

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A neighbor called to sympathize with an old woman whose husband had been carried to the churchyard the day before. He found her eating porridge, with a good appetite. She looked up and saw him standing uncertain in the doorway. "Ye'll be wunnerin' I'm nae greetin'," (crying), she remarked, going on with her meal; "but I hev been greetin', and I'm gaun to greet again as soon's I've suppit this drapple o' milk parritch."

"I suppose, Uncle Jim, you remember a good deal about the politics of the early days?"

"Well, I never tuk much int'rest in pollytics, but I kin recollect when John C. Fremont was 'lected president."

"Fremont! Why, Fremont was never elected."

"He wun't? Well, now, that gits me. I heerd a leadin' speaker talk the night 'fore 'lection, an' he said if John C. Fremont wun't 'lected the country would fall to ruin an' everybody would have to shut up shop. Course, I didn't take the papers; but, noticin' thet things went on 'bout same as before, I calculated John won. So he wun't 'lected? Well, b'jinks! Thet gits me!"

ABSENT-MINDED.

Colonel Charles Coey, the president of the American Federation of Aero Clubs, is credited with this story of an aeronautical pilot:

"He is really too absent-minded to pilot a balloon. He used, you know, to be a railroad conductor, but he had to give up the work; he was too absent-minded for it, too."

"On his train one day, as he passed through the cars taking up the tickets, a joking passenger, instead of proffering his pasteboard, solemnly proffered his forefinger."

"Never noticing anything out of the way, the conductor punched a little chunk out of the side of the finger and passed on."

PREMATURE OBITUARIES.

One of the traditions of the office of the New York Herald has to do with an editor who was a great upholder of the infallibility of his paper. It simply couldn't make a mistake.

A flustered citizen once burst into his office and hustled up to the editorial desk. "See here!" he demanded. "This obituary notice. It's all wrong!"

"What's wrong about it?" asked the editor in calm confidence.

"Why, it's about me. I'm not dead!"

"If the Herald says you're dead," sternly replied the editor, "you're dead. But," he added magnanimously, "if you don't like being dead we'll print your birth notice."

His attitude was rather different from that of another editor, who, on being shown by the man most interested that the death of the complainant was falsely reported, apologized profusely and offered to make it all right.

"We'll print a correction at once," he said.

"Well," said the man who wasn't dead, "perhaps it would be better to let it stand. I'll show it to my friends when they want to borrow money."

WHOSE WAS THE EGG?

If a person buys a hen, paying for it by live weight, and the hen while being weighed suddenly becomes industrious and lays an egg into the scales, who does the egg belong to?

Recently a peddler of live hens made a sale on the Toronto market. A pair of scales was produced, and the squawking hen dumped on and weighed. Then the hen, defying conventions and careless in its choice of nest, dropped an egg into the scales. The woman who was purchasing the hen recovered from the shock first, and grabbed the egg. The man, with a volley of Yiddish, demanded it. He had sold but the chicken, not the egg. The woman folded her arms, and, egged on by the crowd that gathered, defied him. Then the peddler went for the police. The seller of chickens was in hard luck, however, for he had hardly arrived with the officer in tow when the crowd, which was mostly women and children, turned on him so vigorously that he decamped, leaving the egg in the victor's hands. But has the question as to legal ownership been settled?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Veterinary.

LUMPS ON SHOULDER.

Horse has small lumps resembling collar boils on his shoulder. E. C. B.

Ans.—If these are little abscesses, they should be opened, and then dressed three times daily with a five-per-cent. solution of carbolic acid, until healed. If they are hard and fibrous, and contain no pus, they should be carefully dissected out, and the wounds dressed with the above lotion until healed. V.

OFF-COLORED NOSE.

1. The nose of a pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus heifer turned white last winter. What was the cause, and can it be treated so as to restore the normal color?

2. Will this affect her for show purposes? OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1. It is not possible to state the cause of this change of color. It is probably a reversion to some impurely-bred ancestor. We know of no means of restoring the normal color.

2. With some judges it would disqualify, while others might overlook it. It is not correct, but if satisfactory evidence were available that it was formerly of the proper color for the breed, it might be accepted. Much would depend upon the view the judge might take of the circumstance. V.

BARB-WIRE WOUND.

Horse had his fore leg wounded by barbed wire. The skin and flesh were badly torn, and the front tendon severed and about three inches of bone exposed. My veterinarian stitched the wound and treated the case for some time. The stitches broke out in a few days. The bone is now covered and the tendon united, but the skin has not grown over the surface of wound. The horse can walk well, but cannot raise the knee very high. B. F. G.

