

The Scrap Book

Yes, He Knew the Time.
A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a Capitol hill girl one evening not so very long ago when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about half past 9 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair, straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:



"DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?"
"Young man, do you know what time it is?"
The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied. "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the doorknob the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.



"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night!" And he shot from the house without waiting to put his coat on.

After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl. "What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon, and I wanted him to tell me the time so that I could set it."—Denver Post.

The Chainless Mind.
Eternal spirit of the chainless mind. Brightest in dungeons, liberty thou art. For there thy habitation is the heart—The heart which love of thee alone can bind—
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
—Lord Byron, From "The Prisoner of Chillon."

He Didn't Drop.
The great operatic star Signor Foll (John McCormack) when singing in grand opera in his native city, Cork had to sing one of his songs from stage balcony. The arrangements were not very perfect, and the manager, fearing the carpenter had not made the balcony strong enough to sustain the weight of the big man, told off two assistants to hold it up from beneath. The lengthy signor was only half through his song when one man said to the other:

"Be jabbers, Molke, the Oitalian is mighty heavy."
"Let's drop him, Pat. He's only an Oitalian, afther all!"

Voice from the signor above, "Will ye, ye divils, will ye?"
"Tare an' ous, Pat, but he's an Oirishman! Hould him up for the loife of ye!"

An Impossible Name.
In the Jefferson Market police court, New York city, several years ago a man and a woman upon being arraigned for disturbing the peace told the magistrate that the commotion between them had started in an argument as to what they should name their baby boy.

"What do you want to call him?" asked the magistrate of the father, who was employed as a waiter at a Broadway restaurant.
"Ludwig," answered the German.
"And you?" he asked the mother.
"Adolph," sighed the latter.
The modern Solomon thought a moment. "I'll tell you what to call him," he said at length. "Call him Adolph Ludwig."

"Nein, nein!" shouted the father. "Ludwig Adolph, yes; Adolph Ludwig, ceffer!"
The magistrate demanded the reason for his stubbornness.
"Der reason is der oder waiters," plained the father. "I am Carl Cobentz, and if we called our leetle boy Adolph Ludwig Cobentz every waiter at der restaurant would see his initials as A. L. C., vich means a la carte, and ve don't serf no a la carte at our restaurant, only table d'hote."

Getting Back at Him.
The young man was timid, but he loved the girl so fervently that he mustered up enough courage to wait upon her wealthy father and ask him for her hand.

"So you have the impudence to ask for my daughter's hand, eh?" exclaimed the father crustily. "Why, sir, at your present salary you couldn't more than keep her in gloves."
"Well," stammered the suitor, "wouldn't that be enough?"
"What! Do you mean to insinuate, young man, that my daughter would wear only gloves?"
"Pardon me, sir," replied the young man, with sudden courage; "I asked only for her hand."—Young's Magazine.

LIVER TWIST.

The New Medicine That Mr. Blodgett Did Not Buy.

Mr. Blodgett, who lives out of town, fancies he is afflicted with liver complaint and in consequence tries every new medicine that comes on the market, fondly expecting it to prove effective for his particular malady. Not only that, but he swallows every sample of medicine left at the door by canvassers and anxiously continues his search for something new.

"Did you ever hear of liver twist, Maria?" was Blodgett's first remark to his wife as he came home from business a few evenings since.
"No, I never heard of it, but I suppose I shall have to get you a bottle if you want to try it," was the answer. "I will find out something more about it tomorrow and see if they have any testimonials before we get it."

"I don't think you need mind about the testimonials, for you will take it anyway," said Mrs. Blodgett wearily.
When Mr. Blodgett came home the next evening his wife said, "Charles, have you got that bottle of liver twist yet?"

"Well—no—er—you see, Maria, there's no such thing."
"No such thing!" exclaimed the astonished Maria.

