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A Misnamed Island.
The island of Madagascar is misnamed. It should be called St. Lorenz Island. Marco Polo in his work on Africa named a stretch of land on the east coast, south of the equator, Madagascar. Some time after this Martin Belhaim of Nuremberg prepared a chart of Africa, using Marco Polo's works as a guide, but misunderstood the report on Madagascar, thinking it meant an island. He thereupon deliberately added an island to the east coast. This imaginary island was mapped on the charts of the geographers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In 1500 the Portuguese sea captain, Fernando Svarez, discovered the real island of Madagascar and gave it the name of St. Lorenz, and for a time thereafter two islands found their place on the charts. In 1531 it was known that there was really only one island, and in accordance with this discovery the original name of Madagascar was retained, and the other name was dropped.

The Way of Heather.
Where Sonnerbo township touches the boundaries of Holland there is a sandy heath which is so farreaching that he who stands upon one edge of it cannot look across to the other. Nothing except heather grows on the heath, and it wouldn't be easy to coax other growths to thrive there. To start with, one would have to uproot the heather, for it is thus with heather: Although it has only a little shrunken root, small shrunken branches and dry, shrunken leaves, it fancies that it's a tree. Therefore it acts just like real trees—springs itself out in forest fashion over wide areas, holds together faithfully and causes all foreign growths that wish to crowd in upon its territory to die out.—"Adventures of Nils," Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanson Howard.

Protecting Her Cake.
The woman who had charge of a certain village postoffice was strongly suspected of tampering with parcels entrusted to her care. One day a rosy cheeked youngster, dressed in his best clothes, entered the postoffice and carefully laid a huge slice of feed cake on the counter.
"With my sister the bride's compliments, and will you please eat as much as you can?" he said.
The postmistress smiled delightedly.
"How very kind of the bride to remember me!" she cried. "Did she know of my weakness for wedding cake?"
"She did," answered the youngster coldly, "and she thought she'd send you a bit of it this afternoon, just to take the edge off yer appetite before she posted any boxes off to her friends!"—Exchange.

The Artful Passenger.
"Here, you," said the conductor angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."
The small man standing jammed in the middle of the car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.
"Thanks," said the little man. "I didn't see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Real Dialect.
At a traction line ticket office in Dayton, O., the other day I overheard the following conversation, the parties thereto being a German woman and the ticket agent:
"A dicket tsoo Zinzin-nay-tee."
"One way?"
"Zwei ways."
Then as he stamped the ticket the purchaser asked:
"I haf dime to vaidt how much?"—Chicago News.

Two Ways Out.
"What would you do," asked the excited politician, "if a paper should call you a liar and a thief?"
"Well," said the lawyer, "if I were you I'd toss up to see whether I'd reform or thrash the editor."—Pick-Me-Up.

Why He Was Anxious.
Buloz, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, once had at his country house in Savoy a numerous company of literary people, one of whom was Victor Cherbuliez. Cherbuliez contributed regularly every other year a novel to the columns of the *Revue*, and a story of his was at that time running in the periodical. The guests had been out for a walk and had amused themselves with gathering mushrooms, which were cooked for dinner. As the company were sitting down, it occurred to one of the party that undoubtedly some of the people who had taken part in gathering the mushrooms knew nothing about them and that there might be poisonous fungi in the collection.
This reflection so affected the company that all the people present, with the exception of Cherbuliez, declined to partake of the dish. He alone attacked it with gusto.
Thereupon Buloz showed sudden and intense alarm.
"Cherbuliez! Cherbuliez! What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Remember that you haven't finished your story in the *Revue!*"
Greatly to his relief, the mushrooms turned out to be innocuous, and the story was finished.

It Was a New "Team" to Him.
Heinrich Conried told the following story once when chatting of his experience as an operatic director: "It happened in Chicago," said he. "I went there to superintend our first season in Chicago. I got there early in the afternoon. As I was registering at the Auditorium a young, a very young, newspaper man came up and talked to me. He begged for an interview. I told him I had arranged to see the press at 5. That did not satisfy him. He was on an afternoon paper. It would be a feather in his cap if he could scoop the town. 'Very well,' said I to him, 'I shall give you an interview, but it will have to be while I am taking my bath.' He seemed an intelligent and earnest young man, and I was willing to do that much for him. 'I turned on the water and divested myself of my coat, and the interview proceeded.
"What do you open with?" said he.
"I open with 'Tristan und Isolde,'" I answered.
"Have they ever been here before?" he queried."

Iron Eaters.
"The first time I ever swallowed a tack," said a carpet layer, "I jumped to my feet and tremulously asked the way to the hospital.
"What's the matter? my mate, an old hand, asked.
"I've swallowed a tack," said I. "Good gracious, what will become of me?"
"The old hand sat back on the carpet he was laying and laughed.
"Why, kid," said he, "it's nothing to swallow a tack. Every professional carpet layer swallows half a dozen or so daily. It's a thing that causes no inconvenience. If it did, I'd know it. I bet I've swallowed a hundredweight of tacks in my life."
"And I'm sure," the carpet layer concluded, "my mate was telling the truth, for since then I've swallowed half a hundredweight myself." He gulped. "Hang it," he said; "there goes one now!"—New York Press.

