I've learned the two times and the And I don't want to learn the rest; I'm such a little boy, you see, The little tables suit me best!

"Fat Thursday" in Italy. Of all the quaint and ourious holiday times of the children of all countries there is none more punctiliously kept to this day than the "Fat Thursday" of Lent, in Italy, On "Gioveda Grasso," or "Fat Thursday," which occurs in the middle of the Lenten season, the young people "burn the old woman." This is the way it is done, as Marietts Ambrosi tells the story:

Almost every house has a courtyard surrounded with balconies; we tie a rope to each of these balconies, and in the middle we hang the "old wo-man." Sometimes she is accompanied

by her "old man."
To make up the "old woman" we take an old undershirt, drawers and stockings; we stuff these with rags, paper and straw, and with this stuff-ing we put lots of firecrackers. We put on for her head a grotesque mask, a good wig made of fine paper or shavings.

Then we dress her up with some id clothes and paper skirts. Her hands are made up with a pair of old gloves, and on her feet she wears real She has a parasol in one hand, and in the other she holds a nice paper-lace handkerchief, and a good poke bonnet is on her head. Then we place all the rest of the fireworks on her parasol and around her petticoats. We let her hang there all day for the children to come and see her, and meantime we go around to the court-

yards to see the others. We all arrange the time to fire each "old woman" off, so that we can all manage to go and see every one. That night we are free to go into any courtyards. As we meet around the fence a big fellow puts a match to her, and up she goes; first in a little flame, then firecracker explodes, and now, her hand that was holding the paper handkerchief goes off with a bang. Pretty so h one of her legs begins to tremble, and, as you watch it, it flies off with a kick; her parasol was tied very well on her other arm, so it holds the longest, and from that you see the fireworks start up. After that we children start for the other places. It is about midnight when we go home. After that hour every kind of enjoyment must stop, as Lent begins again.-Jenness Miller's Monthly.

#### How Bobby Went to the Grocery By L. E. Chittenden,

Bobby had started down town with a grocery list, and it was the first time he had gone alone, so he felt very proud and happy over it.

But by and by he stopped under a lamp-post to rest.

"It's purty hard work to walk all alone to the grocery man's," he thought. Just then a girl came by, and stopped to mail a letter in the box on the lamp-post. Bobby watched her with much interest.

Where does it go to?" he asked. inswered the girl. "Oh, down to the postoffice. Didn't you ever see a postoffice box before?"
"No, ma'am," said Bobby. "'Cause
we've just moved here from the coun-

Then, as the girl went on, Bobby stood still looking at the box. "I wonder if it wouldn't take my grocery list down,"he thought. " if it's smart enough to take letters, I

should think it would be able to take a grocery list." So he tucked his paper in and sat down to see what would happen, though his conscience pricked him a

'My mother might not like it," he thought. "I wish I had thought to tell her about it first."

Presently a man dressed in gray drove up, and, jumping out of his buggy, unlocked the box and took out the

Bobby stood up on tiptoe, and tried to look in." "I thought," he explained to the man,

"maybe I'd have some groceries there.

I put a list in." 'No," said the man, laughing, "this doesn't deliver groceries. But you climb in and I'll take you to the gro-

cery. Here's your list." The grocery man let Bobby drive back with him, and when Bobby saw

his mother looking anxiously out of the door, he at once began to explain. "I tried to ex-ex-peppermint with a "but I am sorry; box, mother," he said, though it was a tormentous long ways to the grocery man's, and if they hadn't let me ride I don't know how I'd managed. But I won't do it again, mother,

"No, Bobby," said his mother, "experiments don't always turn out right, and it's better to go along the way your mother expects you to. "Yes, that's so," said Bobby. won't forget that."—The Outlook.

# How the Chickens Got Out.

"Say, Billy," said nine-year-old Tomto his seven-year-old brother, "say, Billy, let's go over to Clarkie Warren's and see the chickens hatch out. Clarkle's father's got an 'incubator,' as they call it, 'n' he puts two or three hundred eggs in it and lights a lamp under it, 'n' in three weeks the chickens hatch out same 's they do under an old hen, only the incubator has glass windows, 'n' you can look right in 'n' see 'em coming out. Clarkie says it looks like corn popping to see the shells breakin open."

