

A Tip on Oats.

According to the Saturday Evening Post, a man who had a country place on Long Island came to New York one morning to do a little speculating. He was a great believer in tips.

On the ferryboat it came to him that he had had somehow a tip on oats. He couldn't remember just what it was, but somebody had told him to buy oats. So when he reached his broker's office he looked into oats a bit and bought some. Oats were active. He pyramided skillfully and by the close of the market was \$7,000 ahead.

Of course such luck as that had to be celebrated, and it was. As the celebration went on the oats buyer told the story several times and each time took on importance in the recital as an oats buyer until he finally became the oats king. He reached his railroad station somewhat late and found the stableman waiting for him with a trap.

"By the way," said the stableman, "did you remember to order that five bushels of oats I asked you to buy this morning?"

Not Safe.

The negro on occasions displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best whitewasher in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don't believe, sah. Ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yas, sah, a powerful good whitewasher, sah, but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Human Life.

Her Revenge.

A little girl had been so very naughty that her mother found it necessary to shut her up in a dark closet—in that family the direst punishment for the worst offense. For fifteen minutes the door had been locked without a sound coming from behind it—not a whimper, not a sniffle. At last the stern but anxious parent unlocked the closet door and peered into the darkness. She could see nothing.

"What are you doing in there?" she cried.

And then a little voice piped from the blackness:

"I thipt on your new dress, and I thipt on your new hat, and I'm waiting for more thipt to come to thipt on your new parasol!"—Philadelphia Times.

He Made Good.

Lord Lansdowne once had a remarkable prophecy made concerning him while he was an Oxford graduate.

Jowett, his tutor at Balliol, greatly admired him and always said that he would do great things.

"There goes a man," remarked Jowett, "who is as certain to be foreign secretary in due time in whichever party he chooses as tomorrow's sun is to rise."

Of course at that time Lord Lansdowne had not the least idea of filling such a distinguished post, and yet in 1900, after a brilliant political career, he found himself at the head of the foreign office.—London M. A. P.

Her Lost Chance.

Mrs. B.—I wonder why Miss Singleton refused the curate when he proposed to her?

Mrs. D.—All a mistake, my dear, a sad mistake; you know she has grown a little deaf, and she did not suspect he was at all "gone" on her. She actually thought he was asking her to subscribe to the new organ fund, so she told him she was sorry, but she had promised all her money in another direction.

Mrs. B.—Then what happened?

Mrs. D.—The curate felt himself insulted and departed in dudgeon, and she's lost the only chance she ever had.—London Telegraph.

Sense of Humor Declining.

"Do you think Americans have a great sense of humor?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "I'm afraid it isn't what it used to be. The folks out home are becoming so interested in economic issues that they don't seem to care whether I tell them any funny stories or not."—Washington Star.

Wrong Trail.

First Professor of Chemistry—What are you working at now? Second Professor—I'm trying to ascertain the cause of baldness. First Professor—Oh, stop it! You're wasting your time. What you ought to be doing is trying to ascertain the cause of hair growth.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ready Demonstration.

"Do you think you can make my daughter happy?" asked Miss Thirsty-Smith's father gravely.

"Why, I have already, haven't I?" replied Spooner. "I've asked her to marry me."—Smart Set.

His Lost Leg.

A mendicant approached a man on the cars the other day and said, "Dear sir, I have lost my leg," to which the man replied, as he hurried away, "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."

The Salon.

The French academy was originally a junction of the drawing rooms of the Marquise de Rambouillet and her daughter, Julie d'Angennes, Duchesse de Montausier. The salon as a meeting place for conversation and the production of beaux esprits and writers hardly existed before these ladies opened that of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Prior to this social event women of tiptop quality and rich bourgeois received their company in their bedrooms. There was nothing answering to the English parlor or the Italian hall of conversation. The bed, as in the sleeping room of Louis XIV., was surrounded by a balustrade, outside of which gentlemen who had dropped in to visit remained standing. It would have been shockingly unmannerly of them to step over the barrier. The lady of the house, dressed in her best dress, sat on the edge of the bed. Ladies calling went within the balustrade and sat on folding stools, or hassocks, according to rank and age. Mme. de Lafayette painted from life in describing in "La Princesse de Cleves" a conversation on love, in which the dauphiness took the lead, reclining on her bed.—London Truth.

Guilty Anyway.

The most striking instance of a vanished man coming again to light to take part in legal proceedings is that which occurred in a case where Daniel O'Connell was defending a man indicted for murder. The case for the prosecution seemed as clear as possible, and O'Connell contented himself with fewer questions than were to have been expected of so eminent a cross examiner. When the case for the crown had closed he announced that he had but one witness to call, but that witness was important to the case. He was the murdered man, very much alive. There was no doubting the man's identity—everybody knew it. The judge therefore turned to the jury and directed them to acquit the prisoner. To his amazement, however, they returned a verdict of guilty. Asked for an explanation, the foreman observed that they had no doubt that the prisoner was innocent of the murder. "But," he added, "we find him guilty of swabbing my old gray mare three weeks ago."

