QUAINT OLD TOMES.

TWO BOOKS WHICH A NEWSPAPER MAN FOUND IN ENGLAND.

How Pennsylvania Was Boomed In Ye Olden Time—Its Climate, Soil and People Praised—A Schoolmaster's Textbook That Belonged to William Penn.

I have before me now two little books which have been lent to me for a few days, and which, I think, could hardly fail to interest any Pennsylvanian; so I shall endeavor to describe them as well as I can, as most people can never see them, both of them being rare and one being absolutely unique.

The first of these is a small duodecimo of not more than 100 pages, though the following title page might easily mislead one to expect rather a larger volume:

"An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province of Pennsilvania and of West New Jersey In America; the Richness of the Soil, the Sweetness of the Situation, the Wholesomeness of the Air, the Navigable Rivers and Others, the Prodigious Increase of Corn, the Flourishing Condition of the City of Philadelphia, With the Stately Buildings and Other Improvements There; the Strange Creatures, as Birds, Beasts, Fishes and Fowls, With the Several Sorts of Minerals, Stones and Purging Waters Lately Discovered; the Natives, Aborigines, Their Language, Religion, Laws and Customs; the First Planters, the Dutch, Swedes and English, With the Number of Inhabitants; as Also a Touch Upon George Keith's New Religion In His Second Change Since He Left the Quakers; With a Map of Both Countries. By Gabriel Thomas, Who Resided There About Fifteen Years. London: Printed and Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxon Arms, in Warwick Lane, 1698."

He explains in the preface that, as there never has been a fair or full account of "Pennsilvania," he thinks the curious will be gratified with an ample description. He explains why more has not been heard of it, predicts a thriving future and says he "could say much in praise of that sweet tract of land," but reserves it for the body of the book.

After this comes a small folded map, very interesting and signed Philip Lea, London. It represents "Pennsilvania" as consisting of only four counties—Bucks, Philadelphia, Chester and New Castle, with Virginia on the west, West New Jersey on the east, Maryland on the south and Canada on the north.

Some of the names are rather surprising. For instance, immediately opposite Philadelphia, on the Delaware, is a Dutch fort, and just back of that is a place called Yacomanshaghkings. In our own state the chief places seem to be Haverford, Darby, Plymouth, Germantown, West Town, Radnor, Newtown and Lewiston.

After the map 55 small pages are devoted to the description of Pennsylvania, from which we learn that, though the province is 300 miles in length by 180 in width, by far the greater part of it is still in the hands of the natives, who are "supposed by most people to have been of the Ten Scattered Tribes."

The Dutch came and traded, the Swedes and Finns came and settled, and finally William Penn came and founded Philadelphia, "a noble and beautiful city, which contains above 2,000 houses, all inhabited and most of them stately and of brick—generally three stories high, after the mode in London.

"Moreover, in this province are four great market towns—viz, Chester, the Germantown, New Castle and Lewistown."

Among the laws—for this author gives a synopsis of those also—perhaps the most striking is this: "Thieves of all sorts are obliged to restore fourfold, after they have been whipped and imprisoned, according to the nature of their crime, and if they be not of ability to restore fourfold they must be in servitude till 'tis satisfied."

I could give many more curious excerpts, but will content myself with one before passing on to the other book:

"The Christian children born here are generally well favored and beautiful to behold, being in the general observed to be better natured, milder and more tender hearted than those born in England."

The other book is still more rare. It is called "A New Primer, or Methodical Direction to Attain the True Spelling, Reading at Writing of English, Whereunto Are Added Some Things Necessary and Useful, Both For the Youth of This Province and Likewise For Those Who From Foreign Countries and Nations Come to Settle Among Us. By F. D. P. Printed by William Bradford in New York and sold by the Author in Pennsilvania."