"No, I saw it advertised in big letters on a fence. It just said liver twist and that was all. This morning I saw it on a fence the other side of the road, and then I looked at the barn to see where the mistake was, and I found that the first board was pulled off, and it was an advertisement for a theater, and the name of the play was 'Oliver Twist.'"—New York Press.

His Warning.
A voluble faker was selling bottles of a mixture he called hair grower on a street corner. He said:

"Yes, gents, one bottle of this unrivaled hair grower will raise a rich, luxuriant crop of hair on the balddest head in the crowd. But let me give you this one word of warning."

Here he paused to pocket a half dollar and hand a bottle of the liquid to a baldhead.

"My warning is: Do not neglect when the full head of hair is grown to take the last dose in the bottle internally, that is, swallow it."

"Swallow it. What for?" the buyer asked.
"To clinch the roots," was the reply.

The Cat's Bed.
"It's a bad thing to mix presence of mind and absentmindedness," said an actress. "When 'Mme. Sans-Gene' was the play of the hour I had the part of the blanchisseuse in the laundry scene and was busily engaged in ironing when a cat which had its home somewhere about the theater came walking on to the stage. I thought this would furnish a good opportunity to give a realistic domestic touch to the scene, and so when puss came purring up and rubbed against me I stroked her fur, spoke to her, and then, for fear she might be distracting, I picked her up and put her down on the nearest place at hand, saying, 'There, puss, go to sleep!'"

"The cat curled up contentedly, and I went on with my lines. Suddenly I was aware of a murmur among the audience, which increased to a ripple of laughter. I realized something was up and turned instinctively to look at puss. There she was, asleep, where I had put her, among the irons on the 'red-hot' range."—Young's Magazine.

Anger.
If a man meets with injustice it is not required that he shall not be roused to meet it, but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The fame is not wrong, but the coals are.—Beecher.

How a Juror Was Lost.
In a southern county of Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different than now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial. Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily—he had no prejudices.

Why He Was Successful.
Some said because he had sand.
Some because he had ginger.
Some because of an iron constitution.
Some because of his brazen impudence.
Some said he was a man of finer clay.
Some called him the salt of the earth.
Some said he was true steel.
And some said it was only because of his father's tin.—Life.

It Might Have Been.
The waiter brought the order.
"Waiter," roared the hungry guest, "what's this?"
"It's bean soup, sir," answered the waiter.
"So it looks," agreed the guest.—Harper's Weekly.

The Proper Way.
"I see where that airship inventor is to deliver an illustrated lecture on aviation."
"I suppose the illustration will be by skylights."—Baltimore American.

Sound Reasoning.
"Came in last night and fell against the piano."
"Hurt yourself?"
"No, I struck the soft pedal."—Princeton Tiger.

A Masterpiece Anyway.
"Maud's hair is what you would call Titan, isn't it?"
"Well, Titan or Imit-Titan."—Boston Transcript.

Satisfied with the Inspection.
was not opposed to capital punishment and was generally a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly: "Juror, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the juror."
The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full minute. Then, turning to the judge, as though fully satisfied with the inspection, he said: "Judge, durn me if I don't believe he's guilty."—Kansas City Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY NIGHT OF EMOTION

When the Simile Failed.

"Dearest," he whispered, taking her hand in both his own, "my love for you is like a powerful automobile with a six cylinder engine to rush us past the troubles that will line our way."

With a happy sigh she nestled closer and closer to him, and he continued his glad and glowing rhapsody:

"Life's road lies straight and smooth ahead, and love's touring car will take us safely and all too quickly to the end."

Enraptured, she tightened her grasp upon his fingers, and his heart thrilled with immeasurable joy.

"The supply in the tank of affection will never run low," he resumed, "and, no matter how sharp are the rocks of adversity, the tires of contentment will never be punctured."

Fondly she placed her head upon his shoulder and offered no resistance as his arm encircled her waist.

"A perfect radiation system," he went on, "will insure us against overheated feelings that lead to angry words and misunderstandings."