Having finished this long speech, Tommy stopped to take breath; then he went on excitedly, "Clarkie says if we'll come over right away while his father's there he'll show us how a chicken breaks out of his shell. Let's go in an' see if mamma won't let us

go right over Into the house flew the two boys, and a few moments later away down the street they flew until they reach-Clarkie Wilson's house, and were hailed joyously by that young gentle-

Papa's out in the incubator-room now." he said. "Come right out there," and no second invitation was needed. "Hello, boys!" said Mr. Warren, as "Helio, boys!" said Mr. Warren, as three small individuals appeared before him a moment later. "You want to see little chicks hatched out by machinery, do you? Just look right in at this little window. There! you think of that? Interesting,

nd interesting it was surely enough. There, inside the glass, were dozens of aggs, dozens of fluffy little chicks, a great many little pieces of egg-Many of the eggs had some-strange going on inside their Some were broken open simply in one place, while others appeared to be cut half-way around, "just as

smooth and even as though they had been cut with a knife," said Billy, while almost all of them were shaking and moving in a way that showed there were lively and strong little fellows inside them.

"The chickens have to cut their way out of prison" said Mr. Warren smile.

out of prison," said Mr. Warren, smiling at the excited faces of the boys.
"What, with a knife," cried Tommy,
with big, round eyes, and then he had to laugh with the rest, as Clarkie asked where he s'posed the chickens got the knives to do it with!

"Well, boys," said Mr. Warren, "Tom-my wasn't so very far out of the way after all. Every little chicken that grows inside a shell has a bit of a sharp point right on the upper side of its bill, near the tip of the bill. Can't you see it on those chicks that are near The boys all looked the window?" eagerly, and each one saw the little

sharp point. "When the chick is ready to come out of the shell," went on Mr. Warren, "its bill is pressed close against the inside of the shell, and when the chick moves, the little point cuts a line right along the shell. The chicken begins to turn in the shell, and so cuts a straight line round it, and when he gets most round, the shell bursts open, and out the little wet and draggled fellow comes. See! there's one right in front that is turning slowly inside the shell, and cutting as he turns. Can't you see the little line that is being cut? The boys all looked closely, and all

"There's another egg just behind this one that has been cut nearly around, and little bits of shell have fallen off all along where the line is That little fellow will be out in cut. a few minutes," and sure enough, while they were looking the little chick inside gave a bigger twist to his little body, and apart came the egg-shell, and out tumbled a very wet and forlorn mite, that some time, perhaps, might be able to crow or cackle, but that just now didn't look as if it would ever

on his feet, in a few minutes, examin- not once, but several times, within ing the new world he's come into, said Mr. Warren-and then it was time for Tommy and Billy to go home.

They were highly delighted with their morning's visit, and thanked Clarkie

Warren for his thoughtfulness in inviting them. They had plenty to talk about all the way, and for some time after, for little eenty-tonty jacknives right on the upside part of their bills!"-The Youth's Companion.

#### Dorothy's Party.

Little Dorothy D. gave a party one day; Would you like to know who were invited?

When I tell you their names, I am sure you will say, They are friends who should never be slighted.

Ought-to-Obey; had walked hand in hand with Miss Cheerful.

Miss Happy came skipping

Miss Polite and Miss Kind came in one large coupe; Dear Miss Gentle was waiting to meet them:

Miss Thankful-who sometimes forgets what to say— With the sweetest of smiles went to greet them.

And that sweet little peacemaker Love, who each day Takes the pain out of somebody's

bruises Oh, how merry they were! Dotty often declared.

Even though she should live to be forty, If with these lovely friends every day could be shared,
She felt sure she would never be

#### A Visitor From Space. (The New Age.)

naughty.