The printed book itself is a curious little schoolbook, and is so rare that it is not mentioned by Allibone, who was himself a Philadelphian. But this particular copy is of especial and extraordinary interest because it has been bound up with about 30 blank pages, upon which the author, in most clear and beautiful manuscript, has written some very quaint things. It was especially bound for William Penn, with his initials and the date 1701 on the cover, and inside is a book plate bearing the Penn arms and motto, and "William Penn, Esquire, Proprietor of Pensylvania, 1703." It is worthy noting the three different forms of spelling the name of the province used by those two different authors and by Penn himself.—Birmingham (England) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Unwilling to Experiment.

She—No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased.

He (pleadingly)—But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie.

She—Yes, I know, that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to.—Somerville Journal.

PESSIMISTIC LABOUCHERE.

He Thinks the Principle of Perversity Governs All Departments of Life.

It has been observed from time immemorial that a curious perversity of climate—so we have been accustomed to consider it—generally provides one sort of weather to match a precisely opposite sort of clothing. Thus a walking stick will generally attract rain and an umbrella will produce sunshine.

Indeed the principle of perversity governs every department of life. Should sunshine be necessary it will be wet. Documents of no importance are never mislaid. We invariably meet the people whom we are anxious to avoid and miss those we especially wish to meet. A woman generally loses her heart to the wrong man; a man generally marries the wrong woman. Every one will be able to add to these examples almost indefinitely from personal experience.

There are no accidents whatever in life. Modern science has established that every incident is governed by an invariable law. Careful observation and the study of statistics prove beyond the possibility of doubt that clothes do very materially influence weather, a discovery which should be invaluable not only to the farmer, but to every member of the community.

Recent science, moreover, has erroneously adopted the theory of the survival of the fittest. The primal law which governs every circumstance of life is the survival of the unfittest. For instance, if a man is to inherit a fortune from a relative, the latter will survive to extreme old age. In literature and in art the man of talent fails, the charlatan attains fame. In finance and in commerce the swindler makes a fortune and becomes fashionable, the honest man is driven into bankruptcy. An enemy is sure to flourish. The pattern Sunday school boy is cut off in his youth; the truant grows to manhood, marries happily and dies respected and regretted by all. The worthy youth never marries the woman he loves; she marries his utterly worthless rival.—London Truth.

IMPRESSIVE GLITTER.

The Metallic Splendor of the Diplomatic Corps on New Year's Morning.

Washington's most picturesque feature, the diplomatic corps, never gets into action until the reception at the White House on New Year's day, although the individual members will be seen out in society for a month or more before the recognized social season. At the New Year's reception, however, the diplomats come out strong, and the procession of the members of the foreign legations and embassies from the White House to the home or hotel of the secretary of state, where the diplomatic breakfast is served, is one of the gala sights of the year. Many of the population of Washington stay up all night in order to get a place on the White House fence where they may see the procession pass as soon as it has been received and properly attended to by the president.

After this reception the entire organization lines up and puts out on foot for the home of the secretary of state. As they pass from the White House grounds in their glittering raiment they are the showiest things in Washington and worth coming miles to see. The lowliest attache in the crowd will give cards and spades to the most showily dressed drum major in the country and will win out with ease. They have gold lace and bullion strung all over them, while the aigrets, plumes, epaulets, cords, tassels and ribbons of any one legation would stock a millinery store. Such is the effect of this aggregation of beauty and valor on the great American crowd gathered without the gates that every man in it utters at some time while the procession is passing, with contemptuous emphasis, the remark which occurs oftenest in the narrative of the adventures of Chimmie Fadden.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Sacred and Symbolic Palm.

From the very earliest times the palm tree has been recognized as a symbol of victory. Among the Greeks and the Romans palm branches were used to decorate the buildings and streets of their cities in honor of the return of a victorious army. This custom appears to have been taken from the eastern nations, but from what one in particular no one now knows.

At a very early age the Hebrews were accustomed to carry palm branches on all occasions of rejoicings. This custom having been observed on the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, the tree has come to bear a special symbolism among Christians. The primitive church used it to express the triumphs of the Christian over death through the resurrection. As early as the second century A. D. it became the custom to carve palm branches on the tombstones of those who had died for the faith, and about the same time all pictures of martyrs were figures holding representations of palm branches in their hands.—St. Louis Republic.

Baroness Rothschild.