"How nice!" she murmured.
"The ignition will be faultless," he declared, his enthusiasm increasing with every word, "and there will never be the slightest danger of our spark of happiness being short circuited. All this will be yours," he concluded, "if you will but marry me."

"And to think, Jack, how happy we will be since you really own an automobile!" she replied, gazing trustfully into his eyes.

"Why, no, dearest," he answered in surprise; "you are mistaken."

"Sir," she exclaimed, rising in all her dignity, "you have deceived me! Such a thing as marriage to you is out of the question."—Puck.

Literal Obedience.
Little Harold was getting final instructions before starting for a party.

"Now," cautioned his mother, "at supper if they ask you the second time to have something you must decline."

Harold agreed and trotted off.
At one stage of the feast the hostess noticed how eagerly the little fellow was applying himself to the task of disposing of a generous dish of marmalade. When he had finished she inquired, "Won't you have some more, dear?"

The child looked up at her quickly. "I can't accept the second time," he said earnestly after a slight pause, "but if you'll ask me a third time I think it will be all right!"

He was asked.—Woman's Home Companion.

New He Thinks It's Wrong to Bet.
Two old cronies went into a drug store in the downtown part of New York city, and, addressing the proprietor by his first name, one of them said:

"Dr. Charley, we have made a bet of the ice cream sodas. We will have them now, and when the bet is decided the loser will drop in and pay for them."

As the two old fellows were departing after enjoying their temperance beverage the druggist asked them what the wager was.

"Well," said one of them, "our friend George bets that when the tower of the Singer building falls it will topple over toward the North river, and I bet that it won't."—Everybody's.

Miss De Pink's Purchase.
Miss De Pink (who wants a little innocent powder for her complexion)—
Druggist's New Boy—We are just out, ma'am, but if you'll leave your address I'll get it to you today.

New Boy (a few hours later)—Does Miss De Pink live here?
Mr. Niccelfo—Yes; this is the house New Boy—Just goin' in, ain't you?
Mr. Niccelfo—Yes, my boy; I am going to make a call.

New Boy—Well, I'm in a hurry. Please give 'er this package. It's something for her baby.—New York Weekly.

Why He Was Successful.
Some said because he had sand.
Some because he had ginger.
Some because of an iron constitution.
Some because of his brazen impudence.
Some said he was a man of finer clay.
Some called him the salt of the earth.
Some said he was true steel.
And some said it was only because of his father's tin.—Life.

It Might Have Been.
The waiter brought the order.
"Waiter," roared the hungry guest, "what's this?"
"It's bean soup, sir," answered the waiter.
"So it looks," agreed the guest.—Harper's Weekly.

The Proper Way.
"I see where that airship inventor is to deliver an illustrated lecture on aviation."
"I suppose the illustration will be by skylights."—Baltimore American.

Sound Reasoning.
"Came in last night and fell against the piano."
"Hurt yourself?"
"No, I struck the soft pedal."—Princeton Tiger.

A Masterpiece Anyway.
"Maud's hair is what you would call Titan, isn't it?"
"Well, Titan or Imit-Titan."—Boston Transcript.

Satisfied with the Inspection.
was not opposed to capital punishment and was generally a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly: "Juror, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the juror."
The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full minute. Then, turning to the judge, as though fully satisfied with the inspection, he said: "Judge, durn me if I don't believe he's guilty."—Kansas City Star.

When I secured a contract on one of the largest railroads in India I took my wife and little daughter with me and established them in a bungalow on the line. I was away all day, sometimes for days together, but I left plenty of servants at the house and felt no concern as to the safety of my family. My wife, who was troubled with insomnia, slept alone, and our little girl, seven years old, slept in a room with me. In that hot climate it is impossible to keep the doors and windows closed, and when I came in late at night I had no trouble in entering.

One night I went home and, finding the door closed, climbed into my room through an open window. As I did not care to awaken Rosie, who slept in a crib in one corner, I took off my shoes before entering and stepped noiselessly. Undressing with the same caution, I got into bed and was soon asleep.

