

An Angry Elephant.

A sentinel in the menagerie at Paris has had a curious experience with one of the largest elephants. The sentinel was very conscientious and always requested the spectators not to give the animals anything to eat, which seemed to displease the elephant in question to such an extent that he several times sprinkled the sentry's head with water from his trunk. One day a ...

A Neighing Cock.

LONDON—The Thames was once called the Cockney, and therefore a cockney means simply one who lives on the banks of the Thames. Wedgwood says a cockney, or cockerney, is one pampered by city indulgence, in contradistinction to rustics hardened by outdoor work. There is, however, a legend, almost too good to be true—namely, that a Londoner who had never before slept out of sound of Bow Bells had occasion to go into the country and was detained all night. He was much disturbed by the lowing of the cattle, the grunting of the pigs and other sounds of country life, which he could not understand, and in particular he was frightened by the crowing of the cock. In the morning, in response to the farmer's inquiries, he said the sound of the wild beasts had kept him awake. Just at that moment the cock crowed again, and the Londoner said: "That's the one! He's been neighing like that for hours!" Since then Londoners have been called cockneighs or cockneys.

The Python.

Contrary to general belief, the python or boa constrictor rarely attacks people and is looked upon very differently by the people from the hamadryad and cobra. The python will take up his abode in a neighborhood and will not disturb anything except the henroosts. These he disturbs very much, as he has a great fondness for chickens; also for a stray dog or small goat. I know of one case, however, in a floating house where a python attacked a woman and, contrary to the preconceived idea, did not crush her in his folds, but attempted to swallow her, commencing with one of her feet. When she was rescued her foot and ankle were badly lacerated by the snake's teeth. The Chinese kill the python to make medicine from the liver, which has a high repute among them. They also use the dried skin for medicine. Any Chinese drug shop in Siam will have a number of python skins for sale.—Medical Journal.

Woman the Tougher Sex.

Although men, as they run, are perhaps muscled stronger than women, their inability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes place them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclad toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament. Men use them as protective covering. A group of men marooned on an island in the temperate zone might be expected to die off in a month from drafts and colds and rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from the enforced exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.—Kansas City Journal.

A Xantippe Outwitted.

An Englishman of Lymington had the misfortune to live in a continuous quarrel with his wife, who was a modern Xantippe and threatened in case she survived him to dance over his grave. It was her lot to outlive him, but it was not so easy to carry out her threat. The husband had the precaution to make an injunction in his will requiring his body to be buried in the sea near his residence and without ceremony. The injunction was complied with.

Succeeded.

"No, sir," said the stern parent, "I cannot give my consent—at least not now. Before I will think of confiding my daughter to your care you must succeed in doing something."

"Oh, I've done that. I succeeded in kissing her last night after she had assured me that I never could until you had given your approval."

Expensive.

"No; I've decided never to accept friendly advice any more."
"Why not? It doesn't cost you anything."
"Well, I've found out that it almost invariably costs you your friends."—Exchange.

The Observing One.

Patron—How can you tell whether a couple are married or not? Hotel Keeper—If he orders two whole portions, they are not; if he orders one portion for two, they are.

A Parting Shot.

Group of Shoebills (in chorus)—Shine, sir; shine; Seedy Masher (irritably)—No, or a pound you all; no. One of them—Cut the fringe off your trousers same time, sir.

A Deal in Gum.

Some of these little newsboys are resourceful little nicks. A day or two ago a business man dropped a silver mounted fountain pen through the grating in front of a building on West Third street. They told him in the store that there was no access to the hole from the inside. He seemed to be up against it. Two newsies saw him peering down into the grating and got interested.

"I'll git it out fer you, mister," spoke up one of them, "if you'll stand the expense. I'll take about a nickel's worth o' chewin' gum."
The man said he would finance the gum scheme, whatever it might be.
A minute or two later the boy had dashed into a store and got a yardstick. He was chewing hard on an entire 5 cents' worth of gum. As soon as this was properly softened by the process of mastication he placed it on the end of the yardstick, stuck the stick through the grating until the gum met the pen and brought the pen up with the utmost dispatch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sand Fish.

