writes in spite of a slight stammer, which he nearly overcame, he was popular in the pulpit and on the platform. He once lectured in Toronto, but with no great success. In seeking to stimulate the Toronto youth, he recommended every young man to make it his ambition to "be a bust in Westminster Abbey." The young gentlemen had their own notion of a "bust," and broke into fits of laughter, which were redoubled when Mr. Kingsley repeated with still greater emphasis—"I say a bust in Westminster Abbey."

Soon after J. M. Barrie leaped into fame, the editors of three London journals for which he had done a good deal of work determined to give a dinner in his honor. Mr. Barrie accepted the invitation, and in due course the three knights of the pen and scissors and their distinguished guest sat down together. The hosts, knowing their contributor only by his work fully anticipated a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." However, the soup and fish were consumed without a word from Mr. Barrie, or at least, with nothing beyond non-committal grunts. Despite efforts to lure him into conversation, it was not until he rose to put on his coat that he made the first and last remark that he uttered during the evening: "Well, this is the first time I've ever had dinner with three editors."

James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, is a man of more than average size, and, what is not common to all Kentuckians, is always apparelled in the best form. One evening he stopped in a small shop just around the corner from the quarters into which he had moved only a few days before, and made a few purchases amounting to a dollar or so. When he came to pay, he discovered that he had left his purse at home. He explained to the shopkeeper, and asked that he be trusted for the goods until the next morning, as he was in a hurry and could not wait. The shopkeeper declined to let the goods go without the money. Mr. Allen was nettled. "Do I look like a man who would try to 'beat' you?" he asked with indignant dignity. "Of course you don't," replied the shopkeeper, admiringly. "If you did I wouldn't have bothered with you in the first place. It isn't that kind I have to be on the everlasting lookout for."

In his reminiscences in the "Century Magazine" Andrew Dickson White, late United States Ambassador to Germany, repeats an anecdote told him by Hon. Otto Russell, the British plenipotentiary at Berlin. Russell was on one occasion making a call on Prince Bismarck, and the conversation turned on the subject of bores, and how to get rid of them. Bismarck said that he and his wife had hit upon an expedient, and whenever an unwelcome caller was wasting his time it was arranged the princess should come in and say "Prince, isn't it time for you to take your medicine?" thus furnishing an excuse to politely dismiss the intruder. Russell expressed his approval of this plan, and had no sooner done so than Princess Bismarck appeared at the door and, addressing her husband, asked him if it was not time for him to take his medicine. Bismarck and Russell looked at each other a moment in silence and then both burst into hearty laughter.

All passes. Art alone Enduring stays to us; The bust outlasts the throne—The coin, Tiberius.—Austin-Dobson.

Stock Note.

Miss Fairy Titmarsh has a pair of calves that cannot be beat in this section of our glorious republic.—Toledo "Blade."



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