

JAP MILLER.

Jap Miller down at Martinville's the blamest feller yit! When he starts in a talkin' other folks is apt to quit—'Pears like that mouth o' his'n wusn't made for nuthin' else But jes' to argify 'em down and gether in their pelts. He'll talk you down on tariff; er he'll talk you down on tax, And prove the pore man pays 'em all—and them's about the facts! Religen, law er politics, prize-fightin' er baseball—Jes' tetch Jap up a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the comicalist feller ever tilted back a cheer And tuck a chew tobacco kinder like he didn't keer. There's where the feller'strench lays—he's so common-like and plain; There haint no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary a grain! They 'lected him to Council and it never turned his head, And didn't make no difference what anybody said; He didn't dress no finer, ner rag out in fancy clothes; But his voice in Council-meetin' is a turrer to his foes.

He's fer the pore man ever' time! and in the last campaign He stumped old Morgan County through the sunshine and the rain, And helt the banner upwards from a-trail-in' in the dust, And out loose on monopolies and cuss' and cuss'd and cuss'd! He'd tell some funny story ever' now and then, you know, Tel, blame it! it was better'n a jack-o'-lan-tern show! And I go furdur yit, to-day, to hear old Jap norate Than any high toned orator 'at ever stumped the State!

W'y, that air blame Jap Miller, with his keen sarcastic fun, Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run. Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you, They allus coincide with your'n, the same as two and two. You can't take issue with him—er at least they haint no sense In startin' in to down him, so you better not commence—The best way's jes' to listen, like your humble servant does, And jes' concede Jap Miller is the best man ever wus.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Where do you get all the nice slippers and embroidered suspenders, Jack? Sh! I have a brother who is a clergyman.

Tom—Why do you think your chances for becoming President of the United States are good? Jack—I was born in a log cabin.

The Shopper (in china shop to salesman)—You don't break these sets, I presume? The Salesman—No'm; but our errand boy does, sometimes.

Love does not laugh at locksmiths when on a honeymoon trip the key refuses to lock the portmanteau two minutes before starting for the station.

Friend of Playwright—Tell me, now, what do you consider your greatest work? Playwright—Getting my plays accepted after they are written.

Lady—You appear to be very fond of your little playmate. It is pleasant to see such love among children. The Bigger One—Yes'm; he's got er penny to spend.

So you proposed to her. Accepted, of course? Accepted! Why, she treated me like a dog. Allow me to congratulate you, old fellow. I saw how she treated one the other day, and, by Jove, how I envied that dog.

Debrown (calling on friend)—Why, hello, Jonjones, I expected to find you dead. I thought you intended to commit suicide to-day. Jonjones—So I did, but I'm not feeling very well just now, so I've put it off for a few days.

A San Francisco merchant takes a white cur, and with a stencil plate and black ink fixes his business upon each side of the dog, and sends him forth a locomotive advertisement—a doggerotype of the fast people of a fast country.

Physician (to his patient, a hurried business man on the verge of bankruptcy)—And, above all, preserve entire equanimity of mind; have no cares, no trouble. Patient—Thanks, doctor, for your prescription. By the way, where can I have it made up?

Injured Party—You thundering idiot. What do you want to run against me for? Other Party—Do you mean that as a joke or in earnest? Injured Party—Why, in earnest, of course. Other Party (coolly)—It's as well, because I would not take that as a joke from anyone.

Have you change for sixpence? asked a tramp. Yes, replied the gentleman. Where is the sixpence? I haven't one, but I thort if you had change for sixpence you might have a copper or two for a poor man wot's seen better days. All the gents I have asked for help said they hadn't any change.

He Wanted to Open an Account.

A man said that he wanted to see the manager of the bank, and was told that he was busy. But I must see him, the visitor insisted. It is to his interest as well as minn, and, if you don't show me in you will be the cause of the bank losing money, that's all.

His air was so commanding, and his voice was so persuasive, that he was shown into the manager's room.

Good morning, sir. Good morning, the manager responded, giving the visitor a look of inquiry. I wish to open an account with you.

Ah! sit down, sir. The visitor seated himself, and then said, Yes, I want to deposit with you.

Glad to hear it, sir. About what amount do you wish to deposit?

