dyeing processes. In Siam, a cigarette wrapper is made from the leaves.

Fibre is got from the leaves of many kinds of bananas. The most valuable is the "Manilla hemp" of commerce,

which holds the chief place for making

white ropes and cordage. Old ropes made of it form an excellent paper-

making material, much used in the

United States for stout packing papers.

The Manilla hemp industry is a large

one. About 50,000 tons of fibre, valued

at £3,000,000, are annually exported from the Philippine Islands. The Man-

illa hemp plant is grown exclusively in

the southwestern part of the Philip-

pines, and all attempts to grow it elsewhere have failed. Many articles are

making lace and materials for ladies'

the finest wheat straw for plaiting .-

CONTINENTAL CURIOSITIES.

Where Women Do the Work of

Men.

A Whole Village of Washerwomen and

an Army of Milk Peddlers in

Germany.

that we first noticed any marked dif-

we had been accustomed to. We had

best, for it was Sunday; and in the afternoon and evening, the streets were so full of promenaders that walking quickly was an impossibility. It is,

however, only the country people who,

still clinging to their time-honored

we may concede them to be, but they

chance to look in the eyes of the wo-men who wear them with such com-

those living in some parts of Southern

Germany. Here we cannot complain of

pattering of feet and clattering

we thought it was the soldiers, for

they passed often on their way to the

drilling ground; but on further consid-

eration we knew this could not be so

on account of the unsteadiness of the marching and the noise. Going to a

window overlooking the street we saw

many girls and women passing by with

small wooden carts, which contained milk cans. The road on which they

were led directly to two or three vil-

lages, three or four miles away, and

milk to the townspeople and were now

large quantity that each has to deliver

for the size of the carts and cans tell

us the opposite. On market days you

ing plainly that they have been doing

a little marketing after completing the

milk round. There are also milkmen

horse, but they are more of a rarity

It would not appear strange to you were I to say that the women do the

washing here, for that is a feature

what is perhaps not so usual is

to see a whole village, whose women

are almost exclusively engaged in washing clothes, in fact, a village which is the laundrying-place for two

or three towns, one being some miles

cows. Ziegelhausen has natural advan-

needlework .- The Guardian.

\$4,000 For a Cape.

This is what can be said of

common with most countries;

voices going past the house.

clever manner.

Chambers's Journal.

Boys and Girls.

Her Name.

Such a wee, mischievous lassie!-It tries one's patience quite To watch the child. She cannot do A single thing just right. "Tis "Kitty, don't say that, dear!"

'Oh, Kitty, don't do so!" These are the words the greet her, Wherever she may go.

When, just at dusk, one evening, climbed upon my knee, In playful mood I asked her name, "Why, Kitty, 'course," said she.
"Yes, Kitty—but the rest, dear?"
She hung her curly head—

The rogue!—for just a moment; Then—"Kitty Don't!" she said. -Max Guthrie in November St. Nicholas.

A Lively Bag.

which was a bag. The truck crossed posed more than thirteen, for the a car track, and was jolted so hard crocodile and the chamois had proved that the bag rolled off into the street Immediately it struck the stones it be- the company. Few, in fact, had mangan rolling about in the strangest manner. It not only rolled, but it jumped, it tumbled, and behaved in a most curious way for a bag. When it was not important or tumbling it seems and roll or rolled but it seems. The company. Few, in fact, had many aged more than half a dozen. The prize was as mall Noah's ark, complete even to the spotted giraffe, and Mrs. Shem, Ham and Japheth in clear red and rolled the company. was not jumping or tumbling, it seemered. At last the truckman missed it, and drove hurriedly back for it. When he found it, he untied the bag and out he found it, he untied the bag and out he found it, he untied the bag and out he found it, he untied the bag and out hat refused to go round.—Helena jumped a very much frightened New- Leeming Jeliffe. foundland puppy. He seemed glad to be released. After a little petting he was put back in the bag, which was large, and was taken away on the This time the bag was put at the driver's feet, so that he could speak to the curly inmate.-The Outlook.

