

Wanted His Money Back.

It is an old saying that "you cannot eat your cake and have it too." But a seascaker usually cares little for either side of the proposition.

The vessel had been out a few days and had encountered some heavy seas. The first morning that calmer weather prevailed one of the steerage passengers appeared for the first time above deck and with a face as white as a sheet approached the captain.

"This has got to stop!" he said angrily.

"What has?" asked the captain, in surprise.

"This feeling of death. When I bought my ticket I was told it included meals, but I can't keep my food down. Now, it has got to stop, captain, or else I want my passage money back. You cannot break your contract in this fashion with me."

It took all the captain's ingenuity to pacify him during the rest of the trip.—Youth's Companion.

No Chance For The Truth.

"Be truthful," said the teacher.

"Always?" asked the boy.

"Always," answered the teacher.

"Never tell a lie?"

"Never."

"Not even a white lie?"

"Not even a white lie."

"Huh," ejaculated the lad scornfully, "it's a mighty good thing for you ain't a boy with my dad for a father?"

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because," replied the boy, "if you was my dad's little boy, and you'd heard what he said about Aunt Eliza combing to visit us with her children, and Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren't all glad to see her, and you'd told the truth, like I did, you'd think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin, after dad had finished with you."

He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him.—London Tit-Bits.

When Curates Were Wanted.

When one learns that curates are increasing so much more rapidly than benefices, wonder is excited as to the condition of affairs in the eighteenth century, when enterprising ladies offered livings to clergymen willing to marry them. An advertisement to this effect appeared in the London Chronicle in March, 1758. The lady was rather particular too. The curate was to be young, have a small fortune, be well recommended as to morals and good temper "and be firmly attached to the present happy establishment."

England's Old Common Field System. A "common field" is quite distinct from a "common." It is a field belonging to numerous owners. The land consists of long narrow strips, perhaps not more than ten yards wide and running parallel with one another. What are the exact rules of cultivation that obtain in Kent today we do not know, but of old it was usual to have a regular rotation, such as wheat one year, barley or oats the second and fallow the third. When the crops were harvested, each member of the community getting his or her share, all could put in their cattle, which roamed over the whole field, feeding on the stubble, etc. And this was termed the "right of sack." The "common field" system was gradually done away with by statutes in the reigns of George III. and William IV.—London Express.

A Famous Temple.

The most magnificent work of architecture in the world is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, Hindustan. It was erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of his favorite queen. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with jasper, carnelian, turquoise, agate, amethyst and sapphire. The work took 22,000 men twenty years to complete, and, though there were free gifts and the labor was free, the cost is estimated at \$16,000,000.—Exchange.

Real Good Steak.

"We can't eat this steak; it's not good!" complained a young man who was spending his honeymoon in a Scottish village.

"Ye're surely jokin', sir," said the landlord of the inn. "It maun indeed be guld. It's a bit o' the minister's and coo!"

Higher.

"But our ideals!" "What of them?" "Are they higher than they were a generation ago?" "Sure. Everything is higher now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Blunder.

"How did you enjoy the musicale?" "Oh, I applauded at the wrong time, as usual; thought the orchestra tuning up was a classical number."—Kansas City Journal.

Easily Tamed.

Read—Have you ever tamed your automobile? Greene—Oh, yes! It stood perfectly still for forty-eight minutes on the road today.

Reed and Ingalls.

"Why don't you grow?" said Tom Reed to Senator Ingalls some years ago, when both men were in the service of the people at Washington.

"Ah," said Ingalls, who was of very slight stature, "I'm too much interested in my fellows' life and property to assume to your magnificent height and proportion."

"And is not that my concern, too?" asked Reed deliberately.

"Impossible!" said Ingalls. "Walk on the edge of a board walk and you lift up the other end; stand in the middle and you break through. The people's safety lies in your being a middle of the road man."

Some days after Reed found Ingalls in a state of mental distraction. "Just swallowed the gold filings of this front tooth," explained Senator Ingalls, pointing to the exposed cavity.

Reed laughed immediately. He drew himself up to his full height. As a victor he stood; his time of revenge had come.

"Ingalls, I congratulate you. You are now worth your weight in gold."

Ought to Have Known Him.

"About the limit of nerve that ever came under my observation," said an ex-prosecutor, "happened a few days ago when a man walked into my office and solicited a small loan."

That he was drunk and had been for several days was evident at a glance. Dirty, bleary eyed, unshaved and with hands that shook like those of a professional roman candle shooter, he saluted me with easy familiarity, calling me by my first name. His face was vaguely familiar to me, but I could not recall where I had seen him. He asked for a quarter, I compromised with a dime. He took it with profuse thanks.

"Let's see, I called to him as he turned to go, 'I can't quite place you. Who are you?'"

"He wheeled and looked at me with an expression of pained surprise. 'What! Don't know me. Why, good Lord, John! You put me in jail three times for wife beating!'"—Kansas City Star.