Well, I don't exactly know yet, the visitor answered. In fact, it somewhat depends. I have just started a paper, a weekly publication of great merit, I assure you, and I should very much like an advertisement from your bank; and as you are a thorough business man, I don't know but I might make this sort of an arrangement with you. Give me an advertisement, and I will let the sum that it amounts to go in as a deposit. Here—and he whipped out a "dummy" of his sheet—look at this magnificent space. Now, you take this space for three months at \$500, and just credit me on your books for that amount. Don't you see how easy and how business like it is.

It was some time before the manager could speak, and he did not use violent language; but it was noticed that when the visitor came out his countenance looked as though it had been subjected to hard usage.

All From One Pig.

She was a pretty little thing, and it was plainly to be seen that she had not been married long. She tripped into a provision dealer's, and said to the proprietor:

My husband (there was a great emphasis on the word husband) bought a couple of hams here some time ago.

Yes, ma'am, said the shopman, emphasizing the ma'am.

They were very nice, very nice, indeed. Yes, ma'am, assented the shopman.

Have you any more like them? Yes, ma'am, said the man of cheese and bacon, pointing to a row of ten or a dozen hanging suspended from the ceiling.

Are you sure they are from the same pig? Yes, ma'am, said the shopkeeper without a quiver.

Then you may send me two more of them, and she tripped out of the shop as she had tripped in, and the dealer laughed a wicked laugh.

He Could Not Give a Plain Answer.

A capital story is just now going the rounds regarding a well known professor who has the failing of never being able to give a plain answer to a plain question. Recently he was crossing to America on a lecturing tour, and the passengers on the steamer were talking of this peculiarity, and one of them observed.

I'll wager champagne for the company that one of us shall go down and ask Prof. — the simplest question that can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes. And I'll give you leave to tell him why the question is asked, and that there is a bet depending on his reply.

This seemed fair enough, certainly, for to be forewarned was to be forearmed. One of the party was deputed to go and try the experiment. He found the professor, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him:

Professor G—, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism, and have just laid a wager that you wouldn't give a plain answer to the simplest question; and they have deputed me to test the fact. Now, professor, let me ask you, where does the sun rise?

The eminent professor's brow contracted, he hesitated a moment, and then replied:

The terms east and west, Mr. —, are conventional; but I—

That'll do, interrupted the interrogator, we've lost the bet!

A bookseller was very much annoyed with a customer continuing to ask the price of articles, evidently with very little intention of becoming a purchaser. Customer (taking up a box of paper and envelopes)—What does this run about? Exasperated Bookseller—That does not run about—that is stationery.

Teacher—If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut? Class—Eight. Teacher—Correct. Now each piece would be one eighth of the whole. Remember that. Class—Yes'm. Teacher—Suppose each piece were cut again what would result? Smart Boy—Sixteenths. Teacher—Correct. And if cut again? Boy—Thirty seconds. Teacher—Correct. Now, suppose we should cut each of the thirty two pieces again, what would result? Little Girl—Hash.

The Greatest Wave on Record.

"The sea was running mountains high" is a favorite expression of nautical stories and Atlantic travellers, but unfortunately, the correctness of the expression does not come up to its grandeur. The highest natural ocean waves are to be found off the Cape of Good Hope, where they sweep along in majestic masses, ranging from thirty to forty feet in height—which is quite high enough for the delectation of seamen and passengers without altogether justifying the title of "mountains."

Occasionally, however, these monsters are dwarfed by waves resulting from other causes than gales or hurricanes. Great "bores" or tidal waves wreck shipping and devastate shores. But the greatest wave of historic times was caused by neither wind nor tide, but by that most terrifying of man's foes—an earthquake. It was on the evening of August 13, 1868, that the little Peruvian town of Arequipa was shaken to its foundations by several throes of earthquake, which seemed to have for their center the great volcano Misti, which rears its gaunt sides directly above the village.

A terrible noise was heard beneath the ground, and the terror stricken inhabitants were thrown off their feet as they attempted to fly to the hills. In a few moments the whole town was in ruins, and thousands lay dead or dying amidst the debris. Then followed an awful scene, similar to the great Lisbon disaster.

The agent of the P. & O. Navigation Co. gave the account as follows: While passing towards the hills, with the earth shaking, a great cry went up to heaven. The sea had retired! On clearing the town I looked back, and saw that the vessels were being carried irresistibly seawards. In a few minutes the sea stopped, and then arose a mighty wave, fifty feet high, and came in with a fearful rush, carrying everything before it in terrible majesty. The whole of the shipping came back, speeding towards inevitable doom. In a few minutes all was over—every vessel was either on shore or bottom upwards.