Aroused His Wrath.
"Were you ever done in oil?" ventured the wandering portrait painter.
The old farmer almost leaped out of his boots.
"Was I ever done in oil?" he roared. "Well, I should say so! A long legged, fox eared individual that looked something like you came past here last week and sold me a bottle of what was supposed to be genuine olive oil to eat on lettuce. When I poured it on the lettuce it turned out to be sewing machine oil, and, by heck, if I thought that you!"
But the wandering artist was gone—gone in a cloud of dust.—Chicago News.

Haiti's Legion of Honor.
It is not generally known that the famous order of the Legion of Honor was adopted at Haiti in 1849. When Soulouque became emperor under the name of Faustin I., he instituted an order in imitation of that which had been established by Napoleon in 1802. Statutes, ribbons and insignia were precisely identical, and since the sovereign of Haiti distributed his honors to all and sundry with lavish hand the French government was considerably embarrassed. The death of Soulouque ended the difficulty.—Paris Gaulois.

A Poor Remedy.
Speaking of a certain measure under discussion in the senate, a well known congressman said: "It does not meet the situation at all and will not remedy conditions. It reminds me of the wife of a young blacksmith of Washington. 'Did you sew that button on my coat?' this blacksmith asked his wife one morning. 'No, dear,' the wife answered. 'I couldn't find the button, but I sewed up the buttonhole, so it's all right!'"

An Exception.
Little Ethel—Mr. Rich, we're not all made of dust, are we? Mr. Rich (benignly)—Yes, my dear. Little Ethel (triumphantly)—Oh, well, you aren't, 'cos papa says you spring from nothing.—Punch.

Truthful Boy.
Man—Did you say your mamma whipped you because you wouldn't tell a lie? Boy—Yes, sir. She wanted me to tell me teacher I was sorry I played "hooky" when I wasn't.—Exchange.
Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark.—Newton.

A Story of Henry Clay.
The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends:
While making the journey to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the presidency, he was traveling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stage-coach when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.
"What did Harry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."
"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true!"
It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he hurried away and took another coach lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.

Impertinent Lady Holland.
In "A Family Chronicle," a book of gossip, is a story about the fearful and wonderful Lady Holland which is comparatively unacknowledged.
She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her) and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be to the drawing room again she said to Lord Radnor (the having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I liked that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it. It is a very nice one. Pray, whose is it?" Did any one ever hear such a thing? I cannot imagine why people should bear her impertinence.

Eight Points of the Law.
A correspondent signing himself "So-and-so" overheard some men—"evidently lawyers," he says—talking over a case recently when some such expression as this reached his ears:
"Well, he couldn't help winning. He had the eight points of the law in his favor."
Ever since he heard this "So-and-so" has been wondering what were the eight points referred to, and he asks me if I can enlighten him on the subject.
The eight points of the law, "So-and-so," are these: First, a good cause; second, a good purse; third, an honest and skillful solicitor; fourth, good evidence; fifth, able counsel; sixth, an upright judge; seventh, an intelligent jury; eighth, good luck.
It is well understood in forensic circles that if you have all these in your favor you stand a sporting chance of winning your case. But, on the other hand, of course you may lose.—London Standard.

Bonaparte as a Deadhead.
Frederic Febvre publishes in the Paris Gaulois an interesting document preserved in the archives of the Theatre Francaise. It runs as follows:
"Pass the citizen Bonaparte to this evening's performance of 'Manlius'—Talma."
This shows, of course, that the Emperor Napoleon when he was only a lieutenant of artillery was very glad of "orders" for the theater. M. Febvre adds a story which he heard from Talma's son to the effect that the future ruler of France used to lie in wait for the tragedian in the galleries of the Palais Royal and that the tragedian used often to whisper to his companion: "The other way, if you don't mind. I see Bonaparte coming, and I'm afraid he'll ask me for seats."

Evidence Against Him.
"I am proud to say," said the man with the loud voice, "that I have never made a serious mistake in my life."
"But you are mistaken," said the mild mannered man with the scholarly stoop. "You have made one very serious mistake."
"I'd like to know where you get your authority for saying so."
"Your declaration is evidence that you have never tried to see yourself as others see you."—Exchange.

The Marvelous Resistance of Water.
If it were possible to impart to a sheet of water an inch in thickness sufficient velocity, the most powerful bomb shells would be immediately stopped in their flight when they came into contact with it. It would offer the same resistance as the steel armor of the most modern battleship.—Strand Magazine.

The Law's Delay.
Betty—That case hasn't come on yet. Isn't the law's delay maddening? (Cis- sie absentmindedly)—Perfectly frightful! I've been six months getting that young barrister to propose.—London Opinion.

His Loss Our Gain.
Poet—I had a poem here, but while I was waiting for you I carelessly upset some ink over it, and I fear that I cannot remember it to rewrite it. Editor—That's good.—New York Press

A Quick Switch.
Jack—Glad to see your father, which is a mighty father (reading the paper)—Five cards of a suit B, a narrow strip of water connecting two large bodies.—Hemp's Weekly.

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