It does not often occur to us that we are part and parcel of a huge projectile which is plunging through known as "ivory black," worth about space with the velocity of the whirl- £20 a ton. wind. What if this great ball earth were to encounter some other tremendous mass, some dead, worn-out world, let us say, straying by chance across her path! We have certainly no particular monopoly of the heavenly highways. The big meteorite which exploded with so much noise over the city of Madrid the other day, causing a perfect panic amongst the populace, was a traveler in the cosmic wilderness like ourselves. We are pelted by millions of these straying, unconsidered tribes every 24 hours. It is marvelous anese neither drinks milk nor eats that so few of them reach the surface of the earth, and that such as do suc-ceed in getting there do so little dam-Never was bullet-proof coat of mail forged equal to this gaseous envelope of ours in staying such tremendous shot. Most of them are burnt up, dissipated into gases and white-hot dust by the friction of the upper atthrough many miles of it. Their speed to be foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan, and is in one sense their undoing. The visitor which startled the people of aimed at us pretty vertically, and the explosion was the last act in its brief of diet, and lard is not used in cookstruggle against this very literal form of "air-brake." Where do these myriads or donkeys. Wild animals there of wandering particles come from, We know they are loose scraps of cosmic matter, the chips and shavings, as it these, Mr. Finch saw stuffed in a were, of Nature's workshop wherein museum he describes as "big as an she fashions her starry spheres. If the ox." War, of course, is acquainting spectroscope did not assure us of the chemical kinship of the heavenly bodies, the meteoric stones would alloudies, the meteoric stones would alloudies. track of those strange filmy ghosts, the comets. Are they condensed mass-es of the "fluid haze" out of which worlds are born? Do they represent particles cast off in flery spurts from the glowing depths of the sun? Are they, on the other hand, as an eminent astronomer has argued, the of the sun, keeping up a steady bom-bardment of that gigantic orb with dead material of the universe, quickening his decaying energies by giving up their own? These are a few of the profound problems that these tangible messengers from the outer realms of space propound for the astronomer and the physicist.

# Copy."

One Capt. Todd, of Pultneyville, N. Y., has recently returned from a voyage around the world, and this is one

of the stories he tells: Once, while in China, he gave a native Chinese tailor an order for a pair of silk pantaloons. The tailor didn't understand the science of taking measurements for the garment, so Todd gave him an old pair of trousers to pattern after. When the pantaloons were finished the sailor was astonished at finding a large patch sc: into the seat. The sailor had copied the old trousers in every detail.

# Animal Curiosities.

STORIES **ABOUT** 

A Land Without Animals. Encounters With Wild Beasts. The Pilgrimage of Beavers. Thousands of Elephan ts Killed Yearly

Hunting the Sloth.

is sloth hunting, in comparison with which the pursuit of orchids is quite exciting, and turtle catching is wild and dangerous sport. But I have done my turn at it, nevertheless. Once, on Guiana, I took a native companion, a gun, an axe, and a leaky canoe, and set forth to round up a lot of chestnutheaded sloths.

We paddled about thirteen miles that day and picked eight sloths. They were found by paddling along the shore and watching the treetops for things that looked like gray spiders. Sometimes we found our sloth "spreadeagled" on the outer branches of a tree; others would be hanging upside down, but always eating. They eat so slowly that before one meal is over, it is time for the next. Usually the gun would bring them down, but sometimes it was not necessary. Two were taken alive by Poulie, who climbed up and plucked them like so much fruit, and twice we had to cut down trees.-St. Nicholas.

### Queer Little Animals.

By far the most remarkable pilgriniage ever observed among the lower anwer be doing anything of the kind. age ever observed among the lower an-"He'll be all dry and fluffy, and up imals, was that witnessed in Norway, this century.

A party of fishermen on one occasion were encamped on the borders of a small flord, and were mending their nets, when they observed a number of lemmings-a little animal allied to the beaver-coming out of the wood that skirted the shore. At first, seeing they had to tell mamma all about the the men, they ran back; then other cunning little baby chicks "that had ers appeared, and more, until hundreds were upon the beach.