Who Has Was.

The "cut" reporter is the greenest reporter on a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper he is the one first to be accused, and he is usually rightly accused. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman:

"What was the text of the sermon?"

"Who art thou?" answered the parishioner.

"Boston reporter," replied the other. The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation—at the cub's expense.

Jewelry Store Romances.

A wedding ring whose scratched and dulled surface bespoke years of hard service at washtub and dishpan lay on the jeweler's work table.

"Why has it been laid up for repairs?" a visitor asked. "Has marriage proved a failure?"

"On the contrary, it has turned out a great success, and the ring has been brought back to bear witness," said the jeweler. "See this new inscription, 'Ten years of fidelity and love.' That sounds pretty good, doesn't it? No failure there. Five or ten years from now, if they are both alive, somebody will probably add another postscript, and so on at regular intervals. Jewelers meet more of these little romances than the unsentimental person would dream of."—New York Sun.

No Right to Live.

Beggar—Won't you give me some money, professor? My money is all gone, and I can't live.

Professor—How old are you?

Beggar—Forty years, sir.

Professor—Forty years! Don't you know that according to the latest mortality tables the average age of the male population of Europe reaches only thirty-four years and five months? Statistically you have no right to live any longer anyway!—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Two Faults.

"You hunt too much," said Louis XV. to the archbishop of Narbonne.

"How can you prohibit your curates from hunting if you pass your life in setting them such an example?"

"Sire," said Dillon, "for my curates the chase is a fault; for myself it is the fault of my ancestors."

Politeness.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents them from wounding others. We should never throw it off even in our conflicts with coarse people.

Capacity Diminishing.

Mrs. Guzzler—Aren't you ashamed to come home in this condition? Mr. Guzzler—Mortified to death, my dear. I find my capacity isn't what it used to be.—Philadelphia Record.

Mirth is too often but melancholy in disguise.—Leigh Hunt.

The Scandinavian Eddas the Most Recent of the Seven.

The world has seven Bibles. They are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the eleventh century and are the most recent of these seven Bibles. The Buddhists' Tripitaka contain sublime morals and pure inspirations. Their author lived and died in the seventh century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps the threads in their places. They contain the choicest sayings of the best ages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century B. C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindus, and it is the opinion of great scholars that they are older than the eleventh century B. C.

The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to the Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C.—New York Herald.

History in Toys.

The history of the world is crystallized in the children's toys. Each great war leaves soldiers in the nursery cupboard dressed correctly to a strap and button. This has always been so. As each successive age in the world's history has gone by the weapons of that age have passed to the hands of the boys as toys. There are in our great museums miniature crossbows, spears and shields. Toy armor as finely inlaid and engraved as any real accoutrements is occasionally to be seen, and old prints show the boys playing with such figures. Even the children of the French revolution had their toy guillotines.—Collier's.

The Dollar.

There was a time when dollars were minted in England. In March, 1797, the mint issued stamped Spanish dollars worth 4s. 9d., but they were called in seven months later. It was from the Spanish coin that America got the idea of her almighty dollar, but the name was made in Germany. At least "thaler," of which "dollar" is a corruption, was. The original thaler was the silver guldenroschen, coined in 1518 by order of Count Schlick from the silver of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, and known at first as the "Joachimsthaler." The name means etymologically "of the valley."—London Chronicle.

The Artificial Sponge.

The artificial sponge has recently been manufactured. The process, a German one, consists principally in the action of zinc chloride on pure cellulose. This results in a pasty, viscous mass, which is mixed with coarsely grained rock-salt. Placed in a press-mould armed with pins, the mass is pierced through and through until it appears traversed by a multitude of tiny canals, like the pores of a natural sponge. The excess of salts is subsequently removed by prolonged washing in a weak alcoholic solution. The artificial sponge swells up with water, but hardens on drying, just like its prototype; it is eminently adapted for filtering water for sanitary or industrial uses, and it can be employed for all the purposes that are usually assigned to the genuine article.

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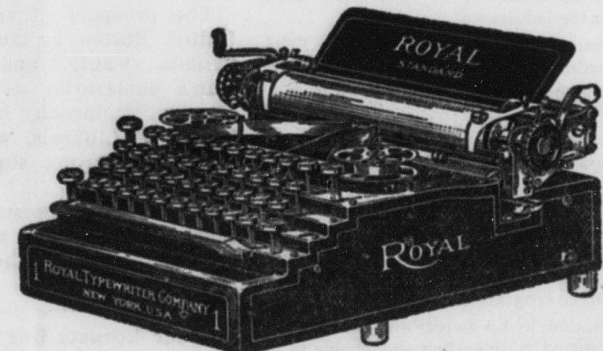
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This is what appeared in a recent number of the American Journal of Health:

The family doctor should din it into the mother's head all the time, that the health of their children lies in the feet. Keep the feet dry. Never let them get wet. No child should be allowed to go out in snow or rain, or when walking is wet, without Rubbers.

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