The Baroness Rothschild paid a pretty if somewhat exaggerated compliment to a prima donna the other day. She invited the young lady to dine with her and after dinner asked her to try the tone of her piano. Not a sound came from the keys when touched. "I had the instrument unstrung this morning, mademoiselle," said the baroness, "that you might see that the only pleasure I promised myself from your presence this evening was the pleasure of your society."—London Tit-Bits.

Lawful.

Crimsonbeak—Is pitching pennies considered gambling?

Yeast—Yes, I believe it is.

"Well, I see a New York dry goods store has two cologne fountains as attractions."

"Certainly."

"Well, why do they allow them to throw up a scent!"—Yonkers Statesman.

TWO LIFELONG LOVERS.

A Sentence Overheard In the Street Answers the Old Conundrum.

Tired by a long day's work and feeling a bit "blue" over some matters which had gone counter to my hopes, I was walking down Broadway one night last week, on my way home. It was after 10 o'clock and the down town streets were almost deserted.

As I turned through Sixteenth street I noticed an old lady and an older gentleman walking slowly, arm in arm, evidently husband and wife. He was apparently about 70, she perhaps five years younger.

They seemed very fond of each other. There was just the least little inclination of the head of each toward the other, and they were strolling along so slowly as to suggest the thought that their pace was regulated not so much by the infirmities of age as by the desire and pleasure of being alone together. They were talking earnestly.

It had rained earlier in the evening and the sidewalks were still wet, so that I had put on my rubbers before leaving the office. Consequently my approach was noiseless. Just as I overtook and passed the old people the man turned to his wife and said, as if in answer to some remark she had made, "But, my dear, I like to think God sent you to me."

From a lover to his sweetheart or from a young husband to a young wife the words might have sounded sentimental, and would certainly have seemed commonplace, but from a husband of three score and ten to a wife of 65 they had a weight and dignity which made them sweet to hear and wholesome to recall.

Here was the whole story of two lives told in a sentence. Here was the answer to the old question about marriage. For them it was surely a divine success. Here at least was proof that the writers of fairy tales and of old time novels spoke truly when they said that "they were married and lived happy ever after."—New York Herald.

KOREAN CURIOSITIES.

All the Tools Made by Hand and Native Iron Used.

Frank G. Carpenter, writing about the peculiarities of Korea, says among other things:

"One of our ponies had to be shod, and another time we put shoes on the bull which carried the baggage. The pony was first thrown to the ground, and his four legs were tied together so that he couldn't possibly kick.

"Then the blacksmith pounded hoop iron shoes on his feet with a rude iron hammer. It was the same with the bull, though one man had to sit on his head while he was being shod. The iron seemed to be very good, and it comes from the mines in the northern part of the country. The tools of the country are made of it, and the farming tools are very ingenious, the three and four pronged hoes being quite as good as anything we have in America. They were making tools in this blacksmith's shop, and all the tools and plows are made by hand.

"The blacksmith had a rude bellows, which was worked by a boy who stood on a seesaw and by moving up and down pumped the fire into a blaze. In other places I saw bellows which boys worked by pulling a stick in and out like that of a squirtgun, and everything is rude in the extreme.

"Sometimes horses are shod by being strapped up to poles, so that only two of their feet can rest on the ground, and the band which goes around the belly holds the horse up while he is shod."—Roxbury Gazette.

A Lake of Boiling Lava.

Mauna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauea, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high, and Kilauea is situated on the eastern side, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of boiling lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hardens there in the form of long, glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees, and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc.

Another form of glassy filament to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair," Pele being the goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be caused by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble-like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or the shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with bunches of "Pele's hair." This "hair" was formerly used in mystic native ceremonies, and of late years has been gathered in large quantities by curiosity seekers.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Roast the Succulent Oyster.

Select large oysters and have them scrubbed thoroughly, then place them in the oven in a large tin with the round side of the shells down, so that when they open the liquor will not be lost. As soon as they do open remove the upper shell, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, add a little butter and serve hot as possible on a bed of water cress. Oysters served in this way make an excellent first course at dinner if accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Explained.

