

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my dear, that you were I
And by your side your sweetheart sat;
Suppose you noticed by and by
The distance 'twixt you were too great;

Hunting a Moonshiner

"We were very much puzzled over a certain locality in the Cut Log region of the Blue Ridge Mountains," said Revenue Collector Chapman, as he leaned back in his chair. "We knew very well that whisky was being made in the neighborhood, but so carefully concealed was the habit of the moonshiners that we were unable to obtain any clue to it."

"Finally we decided on making a regular ring hunt for the culprit, and bright and early one morning I started out with three of my keenest deputies, determined to make a haul before night or else spend the frosty night in the woods. I sent two of the men in one direction and set out across the Cut Log ridge with McDonald."

"Reaching a point near the summit, I caught a whiff of the familiar flavor, and halting began to look around for some clue as to its source. Perched away up on the mountainside, overlooking a brawling brook that came tumbling down across the road we were traveling, I spied a shabby-looking cabin which would have appeared uninhabited save for a little curl of smoke ascending lazily from the rough rock chimney."

"During the summer season in Japan droughts are very frequent, and the rice fields, before so beautiful, presenting as they do all the different shades of green innumerable, gradually lose their brilliancy of color, turn yellow and parched and threaten the total destruction of the crop."

"After waiting long and hoping for a downfall of rain, the people turn en masse to evoke the power of their deities to send them the saving showers. A procession is formed of perhaps 200 men, nearly naked, who, carrying straw emblems representing the sun with the rain pouring from it, and with long streamers having prayers written on them flying in the wind, proceed to the nearest river or bay, where the whole company wade into water until they are waist-deep, and, surrounding the emblems, pray aloud and throw water on the images with both hands."

"All this time she was talking in such a meek and innocent way that my suspicions were half disarmed; but still I was unsatisfied, as that whiff of savory steam, that thick-back chimney, and the name of the woman, coupled with the history of old Reub. Davis, had aroused my suspicions."

Ceylon's Wily Crocodiles.

The following is a fair example of how cunningly crocodiles, in common with all other wild animals, can conceal themselves in moments of danger: After a happy week spent in the jungle with a friend of mine, we halted for breakfast, before making the last stage for headquarters and home, at a place called Poonarhyn—Anglice, Garden of Flowers—and while at breakfast were amused by watching a number of crocodiles, about eight or ten, sunning themselves on the surface of a small lake or tank, as it is there called, of about an acre in extent. A sudden thought struck me.

"I say, Murray, what fun it would be to try and catch some of those buggers in a net." "Bravo," said he. "Let's try presently. Appu, send the horsekeeper to the village and tell him to bring up all the men he can find and some long fishing nets. We will give a good santosum" (present). The villagers scented some fun, and with the further stimulus of a santosum very soon turned up to the number of thirty. It was now 11 o'clock and scorching hot, the air quivering over the bare, burning, sandy plain in which the pond was situated. It was breast deep, as we knew, including about a foot or eighteen inches of heavy mud. We tied two nets together so as to make one long enough to reach across the tank, about thirty yards, and this was heavily weighted along the bottom and arranged to be drawn with long ropes from each shore."

Books are originally metal plates or the inner bark of trees. In many cabinets may be found the discharge of soldiers, written on plates. While an agriculturist at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, in Northern India, was recently tilling his ground, he came upon a copper plate. A search brought to light several others. Twenty-four of the plates are about eighteen inches long by twelve inches broad and three twelve inches by eight inches. The former have huge copper seals with rings attached to the plates, while the three, which appear to substitute one book, were linked together. The plates bear inscriptions relating to dealings in land in the time of Govind Chandra Deva, Samva 1196-1149. Herodotus's books were written on leaden tablets; lead was used for writing and rolled up like a cylinder. Montfaucon notices a very ancient book of eight leaden leaves, which, on the back, had rings fastened by a small leaden rod to keep them together. They were afterward engraved on bronze. The laws of the Cretans were on bronze tablets; the Romans etched their public records on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is preserved at Lyons. Several bronze tablets have been dug up in Tuscany. Treaties between the Romans, Spartans and Jews were written on brass; and estates, for better security, were made over on this enduring material. (New York Dispatch.)

Not a Tyrant. It is truly annoying to a plain every day citizen, to have his indisputable rights infringed upon by a great personage. It is easy to understand the state of mind of the hungry traveler confronted by pomp and power, as is related in this true story: Tired and hungry, a traveler whom we may call Mr. Smith, entered a village inn and ordered a roast chicken. He sat down by the fire and took great comfort in watching the fowl roasting on the spit and thinking how fine the flavor would be. It was nearly done, when a strange looking individual entered the kitchen. His costume was eccentric, but it was undoubtedly that of a great personage. To the innkeeper he said with an impatient, and as it seemed to hungry Mr. Smith, insufferably haughty air, "Well, William, will that chicken be roasted soon?" "Sir," cried Mr. Smith sternly, "that chicken is mine. I ordered it before you."