The Professor's Tale.

An Admiral bold, a General fierce, And an old Professor fat, Sat out on the lawn one summer's day, Enjoying a social chat.

"Tell us a tale," the children cried To the General fierce and grim. He told them of terrible battles and

That were waged (and won) by him. He had told them the same tale a So their thanks were far from free; dozen times, And they turned to the Admiral, "Sir,"

they said, "Will you sing us a song of the sea?" He sang them a song, in a deep "C

voice, Of some terrible Pirate Crews He had fought (and hung); but the song was old,
And the children couldn't enthuse.

"We wish," they said, "we could hear for once A story that was not old;

But it really seems that every tale Has again and again been told." "I will tell you a tale," the Professor said.

"Of a creature as old as the flood-A creature who seeks his prey in the dark. And whose favorite food is BLOOD!"

The children closer together drew, The General turned visibly pale, And the Admiral bold (who had Pirates fought)

Seemed struck by a northern gale! "This creature was born," said the learned man,

"In a dismal swamp or fen; Thence he sallies forth in the darksome night, To suck the blood of men!

Or women, or children, or innocent babes! For all, aye, all, are his prey. This very hour! e'en now! while I speak!! He may be coming this way!!!"

The children listened with eyes ablaze! The General's hair stood on end! And the Admiral wept great salty As one who had lost a friend!

"You may put up bars," the Professor remarked. "When one is heard without; Either bars of iron or bars of brass,

But you cannot keep him out. "He has no teeth to mangle his prey," Said the man of science fat, "But should one attack you, turn and

Don't even stop for your hat!" The General trembled, the Admiral

But they managed to rise and flee; The children were scared, but they

stayed to hear What the end of the tale would be. "Did you ever see one?" the children

asked. "I did," the Professor said. "I may even say, as a matter of fact, One has bitten me on my head.

"What's the name of the beast, Profes sor dear? And is all you have told us true?

For if it is, we're in danger great, And we know not what to do." "It isn't a beast," said the scholarly man,

"It is something very much fleeter; I am speaking the truth (as I always do)at's the common New Jersey 'Muskeeter'!"

Animal Pi. It was late in the season, and the tried to pass the evenings with maga-

zines and books. There was to be a little gathering on Saturday night, as usual. "Would music and cards be enough?" the hos-There was a fertile mind the lunch table that pondered the question, and begged leave to contribut a few moments' entertainment. It noticed that the mind was unusually absent that afternoon, and that its owner betook himself privately to the stationer who supplied the villagers with their polite notepaper, their toys, and their confections; also that hour before dinner was spent in

sparpening pencils and scribbling.

The outcome of the abstraction appeared later in the evening, when a sheet of paper was given to each guest bearing a list of words half English,

half Fiji, as follows:

collection of animals as varied as those let down in the sheet in the vision—"four-footed fowls of the earth, wild beasts, creeping things, and fowls of the air"; and the penetrating mind could see that the letters of each word, if transposed, would spell correctly the

name of some one of the progeny of Eden, either clean or unclean. Moreover, it was announced that just fifteen minutes would be allowed to correctly designate each of the fifteen animals by the "common or garden name" that Adam gave it, and that a beautiful prize would fall to the lot of the person who showed the most comprehensive knowledge of his animated animals. mated nature by writing the perverted names of these animals correctly.

There was a silent survey of the task, then frantic marginal scribbling, interrupted by occasional triumphant writing of some word, and terminated A truck was driving through one of by a chorus of protestations when he business streets in New York, on "time" was called. No one had transthat the bag rolled off into the street. too much for the combined brains of and yellow and blue paint; and the ed to tremble. Everybody was afraid booby prize, which fell to the lot of a to touch it, though quitt a crowd gath- benevolent old lady who had success-

Games at the Kindergarten. The games at the kindergarten are interesting, the little ones put customs, present to us anything re-

such life into their work and seem to enjoy it so thoroughly.