As the day passed the number continually increased, until before night the camp of the men was alive with the little creatures, that now began to take to the water. Thousands came pouring from the woods in the ensuing few days, followed by hawks and other predatory animals that feed upon them. They passed on into the water, swimming over it, scores being drowned during the passage, the rest reaching the opposite shore, and moving on into The first guest to arrive was Miss the woods, impelled by the strange instinct.

It is said that nothing deters these pilgrims but a stone wall, which they cannot scale. Piles of grain and fodder they have been known to tunnel Passing in the street poor Miss Tear- through, their instinct being to move ahead in a given line.-New York

### Elephants Killed for Ivory.

One-fifth of the world's commerce in ivory comes from Great Britain, and it will astonish most people to learn that 15,000 elephants have to be killed every year to keep our mar-Close by Dorothy's side two dear kets supplied with the precious substance. Altogether, to keep the whole Calm Miss Truthful, whom nothing stance. Altogether, to keep the whole world in ivory—apart from fossil tusks—75,000 elephants are slaughtered annually.

Africa is the great ivory country; and in the Congo Basin, the best hunting ground, there are supposed to be about 200,000 elephants, worth altogether about half a million sterling. The average weight of ivory obtained from a single elephant is about fifty pounds. Tusks weighing about a hundred pounds each have been procured, but this is very rare. The most expensive tusks are those

used in the manufacture of billiard balls; they cost, as a rule, £110 a hundred-weight. Ivory dust and shavings are used by

confectioners to stiffen the most ex-pensive kind of jellies. The scrapings are often burned and made into a paint

The hardest of all Ivory is that obtained from the hippopotamus. It will emit sparks like a piece of flint when struck with steel, and it is principally used in making artificial teeth.

## A Land Without Animals.

Japan is a land without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows-the Japmeats. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of the foreigners. The freight cars in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beast's of burden nor in hunting, ex-

wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are most be enough. They swarm in the The Empress, also, in obvious imitation of European royalties, is an expert horsewoman, and saddle horses are kept for her use.-Popular Science Monthly.

## Encounter With Wild Animals.

On one occasion a resident of Cape Colony, named Bournan, was suddenly attacked by a tiger, which struck its claws into his head. Bournan being a powerful man, a desperate struggle ensued between man and beast, and Bournan, putting forth all his strength, kept the animal under. It then became a question of endurance, and Bournan oon realized that his strength was How a Chinese Tailor "Followed leaving him. Almost exhausted, he was about to give way, when he sud-denly remembered that he had a knife in his pocket. Quick as thought he took it out, and pressing the tiger to the ground with a last desperate effort, he succeeded in cutting its throat. He was covered with wounds, from which he did not recover for some consid-

erable time. One day a native of Bethany, Great Namaqualand, returning home from a resute in order to pass a small pool, where he hoped to shoot an antelope.

The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and he visit to some friends, took a circuitous

laid his gun on a low-shelving rock whilst he went to the water to quench The tamest hunting in the world his thirst. Returning to the rock he indulged in a quiet smoke, and then, being tired, he fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and, opening his eyes he was considerably startled to find a large lion crouching before him, within the mighty Essequibo River, in British little more than a yard from his feet. In this predicament he sat motionless for some minutes till he had recovered his presence of mind. Then eyeing his gun, he moved his hand slowly towards it, whereupon the lion raising his head gave a tremendous roar. He made another and another attempt, but the gun was beyond reach, and, as every time he moved his hand the lion became more enraged, he ultimately gave up trying to secure it. His situation became painful in the extreme, for the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them alternately, placing one above the other. So the long day passed, and then the night, but the lion never moved from the spot. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, looking behind him as he went, in case the man should move, and, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, he turned in a rage, and seemed on the point of springing upon him. The lion went to the water, drank, and, returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed, and the man, in describing it, said that he knew not whether he slept, but if he did it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. The following day the animal went again to the pool, and while there his attention was attracted by a noise in the distance, and he disappeared into the bushes. The man then seized his gun, and crept to the water and drank. His feet and ankles were almost powerless, and, unable to stand, he had to crawl home as best he

#### Individuality in Animals. (From the London Spectator.)

could.