Some Measures.

Herbert Spencer scorned the metric system because it rests solely on the fact that man has but ten fingers. However, a mile is but a "mille passuum," or a thousand paces. The length of the foot was used for distances long before it was fixed at twelve inches. A "furlong" is only a furorowlong. The breadth of the hand became the standard because the easiest way of measuring the height of the horse. The length of the arm gave the length of the "ell," and from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger was the "cubit." By stretching out both arms as if on a cross man invented the measure of the "fathom." Cloth measure still decrees that two and one-half inches make a "nail," and this is the width of four fingers held together and measured across the nails. The apothecary's "dram" originally signified "only as much raw spirit as can be held in the mouth."

Not Tending to Business.

A country doctor was recently called upon to visit a patient some way from his office. Driving to where the sick man lived, he tied his horse to a tree in front of the house and started to walk across the ground. It happened that work was in progress on a new well, of which the doctor knew nothing until he found himself sinking into the earth. He fell just far enough to be unable to get out of the hole unassisted and lustily yelled for help.

When he was finally pulled up the hired man remarked to him: "I say, doc, you had no business down there."

"No; I don't think I had," replied the doctor.

"Don't you know," continued the hired man, "you ought leave the well alone and take care of the sick?"—Lippincott's.

A Versatile Garden.

The dwellers in a seaport town of Massachusetts are justly proud of their gardens. It remained for a visitor from a tiny village "way round the Cape" to say the first slightly disparaging word of these gardens. "Isn't this beautiful?" his hostess asked as she paused under a rose arbor and looked back over the stately ranks of larkspur, monk's hood, hollyhocks and many other favorites.

"It's a handsome garden—of its kind," said the visitor dispassionately, "but it ain't quite up to the mark when you consider our gardens."

"Indeed!" and the lady looked at him, too amazed to be angry. "What sort of gardens have you, please?"

"Well," said her Cape visitor calmly, "what we call a good garden is one where you can start out with two big baskets and a hoe, step through the flower garden part, past the vegetables, down to the water; dig your clams first, pick your sweet corn, lay your posies on top o' that and hand the whole lot over at the kitchen door. There's your shore dinner and trimmings all from one garden."—Youth's Companion.

The Wise Woodpecker.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorns remain intact, but, becoming saturated, are predisposed to decay, when they are attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.—Cleveland Leader.

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Inherited Dreams.

A medical scientist claims that many dreams are really hereditary—that is to say, they come down to us from ancestors. Many persons have a dream which they dream over and over again. This and some others that are frequent, according to the authority referred to, are inherited. The doctor observed, for instance, that a child of six years after an attack of typhoid fever saw in its slumber a figure clad in black, which advanced to the foot of the bed and fixed upon him its shining eyes. It was found that the father of the child had frequently dreamed that dream, although he had never mentioned it to his child. The grandfather dreamed the same dream, although he had told no one about it. Evidently there is more than our philosophy can fathom in "the stuff that dreams are made of."

Pensions From Napoleon.

Paris has a dozen old soldiers who draw pensions that come to them from the great Emperor Napoleon I. These are not heroes of his epoch, for the last of those died long years ago. But Napoleon by his will devised several millions of francs to his companions in arms, and this capital in default of heirs of the grand army was deposited in the public treasury. Today the revenue this fund produces is paid out in the form of pensions of 200 francs each to old soldiers in French territory, and Paris has twelve of these beneficiaries to whom at the first of the year these little pensions are remitted.—Paris Figaro.

A Wise Woman.

Mr. Snaggle (snappishly)—Don't be correcting that boy always, Sarah. Let nature take its course, won't you? Mrs. Snaggle (drying aside the shingle)—I'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Snaggle. I don't intend that any woman shall have such a husband as I've got if I can prevent it.

A Paradoxical Reply.

"Doctor, do you think eyeglasses will alter my appearance?" inquired Mrs. Gunson anxiously. "I shall at least expect them to improve your looks," replied the physician.—Lippincott's.

The Boy's Bit.

"You seem to have got your boys interested in mythology very nicely." "Yes; I explained to them that Hercules had a championship."—Washington Herald.

Sure Test.

She—They held a mirror over her face to see if she was alive. I don't understand that. He—Why, you see, if she was alive she'd open her eyes and look in it.

A Safeguard to Children.

"Our two children of six and eight years have been since infancy subject to colds and croup. About three years ago I started to use Foley's Honey and Tar, and it has never failed to prevent and cure these troubles. It is the only medicine I can get the children to take without a row." The above from W. C. Orstein, Green Bay, Wis., duplicates the experience of thousands of other users of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cures coughs, colds and croup, and prevents bronchitis and pneumonia. Sold by all druggists.

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An attack of the grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with good success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies had failed. Sold by all druggists.

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