The rooms are always bright and cheerful. The one visited was uncommonly so. The little ones' chairs were monly so. The little ones' chairs were landers, each particular one denoting placed around a table on which was a to those who are acquainted with the basket of bright worsted balls and a

peculiarities the station in life to which the wearer belongs. To one acquainted with these fine shades of difference they are pretty much all alike. Quaint real robin's nest. They had been having a lesson about the bird's home. After the teacher had told them about the pretty nest, made with such care, of the mother bird and the helpless baby birds, they raised their arms and followed her motions as she sang:

'In the branches of the tree, Is a bird her nest preparing; Laying in two little eggs, Coming out two little birds, Calling their mother, peep! peep! peep! Mother, dear, peep! mother, dear, peep!

We love you dearly, peep! pep! peep! Windows were then thrown wide open, and they kept step to a stirring march, forming the ring, at last, where they stood hand in hand. One little in all kinds of weather, so many bare-girl, named Agnes, was chosen for the headed women. They are always parbird, and she flew about in the ring while they all sang to her:

"Fly, little bird, fly, around the ring, Fly, little bird, while we all sing; Then fly down at some one's feet, Who will sing you a song and sweet."

They all moved their arms but Ag- of the week is it that a hat is connes, who flew about on her toes till she sidered an unnecessary article of apknelt before the teacher, who stroked parel, but on high days and holidays imaginary feathers, singing: when, several mornings in succession, about 7:30 o'clock, we heard a great

"Stay, little birdie, stay with me; Stay, and my little birdie be. If you will, I will treat you well, And give you a cage in which to dwell."

When each had flown like the bird, they played a ball game. The red ball was shown under a basket or box sufdeep to cover it, while one ficiently child hid her face in the teacher's lap, another held the ball concealed in its hands. As all the children kept their hands in the same position it was necessary to make a thorough search. They sang these words:

"Let us find a hiding place For this little ball; Edith turn again your face Till you hear the call.

"Edith turn away your face, And try to find the hiding place Where our little ball must lie, You can find it if you try."

Then Tom wished for the sleepy game, as he called it. So the children sat in a circle, and as they were in the city who go round, as we are touched with a feather the teacher accustomed to see them, with cart and held they fell asleep in various postures, while dreamy music was being than the milkwoman, and have many played. At another touch they awoke times the quantity to deliver. and were transformed into anything they chose to personate. They were into the cellars of houses; but this is flying birds, trees with spreading rather an unusual thing, we believe. It would not appear strange to you The music now became so lively that all raced like ponies, and when it ceased they were quite ready to rest and have their lunch. ___

The Bright Side.

Nanny has a hopeful way-Bright and busy Nanny. When I cracked the cup today, She said, in her hopeful way, It's only cracked-don't fret, I pray." Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way, So good and sweet and canny. When I broke the cup today, She said, in her hopeful way, Well, 'twas cracked, I'm glad to say.' Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way-Quite right, little Nanny. Cup will crack and break alway: Fretting doesn't mend or pay. Do the best you can, I can. Busy, loving Nanny! -St. Nicholas.

Use of the Banana

In the West Indies the dried leaves summer gayety was over; the evenings were too cool for plazza parties, and the least suspicion of ennui had crept used as packing materials. Fresh age of the former at field-laborer's the cottage party as its members leaves are used to shade young coffee or cacao seedlings in nursery beds, and to cover cacao beans during fermentation. The young unopened leaves are so smooth and soft that they are used as "dressing" for blisters. In India, the dried stalk of the plaintain leaf is used as a rough kind of twine, and the larger parts are made into small boxes

for holding snuff, drugs, etc.