Everybody who has had anything to do with horses knows that they differ as widely as the poles in intelligence and temperament while under the control of bit and rein. Some horses cannot bear to be without company, especially in the fields, while others apparently dislike it, and may be seen grazing always apart from a troop on some large common or fell. I have known a horse of mature years fall as deeply and desperately in love with a donkey at first sight as the veriest moon-calf that ever visited a ballroom. In fact, such was the poor animal's pitiable plight that, after a day or two of companionship, he would not eat until the ass had made a start from his manger. On the other hand, I have known a horse, at first averse to the society of the same donkey, after a while grow quite fond of it, thus proving that platonic affection may thing of slow or rapid growth between animals, as in human beings, according to individual disposition. Horses vary a great deal, too, in regard to orid in ivory—apart from fossil tasks are slaughtered annerve. Some are born frightened of railway trains, and though they may live all their lives near to them, remain Very few will stand being "shot off," yet now and again one may be met with that will remain as steady as a rock while its rider blazes off with both barrels right over its head at a covey of grouse. Very few horses will wait for their masters when left unfettered upon a public road; however, I have known one faithful little mare that would wait for her bibulous mas ter outside a country public-house on a cold winter's night for two and even three hours on end. When tired of waiting, I have on many occasions heard her neigh for her master. I have been shut up in a stable on several occasions with individual horses while a number of people, including in each case the man who fed and drove the animal under observation, went by. In some instances the horse would whinny in recognition of its attendant's footsteps, and in others pay not the slightest attention. Dogs show a great deal of individuality of disposition. Some of them are inherently honest, and others made so by fear of punishment. I have known one that was considered exceptionally quiet and good-tempered revenge itself upon a man by biting him three weeks after he had thrown a stone at it.

# Picked Up In Passing.

Mr. Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the novelist, declares that for many years he has never missed a sunrise, and that he is usually at work by 5 o'clock in the morning.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story is to be called "Hilda Stafford. The scene is laid in California, where Aiss Harraden has found much physical invigoration.

It is unfortunate not to be able to pray just when and as you like. None of the clergymen of the Church of England could legally give expression in public to their feelings of sympathy with the Princess Beatrice in her recent bereavement because of the want of an authorized liturgical fragment to that effect. Only in Nonconformist churches were special prayers offered at that juncture.

Henri Rochefort says about his memoirs: "Every human being sees what concerns him through a telescopic glass. For 35 years the baker at whose shop my parents bought bread went to her counter at noon and never budged from it till 8. Yet she explained the presence of gray locks in her head by the fact that her life had been tumultuous.

According to the New York Sun, a resident of Westfield, Mass., who made the pilgrimage to Denver and was 'cured' of a chronic disease by healer Schlatter, died in hospital recently as the result of an operation which was made necessary through neglect of ordinary treatment during the time his faith lasted. Many such cases would justify such legal interference with Schlater as would prevent his further imposition on the credulous portion of suffering humanity.

Rev. Dr. Weld, of Baltimore, figures out that in two thousand years of recorded history there have been 951 bloody battles, while nearly six billion lives have been lost in campaigns of conquest. Napoleon on 60 battles "expended" 1,700,000 Frenchmen, and reduced the stature of the nation two and a half inches. That a lowering in moral tone, a far more serious loss than a diminution in physical stature,

in use in the cabins of St. Paul and In use in the cabins of St. Paul and St. Louis, which it says present the features of being always in condition, never wearing into hills and hollows, and are also adaptable as life preservers, and then adds that the company manufacturing these goods has recently provided an entire church with air pew cushions, making devowith air pew cushions, making devo-tion in a certain old Puritan town "more luxurious than would ever have accorded with the ideas of the Pilgrim