"Pa, what is a trip hammer?"

"It's the hammer, my son, that your ma leaves on the carpet when she hangs up a picture."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.

What Looks Like a Difficult Performance Is Really Very Simple.

In ancient times the sleight of hand performers were popularly regarded with awe, as beings who were gifted with supernatural powers, and the performers, to enhance their own importance, took care not to contradict the general belief.

Nowadays, we know quite well enough that all feats of legerdemain, however wonderful they may appear, are quite natural, if we only knew how they were done.

One of the puzzling tricks performed by so called public mind readers, or clairvoyants, is an extremely simple deception. The performer, standing on the stage, asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope.

Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes, the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks out an envelope, and, after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this, the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he read, and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read.

The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it and proceeds in that way through the lot.

Love Grass and Love In a Puff.

I wish all children could know the joy of "pulling love grass." I have seen lawns and pleasure grounds dotted with merry children pulling love grass, amid peals of laughter, for hours. I have never seen "love grass" at the north. It has a glossy green stem crowned with brown or green aigrets. Two children select the grass stem, split one of the ends, and each holds an end. Then they propound any question they wish to solve, and as they pull the stem apart gently it forms either an N or a Y, meaning no or yes.

"Love in a puff" is another fortune teller. It gets its name from the fact that the tender little green puff holds three round seeds, each stamped with a perfect little heart. As in popping rose petals, the answer depends on the report of the "love in a puff." If it be sharp and loud, the answer is decidedly "Yes;" if it collapses noiselessly, that is a bad sign, meaning bad luck, or "No," as the question is put. The dandelion is another delight. If you can blow away all the little seeds at one breath, you can find the bags of gold at the ends of the rainbow.—"Reading the Book of Fate," by Louise Willis Snead, in St. Nicholas.

The Bicycle Maiden.

The bicycle maid is not afraid
Of autumn's refreshing breeze.
Away and far like a gleaming star
She wheels past the red leaved trees.

Her white knicker suit is just as cute
As her cap and her flying curls.
November air makes them blithe and fair,
These up to date bicycle girls.

—Marie M. in New York World.

A Clever Child

We think we have some very clever little girls nowadays, and some of the little girls think themselves rather clever, too, but what do you say to a child like this Maria Gaetana Agnesi, who was born in 1718! She lectured in Latin in her ninth year. Parties of learned men, invited by her father, used to visit her home for the purpose of disputing with her on philosophical points. After her father's death she was given his place as professor of mathematics at the University of Bologna by the appointment of Pope Benedict XIV.

Effort and Success.

A girl student in a school which shall be nameless was frequently reproved for the poor quality of her compositions. Last week the subject given out was, "Is success a test of effort?" and this is the ending of her labored attempt: "If this composition is not a success, it proves that success is not a test of effort." It received the full number of marks.—Exchange.

Obeying Orders.

"Great Scot!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?"

"W'y," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there an back, an I done it."—Indianapolis Journal.

So It Ought.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said little Harry, "and that's why good tasting things like pie make me ill and bad tasting things like medicine make me well. It ought to be the other way."—London Tit-Bits.

HE GOT A CLERKSHIP

THE SENATOR MADE A BLUNDER BY WHICH THE APPLICANT PROFITED.

When Senator Blank Wanted Anything From Secretary Chandler, He Wanted It Bad—How the Young Man Was Let Down Easy and Remained.

Back in the seventies, when Zach Chandler was at the head of the interior department, a young man from one of the western states came to Washington to try clerical life in one of the departments. He had been quite a ward politician in his western home and imagined both the senators from his state would be glad to do him a favor. He spent several days taking in the sights of the capital, then went up to the senate one afternoon and sent in his card to Senator Blank. The senator responded promptly, had the visitor shown into the marble room, and for some time they sat on a sofa together, talking of home news and the home crops. Then the young man broke the ice by informing the senator just what kind of a place he wanted—didn't care much what department it was in.

"Well, I don't know," said the senator. "Such places are not to be found every day, and there are hundreds here from about every state in the Union looking for almost anything in the shape of an appointment.