All About the Human Heart. The human heart is a hollow muscle of a conical form placed between the two lungs and inclosed in the pericardium, or heart sac. The ordinary size of length in the adult is about 5 inches in length, 3 1/2 inches in breadth at the broadest part and 2 1/2 inches in thickness, and its weight is 10 to 12 ounces in men and 8 to 10 ounces in women. The increase in size is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was. Between the second and seventh years it is again almost double in size. A slower rate of growth then sets in and continues during the period of maturity of other portions of the body. After the fifteenth year up to the fiftieth the annual growth of the heart is about .061 of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing about the fiftieth year. (Chicago Herald.)

An Ingenious Clock.

A firm in Calcutta, India, has lately completed a very ingenious timepiece in the shape of an eight day clock, which strikes the hours on a large full-toned gong and chimes the quarters on eight bells. In connection with the clock there is a perpetual calendar, which gives the correct days of all the various months, including the twenty-nine days of February in each year.

If somebody should find a diamond as big as a foot-ball, his discovery would hardly be more unexpected than one which has recently been made in Utah; relating to a kind of crystal, however, far less precious than diamonds. The discovery referred to is that of a deposit of selenium found near the Fremont River in a mound-like elevation formed by the washing and wearing away of the clay and sand surrounding it. Selenide crystals are formed from the rare element selenium, which is related to sulphur, and was discovered in 1817 in the refuse of a sulphuric acid factory by the celebrated chemist, Berzelius. In its vitreous form selenium is sometimes employed for optical purposes. Many years ago little medallion portraits of Berzelius were occasionally to be seen, cast in this substance which he had discovered. Selenium has been found in small quantities in native deposits, notably at Culcabra, in Mexico. But hitherto the selenide crystals obtainable have been small, being "measured by inches and weighed by ounces." Now, however, they have been obtained in the Utah deposit weighing as much as a thousand pounds! Many tons of these crystals have been taken from the mound. Some of them are four and even five feet in length, with faces six inches broad. One huge crystal had nineteen small ones projecting out of it. As far as is known this unique deposit has no rival in the world. (Youth's Companion.)

Evolution of the Book. Books are originally metal plates or the inner bark of trees. In many cabinets may be found the discharge of soldiers, written on plates. While an agriculturist at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, in Northern India, was recently tilling his ground, he came upon a copper plate. A search brought to light several others. Twenty-four of the plates are about eighteen inches long by twelve inches broad and three twelve inches by eight inches. The former have huge copper seals with rings attached to the plates, while the three, which appear to substitute one book, were linked together. The plates bear inscriptions relating to dealings in land in the time of Govind Chandra Deva, Samva 1196-1149. Herodotus's books were written on leaden tablets; lead was used for writing and rolled up like a cylinder. Montfaucon notices a very ancient book of eight leaden leaves, which, on the back, had rings fastened by a small leaden rod to keep them together. They were afterward engraved on bronze. The laws of the Cretans were on bronze tablets; the Romans etched their public records on brass. The speech of Claudius, engraved on plates of bronze, is preserved at Lyons. Several bronze tablets have been dug up in Tuscany. Treaties between the Romans, Spartans and Jews were written on brass; and estates, for better security, were made over on this enduring material. (New York Dispatch.)

His First Experience. John Smith was a clerk who had to work the telephone that had been newly fitted at his office. He will never forget his first experience with the instrument. On hearing the clatter of the bell he took down the receiver and heard his employer's voice asking for information concerning business. John was under the impression that as his employer was two miles away he ought to put his hand to his mouth like an ancient mariner on the stage, who is paid sixpence a night to do "Ship, ahoy!" business. He accordingly thundered his answer into the transmitter. The answer came: "I don't understand you at all." Smith essayed again and again, but with no better result. A happy thought struck him when he had recovered his wind after the tenth blast, and he softly whispered to himself: "I wonder if the old idiot is deaf." His hair rose slowly on end as he heard the sound of his governor's voice coming softly from the receiver: "No, John, the old idiot is not deaf, and you can take a fortnight's notice." John now declares that telephones are frauds. (Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

A Difficult Operation. Daisy Bedwell is the sixteen year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bedwell of Yazoo City, Mass. When she was four and a half years old she lost almost the entire lower jaw on the right side by necrosis. That side never grew, but the left side did, and pushed her chin around so much that it was under her right cheek. An operation has just been performed on the young girl's face which relieved her of this hideous deformity. It took place at Roosevelt Hospital and was performed by Dr. Frank Hartley, and George Howe Winkler, professor of operative dentistry at the New York Dental School. An incision was made in the neck, the bone sawed squarely in two, and the chin forced around to the front and held there permanently. On the lower jaw an upright bolt was soldered which slid up and down in a gold bar soldered to the upper jaw. A plate of teeth was placed on the right side, and Daisy went home a happy and pretty girl. (New York News.)