Fathers. The New York Tribune tells this story of Henry Labouchere when he was an attache of the British Legation in Washington: One day he was sitting in his office, when a rather noisy individual came in and asked to see the Minister. "You can't see him. He's gone out. You must see me." "I don't want to see you; I want to see the boss of the ranch," said the noisy individual. "All right," replied Labouchere, going on with his writing, "Take a chair." The visitor sat and waited for an hour. Then, with several picturesque extracts from profane history, he inquired how long the boss would be gone. think about six weeks," replied La-bouchere, carelessly. "You see, he has

just sailed for England." Many stories are being told of the late Eugene Field. He was very fond of children. He loved to "chum" with them, to tell them horrible stories that would keep them awake at night, and to put them up to "devilment" that would drive their mothers crazy. On one occasion he invited a bachelor reporter to Christmas dinner at his house. He seated him at table between the two youngest Fields, and with the utmost sincerity said to the children. "Now, boys, I want to eat my Christmas turkey in peace, and I don't want you to bother me. you want anything you must not reach. Ask Mr. Blank for it, and he will get it for you; and when your rands get smeared with gravy, don't wipe them on your mother's clean napkins, but wipe them on Blank's coat sleeves. He won't care, and that's what he's here for." And the boys obeyed instructions literally.

There Is No Unbelief. There is no Unbelief!

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod And waits to see it push away the

Trusts he in God.

There is no Unbelief! Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky. Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by, Trusts the most High,

There is no Unbelief! Whoever sees 'neath Winter's fields of snow The silent harvests of the future grow

God's power must know. There is no Unbelief! Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep. Content to lock each sense in slumber

Knows God will keep. There is no Unbelief! Whoever says tomorrow, the unknown, The future, trusts that power alone

He dare disown. There is no Unbelief! The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close And dares to live when life has only

God's comfort knows. There is no Unbelief! thus by day and night unconsciously

The heart lives by that faith the lips God knoweth why.

#### -Lizzie York Case. If We Had the Time.

If I had the time to find a place And sit me down full face to face With my better self, that cannot

show In my daily life that rushes so; It might be then I would see my soul-Was stumbling still toward the shining goal, I might be nerved by the thought

sublime-If I had the time! If I had the time to let my heart

Speak out and take in my life a part, To look about and stretch a hand To a comrade quartered in no-luck

Ah. God! If I might just sit still And hear the note of the whip-poor-

I think that my wish with God's would rhyme-If I had the time.

If I had the time to learn from you How much for comfort my word could do: And I told you then of my sudden

To kiss your feet when I did you ill! If the tears aback of the coldness feigned Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained-Brothers, the souls of us all would

chime, If we had the time! -Richard Burton.

## Circumstance.

Whence is thy might, O Circumstance, That thy dread clutch a human soul, A destiny, may seize? What chance Or power doth fix thy stern control? As petals in the calyx set,

As gems wrought into metal's clasp, As gold ensnared in iron net-So are we held within thy grasp! May we not do, shall we not dare, If thy command doth say us nay?

Shall life sink aimless in despair, When thou doth mock the prayers we pray? Art thou relentless? Far beyond

Thy menace rises dauntless will, Which dares to break thy ruthless bond And nobler destiny fulfill! A craven he, who owns thy thrall And yields his life to thy dictate.

Who hears and heeds diviner cail, He is the master of his fatel The sea that bars us from the shore Itself shall bear us safely there, The winds, contentious, waft us o'er

Wild waters to a haven fair;

And e'en from Circumstance adverse The earnest, faithful soul may wrest True victory, and from her curse Win patience that shall make him blest! -Zitella Cocke.

THEIR RARE MERIT.

"Don't you admire the old English authors, Miss Louise?" "Oh, very much; they furnish such lovely quotations for menu cards."— Chicago Record,

Jack-I had a fine present this moreing; a genuine bird dog. Miss Innocent-How delightful!Can it fly?

"Look a' yer, yo', Sam Johnson! De hoss dat yo' sole me las' night is daid!" Sam—Daid! Dat's funny. He nevah did dat befo'.

The most absent-minded man in the world has been found in Geneseo, N.Y. He went to his telephone the other day in one of his abstract moments and rang himself up.

