

Luck In Horseshoes.
The superstition about luck in horseshoes dates back too far for record, but it was not always confined to the horseshoe. Any piece of iron found in one's path was accounted a sign of good luck, and as horseshoes were more commonly picked up than any other article of that metal that particular object at last became the standard emblem of good fortune and the supposed defense against bad luck. In Aubrey's "Miscellanies," written 200 years ago, the author mentions having seen the horseshoe nailed up in church, and he also says that "most of the houses in the west end of London have the horseshoe on the threshold." The horseshoe to possess virtue must have been found.

Forest of Stone In Australia.
In Albany, in Australia, is to be seen a stone forest—in other words, petrified trees. The trees are of a gray stone.

It is suggested as an explanation of the strange phenomenon that in the depths of past ages the forest was in full vegetation and then through some upheaval of the earth it was buried in sand. Little by little water acting on the sand penetrated the branches and solidified.

The wood gradually disappeared under the layer of stone and in time took its form. Then in succeeding years the winds again carried away the sand and the forest appeared anew, but of stone.—London Globe.

Belgium Rich In Belfries.
Let those who will scour Belgium only for its galleries and old masters. There are galleries and old masters all over Europe, but where else is a country so rich in belfry towers? What can so stir your imagination—to all those old pageants, those passionate histories, those clangors that pealed at the mad sack of the Spaniard—as to climb hundreds of narrow stairs and look down on the crooked streets, the tumbled world of the roofs all flying with dragons, golden angels, saints, ships and great vanes?—London Mail.

The Referee Was Wrong.
The train was picking up homeward bound mill folk at the stations in the Greenfield valley, says the Manchester Guardian. A snatch of conversation rose above the bustle of traffic: "Aye, but tha' knows some referees wait awter a decision once they're g'en it. Aw know one what were refereeing i' a match at Owdham. He give a decision, an' next minute he kowld hisself it were wrong, but he wouidna say so, an' he's been i' hospital five week come tomorrow."

Expecting Too Much.
Claude had been promised a motor ride with his father, and his mother had sent him upstairs to get ready. As he came down his mother asked: "Have you washed your face, Claude?" "Yes'm," answered the boy. "And your hands?" "Yep," said Claude. "And your neck?" persisted the mother. "Oh, see here, mother," said the boy, in disgust. "I ain't no angel!"—Leslie's Home Journal.

Wasted Effort.
Miss Dixon, a charming society girl, had spent the entire summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she was boarding. When she was about to leave she said: "Goodby, Mr. Ingersoll. I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results." "Sartin not," replied the old farmer. "You've learnt a heap since you first come; but, by heck, you was about the greenest one we ever had on our hands."—National Monthly.

The Harsh Judge.
Judge Stephen C. Greene at a dinner in Charleston was defending a harsh sentence. "I am a conservative," said Judge Greene, "and I believe that it is better for law and order that sentences should err on the side of harshness rather than on the side of leniency." "Look at nature, the great judge of us all. Was there ever a harsher, severer judge than nature, who sentences each and every one of us to hard labor for life?"—New York Tribune.

Still In Doubt.
All the "Who was that lady I seen you with?" "That was no lady; that was my wife" variants, we thought, had been sprung, but this happened yesterday: Business Office Attendant—Somebody called you up. I don't know if it was a lady or your wife. Editorial Department Employee—It may have been both. B. O. A.—Nope. There was only the one message.—F. A. P. in New York Tribune.

Growing Alike.
"Don't you think little Elsa gets more and more like me?" "Certainly; soon we shan't be able to distinguish the difference between you. She grows older and you grow younger."—Fliegende Blatter.

Maybe.
"Henpeckke hasn't spoken to his wife in over a year." "Doesn't like to interrupt her, eh?"—Judge.

His Plan.
"Some of your constituents are disagreeing with you," said the trusted lieutenant. "Ye'll keep tab on them," replied Senator Sorghum. "When enough disagree with me to constitute a reliable majority I'm going to turn around and agree with them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Menu In Esperanto.
Here is the bill of fare of an Esperanto banquet:
Supo.
Rostiba borajo.
Terpomoj.
Salato kombino.
Clacajao. Kafo. Fromago.

History of Humanity.
"Willie, you have been fighting?" "Yes'm."
"I thought I told you to be kind and peaceful."
"Yes'm. But that boy didn't understand that I was being kind and peaceful. I had to do something to show him I wasn't a mollycoddle and make him willing to co-operate in my lofty purposes."—Washington Star.

