

**A l'Espagnole.**  
"I wonder why it is," remarked the stranger to me.  
"Why what is it?" queried.  
He groaned and explained thus:  
"Why is it that chefs at restaurants think that the mere addition of a tomato to anything under the sun justifies their calling the combination something 'à l'Espagnole'?"  
"I see eggs à l'Espagnole. My curiosity is at once aroused. What, I ask myself, do the Spaniards do to eggs? So I order 'eggs à l'Espagnole.' What are they? Eggs with tomato."  
"I see 'chicken fricassee à l'Espagnole.' Nothing but tomato mixed with chicken. And thus it goes on and on through life, a continual round of hopes deceived. Spanish sauce is tomato catchup. It is absurd; it is careless. Chefs have no right to be so lazy. Why, if the same degree of carelessness is allowed to run rampant through other classes of men besides chefs I do not doubt."  
Here the stranger got positively tragic.  
"I do not doubt that the good old phrase 'walking Spanish' will be applied to stepping on a tomato. I fear it," he said.  
And he faded thence, shaking his head with gloomy foreboding.—New York Times.

**Tennyson and Lowell.**  
Mrs. Procter, the wife of Barry Cornwall, was a great friend in London literary society when Mr. Lowell was United States minister at the court of St. James. Mrs. Procter was most anxious to bring Tennyson and Mr. Lowell together. Tennyson, who was whimsical in his prejudices, made various excuses and affected to believe that Mr. Lowell was a poet of little importance and an after dinner orator whose graces of style were overrated. One day Mrs. Procter told Mr. Tennyson that Mr. Lowell had written some lines on her birthday and that she must insist upon reading them to him. The English poet looked at her asked and submitted with bad grace. Mrs. Procter did not go further than the opening line, "I know a girl—they say she's eighty." Tennyson scowled and sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience. "Too familiar!" he growled out in high disdain and refused to listen to the remaining lines. Mrs. Procter persevered in her efforts to bring the two poets together, and they finally met and became intimate friends. Mr. Tennyson was a man of many caprices and had a touch of shyness and cold reserve which made him unwilling to meet a stranger.

**A Sly Dog.**  
The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke used to tell this story of his dog:  
"At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was contrary to my wishes. So whenever he was near the station if he saw me coming he would look the other way and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog and would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impudent manner, the reason evidently being that he knew he was doing what was wrong and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relished a little on my nearsightedness in his maneuver."

**The Care of Goldfish.**  
The secret of success in caring for goldfish is to keep the water they are in fresh and sweet. Their globe should be emptied and its water renewed as often as every second day. Lift each fish out gently in a glassful of water, empty the globe, wash it out, then put in fresh water and put the fish back again. Clear, sweet rainwater should be used, and its temperature should be raised to 75 or 80 degrees by warming a part of it. Sparkling well water is too cold for the fish to thrive in and too pure, for the amebic nature of rainwater form an important part of the food of these fish. They need no other sustenance than a very few bread crumbs sprinkled in their water daily, for overfeeding will kill them very quickly.—Housekeeper.

**Barrie's Critic.**  
J. M. Barrie some years ago was persuaded to take the chair at a Burns celebration in Scotland. He was extremely silent and stole away at the earliest opportunity. Next week appeared in the National Observer a humorous article entitled "Mr. Barrie in the Chair," in which Mr. Barrie's lack of social tact was held up to ridicule. Many people thought the writer had gone too far and protested. But the author of the article was Mr. Barrie himself.

**Influence of Feminine Dress.**  
Few men realize the influence that dress has upon them. Men think that he is an unbiased being, open to conviction, to sound logic, to unanswerable argument. Food delusion! He is open to nothing except to the eloquence of a few yards of silk and to the persuasion of soft laces.—London Graphic.

**Made Quite a Difference.**  
Miss Watson—Did Mr. Sark say to you as I entered the drawing room last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Watson?" Clara—Yes, dear, with the accent on the "that." Exchange.

**All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.**

**Tit For Tat.**  
First Teacher—You told me to remind you to punish Willie Thompson this morning for impudence. Second Teacher—I'll do it tomorrow. I'm called before the school board today for insubordination.—Lippincott's.

**A Secret.**  
Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman lets out everything you tell her? Sparks—My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret—either it is not worth keeping or it is too good to keep.