In the Malay Peninsula, the ash of spending \$4,000 may, if she chooses, invest it in a cape which the manufacturers are holding at that price. It is of the richest Russian sable, 24 inches long, and with the wide sweep which is fashlored this work. the leaf and leaf stalk is used instead of soap or fuller's earth in washing clothes, and a solution of the ash is aften used as salt in cooking. In the Dutch Indies, the skin of the plaintain is used for blackening shoes. The juice with a pink and lilac brocaded silk, which flows from all cut parts of the and has a high Elizabethan collar. banana is rich in tannin, and of so blackening a nature that it may be used as an indelible marking ink. In are covered on the under side with a white powder, which yields a valuable wax, clear, hard, and whitish, forming an important article of trade. The joined by the "letting in" process, joined by the "letting in" process, stem, and fruit which prevents any horizontal piecing with a shes of the leaves, stem, and fruit rind are employed in Bensal in many in even a long cape.—New York World.

Kiss Me, Yes or No. Forgive me, but I needs must press One question, since I love you so; And kiss me, Darling, if it's yes, And, Darling, kiss me if it's no!

It is about our marriage day-I fain would have it even here; But kiss me if it's far away, And, Darling, kiss me if it's near!

made from Manilla hemp—mats, cords, hats, plaited work, lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture, and various qualities of paper. At Wohlau, in Switzerland, an industry has been started for by the blushes crowding so On cheek and brow, 'tis near, guess! Darling, kiss me if it's no, hats from it. By a simple process it And kiss me, Darling, if it's yes!

is made into straw exactly resembling And with what flowers shall you be With flowers of snow, or flowers of But be they white, or be they red, Kiss me, My Darling, all the same!

And you have sewed your weddingdress? Nay, speak not, even to whisper low; But kiss me, Darling, if it's yes, And, Darling, kiss me if it's no

-Alice Cary. Earth's Complines.

Before the feet of the dew After crossing over from England to There came a call I knew, the truly-called "amphibious world" of Luring me into the garden the Netherlands, it was in Rotterdam Where the tall white lilies grew.

I stood in the dusk between ference in the dress of women to what The companies of green, O'er whose aerial ranks a good opportunity to see them at their The lilies rose serene.

And the breathing air was stirred By an unremembered word, Soft, incommunicable— And wings not of a bird. I heard the spent blooms sighing,

The expectant buds replying; I felt the life of the leaves, Ephmeral, yet undying. The spirits of earth were there

Thronging the shadowed air, Serving among the lilies In an ecstasy of prayer. Their speech I could not tell; are decidedly not pretty, not even picturesque from our point of view, how-

turesque from our point of view, how-ever beautiful and becoming they may They knew that language well. I felt the soul of the trees-Of the white, eternal seas-Of the flickering bats and placency.

But it is not of the women of the Netherlands that I would write, but of Netherlands that I would write, but of Netherlands that I would write of Southern

moths, And my own soul kin to these. And a spell came out of space

country women, for the fact is, that they, for the most part, wear neither hot non hornest during the greater like increase of Code for the space of my heart style of headdress worn by the they, for the most part, wear neither hat nor bonnet during the greater part of the year. One of the first things to which the attention will be drawn is, that you meet in the street, in all kinds of weather, so many bare-

The Jacobite on Tower Hill.

in all kinds of weather, so many bare-He tripped up the steps with a bow ticular, however, about their hair, which certainly looks very tidy. A hat and a smile, Offering snuff to the chaplain the or bonnet in most cases would be not only superfluous, but positively in the

way, for the women carry on their heads very heavy bundles and baskets.

A rose at his button-hole, that afternoon: Twas the tenth of the month, and the which they balance there in a very month it was June Not only during the working days

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he looked at the man With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran We had not been in Heidelberg long Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to see The jailer kneel down and receive his

> He looked at the mob, as they roared, with a stare, And took snuff again with a cynical air.

> "I'm happy to give but a moment's delight To the flower of my country agog

scented cravat, Dusted room for his neck, gaily doffing these milkwomen had been delivering Kissed his hand to a lady, bent low to his hat. on their way home. A few of them had no carts, but carried the cans in the crowd,

a basket on their head. It is not a Then, smiling, turned round to the headsman and bowed. "God save King James!" he cried, bravely and shrill, will often see the women returning home, the contents of their carts showthe cry reached the nouses foot of the hill.