Hen Metzger's Bad Break.
Lark Bisbee, who has been in Chicago for ten years, came back the other day for the first time since he went away. Hen Metzger chanced to meet him in front of the postoffice. The two men shook hands. "I haven't seen you for a month," said Hen; "have you been away?"—Topeka Capital.

Absentminded Man.
He rushed into a laundry office in a good deal of a hurry.
"How long does it take you," he asked, "to do up a white waistcoat?" "Generally about two washings, sir," said the attendant before he thought. He was discharged shortly after making that break.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Showed Her Skill.
"My wife is one of the best managers in the world."
"I heard her saying the other day that she didn't believe there was another woman alive who could manage you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Boarders.
Neighbor—How many men are boarding at your house now, Elsie? Small Elsie—Only two. Neighbor—Who are they? Small Elsie—One of them is a gentleman and the other is papa.—Chicago News.

Two Points of View.
"I can't understand," she said, "how a man can let his wife and children go away for months while he remains at home."
"I can't understand how a man can't," he replied.—Exchange.

Hints Plentiful.
Gibbs (with newspaper)—Here's an article entitled "Hints About Taxes." Care to read it? Dibbs—No, thanks. The hints given by the regular collectors are quite sufficient.—Boston Transcript.

A Fighting Chance.
"Is it true that when a man marries he's sure to get the worst of it?" "That's rather overdrawn," replied the one with a quarrelsome wife. "I should say he has a fighting chance."—Town Topics.

Nicely Steered.
Briggs—Say, can you lend me five or ten—Braggs—No—Briggs—Minutes? I think I can show you how to make some money. Brags—Trouble at all. You can have twenty if you want.—Stanford Chaparral.

Badly Expressed.
Clergyman—You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived.—Widow—Yes, indeed! Dear Jack was in heaven until he died.—Exchange.

Their Failures.
Facetious Doctor (to artist)—The pictures on the walls are your failures, I suppose? Dyspeptic Artist—Yes, that's where you doctors have the pull over us. You can bury yours.—Glasgow Record.

Kindred Pursuits.
Jack—Talk about trials and tribulations! I was having a fine time in kindred pursuits and I had to come back to college. Jill—Kindred pursuits! What do you mean? Jack—Oh, fussing my pretty cousins.—Yale Record.

Rakish.
Many persons who rake through another's character with a fine tooth comb to discover a fault could find one with considerable less trouble by going over their own character with a horse rake.—New Orleans Picayune.

Heavy Cost.
"How much does it cost your husband to run his automobile?" "Well," replied Mrs. Chuggins, "the language I heard him use leads me to fear that it is going to cost him his eternal salvation."—Washington Star.

A Contradiction.
"That young doctor is a queer contradiction."
"In what way?"
"He has an exceedingly good temper, and yet he is lacking in patients."—Baltimore American.

He Didn't Know.
The curious pedestrian stopped where a man was working in his garden, and wishing to be friendly, he said: "I say, my friend, how deep is your lot?" The man looked up from his work. "I really don't know, stranger," he said. "I never dug down fur enough to find out."

Shattered Hopes.
He (anxiously)—I understand your father speaks very highly of me? She—Yes, but he doesn't mean a word of it. He—Are you sure of that? She—Certainly. He does it just to torment mother.—Chicago News.

Two Kinds of Bonds.
Bridges—I'm going to my broker. I want to get rid of some bonds. Where are you off to?
(Giggs)—To my divorce lawyer. I want to get rid of some bonds too.—Boston Transcript.

Rough on Both.
"We all think our own job the hardest," observed the humorist on his vacation.
"Yew bet," agreed the farmer. "I hev to talk like this and yew hev to spell it."—Puck.

Fame.
"Who was James Boswell?" asked the teacher of the class in English literature.
"He was Dr. Samuel Johnson's press agent," answered the young man with the bad eye.—Chicago Tribune.

Out of the Usual.
"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."
"State your case."
"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is as honest as the day is long!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Scattering It.
"When old Richleigh died he left a request that his dust be scattered to the winds."
"Well, his spendthrift son is attending to that matter all right."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cupid's Hearty Appetite.
"You know," said the soulful youth, "music is the food of love."
"Nonsense!" replied the practical fellow. "My love prefers lobster salad, terrapin and other expensive fodder."—Philadelphia Press.

Keep Away From Them.
The world is full of vice and temptation and pitfalls, as the pessimists say, but somehow or other none of these things really bother the man who has made up his mind to be decent and succeed.—Detroit Free Press.

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The first directory of London was published in 1677 and consisted of only 120 pages.

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