## THE BEST IN LIFE.

**Cultivate Gladness—The Brand Improves With Constant Practice.**  
If you want to get the worth of the bargain in life cultivate gladness. The one who mopes doesn't enjoy herself, and surely no one enjoys her.  
Any one can be glad when things go her way. To be glad when the maid breaks your best dinner set and the frock on which you've broken yourself turns out a fright shows a disposition that can be counted on to oil life's wheels.  
There's a lot of gladness going, but many of us are blind to it. What we want is to take life like a healthy child and find enjoyment in simple things. We can cultivate our critical side until it takes the zest from everything.  
What if we haven't an overflowing pocketbook? Need we hang down the corners of our mouths when there are health and the outdoors and love to make for gladness? Does it come easier to look on the black side? Has the pose of misfortune become your natural state? Forget it and take to grinning.  
At first that grin may be strained, but most of your friends will think it more lovely than your usual hangdog expression. The brand improves with practice.  
Forced cheerfulness is not pleasing, but it is better than chronic depression. Keep your mind out that all of gladness, and by and by the dumps will be lubricated.  
Gladness isn't an effort to be glad; it is just being glad. You cannot worry yourself into it; neither does it come by simulation; it does come from taking life easy and enjoying things, whether they were meant to be enjoyed or not.  
You said one, try for a day to hunt causes for gladness. Instead of summing up your woes and mourning over the total, get in a receptive mood for joy. You'll be surprised at the end of the day to find how many have been the occasions for smiling.

**HEALTH AND BEAUTY.**  
Take exercise in the open air daily. Air is all essential.  
Tight sleeves and tight finger rings are a frequent source of red hands, and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating cause.  
The secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and the shoulders will naturally settle backward in their true position.  
Sleeplessness is often caused by the head being exposed to the cold while the rest of the body is warm. In nine cases out of ten if the head is covered with a silk handkerchief it will induce the much desired sleep.  
The skin taken out of an eggshell is a simple but good remedy for sore eyes. Just put on top of lid and bandage over it, and you will be surprised how soon the swelling will go down and the pain will leave the eye.

**THE WRONG NOTE.**  
**Mozart's Outbreak at an Opera Performance at Marseilles.**  
Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanelle Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till in the midst of the principal aria the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer.  
Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"  
The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor subsided and was succeeded by shouts of applause from all sides.  
It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

**The Larynx.**  
The larynx has been compared to a wind, a reed and a stringed instrument. The comparison of it to a violin gave rise to the not very accurate phrase "vocal chords" as the name of the two cushions which are its most prominent features. But no string so short as those vocal chords could produce a musical bass note. In fact, the comparison of the larynx to any instrument which produces only musical tones is inadequate to begin with. There is no instrument but the larynx which produces both song and speech, and as those comparisons view the larynx merely as a producer of musical sounds we have no further concern with them at present. Besides, the voice can be trained for speech, elocution and oratory without a knowledge of the physiology of the larynx.  
We have the power of adjusting the larynx, of varying the tension of its cords, cushions or ligaments, as they have been variously called. We can do these things without scientific technical knowledge of how they are done, without any knowledge at all of vocal physiology, and it is the work of the trainer of the voice to teach the pupils how to do them.—Chambers' Journal.

**The Reward of Beauty.**  
"What a beautiful little girl!" said the woman.  
"Yes," replied the man, "and some day it may be necessary for her father to pay millions in order to get some scrawny little foreigner with bowlegs and watery eyes and a receding chin to marry her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Humility.**  
It is a curious fact of human nature that humility draws forth from the world almost as much admiration as courage. As in the case of courage, it is almost impossible wholly to condemn a character in which we see it, and without it the greatest virtues leave us cold. If every good which the Pharisee said of himself were proved true we should still dislike him. We even dislike his modern and far less offensive descendant, the prig.—London Spectator.

**Double.**  
"Apparently you don't admire Miss Skreesh."  
"No; I don't like her airs."  
"What airs?"  
"Those she sings and those she wears."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Comparison.**  
In a certain store there is a salesman named Green. Small Clarence learned his name and said, "Say, Mr. Green, there's a man living two doors from us who has a name the same color as yours!"

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## A HUMAN GIBRALTAR.