Accomplishments of a Montana Girl. Paul Van Cleave, a member of the Montana Legislature, owns a big sheep ranch in that State. His daughter Helen, aged fourteen years, is his constant companion in his rides about the ranch, and is reputed to be one of the most accomplished riders in that part of the country. She is a picturesque figure on horseback, as she dresses somewhat after the cowboy style, wearing trousers, colored shirt and broad sombrero, and rides in the true cowboy fashion, often bareback. She is also a good shot with the rifle. Although living in an isolated spot, Mr. Van Cleave has had his children carefully educated and his home is one of refinement, being in fact, a favorite social gathering place for ranch-owners 60 miles around. (Illinois State Register.)

A Novel Business. One of the novel business trades of Boston is that of a dealer in secondhand plate glass. Nearly all of this glass is bought by the dealer from insurance companies. The large plates of this kind of glass are insured when put in a window, and when any of them is broken the owner of the injured glass usually prefers that the insurance company should replace the broken piece rather than that he should be paid its price. The dealer in the secondhand glass contrives to utilize what remains of the unbroken part of the glass. (Chicago Herald.)

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Ought to Suffer—No Change in the Name—Circumstances Alter Cases—Natural Sight, Etc., Etc. OUGHT TO SUFFER. Barber—Does the razor feel sir? Patron (groaning)—Umph! I hope it does. It deserves to. (Chicago Record.)

NO CHANGE IN THE NAME. Scene on the deck of a mail steamer at sea. Aesthetic Passenger (to Old Salt)—Can you tell me, my good man, that genus that fine bird hovering about? Old Salt—That's a halibut, sir. A. P.—Dear me! quite a rara avis, is it not? O. S.—Dunno, sir. I've always heard it called a halibut.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES. At the Hospital.—The physician on duty approached a bed and felt the pulse of one of the patients. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "he is much better than he was yesterday." "That is true," answered the nurse, "but it isn't the same patient; the other man is dead and this one has taken his place." "Ah! that alters the case. Well, never mind, go on with the same treatment." (La Moda.)

IMMENSE CRYSTALS. If somebody should find a diamond as big as a foot-ball, his discovery would hardly be more unexpected than one which has recently been made in Utah; relating to a kind of crystal, however, far less precious than diamonds. The discovery referred to is that of a deposit of selenium found near the Fremont River in a mound-like elevation formed by the washing and wearing away of the clay and sand surrounding it.

HE WAS BOUND TO SAVE IT. It was the highly cultivated girl's first effort at baking. "Dear me!" she said; "there must be something wrong with that loaf of bread." "I think," replied her mother, gently, "that you had better throw it away." "Throw away the first bread I ever baked?" "Yes; most of us have to, you know." "Never! I know what I'll do. I'll put some cucumber inscriptions on it and send it to the seminary museum." (Washington Star.)

AN UNBLUSHING CONFESSOR. I held her hand, her little hand, So soft, and small, and white, I pressed it often to my lips, And clasped its fingers tight, That loving clasp my love declared, And I was not ashamed To own I loved her, for who could For loving her be blamed? She let her hand, her little hand, Rest lovingly in mine, My tender pressures she returned, Like tendrils of a vine, Her little fingers clasped mine close, And her affection told, And why not? She's my daughter, and To-day she's four years old. (Somerville Journal.)

NO ESCAPE. I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls; I felt at ease, with life content, Till fancy brought the landlord's call; He came, alas! to get the rent. (Buffalo Courier.)

A NICE DISTINCTION. Tourist—I notice you charge different prices for seats in your omnibus. How is that? Omnibus Drive—It's this way. When we get to a hill the first-class passengers may keep their seats, the second-class passengers must get out and the third-class passengers must shove behind. (Filiegende Blaetter.)

THE GIFT OF A SEASON. Sir Edward Fitz Wales—Your Amewlans are aw so chahmngly thoughtful, ye know. Mr. Hobbies—In what way? Sir Edward Fitz Wales—Why—aw—after you've had your own summer, ye know, you have an Indian summer—foh the poosh natives, I suppose. (Chicago Record.)