"My friend with the axe, a votre ser-" he said, vice,' And ran his white thumb 'long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hissed ne stood firm as a rock; Then, kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block.

He kissed a white rose-in a moment 'twas red With the life of the bravest of any that bled. -Walter Thornbury.

Chased by Indians.

The Indianapolis Journal reports a conversation with a gray-haired army officer whom the reporter found in a situated on the right bank of the Nec- mood of reminiscence. This mood had cotnes, and all day they are to be seen in transit through the city. Sometimes they are carried in baskets by women, but oftener they are collected in large wooden carts usually drawn by in large wooden carts usually drawn by pany in Montana. His first experiences with his superiors were of a nature to which had occurred some time prefit it for sober his spirits, but he made the best viously. tages which eminently fit it for laundrying purposes. The houses, for laundrying purposes. The houses, for invited by an older lieutenant to go out the most part, are built up against the laundrying purposes.

mountains, and between the houses and the river there is, first, a stream I was pleased with the idea he says, and the river there is, first, a stream of beautiful clear water, at which every day, women are to be seen chevery day, women are to be seen with the clothes; then, beyond this work with the scant of the river the Sioux Indians were being the clothes; then, beyond this hold in check by the scant of the reservoir. washing the clothes; then, beyond this stream, and stretching to the river, held in check by the agent of the reserheld in check by the agent of the reserlies a green sward which affords an excellent drying and bleaching ground. In the metter of the resertion of the resertion with the world break out. We rode through the put down all nocturnal whether by day or by night."

Another neighbor of ours scouts called attention to something a maiden sister, an elderly lady, sol-In the matter of farming, the women are as active as the men; indeed, I eight miles from the fort. There our far out on the prairie. We mounted a knoll, and Bowen, my companion, swept the country with his glasses.
"They are Indians!" he exclaimed,
and with a cry the scouts jumped upon These German women are very busy and always busy. If we take a walk through the city parks it is not likely

that we shall see one woman there who is not busy with some kind of Springfield rifies that were practically ing down upon us at a gallop. Any woman who lacks a way of "Come on!" yelled Bowen, as

beating their ponies. Then we galloped for our lives. For a mile or so we went at a good speed. Then Bowen shouted back to me:

"Look out for the quicksand!"

"Stop, James," said she; "conduct"

Its counterparts in style may be seen in the capes costing one-twentieth as much, but the material makes the dif-

on after help, and then I was left

The Indians were coming. I could hear their yells, and the hair rose on my head. I had heard my colonel say it was better to kill yourself than be captured by the redskins, and I was debating this with myself when three or four painted faces popped up above the bank.

The moment they saw my plight they began to laugh and slap their legs and dance. Something amused them greatly, but I was in no mood to sympathise.

Then, before I could do anything, down the bank they came, pulled me from the horse, helped him out of the from the horse, helped him out of the sand, and put me back in the saddle. This done, the biggest Indian took a city? Pa—Life seems longer there, my paper from his pocket and handed it to me. It was a note from the agent

of the reservation.
"These Indians," I read, "have a permit to hunt buffalo on the reservation. They are peaceable, and are not to be molested."

Just as I finished reading the note I heard the infantry coming. Bowen had given the alarm. I met him somewhat story needn't be told at the fort. It you ever heard of sugar-cured hams? never was.

A TALE OF TWO KICKERS.

Kicking Tom Against Kick ng Donkey-Man Outkicked the Jackass.

In the days of the San Gabriel canyon mining boom in the seventies, a large-boned and gigantic Indianian was known to his rough, but kindly associates as "Kicking Tom." He had won the nickname by reason of the terrific force with which he could launch his great, sinewy foot against an opposing object. One day a miner brought into camp a Mexican burro, which soon obtained a wide celebrity as a vicious animal, who, when excited, would attack man or beast with desperate fury. Several mountain ponies had been kicked to death by him, and more than one man had nearly lost his life by the savage heels of the brute. So exciting had become the report of the jack's achievements that they became the subject of universal conversation and inquiry among the miners. Sitting in inquiry among the miners. Sitting their cabins they spun wonderful tales their cabins they spun wonderful tales careful," said he, "the picture is careful," soid he, "the picture is scarcely dry." "Oh, never mind," excarcely dry." "Oh, never mind," excarcely dry." "Oh, never mind," excarcely dry."