At Africa, on the same coast, the wave appeared a few minutes later, and submerged the town. Two vessels—a brig and a corvette—were carried by it across the railway, and were stranded high and dry a mile to the north of the town. All down the Chilean coast it swept—at Chala, Iquique, and Callao it was equally destructive. But, huge as this southern branch of the wave was, its northern arm was vaster still.

When first it started on its voyage across the Pacific its length was estimated at five million feet, or, roughly speaking, a thousand miles, with a varying height of sixty or seventy feet. This incalculable mass sped along at a rate of about six hundred miles an hour. As it widened out this height diminished as its length grew greater. In mid-Pacific it formed a semi circular wall of water, measuring from end to end about eight thousand miles. Let us follow the monster's course as far as intelligent reports will permit us.

Soon after midnight the shore of California—fully 5,000 miles from the seat of the disturbance—was shaken by a wave nearly 70 feet in height, which burst with a crash upon it. The billow had traversed this expanse of water in less than eight hours.

The Sandwich Islands were next visited. This group is situated 6,400 miles from Arequipa, and the natives might fairly have considered themselves safe from any danger. Yet shortly after midnight a terrible cry went out into the night that the islands were "inking." The wave did not break, and, by a natural optical illusion, the on-lookers could not resist the impression that they were sinking rapidly into the sea. Islet after islet was submerged, and panic was universal, until the advancing tide paused and retired. But far beyond the Sandwich Islands the wave coursed on.

The next day (according to Chilean time), August 14th, Yokohama, in Japan, was visited by a billow 35 feet in height. In something less than four and twenty hours this wave had travelled over two fifths of the earth's surface—a distance of 10,500 miles. From the Samos and Marquesas groups came detailed accounts of the same phenomenon. But yet on and on it rushed.

New Zealand received the wave—greatly diminished and broken, but still alarming. At Port Lyttleton the sea receded in a most unusual manner, and then returned in a solid mass of water twelve feet high, which did considerable damage to small shipping. Still not exhausted, the giant wave was seen and heard on the Australian coast—12,000 miles from its starting point. Passing thence, its power was broken and lost in the vast area of the Indian Ocean, but even at the Cape of Good Hope it was observed that the tide ebbed and flowed for some hours in a very irregular manner.

It may be asked what became of the vessels which encountered this monster? As a matter of fact, not one of the hundreds of craft which passed over it noticed anything out of the common. The famous captain who boasted that he had crossed the Atlan-

tic so many times that he knew every wave by sight, would not have spotted this one as a stranger had he met it, for in waves there is no transference of water, and his vessel would have risen and sunk on it as on an ordinary lunar tide.

A Tree-Climbing Pig.

A curiosity has lately been shot by Mr. L. Mortemore, who has a selection on Tinana Creek, Queensland. He says it is a sort of tree-climbing pig. For a number of years the wild pigs have been numerous in this locality, and his theory is that the original or common pig must have amalgamated to a certain extent with some aboriginal animal, or that the necessities of climate, etc., have caused the variety. The captured animal weighs about 1 cwt., and is pretty fat, with bristly brown fur, small black spots, snout and ears like a pig, but the jaw is furnished with front teeth like a rodent; it has large canines, and powerful back grinders. The fore feet are furnished with hook like claws; the hind ones have two hook claws on each hoof. The tail is thick, about a foot long, and highly prehensile, and in a state of rest is usually carried in what is known as the Flemish coil. The animal is also furnished with a pouch, which it only appears to use for carrying a supply of food in while it is travelling to fresh pastures. The skin is saved, and will be sent to the Maryborough Exhibition. Mr. Le Mortemore says the flesh is excellent, and that it tastes just like veal and ham pie. He is sure there are plenty more about by the marks on the trees. In drought the animal climbs trees and hangs by its tail while it gathers its food by the hook claws. He intends capturing some live specimens and breeding from them. The discovery is most interesting, and will add another valuable food animal to our already rich resources. It is quite possible that this variety is due to the breeding of the common pig with the Queensland tree-climbing kangaroo. Mr. Le Mortemore is at this moment busy constructing traps to ensnare some of these climbing pigs.—Greymouth, N. Z., Argus.

His Ill-Behaved Leg.

A cork leg is no end of a bore, said the man who limped. Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent, and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little mot which I had composed carefully while dressing for dinner, she said, sotto voce:

I'll thank you to stop squeezing my foot! Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course, without knowing it. It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady at a social festivity. Nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling.

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