I was awakened by a low growl. Thinking that my big dog Bruin had come into the room, I was about to get up and put him out when I was startled by another growl unlike that of a dog, but strangely resembling some one of the wild animals with which the country abounds. But what sent a thrill of horror through me was that it came from Rosie's crib.

The chamber door opened near my bed—that is, it opened toward me instead of away from me. Here was a possible exit for me if indeed I gave up my child for lost and chose to make an attempt to save my own life. I might slip out of bed and through the door. It is said that self preservation is the first law of nature, and I confess I practically illustrated the saying. Catching sight of two glaring eyes in the corner in which the crib stood, I lost consciousness of all but one thing—my own immediate threatened death. Springing from the bed, I pulled open the door, which fortunately stood slightly ajar, slipped through and pulled it shut behind me. At the same instant I heard the sound of a heavy body striking against it and a terrible growl, which I now recognized as that of the man eater (the tiger) of India.

There was nothing to do but hold the door. True, the tiger would not unlash it, but I did not care to take even the most remote chance of letting him into that portion of the house occupied by my wife and the servants. There was a transom above, and very soon glass shattered by the tiger's paw fell on my head. Looking up, I saw his nose protruding, but fortunately the space was too small to pass him. Realizing the fact, he abandoned this point of egress, and I heard the thud of his fore paws on the floor. I expected he would go out at the window, but he did not seem inclined to do so.

Hearing a step behind me, I turned, and there stood my wife in her nightclothes.

"Rosie!" I moaned.
"What of her?"
"Lost."
Without a word the mother sank in a swoon.
Now comes a surprise in my story, for which, whenever I think of it, I lift my eyes to heaven and utter a "Thank God!" Rosie herself came running along the hallway. A few hasty questions and answers explained her presence. She had heard low growls from the tiger under the window before he entered and, terrified, fled to her mother's room and got into bed beside her without awakening her.

Puzzled the Packer.
The first organized work of women in a relief corps was led by Florence Nightingale in the Crimean war of 1855. So unaccustomed were people to that service at the time that it called out some curious comment. Writing of "Chinese" Gordon, Dr. Butler tells in his book, "Ten Great and Good Men," how the boys at Cambridge met the call upon them for hospital stores.

One day a letter came suddenly from the war office telling us that any warm clothes for the invalids at Scutari would be prized by Miss Florence Nightingale. At once in every college a committee was extemporized of leading undergraduates, charged to collect presents of flannel jackets, trousers, "blazers," rugs, greatcoats, furs, even sealskins.

In a few hours box after box was filled with these treasures, and all the boxes were kindly and gratuitously packed for us by the leading upholsterer of the town, his foreman simply remarking to me in a tone which General Gordon would have enjoyed:

"A nice consignment for a lady, sir."

A Dutch Fishing Fleet.
If the traveler wants to get a real glimpse of picturesque Holland, a glimpse which shall long be a happy memory, let him journey to the old fishing village of Scheveningen, not far from The Hague. Its fishing fleet is an imposing one and is best seen at night, when the boats are drawn up on the beach. Each has a number, and these are painted on the sides in such large figures that they can be read at a considerable distance. At night when the fishermen begin to come to land the women of the village walk down to the beach with their knitting in their hands to meet them. They wear their wooden shoes, some of which are made to look especially clean by an application of whitening, and they make a merry clatter as they go. Industry is characteristic of the women of Holland in all walks of life. They must always be at work of some kind, and it would seem as if more knitting needles must be used in Holland than in any other country in the world.—E. J. Farrington in Interior.

A New Rifle Muffler.
The stir created by Maxim's murderous rifle silencer, which is really a muffler, not a silencer, has brought other inventors into the field. A Moore silencer is chronicled that is said to have many advantages over that of Maxim, not the least of which is its relative cheapness. The ordnance department of the army is now giving it a test. With a considerable crop of "silencers" it is probable that a really effective eliminator of the report of a rifle will eventually be evolved. The next war is thus likely to be fought in a deadly silence, far more terrifying than the roaring of the unmuzzled gunpowder of historic battlefields.—New York Press.