"He is the liveliest kicker going," said one. "You are right, old man. That beast can kick the hair off a man's head without touching the skin," replied one

of his companions.

That was touching Tom in a tender place, and, after a moment's reflection, he spoke up with the remark:
"He can't outkick me." The observation was received with amazed si-

"Why, Tom, he'd make mincemeat of you in a minute.' "Would he?" replied the athletic Indianian. "Then he can have the chance. I'm ready to kick for \$100, and may the best man win!"

"Or the best jack," interposed a head have you got on?" companion. 'I mean what I say, old man, so don't be too spry with your tongue." And Tom's brow lowered in gathering anger. His friends apologized for the

jest, and the crowd dispersed. The next day the rumor went wild not in his own house, but a guest, through the camp that Tom was willing to kick the burn for a wager. In ing to kick the burro for a wager. In the dusk of the evening the miners gathered in from their work and dis-cussed the subject in all its bearings. Opinion as to the match was about evenly divided. If anything, Tom was hand-bills headed, "Know Thyself." A ed between the beast and the man, and people to form acquaintances of a v

Promptly at the appointed hour ev- you are right; but it never occurred to come off next Sunday afternoon. ery inhabitant of the canyon and the me until I saw you." villages that have since grown into Pomona and Pasadena was assembled in mona and rasadena was assisted the limits during the performance at the theater, a little level spot just outside the limits during the performance at the theater, of the camp. The preliminaries were much to the annovance of the audience, quickly arranged and the fight began. The beast seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and, laying back his ears, he watched his wary opponent with angry eyes. Suddenly Tom leaped forward and landed a terrific kick squarely on the junction of the neck and head.

Then he looked at the block, and, with scented erayat.

The brute received before the force of the locked at the block, and, with he wheeled and launched both heels knelt at her hostess' knee to say her aside, and as quick as lightning responded with another fearful kick on Finding Mrs. I— unable the burro's neck. And so the conflict out she concluded thus: raged. Sometimes the jack would get in a savage blow on his opponent, but ber my prayers and I'm stay oftener the man had the best of it; a lady that don't know any." and at last, putting forth all his won derful strength, he landed a kick with the fury and irrestible force of a piledriver on the jack's neck, which had been his objective point from the beginning. The beast reeled back, and with a convulsive quiver fell over. Tom was terribly bruised, but no bones

were broken, and in a few days he was as spry as ever.
The miners next day gave the jack a regular funeral. Amid all the pomp and circumstance of the camp, he was laid to rest underneath the sod of the valley, and a local poet thus canon-

ized his memory: Lay his waxen hoofs together, Fold back his long and spreading

For he has gone to blend his heehaw With the music of the spheres. -Los Angeles Correspondent.

Amusing Neighbors.

In writing of the neighborhood where his boyhood was passed, Mr. W. R. Le kar, some three miles from here. Monday is the great day for gathering the ing of a youthful lieutenant. It was in the several arms in several gives several amusing incidents of the dicated by the thickness of the beaver people. One of these neighbors was a man of but little education, but a stirring magistrate during disturbances broken off a ship and thrown into the

Many stories were told of him. was said that in forwarding his reports on the state of the country to the authorities in Dublin Castle, he always

emn and stately, whom he held in great Ill-luck is certain to follow him ave. She was very fond of flowers. When arranging some one morning in the drawing-room, she found a curious blossom which she had never seen bethe ponies and started toward the fort. fore. Just as she discovered it her There we were alone, with two gardener passed the window, which springfield rifles that were practically was open. "Come in, James," she called was open. Come in, James, she caned worthiess for such a warfare, and the to him; "I want to show you one of the most curious things you ever saw." James accordingly came in. Miss Madder sat down, not perceiving that the bottom of the chair had been lifted out. I looked back just once, and could see the Indians waving their arms and beating their ponies. Then we gallop-

"Look out for the quicksand!"