At low tide in midsummer on certain parts of the Breton coast men and boys with baskets and hoes descend the white beach to the sea's edge. They are anglers, but the fish they seek live on dry land. With his hoe each fisherman makes swiftly in the packed sand shallow parallel trenches, very close together and about a yard long. If the luck be good every scratch of the hoe uncovers three or four silvery fish, the size of sardines, that leap up glittering into the air. They must be seized quickly or at once they bury themselves in the sand again. They are called lancons. The smaller ones are used for mackerel bait; the larger, with their heads cut off, make, fried, an excellent dish a good deal like fried smelts. With daylight tides the lancons are seldom bigger than a man's middle finger, but with the night tides, when promenaders have not disturbed the sand, they run very large indeed. Then, their lanterns flashing on the beach, the Breton fishermen often capture lancons a foot long.

Cut Heads.

The Liverpool Post has been making observations with regard to the "cut heads" which are treated at the hospitals between 12 and 2 a. m. The Post says that the house surgeons have noticed a curious difference in the sexes on different nights. On Saturday nights the subjects are mostly men who have received their wages, redeemed their clothes from pawn and drunk enough to lead to a brawl. Monday night, however, is "ladies' night." The men have gone to work, and the wives have taken their husbands' best and only suit to the pawnshop, and then it is their turn to drink the proceeds and cut one another's heads. The usual answer to the question "Who did it?" is, "Another lady wot lives in the same 'ouse."

Married Paupers and Divorce.

"An odd thing about married paupers is that they like to live separate," said a single pauper.
"You know how almshouses are arranged. There's a men's ward, a women's ward and a mixed or married ward. Well, the mixed ward is always nearly empty. Not that we lack married paupers. Oh, no. But the husbands prefer to bachelor it among the men and the wives to old maid it among the women. The older our married paupers get the more vehement is their insistence on separate living."
"She's allus a-naggin' the octogenarian will growl.
"Nobody can't sleep o' nights with the sech snorin' as hisn', sniffs the septuagenarian female.
"And so they separate—to all intents divorced."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Great Financier.

A man who occupied a little back room in a poor quarter of the east end of London was evicted for nonpayment of rent. He had nothing but a valise and a few clothes, and while they were throwing him and his belongings out of the house a bulky manuscript fell out of his pocket. Nobody noticed it at the time, but after he had gathered his clothes and taken his departure one of the bystanders saw the big roll of paper, plected it up and on opening it was surprised and amused to find it contained an elaborate scheme for refunding the national debt of the British empire.

Knew His Rights.

"I fine you," said the police justice, "\$30 and costs."
"Y'r honor," protested Tuffold Knutt, who had been hauling up for vagrancy, "all the prop'ty I've got in the world is a plugged nickel an' me c'loes, an' they hain't wuth more'n about two bits. That fine's onreasonable. It's confiscation, an' it won't never stand the test o' the federal courts. I shall take an appeal, y'r honor!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Negro and the Watermelon.

A negro bought a watermelon for 50 cents and sold it a few minutes later for the same price. The purchaser changed his mind and sold it back to the negro for 40 cents. Later the negro sold it for 60 cents. How much profit did he make?—New York World.

Saves Him.

"How did Snugglesley ever get his reputation for the possession of great wisdom?"
"His wife talks so much that he never gets a chance to expose his ignorance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Life without liberty is joyless, but life without joy may be great. The greatness of life is sacrifice.—Ouida.

Sally's Iron.

In describing some of her associates of the stage, Ellen Terry, in McClure's Magazine, tells of her dresser, Sarah Holland. She had an extraordinarily open mind, writes Miss Terry, and was ready to grasp each new play as it came along as a separate and entirely different field of operations. She was extremely methodical and only got flurried once in a blue moon. When we went to America and made the acquaintance of that dreadful thing, a "one night stand," she was as precise and particular about having everything nice and in order for me as if we were going to stay in the town a month. Down went my neat square of white druggot. All the lights in my dressing room were arranged as I wished. Everything was unpacked and ironed.

