

## Around the Tea Table.

### Wanted a Wheel.

A boy asked his father for a wheel. "Well, my son," said the father, "you will find one in the front end of that wheelbarrow," and there is a big pile of coal ashes back of the house that will have to be moved. The handle bars are of white ash. Keep the ball bearings well oiled. The tire is punctureless, so you won't have to take a pump and repair kit with you. By the time you have removed that pile of ashes I think you will have got the exercise of a century run. Let's see how quick you can get at it.—*Exchange.*

### He Took Coffee.

"Coffee! coffee! Did you ask if I would have coffee?" replied a guest at a hotel the other day, says a Cleveland paper.  
 "Yes, sir," whispered the waiter.  
 "Have you coffee mixed with chickory?"  
 "We have."  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Is your coffee black as night and thick as mud?"  
 "It is, sir."  
 "Lukewarm and flat as dishwater?"  
 "That's it, sir."  
 "Warranted to give a man Bright's disease and enlarged liver inside of four weeks?"  
 "We positively guarantee it, sir."  
 "Then bring me three or four cups of it, for it's a whole year since I've had a chance to get hold of any genuine hotel coffee."

### Bicycle Bits.

Here are some picked-up fragments of bicycle wisdom which are well worth passing round the track:  
 Politeness is like a pneumatic tire—there is n't much in it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey of life.  
 A pleasant disposition, like oil in a bicycle bearing, reduces friction and prevents a world of wear and tear.  
 The world, like a bicycle, would soon come to a stop were it not for the cranks.  
 Like a link in a bicycle chain, we may not amount to much individually, but collectively we make the wheels go round.  
 Like a friend in need, the handle-bar is appreciated only when the road is rough.  
 Life is like a bicycle run; some worry, fret, and scorch along, and soon reach the end, while others take it easy and enjoy life as they go.

### Royalty by the Cartload.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, old Emperor William, of Germany, and Victor Emmanuel, thus runs the tale, were out shooting together in 1873. A thunderstorm came up, and the three monarchs were separated from their party and lost their way. While they were looking for some kind of shelter, a peasant, driving a cart drawn by oxen, came along. He took up the hunters and drove on.  
 "And who may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked after a while of Emperor William.  
 "I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.  
 "Ha, very good," said the peasant; and then addressing Victor Emmanuel, "And you, my friend?"  
 "Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.  
 "Ha, ha, very good, indeed! And who are you?" addressing Francis Joseph.

"I am the Emperor of Austria," said the latter.  
 The peasant then scratched his head and said, with a knowing wink, "Very good. Who do you suppose I am?"  
 Their majesties replied they would like very much to know.  
 "Why, I am His Holiness the Pope."

### The Longest Word.

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"  
 "Don't know unless it's a swearing word."  
 "Pooh!" said Tom, "it's 'stumbled,' because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."  
 "Ha, ha!" said Tom. "Now I've got one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"  
 "Incomprehensibility," said Tom, promptly.  
 "No, sir; it's 'smiles,' because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."  
 "Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."  
 "What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.  
 "Belonged," said Tom.

"MIKE," said Plodding Pete, "did yer hear 'bout Alaska?" "Lots. Are you 'inkin' of de trip?" "I dunno. I'm told dat daylight lasts twenty-four hours at a stretch. If I could get a job in that locality as night watchman I dunno but I'd be willin' to work."

"SOME folks do say that time is money," remarked the village storekeeper, "but I don't take much stock in it." "You don't, eh?" queried the loafer. "No, I don't," replied the storekeeper, "and I wish you'd spend a leetle more money here and a leetle less time."

"POMPEY, how did you like my sermon?" said a vain and rather long-sinded preacher to a black man who had sat under the gallery. Pompey was still aching with the fatigue of listening to the hour and a half's discourse. "Well, boss," he replied, "I 'ink yo' went by a lot o' mighty good stoppin'-places."