Apparently Able to Distinguish Between Real and False Dangers.
The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take. The West Somerset have an excellent fixture at Kilve, but it has one drawback—the sea is not far off, and foxes naturally often make for the cliffs, a secure refuge. A fox can be easily headed at times, but that is nearly always when to be seen would betray him to his enemies, the hounds and give them an advantage; but when he makes his point the advantage is on his side, then nothing will turn him.

To return to the West Somerset at Kilve; they found a fox, and the whippersnapper, seeing that the fox meant to go to the cliffs if possible, started to head him off. The ground was open, and for half a mile the whippersnapper and fox were taking parallel lines, the fox clearly meaning to slip by and find a refuge in the cliffs. The man turned the fox away at last, but in a short time the hounds lost him, and I believe he got back after all.

Again the master ranged up some of the field to prevent another fox going back into a certain covert. In vain whips were rattled against saddle flaps; the fox went right through the watchers and made his point. It is a thing I have often noticed both with stag or fox, that the quarry seems to distinguish between real and false dangers.—London Globe.

Overweights.
The excessive mortality of overweights has been published by life insurance statisticians, and the phenomenon must be considered in football discussions. It is now a proved fact that the men who are barred from the game are the ones who live the longest, and though mere length of life is no criterion of its usefulness, yet it is a fair assumption that the longest lived are the most vigorous and, therefore, the best brain workers.

The colleges are then spending the most money on the students who will give the least returns. Every now and then some ingenious fellow publishes statistics showing that students able to take part in sports outlive those too defective to take any part at all, as though that needed numerical proof.

The new statistics show that the healthy underweights excluded from football are fitter for survival in America than the overweights of the team.—American Medicine.

Iceland Can Support 1,000,000.
Prof. Thorodsson, who was deputed by the king of Denmark to study the economic resources of Iceland, reports that the island will be able to provide food and living for a million people in future, instead of scarcely 78,000 as now.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE FOX.

Apparently Able to Distinguish Between Real and False Dangers.
The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take. The West Somerset have an excellent fixture at Kilve, but it has one drawback—the sea is not far off, and foxes naturally often make for the cliffs, a secure refuge. A fox can be easily headed at times, but that is nearly always when to be seen would betray him to his enemies, the hounds and give them an advantage; but when he makes his point the advantage is on his side, then nothing will turn him.

To return to the West Somerset at Kilve; they found a fox, and the whippersnapper, seeing that the fox meant to go to the cliffs if possible, started to head him off. The ground was open, and for half a mile the whippersnapper and fox were taking parallel lines, the fox clearly meaning to slip by and find a refuge in the cliffs. The man turned the fox away at last, but in a short time the hounds lost him, and I believe he got back after all.

Again the master ranged up some of the field to prevent another fox going back into a certain covert. In vain whips were rattled against saddle flaps; the fox went right through the watchers and made his point. It is a thing I have often noticed both with stag or fox, that the quarry seems to distinguish between real and false dangers.—London Globe.

Overweights.
The excessive mortality of overweights has been published by life insurance statisticians, and the phenomenon must be considered in football discussions. It is now a proved fact that the men who are barred from the game are the ones who live the longest, and though mere length of life is no criterion of its usefulness, yet it is a fair assumption that the longest lived are the most vigorous and, therefore, the best brain workers.

The colleges are then spending the most money on the students who will give the least returns. Every now and then some ingenious fellow publishes statistics showing that students able to take part in sports outlive those too defective to take any part at all, as though that needed numerical proof.

The new statistics show that the healthy underweights excluded from football are fitter for survival in America than the overweights of the team.—American Medicine.

Iceland Can Support 1,000,000.
Prof. Thorodsson, who was deputed by the king of Denmark to study the economic resources of Iceland, reports that the island will be able to provide food and living for a million people in future, instead of scarcely 78,000 as now.

