

Golf in High Altitudes.
It is strange how many golfers there are who fail to appreciate the great effect the density of atmosphere has on the flight of a golf ball. On a still, misty day the ball flies about five yards to ten yards less than it does on a frosty day, when the air is keener and more rarefied, and it is always stated—whether truly or not is unknown—that in an east wind the ball flies farther than it does when the wind blows from the opposite and more acceptable quarter. The writer was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to play many rounds a few years ago on the Johannesburg links in South Africa. These links are situated some 6,000 feet above sea level, and the air is wonderfully rarefied. The ball consequently flew the most surprising distance. As proof of this the winner of a driving competition hit a ball a carry of 228 yards, the best player returning the modest distance of 223 yards. Yet neither of these two players could approach the driving capabilities of good amateur golfers.—Country Life.

The Yorkshireman.
There is a characteristic glimpse of Yorkshire "downrightness" in the published reminiscences of an English clergyman:

At my institution to Upham a retired colonial bishop, about to take an English benefice, said: "Well, you and I have worked both in north and south. In what points do you consider that they differ?" "Oh, my lord," I answered, "I can soon tell you that. If a Yorkshireman thinks you a fool he comes and tells you so to your face. Down here they go and tell somebody else." "You have exactly hit it," said the bishop. "The difference could not be better described."

Yorkshire regard for the pocket the foresaid clergyman illustrates in this anecdote:

A groom being asked how long he lived in the south replied, "Twenty years." "What! Have you, a Yorkshireman, lived twenty years down here and not made your fortune?" "Eh," answered the man, "but measther were Yorkshire too."

Nothing Funny About It.
Scene—A druggist's shop in a small Scotch village, which, as usual with druggist's shops similarly situated, is the general emporium for all sorts of merchandise. Cyelling tourist enters and purchases a cigar, after lighting which he attempts to draw the proprietor into conversation, but the latter seems reticent.

The tourist, after passing some remarks on the weather, asked, "Don't you feel trade dull at times in this little village, chemist?"

"Oh, well," replied the druggist, "I canna complain. But, excuse me, maister. I dinna alloo smokin' in my

shop."
"Indeed!" said the tourist. "That is strange. You sell tobacco and cigars and still don't permit smoking in your shop. It is really rather funny."
"Ou, man" was the reply. "there's naething funny about it. I sell arsenic, but I dinna alloo ye to commit suicide in my shop!"

Barbers and Surgeons.
John Le Harbour was the first master of the Honorable Company of Barbers six centuries ago. At one time the barbers and the surgeons preyed upon the public in loving brotherhood and settled their family quarrels under the roof of one hall. By an agreeable arrangement the community was to be "bled" on a system which forbade the surgeon to cut hair, shampoo or shave and required the barber to proceed no further in the art of healing than the extraction of teeth and "cupping." Put as the surgeons grew in the social scale they sighed for relief from their lowlier brethren and built a hall and formed a guild of their own, magnanimously handing over the joint home in Monkwell street to the barbers.—London Standard.

Walking Under a Ladder.
A correspondent of the Boston Globe gives this explanation of the old superstition against walking under a ladder: "In former days, when hanging was done after a more primitive and simple fashion than it is today, the victim had generally to pass under the ladder which stood against the gallows for the convenience of the execution, and he passed under that ladder with the fat certainty of being immediately hanged. What the unhappy criminal could not avoid the average pedestrian avoids today, even at the expense of his polished boots, by turning into the roadway."

Tea Made of White Hair.
"This is white hair you are drinking," said the Chinese undersecretary. "White hair! Nonsense! It is delicious tea."

The undersecretary laughed in his lilac brocade sleeve. "No, white hair," he insisted. "White hair—that is, in my language, for pekoe means white hair. This tea is called pekoe because its leaves were gathered so young that the white downy hairs still grew on them."—Exchange.

Quite Clean.
Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play? Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a white wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

Full of Mystery.
Doctor—And what did you eat for dinner? Patient—I can't tell you. Doctor—You can't tell me? Patient—No. I ordered chicken croquettes and mince pie!—Town Topics.

A GREAT RUNNER.