Mrs. NEWHAM—"Oh, John, there was such a tender-hearted tramp here to-day!"  
 Mr. NEWHAM—"Tender-hearted!" Mrs. N.—"Yes. I asked him to weed the garden to pay for the dinner I had given him, and he said that he was a botanist, and that it hurt his feelings to destroy living plants."—*Brooklin Life.*

A SERVANTS young lady called a physician for a slight ailment, but one which she magnified, in her own estimation, into a serious one. "Run," said the doctor to a servant, "to the nearest drug store, and bring back the medicine as quickly as you can." "Is there much danger, yes," said the doctor; "if your servant is not quick it will be useless." "O doctor, shall I die?" gasped the patient. "There is no danger of that," said the doctor, "but you may get well before John returns."

A NEW post office was established in a small village away out west, and a native of the soil was appointed postmaster. After a while complaints were made that no mail was sent out from the new office, and an inspector was sent to inquire into the matter. He called upon the postmaster, and stating the cause of his visit, asked why no mail had been sent out. The postmaster pointed to a big and nearly empty mail-bag hanging up in a corner, and said: "Well, I ain't sent it out 'cause the bag ain't no wheres nigh full yet!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

At a meeting in Exeter Hall, in London, Bishop Wilberforce spoke eloquently, and at the close of his address the people began to leave. A gentleman who, according to the programme, was to speak, said to the bishop: "I need not speak. I hardly think they expect me." "To be sure they do," retorted the prelate. "Don't you see they are all going out?"

AS interesting incident happened during the private visit of the Princess of Wales to the London hospital on Saturday. A little blind boy in Mellish Ward was sitting on a chair, and the Princess, seeing him, went up to him and spoke to him. The chairman of the hospital thinking it would be nice for the lad to know who had been speaking to him, said to him: "That lady who has been speaking to you was the Princess of Wales; would you like to come up and make your bow to her and speak to her?" The boy was delighted, and jumped off his chair. He was led up to the Princess, and she was told of his wish, to which she very readily acceded. The bow was duly made, and then came the speech. "How are you, Mafie?" a speech which was hardly expected, but which was answered by five minutes' conversation, and the boy returned to his chair proud and happy.

### Interesting Facts.

WE ARE all familiar with the childish word "dad" for father, but it is not generally known that it is a pure Welsh word; the Lord's prayer in Welsh beginning "Ein Dad."

THE greatest business establishment in the world is the United States post-office. It employs 200,000 persons, spends \$102,000,000 a year, and handles annually 6,214,447,000 pieces of mail matter.

THE new South Union Railway Station in Boston is the largest in the world. The building covers thirteen acres of ground and fifteen miles of track, affording accommodations for two thousand trains a day.

IS all handsome New York houses built nowadays a private elevator is a matter of course. It is operated by electricity, and the members of the family press the button for themselves, no expert attention being required. These elevators are generally small, accommodating from three to eight persons, and they are often beautifully decorated.

IT is supposed that cats can see in the dark. In a moderate light the pupil of the eye of a cat is small and of an oval shape, and in the bright glare of the sun at midday it becomes narrow, but in the dark it grows round and full, and is so expanded that it nearly fills the surface of the eye-ball. The Chinese and some of the negro tribes in Africa often examine the eyes of their pets with the bright glare of the sun at midday in order to ascertain the time of day. Some of the natives of the East Indies can tell you very nearly the hour of the day by this curious means.

At first sight some kinds of insect life do not appear very attractive, but on closer examination the wisdom of the great Maker appears in them all. Many are very beautiful. In form, color, and motion, as in butterflies and birds, we are delighted with them. When we come to make insects, as well as other animal life, a study, the more widely and deeply we wish to extend our examinations. The insect world animates every part of nature's dominions, for with the exception of the frigid rocks, the entire surface of the earth, the water and the atmosphere, afford habitations for one form or another of their wondrous aspects and transformations.