Kranich-I vas be sufferin' mit insomnia, dogtor. Doctor—Indeed?

Kranich-Yah. Vhen I vas be asleep, I vas snore so loud dot I vas geeb mineself avake dee whole nighd.

-::-

"You made a slight mistake in my poem, this morning," said the poet.
"Sorry," replied the editor. "What "Well, I wrote, 'The clouds hang

say, 'The crowds hang turkey o'er my desk.'" murky o'er the west,' and you made me

Doctor (to fair patient)-Put out your tongue. (Meantime writes a prescription.) There, that will do.

Miss Chatterbox-But, doctor, you did not even look at my tongue. Doctor-No, I only wanted to keep you quiet while I wrote the prescription.

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Here, at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered, "My victuals."

A little boy was taken down to the harbor and saw for the first time a large steamer towed by a purfing little tug, with an immense hawser connecting the two. "Oh, papa, papa!" he shouted, in ex-

"See! The big boat has got citment. the little one by the tail, and he's a-squealing." Jack had been to the barber shor

with his father. On his way back he "Was that charlotte russe he asked: put on your face?" "No," was the reply; "that was lather.'

"Oh!" said Jack, "I wondered why you let him whittle it off without tast. ing it." Little Ruth was looking out of the window at the baker's horse."Mamma,

she said, "doesn't a horse use two of his legs for hands?" "Why, no," mamma answered; "a horse doesn't need hands as we do." "But, mamma," the little girl persisted. "I don't see what he does when his nose itches."

Old Uncle Gabe's young masters love to mystify him with long words, which he will never own that he does not understand. One day one of them said to him: "Uncle Gabe, if you and your wife were walking down the street, and a man should come up and recognize you, what would you do?" "I'd knock him down," promptly re-

plied Uncle Gabe. -::-One day while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chila October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came from over the hedge:
"Man, did ye never try photography?"
"No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly.

A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the voice "Ye-es, I suppose so." Another pause. The final thrust was, "An' it's mair

liker the place." -::-It is possible to find occasion for thankfulness under the most adverse circumstances. The Church Times tells of an organ blower who was dying.

The curate was visiting him. "Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the 'Dead March over me?" asked the sick man. "Certainly, I will," said the curate.

'Thankee, sir; none of that 'ere tweedledum Beethoven, you know, sir; only Handel's." "I am sure he will do it," responded the curate.

The old man lay placidly for awhile and then exclaimed with fervor:
"How thankful I be that I s ha'nt have to blow for him when he plays the loud part at the end!" -::-At a club meeting where the mem-

bers, though old men, wrangled like so many schoolboys, this scene occurred, and the Louisville Commercial re-A feeble old man, whose yellow comports it: plexion indicated liver trouble, offered

a resolution. His opponent got up excitedly and exclaimed:
"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, the gentleman is out of order, and therefore cannot offer the resolution." The old man replied in an equally

excited manner: "Mr. Chairman, the gentleman is right. I am out of order. The doctor told me this morning that my liver was all out of order. But, Mr. Chairman, I should like to see the clause in the constitution which says that if a man is sick he cannot present a resolution." The old fellow is still wondering why his hearers laughed.

#### English Enoch Arden, A curious Enoch Arden case, in

which the Lord Justices of Appeal had to intervene in order to bring a man to life again legally, has just been decided in England. Forty-two years ago a woman married a sailor in the British navy, who deserted, went to the United States, and was not heard of again for 36 years. Six years after his disappearance she married another man, with whom she lived for eighteen years, but from whom she at last obtained a judicial separation and alimony in 1892. The second husband pleaded that his marriage was null, as her first husband was alive at the time, but the jury in the divorce court found that the man was dead. Last year husband No. 2 discovered husband No. 1, brought suit again, and produced him in court, where he was fully identified, but the judge held that as a jury declared he was dead, he could not admit that he was alive, and dismissed the suit. The appelate judges seemed to be of his opinion, for they refused to allow the appeal and annul the marriage on the ground of the man's being alive till the second husband had given security that he would pay the woman an allowance.