Ans.—The wound has made a good recovery, and a false skin will gradually form, but there will always be a large scar devoid of hair. In most cases a considerable enlargement and faulty action results from a severed tendon. No doubt, action will gradually improve in your case, but it is not probable that it will ever be normal. All that you can do is to apply carbolic oil or vaseline, 1 part carbolic acid to 25 parts sweet oil or vaseline, three times daily, and allow nature to have her course. V.

Broke, Broke, Broke.

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy hard, hot stones, New York!
And I float on thy swelt'ring billows
As frail and as light as cork.

Oh, well for the sons of gold
That they glide up the Great White
Way!

Oh, well for the coddled rich
That they sail in their yachts up the
bay!

And the terrible tides surge on
At the sick, mad pace that kills;
And it's oh, for the sight of an honest
friend,
And a glimpse of the good, green hills!

Broke, broke, broke,
On thy grim, gray stones, New York!
But it's back to the rills, and the fields,
and the hills,
I'll go if I have to walk!

—Edwin Coolidge, in Life.

A Biddeford man, who formerly ran a hotel at Old Orchard, had been bothered about getting chickens for his boarders. At the market nine times out of ten he had tough birds palmed off upon him, and so went to a new market one morning.

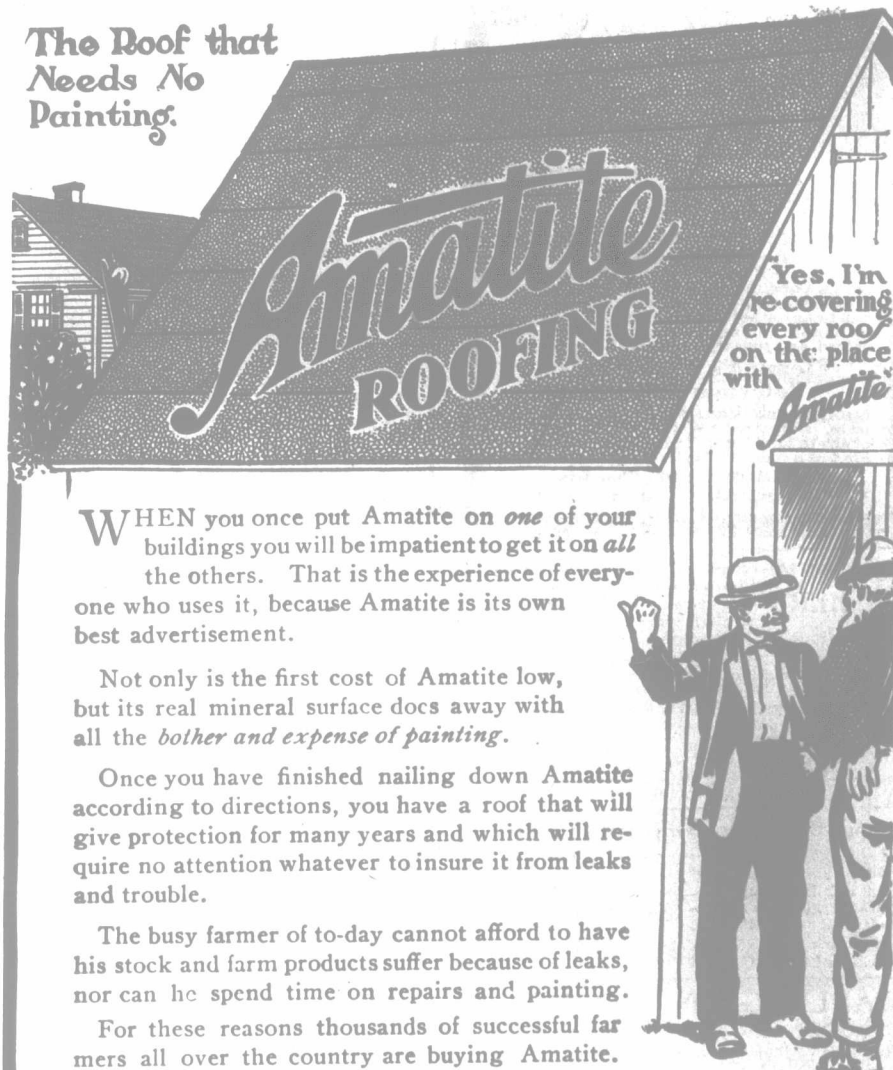
"How many chickens have you got this morning," he inquired of the meat dealer.

"Twenty," answered the merchant.

"Well, I've got some of the biggest eaters you ever saw boarding at my house. Pick me out a dozen of the toughest chicks you have in the store."

The dealer did so, whereupon the landlord picked up the eight that were left and said: "If it's all the same to you I'll take these."

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