"Come up to my house about 8 o'clock tonight," said the senator, "and we'll talk the matter over."

Promptly at the appointed time he pulled the doorbell and was ushered into the library, where he found the senator puffing a cigar and looking over The Evening Star.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. ——! I was just thinking of you," said Senator Blank. "I have written a strong letter to Secretary Chandler, requesting him to give you a position in the interior department"—picking up an unsealed letter from his desk and handing it to the young office seeker—"and I would suggest that you call at his office and present it about 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. I have also mailed the secretary a little personal note, letting him know that when I want anything in his office I want it bad."

The young westerner was bowed out of the room with smiles and a hearty handshake. At his hotel he sat down to think over his good luck. Then he thought of the senator's letter, and pulled it out of his pocket and read:

DEAR CHANDLER—Some time tomorrow morning a young citizen of my great and glorious state will call on you with a strong indorsement from me for a clerkship. I have no earthly interest in him, so I turn him over to your tender mercy. Let him down easy.

Yours, BLANK.

The young man dropped the letter, and a big sigh struggled up from under his watch pocket. "I wonder what he said in the little note he mailed to the secretary?" thought the young candidate. Then he realized that the senator had given him the wrong letter, and he at once determined to call at the interior department the next morning and see what the next chapter would bring forth.

About 10 o'clock the next forenoon the colored messenger showed a young man into Secretary Chandler's office.

"Senator Blank told me last night he had written you and advised me to call on you this morning," said the young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," smiled the secretary good naturedly, picking up from his desk an open letter and glancing over it. "The senator speaks of you in the highest terms, and is very urgent in his request for your appointment. Wait a moment." And touching a bell he sent his messenger for the chief clerk. After a moment's conversation with the chief clerk the secretary said:

"You are fortunate. There is a $1,200 clerkship made vacant by resignation this morning, and I have ordered your appointment to the place."

A month later Senator Blank was walking through the patent office, and in the corridor met the new clerk in his office coat. The senator was surprised and a trifle disconcerted, but he shook hands with his young friend and said he was glad to see him there.

"Well, I'm glad to be here," responded the clerk. "And, senator," putting his hand inside his vest and looking squarely in the other's eye, "right in my inside pocket I keep that little personal note you thought you mailed to Secretary Chandler, telling him when you wanted a thing you wanted it bad."

Explanations were unnecessary. The senator went out of public life and died long ago, but the clerk manages to squeeze along through the hard times on his $1,800 a year.—Washington Star.

The First Lesson of an Arab Boy.

The very first lesson which an Arab baby learns when he begins to talk is to keep facts to himself. It does not sound very friendly put in that way, but it saves a deal of trouble. Foreigners do not understand Arabs. They ask them pointed questions and receive peculiar answers. They assume the answers to please themselves, and come away to tell the world that the Arabs are a nation of liars. They are not a nation of liars. Perhaps if they should tell the foreigners to mind their own affairs and let them and theirs alone the foreigners would understand them better.—"Yamoud," by Henry Willard French, in St. Nicholas.

Blenheim.

Blenheim is one of the biggest and most beautiful places of the kind in England, and the expenses of keeping it up are enormous. The late Duke of Marlborough used to say that it cost £800 a year in putty, and this may be true, since there is a great deal of glass about the place.—London Tit-Bits.

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.—Colton.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.

From dainty feet to parted hair
My lady is a sunbeam sure,
And all the flowers look at her
And think she is a fairer flower,
Such laughing beauty is her dower,
Such love dreams in her brown eyes stir.

In midair poised to hear her sing,
The skylark hovers quivering,
And all the leaves that shift and sigh
Seem whispering of her loveliness,
While softest winds her curls caress
And kiss her mouth as oft as I.

All men and women as we meet
Are glad and swift to serve my sweet,
And others crushed in crowded marts,
Sunk low in sin and misery,
Her lily hands lift tenderly—
And those, too, call her "Queen of Hearts."

—Vanity.

A GREAT WOLF DOG.