One day when I came into some American theater to dress I found Sally nearly in tears.

"What's the matter with you, Sally?" I asked.
"I haven't had a morsel to heat all day, dear, and I can't eat my iron."
"Eat your iron, Sally! What do you mean?"
"Ow am I to iron all this, dear?" wailed my faithful Sally, picking up my Nance Oldfield apron and a few other trifles. "It won't get 'ot!"
Until then I really thought that Sally was being sardonic about an iron as a substitute for victuals.

Telephone Manners.

Do telephones lead to politeness or otherwise? When they first came into use the answer to this question would have been emphatically in the negative, but now that they are almost universally prevalent an era of good manners and "thank you's" seems to be in full swing. In some communities it is not even possible to quarrel over the telephone, although the two women who took part in the following conversation came near it:
"Hello! Is this Mrs. Weston?"
"Yes."
"This is your next door neighbor, Mrs. Lawrence. I thought you might be interested to know that at the present moment your son Thomas is sitting on one of the sheets which are bleaching on my lawn and is building a large pile of mud on it."
"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Lawrence!" exclaimed the mother. "And may I return the favor by informing you that your setter Rab has just rooted up my two new rosebushes and that he seems to be chewing the buds!"
"Oh, indeed! Thank you! Goodby!"
"Not at all. Thank you! Goodby!"

Tired of Him.

At a trial in Scotland a lady got into the witness box to be examined, when the following conversation took place between her and the opposing counsel:
Counsel—How old are you?
Miss Jane—Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman and dinna think it right to answer that question.
The Judge—Oh, yes; answer the gentleman. How old are you?
Miss Jane—Weel-a-weel, I am fifty.
Counsel—Are you not more?
Miss Jane—Weel, I am sixty.
The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied:
"Weel, sir, I wanna tell a lee. I hinnie lost hope yet," scornfully adding, "But I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

Psychology of Broken Jaws.

It might be a bit of a strange fact, but you would be astonished to see the broken jaws which are presented at free institutions on holidays—election day, New Year's day and the Fourth of July. A great number of fractured jaws are the result of quarrels among the very lowest classes. It surprises me that the number of broken jaws is not on the increase on account of the heated newspaper discussions that we are constantly having on various topics of the day. It has been said that were it not for the mouth nine-tenths of the gossip and the mischief of the world would be prevented. And very often were it not for the mouth there would be no broken jaws.—D. B. Breundlich in New York Medical Journal.

Shooting Stars.

When a shooting star breaks into flame in our atmosphere the residuum of the combustion remains in the air and can be found in what is known as atmospheric dust. The virgin snow of the polar regions was often seen to be spotted with traces of dust which contained particles of iron. Like particles are found on church towers and elsewhere. Among the minute bodies that dance in the sun's rays there are certainly particles of shooting stars.

Showing Him How.

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, "I'll show you how to treat your mother!"
And he gave him several bangs on the ears and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

Youthful Assurance.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I was accumulating money of my own."
"Yes," answered the graceless youth, "but don't you think the public was easier then than it is now?"—Washington Star.

The Final Shock.

Patient—Doctor, I don't think I can use the battery any more. Will it be necessary to shock me again? Doctor—Only once more. I'll send in my bill tomorrow.

Wise men read very sharply all your private history, in your look and gait and behavior. Emerson.

The Chinese Hoe.

The Chinese farmer stands second to none in all the world. This is all the more remarkable since he has really so few implements with which to work the marvels he produces. His only implements are the hoe, the plow and the harrow. Beyond these the Chinese farmer never dreams of desiring any other. The first of these tools seems never to be out of his hands, for it is the one upon which he relies the most and is his most effective implement. It really takes the place of the spade in England, though the latter is never put to such extensive and general uses as the hoe. The Chinaman can do anything with it but make it speak. A farmer well on in years can easily be recognized amidst a number of workmen by the curve his hands have taken from holding the hoe in the many years of toll in his fields. With it, if he is a poor man and has no oxen to plow the ground, he turns up the soil where he is going to plant his crops, and with it he deftly and with a turn of his wrist levels out the surface so that it is made ready for the seed. With a broad bladed hoe he dips to the bottom of a stream or of a pond, draws up the soft mud that has gathered there and, with a dexterous swing, flings the dripping hoeful on to his field nearby to increase its richness by this new deposit.—London King.