**The Story That Is Told of the English Colonel Burnaby.**  
In the biography of Colonel Fred Burnaby there is a characteristic story, told by his friend Lord Binning, of that soldier of herculean frame and reckless courage:  
We were engaged in a football match on the green inside Windsor cavalry barracks, and the veranda was crowded with onlookers as the colonel, dressed for London in frock coat and tall hat, with a cigar in his mouth, came out of the officers' quarters and proceeded slowly across a corner of the ground, apparently oblivious of the fact that a match was in progress at the time. At this moment our fullback, a gigantic Yorkshireman named Bates, who must have weighed nearer fifteen than fourteen stone charging impetuously for the ball dashed full into Burnaby. The impact was terrific, but while the Yorkshireman, hurled backward by the shock as though he had collided with a mountain, lay gasping on the ground, neither Burnaby's hat nor the angle of his cigar was in the smallest degree disturbed. In fact, he scarcely seemed to realize that a collision had taken place. When he did so he removed his cigar from his mouth and, with his pleasant smile, said, "Dear me, I do hope I am not interfering with the game." The shout of delight which went up from the verandas was a thing to remember.

**Studying the Crowd.**  
"There doesn't seem to be any difference between a crowded train in the morning and a crowded train at night, does there?" queried a subway traveler of his companion. "But I could distinguish one from the other even if I had no idea of the hours."  
"Ask the guard?"  
"No. All you need to do is to measure the buzz of conversation. In the morning, when the crowd is fresh and on the way to business, the conversation is at least ten times in volume what it is at night, when the crowd is tired and on the way home. Oftentimes at night I've been in a crowded car for ten minutes without hearing a sound save the rattle of newspapers and an occasional cough. That same crowd in the morning would be full of dialogue, punctuated here and there with laughter."  
"It's just a wee study in human nature, that's all."—New York Globe.

**AN ANCIENT YOKEL.**  
Not Quite Sure of His Age, but Knew It Was Something Fearful.  
During a Saturday stroll in the country a pedestrian came upon an ancient rustic engaged in breaking stones. Drawing him into conversation, the pedestrian eventually asked the old fellow how old he was.  
"Oh, I dunno," was the reply, "but I know I am a fearful age!"  
"But you must have some general idea how old you are."  
"No, I dunno, but I know I be a fearful age," was the only estimate that could be drawn from him.  
"All right; we'll try to get at it in another way," said the pedestrian, bringing out his pencil and notebook. "Now, how old were you when you left school?"  
"I be nine, sur, when I finished schulin."  
"And what did you do then?"  
"Well, I was boy fur Farmer Giles fur fifteen year."  
"And after that?"  
"After that I worked fur Squire Noakes fur seven and thirty year."  
"And what next?"  
"Well, I was wagoner fur Craker, the carrier, fur four and forty year."  
And so on, and so forth, until the final fact was elicited that he had been engaged on breaking stones for a quarter of a century. Then the inquirer observed, with withering sarcasm:  
"So, you do not know how old you are? Well, I'll tell you. You're 375 years old on your own showing."  
"I desaisy," murmured the ancient yokel, with undisturbed serenity. "I know I be a fearful age."—Liverpool Mercury.

**FOOD FOR THE SEINE.**  
An Incident of Whistler's Student Days in Paris.  
The early scenes in "Trilby" have shown us the hilarious squalor of the student life in Paris when Whistler joined the studio that Gleyre carried on in succession to Delacroix. It was the Bohemia, barely modernized, of Murger's novel, and the shifts to which these raw recruits in art descended furnished Whistler for life with some of his raciest stories. Once when an American friend unearthed him Whistler was living on the proceeds of a wardrobe. One hot day he pawned his coat for an ice drink. Invited once to the American embassy, he had to borrow Poynter's dress suit. But the best story of these frolicsome days arises from the eternal copying in the Louvre, either on commission or on "spec," which kept them alive between remittances. Whistler's chum, Ernest Delanoy, had done a gorgeous replica of Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana" that took when framed the pair of them to carry it. They tried it on every dealer up and down both sides of the Seine until the first price of 500 francs had dropped with several thuds to 100, then 20, then 10, then 5. Suddenly the dignity of art asserted itself.  
On the Pont des Arts they lifted the huge canvas. "Ta," they said, with a great swing, "deux, trois—vian!" and over it went into the water with a splash. Sergeants de ville came running, omnibuses stopped, and boats pushed out on the river. Altogether it was an immense success, and they went home enchanted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**He Was Sensitive.**  
Hobbs—You're pretty much stuck on Miss Gobbs, aren't you, old man?  
Hobbs—I was once, but after what she said to me last night I'm not going to pay any more attention to her.  
Hobbs—Gee! What did she say?  
Hobbs—"No!"—Cleveland Leader.