One of His Feats of Which He Had to Be Reminded.
"I'm the real thing as a runner," said Howard James majestically as he seated himself at the first home dinner since his return from college. His mother and sister looked at him in sheer admiration.

"Yes, mother, I wish you could have been at the university to see me run. During the football season I ran away from every one on the team. They were not in it for a minute. In the classes I took the lead, leaving them in the lurch. I always stood highest in my lectures. And then when it came to selecting a president for the class I made the race. When the voting started I ran second, but at the last, well, I ran ahead of all of the other candidates. There's no doubt about it, I'm a runner. Of course, when the baseball season opened the crowd wanted me to get on the team. At first I hesitated because I realized my superiority, but persuasion succeeded. I went on the team, and the way I ran bases was a positive shame. Then I went into the track meet. I ran ten yards in ten seconds, almost equaling the world's record. Yes; I am a runner. Then—"

"Then you ran into debt," interrupted Old Man James, with a distinctive grunt, "and I have to pay you out."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

DARK DOINGS.

The Reason One Woman is Disgusted With the Voting Proposition.

When any one asked little Mrs. Pratt her opinion on the question of equal suffrage she had her answer ready. "I don't want to hear anything about it," she would say pleasantly, but firmly, "and I'd just as soon tell you why. It's because there's got to be a concealment and mystery about voting and I like things open and aboveboard. It's the way I was brought up and the way I shall always feel if I live to be a hundred."

"I've had one experience, and that's all I want. A friend of mine talked and talked to me about voting on the education question till at last I said I would, because I was brought up to think a great deal of education, and I always shall. So I gave up an engagement to go to the polls and register (and the dress was almost spoiled on account of my missing that trying on, too, because she didn't wait to see whether it fitted or not, but stitched the seams right up, and then I took the greatest pains to go and vote just as they'd told me to, and what do you suppose Henry Pratt told me afterward? My vote was thrown out because I had the frankness to write my full name and address on it!"

"I told Henry that nothing would surprise me after that—nothing!"

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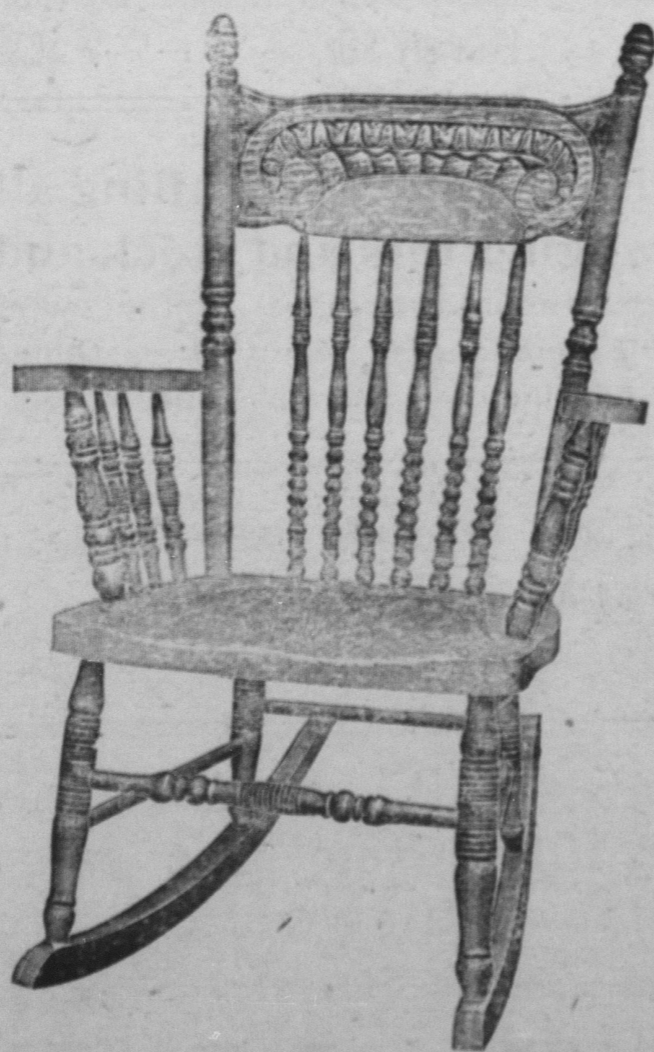
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