When I secured a contract on one of the largest railroads in India I took my wife and little daughter with me and established them in a bungalow on the line. I was away all day, sometimes for days together, but I left plenty of servants at the house and felt no concern as to the safety of my family. My wife, who was troubled with insomnia, slept alone, and our little girl, seven years old, slept in a room with me. In that hot climate it is impossible to keep the doors and windows closed, and when I came in late at night I had no trouble in entering.

One night I went home and, finding the door closed, climbed into my room through an open window. As I did not care to awaken Rosie, who slept in a crib in one corner, I took off my shoes before entering and stepped noiselessly. Undressing with the same caution, I got into bed and was soon asleep.

I was awakened by a low growl. Thinking that my big dog Bruin had come into the room, I was about to get up and put him out when I was startled by another growl unlike that of a dog, but strangely resembling some one of the wild animals with which the country abounds. But what sent a thrill of horror through me was that it came from Rosie's crib.

The chamber door opened near my bed—that is, it opened toward me instead of away from me. Here was a possible exit for me if indeed I gave up my child for lost and chose to make an attempt to save my own life. I might slip out of bed and through the door. It is said that self preservation is the first law of nature, and I confess I practically illustrated the saying. Catching sight of two glaring eyes in the corner in which the crib stood, I lost consciousness of all but one thing—my own immediate threatened death. Springing from the bed, I pulled open the door, which fortunately stood slightly ajar, slipped through and pulled it shut behind me. At the same instant I heard the sound of a heavy body striking against it and a terrible growl, which I now recognized as that of the man eater (the tiger) of India.

There was nothing to do but hold the door. True, the tiger would not unlash it, but I did not care to take even the most remote chance of letting him into that portion of the house occupied by my wife and the servants. There was a transom above, and very soon glass shattered by the tiger's paw fell on my head. Looking up, I saw his nose protruding, but fortunately the space was too small to pass him. Realizing the fact, he abandoned this point of egress, and I heard the thud of his fore paws on the floor. I expected he would go out at the window, but he did not seem inclined to do so.

Hearing a step behind me, I turned, and there stood my wife in her nightclothes.

"Rosie!" I moaned.
"What of her?"
"Lost."
Without a word the mother sank in a swoon.
Now comes a surprise in my story, for which, whenever I think of it, I lift my eyes to heaven and utter a "Thank God!" Rosie herself came running along the hallway. A few hasty questions and answers explained her presence. She had heard low growls from the tiger under the window before he entered and, terrified, fled to her mother's room and got into bed beside her without awakening her.

Then came servants, but so great is the terror of the man eater among the natives that when I explained that I had left one in my room most of them fled. My wife revived, saw her daughter and swooned again, this time through excess of joy.

One feeling now took possession of me, a desire to have the blood of the creature that had so terrified me, that might have killed my child. Directing the servants to take my wife and daughter to their sleeping room and lock them in, I called for my repeating rifle and, going into the yard, took position near the window through which the tiger had entered. There was no sign of him, and I feared he had gone when I saw a bit of yellow fur above the window sill. It was the ridge of his back. I should have waited till he put his paws on the sill preparatory to jumping through the window, but I could not brook the delay. I called to the servants to bring me something on which to stand so that I could see into the room, but none of them dared approach. Finally one braver than the rest threw me a box. Taking it to within a few yards of the window, I mounted it in time to see the beast put his fore paws on Rosie's crib and in this elevated position stand looking about him. There was no time to spare. He would soon see me and come for me. I have never before or since known the perfect poise of nerve with which I pointed my rifle at him, aimed behind the shoulder and fired. The tiger sprang to the ceiling, then fell back dead.

What has since puzzled me are my own changes and feelings, first horror at the supposed fate of my child, next the all pervading sense of my own danger and lastly fear giving place to a desire for revenge. The most pleasurable sensation I have ever experienced was the sight of the beast springing up and falling dead. I dislike to think that at the bottom of us nature has implanted the same brutal instinct, rage, as that given to the tiger. Nevertheless I have his skin, which I use for a rug and never step on it without a sensation of joy.