I saw his horse make a flying leap across a narrow stream. Could I do that? I wondered. My horse reached the bank and squared himself for the jump, but just at that moment the soil in my life."

"Stop, James," said she; "conduct "will go dry. This superstition is drived and life me out." "Oh, begonia, ma'am, I can't stop," said he, gorra, ma

Nell-Is he one of the Four Hundred? Belle-I wouldn't be surprised. He might easily be one of the naughts.

* * * * Candidate-I can't imagine what caused my defeat. Friend—The election of your opponent, I should say.

"Sorry, madam, but you will have to get some one to identify you." "The idea! Don't you see my name right there on the check?"

"The farmer said one of the little pigs was sick, so I brought it some sugar." "Sugar?" "Yes, sugar. Haven't

Blabzer-Out in the country don't you find it aggraving having to hurry to catch trains? Mazner-Oh, no! It's hurrying to miss them that we find aggravating.'

"When I first took hold of this place," said the new proprietor of the grocery store on the corner, "it was doing absolutely nothing, and now the business has doubled."

"Begorra," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blame fool that filled this quart bottle must have put in two quarts instid of wan!" * * * *

Street Car Conductor-I can't take this American money. The company won't take it from us. Mrs. Z.—Dear me! If that's the case, I should think you'd be glad to take it.

An artist gave his last work to a porter to convey to the Academy. "Be claimed the porter; "my clothes are

"There is a nice thing about having two babies in the house," said Sleep-

"What is that?" "They each cry so loud you can't

hear the other." A full-bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time in a number of years. At the dinner table, his 3-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose

* * * * Archbishop French, dining at home one evening, found fault with the Next evening he flavor of the soup. dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for the moment that he was French, "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

A scientific writer put out flaming the favorite. Under these circumstances was soon called on the lecturer and it was decided that the conflict should low order. The lecturer looked at the wag a moment and said, "My friend,

> A tall fellow persisted in standing and was respectfully requested to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out, "Let him alone, honey; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself." He dropped into a seat.

Helen, aged 4, was spending a night

ing. Finding Mrs. I— unable to help her "Please God, 'scuse me. I can't 'member my prayers and I'm staying with

Miss R. was telling her Sunday school class of small boys about the Shut-in Society, whose members are persons confined with illness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "that would have had great sympathy for these that are so shut in? "I know," said a little boy; "some one in the Bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes; and who, Johnnie?" "Johna!" was the

Odd Superstitions.

In the New England States there is a superstition that bees will never do well if the people of the house quarrel about them.

In Sicily it is devoutly believed that a scorpion enclosed in a bottle or in some situation from which it cannot escape, will sting itself to death. The beaver hunters of the early days of this country believed that the se-

verity of the coming winter was inhuts. Sailors have an idea that a barnacle water will turn into a goose. The origin of this superstition is not known. In some southern localities the colored people believe that if a crow croaks an odd number of times, foul weather

will follow; if even, the day will be Many of the East Indians, particu larly among the Hindoos of South India, believe that monkeys can speak, but will not do so for fear they will

Rev. George Madder, rector of Bally-hood, an old bachelor, who lived with stork is considered one of the greatest be put to work.

through life. In the Ural Mountains the peasant ry believe that if a wolf sees a man before the man sees the wolf, the man will be struck dumb and remain so as

long as the wolf lives. In many countries there is a superstition that when ants are unusually active, running to and fro about their nests, foul weather is sure to occur in a very short time.

Several ancient authors narrate the superstition common in both Greect and Rome that the basilisk can throw its poison to a considerable distance, and thus slay its victim. In England and Scotland milkmaids believe that if they forget to wash

ably originated in the miraculous healing of a blind man recorded in one of the gospels,