A POST-NUPITAL DISCOVERY.

"Why don't you want me to call you 'dear'?" "Because it makes me feel so cheap." (Puck.)

CLASS IN GRAMMAR. Teacher—Parse the sentence, "Yucatan is a peninsula." Pupil (who never could understand grammar, anyhow)—Yucatan is a proper noun, non'tive case, second person singular. "How do you make that out?" "First person Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatan; plural, first person, Weccatan; second person—" "Go to your seat!" (Chicago Tribune.)

LIKE TWO PEAS. Hicks—Speaking of the Foglesby twins, are they really so much alike? Wicks—Yes, indeed; when one of them lies, the other will swear to it. (Boston Transcript.)

A CASE IN POINT. A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness. "Hambugged you, my good woman? What do you mean by that?" said he. "Well, your honor," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly; but if a girl called you a handsome man, she would be hambugging you."

TOUGH ALREADY. "Well, Willie, how did you like it?" asked the fond mamma, when her angel child returned from his first day at the public school. "Bully," ejaculated the cherub, with a new light in his eyes. "But, say, don't call me 'Willie,' my name's Bill." (Detroit Tribune.)

A SOFT PLACE. Tramp—Say, boss, don't yer want ter hire a man? Farmer—Wal, I dunno; I s'pose I might use you as a scarecrow. Tramp—Thank yer, boss. That's the first encouraging word I've had since money went up ter a premium in New York. (Boston Transcript.)

A LARGE FIGURE. "I understand Philpotts is a large figure in local politics?" "You bet. Philpotts weighs 324 pounds." (Chicago Record.)

LIE IN WEIGHT. Boxer—Who do you think are the champion light weights of America? Sparrer—Coal dealers. (Harlem Life.)

AMBIGUOUS. Screeder—Don't you think my literary distinctly original? Snarler—Certainly; nobody ever wrote in that style before. (Judy.)

HIS REASON. "Why do you cut up such antics when you feed your turkeys, Mr. Farmer?" "Oh! I'm trying to make game of them." (Washington Star.)

A ROSE REMEDY. "What ails ye, sir?" "My conscience is troubling me, Bridget." "Why not put a linseed poultice on it, sir, that never fails to cure." (Harlem Life.)

CRYING FOR HELP. "What is the idea in calling a consultations of physicians?" "Oh, that's when the doctor, who originally took the case, can't think of any more excuses to give to the family." (Detroit Tribune.)

A PLACE TO SIT. He—I like the room, and perhaps I'll hire it, but I hope no one in the house plays the piano. Landlady—Only my youngest daughter, and she is only just beginning. (Filiegende Blaetter.)

MONEY GOING ABOARD. "My wife has an absolute genius for making money go a long way, especially in the matter of dress." "Indeed!" "Yes; she buys all her gowns in Paris now." (Detroit Tribune.)

NOT ENCOURAGING. Nervous passenger—Why are you steaming along at such a fearful rate through this fog? Ocean Captain (reassuringly)—Fogs are very dangerous, madam; and I am always in a hurry to get out of them. (Tit-Bits.)

SELF-SATISFIED. Figg—What! you don't call Mulliman an opinionated man? Fogg—I consider Mulliman, as the world goes, a fair minded fellow. He is never biased in favor of other people's opinions, and he is entirely devoid of prejudice against his own convictions. (Boston Transcript.)

QUEER BRIDAL FEASTS. Marriage celebrations and marriage customs follow in the new world many of the customs of the old world. Sackposset, the drink of Shakespeare's time, a rich, thick concoction of boiled ale, eggs and spices, was drunk at New England weddings, as we learn from the pages of Judge Sewall's diary, but it did not furnish a very gay wassail, for the Puritan posset-drinking was preceded and followed by the singing of a psalm—and such a psalm! a long, tedious, drawing performance from the Bay Psalm Book. The bride and groom and bridal party walked in a little procession to the meeting-house on the Sabbath following the marriage. We read in the Sewall diary of a Sewall bride thus "coming out," or "walking-out bride," as it was called in Newburyport. Cotton Mather thought it expedient to thus make public with due dignity the marriage. In some communities the attention of the interested public was further drawn to the newly married couple in what seems to us a very comic fashion. On the Sabbath following the wedding the gayly dressed bride and groom occupied a prominent seat in the gallery of the meeting-house, and in the middle of the sermon they rose and slowly turned round to display complacently on every side their wedding finery. (American Folk Lore Journal.)