**Freshman Mathematics.**  
Freshy—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater for the less?  
"There is a pretty close approach to it when the concept is taken out of a freshman."—Jewish Ledger.

**Double.**  
"Apparently you don't admire Miss Skreesh."  
"No; I don't like her airs."  
"What airs?"  
"Those she sings and those she wears."—Philadelphia Press.

**The Retort Courteous.**  
Professor Bates was quizzing a student named Pond, who seemed to know nothing of the subject in hand. "Are there no fish in this pond this morning?" he exclaimed at length.  
"Yes, professor," replied the student, "but the Bates no good."—Lippincott's.

## THE DEVILFISH.

**He Is Not a Man Eater, but a Gently Reared Monster.**  
Contrary to popular belief, the devilfish is not a man eater, according to an official publication issued by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. After an authoritative study of the subject by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the national museum, "The food of the devilfishes," he says, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans and young or small fishes. Rarely does one prey on large fishes."  
Dr. Gill says that in a number of respects the young devilfish grows up under nursing and training remarkably like that of a human being. It is nourished, for instance, from its mother's milk. It is a peculiarity of the devilfish, he adds, that, instead of laying many thousands or millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at a birth. A baby devilfish is sometimes as broad as five feet and weighs twenty pounds or more.  
Dr. Gill adds that devilfishes move about from place to place in a sort of submarine flight, speeding themselves along by flaps of the long winglike fins.

**Day Dreams.**  
If you have a particular piece of work to do, get it done. Don't wait for the mood to strike you.  
Don't dream! There are more precious hours wasted in day dreams than any of us would care to think about if we counted them.  
The queer thing about day dreams is that so few of them ever amount to anything. The dreamer is only semi-conscious when building his air castles, so, as a rule, they have no practical foundation.  
While you are at work, keep your mind on what you are doing, and do not let it wander off to what you would like to be doing. Only by keeping your mind on what you are doing now can you bring it fresh and keen to the things you like doing best when the time for doing them comes. Thinking too much about even great happiness takes the "edge" off it.  
The best time for day dreams is when you have gone to bed.—New York American.

**HEALTH AND BEAUTY.**  
If people laughed more they would all be happier and healthier.  
Equal quantities of lemon juice, histidine and glycerin make an excellent mouth wash.  
Don't expect physic and tonics to keep you well if you neglect the laws of health and hygiene.  
A mixture of white of egg and red pepper is good for neuralgic headaches. Apply it to the base of the brain.  
When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand it can be extracted without pain by steam. Nearly fill a wide mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and the inflammation will disappear.  
A shoe which compresses the foot retards circulation of the blood much as the compression of a rubber hose retards the flow of water. It is as foolish and unhygienic to wear such shoes as it would be to sleep in a poorly ventilated room in a bed several feet too short to accommodate the full length of the body. Can you imagine any greater discomfort or one more calculated to destroy the health and cause the most distressing of nightmares?

**Suicidal Flying Fish.**  
The Indian ocean is singularly devoid of fish and bird life, but one night dozens of flying fish flew on board a vessel there. They were attracted by the lantern on the foremast, against which they dashed and fell stunned to the deck. In appearance they are very like a sand mite. The wings resemble an extended dorsal fin and open and shut like a lady's fan. Not only are they edible; they are a dish for an epicure.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Freeman's Journal.

**He Enjoyed the Rest of the Game.**  
"Now, that is what is known as a safe bit," volunteered the escort, "and entitles the runner to take his place on the second base."  
"Yes," responded the damsel, "and if that duffer had the base running ability of an ice wagon he'd have stretched that single into a three bagger."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The Duchess Philosopher.**  
The old Duchess of Cleveland invited a relative to her husband's funeral and told him to bring his gun, adding, "We are old, we must die, but the pheasants must be shot."—Sir Algernon West's Reminiscences.

**No Resemblance.**  
"Woman and cats," said the youthful boarder, "are alike."  
"How, young man?" said the cheerful idiot. "A woman can't run up a telegraph pole, and a cat can't run up a millinery bill!"