Apparently Able to Distinguish Between Real and False Dangers.
The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take. The West Somerset have an excellent fixture at Kilve, but it has one drawback—the sea is not far off, and foxes naturally often make for the cliffs, a secure refuge. A fox can be easily headed at times, but that is nearly always when to be seen would betray him to his enemies, the hounds and give them an advantage; but when he makes his point the advantage is on his side, then nothing will turn him.

To return to the West Somerset at Kilve; they found a fox, and the whippersnapper, seeing that the fox meant to go to the cliffs if possible, started to head him off. The ground was open, and for half a mile the whippersnapper and fox were taking parallel lines, the fox clearly meaning to slip by and find a refuge in the cliffs. The man turned the fox away at last, but in a short time the hounds lost him, and I believe he got back after all.

Again the master ranged up some of the field to prevent another fox going back into a certain covert. In vain whips were rattled against saddle flaps; the fox went right through the watchers and made his point. It is a thing I have often noticed both with stag or fox, that the quarry seems to distinguish between real and false dangers.—London Globe.

Overweights.
The excessive mortality of overweights has been published by life insurance statisticians, and the phenomenon must be considered in football discussions. It is now a proved fact that the men who are barred from the game are the ones who live the longest, and though mere length of life is no criterion of its usefulness, yet it is a fair assumption that the longest lived are the most vigorous and, therefore, the best brain workers.

The colleges are then spending the most money on the students who will give the least returns. Every now and then some ingenious fellow publishes statistics showing that students able to take part in sports outlive those too defective to take any part at all, as though that needed numerical proof.

The new statistics show that the healthy underweights excluded from football are fitter for survival in America than the overweights of the team.—American Medicine.

Iceland Can Support 1,000,000.
Prof. Thorodsson, who was deputed by the king of Denmark to study the economic resources of Iceland, reports that the island will be able to provide food and living for a million people in future, instead of scarcely 78,000 as now.

When I secured a contract on one of the largest railroads in India I took my wife and little daughter with me and established them in a bungalow on the line. I was away all day, sometimes for days together, but I left plenty of servants at the house and felt no concern as to the safety of my family. My wife, who was troubled with insomnia, slept alone, and our little girl, seven years old, slept in a room with me. In that hot climate it is impossible to keep the doors and windows closed, and when I came in late at night I had no trouble in entering.

One night I went home and, finding the door closed, climbed into my room through an open window. As I did not care to awaken Rosie, who slept in a crib in one corner, I took off my shoes before entering and stepped noiselessly. Undressing with the same caution, I got into bed and was soon asleep.

I was awakened by a low growl. Thinking that my big dog Bruin had come into the room, I was about to get up and put him out when I was startled by another growl unlike that of a dog, but strangely resembling some one of the wild animals with which the country abounds. But what sent a thrill of horror through me was that it came from Rosie's crib.

The chamber door opened near my bed—that is, it opened toward me instead of away from me. Here was a possible exit for me if indeed I gave up my child for lost and chose to make an attempt to save my own life. I might slip out of bed and through the door. It is said that self preservation is the first law of nature, and I confess I practically illustrated the saying. Catching sight of two glaring eyes in the corner in which the crib stood, I lost consciousness of all but one thing—my own immediate threatened death. Springing from the bed, I pulled open the door, which fortunately stood slightly ajar, slipped through and pulled it shut behind me. At the same instant I heard the sound of a heavy body striking against it and a terrible growl, which I now recognized as that of the man eater (the tiger) of India.

There was nothing to do but hold the door. True, the tiger would not unlash it, but I did not care to take even the most remote chance of letting him into that portion of the house occupied by my wife and the servants. There was a transom above, and very soon glass shattered by the tiger's paw fell on my head. Looking up, I saw his nose protruding, but fortunately the space was too small to pass him. Realizing the fact, he abandoned this point of egress, and I heard