Some Fine Points Which Developed When He Was Put to the Test.

A reporter was talking to an old hunter who had lived many years in the west and other regions where hunting was part of a man's daily living, and the conversation turned on dogs after it had run to considerable length in other directions.

"I remember," said the old man, with a little, low, soft, reminiscent snicker, "of a wolf dog that my boy Jim got off of a feller that you might call a tramp these times. Jim had an idea he knowed everything about dogs that was to be knowed, and when this tramp feller come along with a wiry, mean lookin dog and wanted to trade him fer a pint of whisky Jim 'lowed he was a powerful wolf dog, and the tramp feller said thar wasn't a better one in the country, fer he was bred fer wolves pertikler, so Jim ups and swaps a pint of liquor fer the dog, and the tramp feller gits along his journey, and Jim goes to slickin the dog and gittin him ready fer a wolf that he knowed was chasin his hogs up in the mountain.

"One mornin bright and early Jim set out with the dog to give the wolf a run, and about two hours afterward, the dog had the wolf goin lickety split. The wolf tuck round the p'int of the hill with the dog after him, and Jim 'lowed he could cut across the top and git in ahead of 'em in good time to see the dog chaw up the wolf, fer he 'gided himself on that dog and had been tellin the whole neighborhood what a fine dog he had picked up.

"Course Jim knowed dogs, and he knowed that dog of his'n would chaw the wolf up in no time, and he went over the hill chucklin. When he got to where he thought the dog and wolf ought to pass, there wasn't a sign, and Jim set down to wait. It wasn't long till a feller come along, and Jim hailed him.

"'Say,' says Jim, 'you see anything of a dog chasin a wolf anywheres the way you come?'

"'Sorter yaller brindle dog?' says the feller.

"'Same,' says Jim, mightily tickled. 'Had he kotch up with him?'

"'Kotch up with him?' says the feller. 'Well, I sh'd say he had. He was 200 yards ahead, and the wolf was runnin the tail offen him. Wus it your dog?' says the feller, but Jim's heart was broke, and none of us didn't care to say 'dog' to Jim fer better'n six months."—Washington Star.

He Also Served Himself.

One winter's day the late lamented king of tramps, Harry Villier, met a woman in the streets of Bangor, loaded with a valise and evidently in a very miserable frame of mind. She looked so woebegone that he doffed his hat and accosted her in his usual courtly fashion. She told a story of hunger, loss of position through sickness and of eviction from her own poor room because she could not pay the rent. All that excited Harry's ready sympathy. "If I were rich, my dear madam," said he, "I would assist you in the rich man's fashion—perhaps give you a dollar, perhaps pass by on the other side. But I'm a tramp, and I'll have to help you in tramp fashion."

He begged a warm corner for her in an engine room, hunted up some food at neighboring back doors, and when the poor woman was warmed and fed he shouldered her valise and told her to follow him. She did so. He marched straight into the country for half a dozen miles, then approached a farmhouse where he was known and solicited employment for the woman, giving her a glowing recommendation. She was hired and for many years was a hard-working and trusted member of the household. "And didn't I get glorious feeds when I sauntered along that way!" said Harry. "My friends, the Astors used to envy me when I told 'em about it."—Lewiston Journal.

Why She Was Offended.

"No, we don't speak now," said the girl in gray.

"Why not?" asked the girl in dark blue.

"She showed me her new bloomers yesterday, and while I admired them and said they were very pretty bloomers I told her that nothing in the world could ever induce me to wear such things."

"And what did she say?"

"She just looked at my feet, and said she wouldn't wear them if she were in my place."—Chicago Post.

Putting It Nicely.

Tailor—When you delivered Mr. Slowboy's suit, did you call his attention to the fact that it was there when promised?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Tailor—What did he say?

Boy—He said he felt he never could repay you for what you had done for him.—New York Sun.

Termagant was formerly a quarrel some person of either sex, and only the lack of gallantry of the men has limited the word to its present significance.

Laughter is day, and calmness is night; a smile is the twilight that covers gently between both, more beautiful than either.—H. W. Beecher.