**How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made.—Holmes.**

**Christening the Baby.**  
A north country parson thought it absurd that a working class woman should wish to christen her child "Laura Winifred Gwendolyn Genevieve."  
"My good woman, what a ridiculously long and fanciful name!" he protested. "Why not choose something simpler—Sarah, for instance? That is my own wife's name."  
"Ah, yes, Sarah's all very well for a parson's wife, but I hope my little gal will look a bit higher than that," answered the woman readily.  
The astonished parson thereupon performed the ceremony without further comment.—London Telegraph.

**Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Paley.**

## THE CHARM OF NEW YORK.

**An English View of the Metropolis of the New World.**  
New York ought by most artistic standards of the past to be hideous. Instead (as I made up my mind, with a shock of pleasure, a few weeks ago) she is as beautiful, as individual almost as Venice. Of course there are her sky and her atmosphere. Even a regular old frump of a city could wear a spurious charm when golden wine of sunshine dripped over her from a crystal cup studded with turquoise or in a sunset such as heaven and Turner alone could conceive, glittering like a heap of jewels behind a veil of sprinkled gold dust. But the startling, bizarre beauty of New York could exist even in a London fog.  
What is there to say of a vast city where all the architectures of the world and some that were never seen anywhere else on land or sea rub shoulders together? Would you not think that they would refuse to speak to each other, even if they didn't fight in disastrous battle dreadful to witness? But go to New York and see.  
I said to myself as I drove about New York that the gay, colorful city was like a huge flower garden where the gardener had sown his seeds anywhere—crimson hollyhocks, golden sunflowers, dainty pinks, modest violets, tall white lilies, larkspurs, pansies and a thousand other early things helter skelter, leaving them to come up all among each other as they chose, and instead of the experiment being a failure it turned out a glorious success.—Mrs. C. N. Williamson in London Chronicle.

**Obesity and Will Power.**  
Obesity is easily cured with the exercise of the proper cure and restraint on the part of the patient. Without this, however, the cure is impossible, and no physician or medicine can be of any help. The happy-go-lucky dispositions of fat people, their tendency to regard their ailment lightly, cause them to look upon nothing seriously, to deny themselves nothing. These characteristics, which generally are responsible for their ailment, furnish the greatest obstacles in the way of curing them. As a rule, the fat person does just the opposite of what he ought to do. He eats the very foods he should avoid, avoids those he should eat, shuns exertion of every kind, indulges in rest and luxury and seeks the way of the easiest resistance generally.—"Will Power."

**Tobacco and Tin Foil.**  
General Winfield Scott was responsible for tin foil being wrapped around tobacco. That fact came out in the legal contest over the will of the eccentric millionaire tobacco dealer, John Anderson. Early in the forties of the last century Mr. Anderson kept a popular cigar store on Broadway. Felix McClosky, for many years the tobaccoist's salaried companion and agent, testified that one day, in 1843, he thought, General Scott came into the store and asked Anderson if he couldn't devise some way of keeping tobacco so it would not be affected by age and changes in climates. Anderson thought about it and shortly after hit upon the plan of wrapping cigars and chewing tobacco in tin foil, thereby keeping the tobacco moist for a long time. His tin foil covers became popular, and his preserved tobacco was much in demand during the Mexican war and the California gold rush, swelling his business to enormous proportions and soon making him a multi-millionaire.

**A Comprehensive Word.**  
The word "vermin" seems to have become exceedingly comprehensive in scope now that the society which is devoted to the destruction of such creatures has included not only rats, mice, cockroaches and such small deer among them, but even cats, dogs, sparrows and canaries, on the ground that all these transmit disease to man. By derivation (Latin "vermis") vermin ought to mean only worms and the like, in which literal sense Tennyson writes of the "vermin in a nut." But the term has constantly been loosely applied to all sorts of objectionable animals, from crocodiles to foxes. Purchas told of the people of Java how they "feed on cats, rats and other vermins" and Izaak Walton denominated "those base vermin, the others." He used the word exactly in the temper in which a naughty little boy is berated as a "young varmint."—London Chronicle.