Extract of Knowledge.

An article on "Examination Humor" in a periodical called Normal Echoes contains some good "howlers." They are none the less interesting for coming from students in training for teachers. A criticism of William Blake that "as a child he was precocious in poetry, but in later years it developed into dogmatism," is a lesson in the art of being inarticulate, while the remark that "the works of the time were mostly satyrs" is quaint, though obvious. Of course there is bogging over proper names. There is nothing, indeed, so good as the description of Cromwell as "a man with coarse features and having a large red nose, with deep religious convictions beneath," or the case of the "lapsed man" who, having by way of exception attended church, admitted to the rector's wife that he had benefited, for he had learned that Sodom and Gomorrah were two cities, whereas he had always thought they were man and wife. —Manchester Guardian.

Fat and Disease.

If the Medical Record is right, man is pursuing in the matter of bodily weight what is bad for him, a common trick, and woman pines for a physical ideal that would mean long life if achieved, something rare indeed for women to do. Most men struggle to be fat. Most women diet to be lean. Dr. Brandreth Symonds draws from a study of life insurance weights that people past the age of thirty live longer if below normal weight than they do if at or above standard. Heart disease is as rare among the underfat as it is common with the heavy folk, and this is true also of Bright's disease, apoplexy, paralysis, cerebral congestions and cirrhosis of the liver. Only in pneumonia and tuberculosis do the underweights carry a greater risk. In all the cases which he examined Dr. Symonds found not a single fat man who reached the age of eighty years, while forty-four short weights passed this mark.

Fever Sores.

Fever sores and old chronic sores should not be healed entirely, but should be kept in healthy condition. This can be done by applying Chamberlain's Salve. This Salve has no superior for this purpose. It is also most excellent for chapped hands, sore nipples, burns and diseases of the skin. For sale by Taggart.

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Mrs. G. S. Allen, wishes to announce that she has secured the Agency for the American Vacuum Cleaner and Sweeper. Call at her residence on West Fourth Street and see it demonstrated. 43-1f

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For health and happiness—DeWitt's Little Early Risers—pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Came Near Choking to Death.

A little boy, the son of Chris. D. Peterson, a well known resident of the village of Jacksonville, Iowa, had a sudden and violent attack of croup. Much thick stringy phlegm came up after giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. Peterson says: "I think he would have choked to death had we not given him this remedy." For sale by Taggart.

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Why not start now—to-day, and forever rid yourself of Stomach trouble and indigestion? A dieted stomach gets the blues and grumbles. Give it a good eat, then take Pape's Diapepsin to start the digestive juices working. There will be no dyspepsia or belching of gas or eructations of undigested food; no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach or heartburn, sick headache and dizziness, and your food will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors.

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"On October 18th, last, my little three year old daughter contracted a severe cold which resulted in a bad case of bronchitis," says Mrs. W. G. Gibson, Lexington, Ky. "She lost the power of speech completely and was a very sick child. Fortunately we had a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house and gave it to her according to the printed directions. On the second day she was a great deal better, and on the fifth day, October 23rd, she was entirely well of her cold and bronchitis, which I attribute to this splendid medicine. I recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy unreservedly as I have found it the surest, safest and quickest cure for colds, both for children and adults, of any I have ever used." For sale by Taggart.

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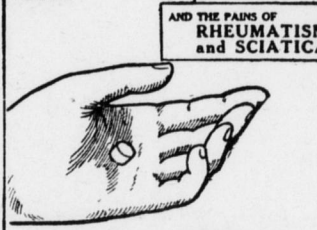
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