**The Nine Tailor Saw.**  
The tailor—he was a cutter at a big salary—sighed as he looked about his luxurious apartment.  
"She refused me," he said. "Why? Because she didn't love me? No. Because of that old saw about its taking nine tailors to make a man. And that saw is a mistake. It is a corruption of 'nine tellers mark a man.' It doesn't signify that tailors are effeminate. It simply shows that mankind is liable to error. The toll of a bell in the olden time was called a teller, and in the olden time the church bells tolled nine times for every man's funeral; hence the saying 'nine tellers mark a man.' In our stupidity we have corrupted that into 'nine tailors make a man' or 'it takes nine tailors to make a man.'"  
The cutter sighed.  
"This rank error," he said, "dooms me to bachelorhood."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Way He Felt About It.**  
While several young ladies were discussing novel plans for a church bazaar a new member of the committee proposed to have the pastor's photograph reproduced on pillow tops and "chance" them off. All the girls voiced their approval at once, but when the plan was suggested to the parson he objected.  
"I really cannot consent," said he. "I've been sat on enough as it is."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Secondhand.**  
"Can't I go out into the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?"  
"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—Life.

**Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Paley.**

## A Practical Joke.

He was a wag and was passing a large draper's shop in Manchester. There, drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up and, opening the carriage door, carefully slammed it to. In an instant the coachman straightened himself up and gazed up the street as if he had never seen anything more interesting to look at in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently conversing with some one inside the carriage.  
"Thank you, yes. Good morning," said the practical joker and bowed himself graciously away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the coachman and say, "Home!"  
"Yes, sir! Tch! Tch!" And away went the brougham home.  
Where that home was, who the mistress of the carriage was or what she did or said when she came out of the shop or what the coachman did or said when he stopped at the door of "home" and found the carriage empty—all that only the coachman and the lady know.—London Tit-Bits.

**A Beggar in a Basket.**  
Perhaps the most curious use to which Mexicans put their baskets is to hold gamecocks. Sometimes the cock's basket is woven for the purpose; often it is made from a sombrero, the wide, high crowned, straw hat of the country, into which the bird is put, a hole cut in the crown to give him air and the brim carefully tied down that he may not escape. The bullfight has been called the national sport of Mexico, but cockfighting is much more universal, for the humblest peasant may have his gamecock, which he keeps in a carefully made cage in his patio, watches with pride and tends with care.  
One of the strangest uses to which a basket has probably ever been put was the daily appearance in the streets of a young man carrying in a huge bushel basket on his shoulders his great-grandmother, of unknown age, who held out a skinny hand to the passer-by for the centavo which was almost unobtainably given. Surely a trust in Providence could go no further.—Eleazar Hope Johnson in Outing Magazine.

**IVORY TOILET SETS.**  
Extremely Popular, but Very Difficult to Clean Properly.  
Ivory toilet articles are quite as fashionable as silver ones now, and the fact that they are more difficult to clean in no way detracts from their popularity.  
It is not easy to remove stains from the mellow, creamy material without spoiling its tone.  
Some useful hints on cleaning ivory are given herewith: When the stains are very slight and do not seem to be permanent, though they cannot be rubbed off with a dry cloth, wash the ivory thoroughly in warm water and soap, and then, without drying it on a cloth, place it in the bright sunlight for a few minutes. This exposure will usually remove the stains. After they have disappeared, wash the ivory again in soap and water, rinse it thoroughly and dry carefully with a soft cloth.  
When the stains do not disappear entirely after contact with the sun's rays the ivory should be washed again in soap and water, then rinsed in clear water to which a little lemon juice has been added. Care must be taken to have the temperature of the water right, as too great heat will injure the ivory.  
Very dark discolorations require the services of an expert to remove, though one may be fairly successful by rubbing oxalic acid solution, not too strong, and applying this to the dark spots or streaks with a brush. Afterward wash the ivory well in clear warm water and dry with absorbent cotton or a soft cloth, and then leave in the sunshine or in a warm place to bleach.  
The acid of a lemon is not harmful to the most delicate piece of ivory. In fact, the juice of a lemon can be applied with a mixture of cleansing powder or whiting directly to the ivory without running any risk of spoiling its tone or texture. It should, however, be removed quickly and the ivory thoroughly cleansed afterward with plenty of warm water. Cabinet pieces that become discolored can be cleaned in this way and will be greatly improved in color and appearance.

**Don't Snub Children.**  
Children love to be treated with courtesy and respect. They resent having their opinions and sentiments snubbed, and parents might learn a good deal from them and about them if they would encourage them to talk more freely of all they think and feel. We are hardened by the gathering years, and we have lost our keenest sense of what is the very truest and the very best. The contentment of a child's mind with its pure vision is like a message straight from God.

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