GEMS OF QUICK WIT.

HAPPY ANSWERS WORTHY OF A PLACE IN LITERATURE.

Old Witticisms Which Are as Good Today as When They Were First Put Forth. Law Courts and Prisoners Furnish a Goodly Share.

Mr. Samuel Weller's memorable evidence at a certain breach of promise trial is probably a "record" for the greatest number of happy answers in the shortest time, but there are authenticated instances of actual utterances which certainly rival them in brilliance and appropriateness. The law courts, as may be imagined, furnish their full quota, but many are, perforce, unappreciable by those unacquainted with the technicalities or the "argot" of the forum. Still, Lamb's chaffing description of a friend's maiden brief as the "first great cause least understood" is incomprehensible enough, as is the quiet, acquiescent "That is so, my lord," of the barrister to whom an irate judge had just observed, "I can't give you brains, Mr. So-and-so." "I, myself, have two small masters, my lord," said a very ill look, pompous counsel, to illustrate a question of property law. "We all know that, Mr. Kewsey," observed the judge with suave courtesy, and a smile of delight ran round the assembled bar. "Look at me, sir, and attend to what I shall ask you," thundered a learned counsel whose unfortunate "homeliness" of feature had gained him the sobriquet of the Veiled Prophet. "This is an English court," rejoined the witness quietly, "and you have no right to impose torture before putting the question."

Prisoners, too, have a fair proportion of "happy answers" credited to them. Of these perhaps the best known are that of a man who, when asked if he pleaded "guilty or not guilty," replied that he couldn't say till he had heard the evidence, and the naive response of the prisoner to the usual question before the sentence, "Have you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is pronounced upon you?" "It's very kind of your honor, and if it's quite agreeable to the court I should like to say 'Good evening.'" On one occasion counsel in a certain drainage case submitted that the plaintiffs, the Sewage Localization company, had "no locus standi" in this court." "Heaven forbid!" was the fervent ejaculation of the learned judge. Something akin to this was the answer of the judge when complaint was made that a luckless process server had been compelled to swallow the writ he had endeavored to serve. "I hope," said his lordship gravely, "that the writ was not made returnable in this court."

The "happy answers," owing their point to Biblical or ecclesiastical allusions, are still more numerous, but in many cases are somewhat too audacious for print. "He is a regular St. Paul" was the final eulogy made by an enthusiastic friend of a certain needy clergyman whose chronic impecuniosity had brought him into painfully frequent familiarity with the various processes of the law for the recovery of debts. "Yes," said the bishop, whose assistance was being solicited, "quite so. I see—'in prisons oft!'" The pardonable but injudicious enthusiasm of some clergymen over their musical services has given rise to many smart sayings, which are, at any rate, "ben trovato." None, perhaps, is better than the familiar one of the exasperated visitor who, after being made to listen in torment to Gregorian chants cruelly murdered, was told that according to tradition those chants owed their origin to King David himself. The visitor, rendered reckless by his misery, retorted that he had often wondered why Saul threw that javelin at the royal psalmist, but he quite understood it now.

A careworn divine is reported to have said in reply to the ecstatic declaration of an intending Benedict that "nothing in the world beats a good wife," "Oh, yes, a bad husband often does, and—'vice versa!'" One would like to have known the schoolgirl who, in reply to her brother's jeers and inquiry, "Why girls should be always kissing each other and men not?" said that, of course, it was because girls had nothing better to kiss and men had—but perhaps she studied the question too deeply and developed into the fair cynic who, after a season or two of conquests, gave it as her opinion that men were like colds, very easy to catch and very hard to get rid of. Few better things are recorded than the answer of Beaconsfield to the question how he felt after the change from the stormy scenes of the commons to the serene atmosphere of the lords. "Feel?" answered the statesman. "I feel as though I were dead and buried," and then, noticing for the first time that his questioner was a peer, he added, with a charming smile and bow, "and among the blessed spirits of the great and good." This adroit recovery from an unfortunate slip recalls the familiar story of the prince regent and the officer of marines. In those brave old days of free drinking the empty bottles which gathered apace were styled "marines," for what reason it is hard to say. The prince called to a servant and bade him "clear away those marines." An officer of that distinguished corps who was present resented the observation as being—to adopt the phraseology of Mr. Weller's mottle faced friend—"personal to the cloth," and requested an explanation. "My dear colonel," said his royal highness, with winning courtesy, "I called them marines because, like your fellows, they've done their duty and are ready to do it again." The apt replies in the language of compliment claim a literature of their own, but one must serve "pour indiquer les autres." "We shall never forget you," said a queen of society to one of her subjects who was making his adieus. "Your ladyship has now given me the only inducement not to return."—London Standard.

[illegible] a per- [illegible] vorable [illegible] the carriage roads and narrow roadways—one on the south and one on each of the other sides. The names of the gates are: Bab el Rahmeh, east; Kathi el Hagiar, and el Safi, west; el Zouch and el Sultani, and north, the Haddar and Sahna el Sirar. Within the outer inclosure is a wide paved courtyard, then a second wall with seven gates, and handsome minarets surmount the southern angles. Another court yard follows, on the western side of which are three holy spots—the place where Husain fell, the tomb of his child, Said Ibrahim, and the tomb of his banner bearer, Habib ibn Mazakir.

The third inclosure wall has five gates, and within it is the tomb of the 70 warriors who fell with Husain and the supposed birthplace of Jesus. Lastly, in an open space, stands the holy of holies—the great domed mausoleum of Husain Shah, the sole entrance to which is by the Bab el Muraei, or Gate of Hope.

Within are two tombs, that of Imam Husain and of his two sons, Ali Akhbar and Ali Asrar. The dome is a magnificent and costly work of art, being tiled with slabs of pure gold and inlaid with Koranic inscriptions and other designs in various colored enamel. When we saw it, however, its beauty was partly concealed by a black drapery, on which was embroidered a verse from the Mohammedan Bible, while at its summit floated the black flag of mourning in honor of the martyr.—Blackwood Magazine.

Egg Candling Business.

The business of egg candling, or egg testing, does not look difficult and apparently requires no especial proficiency. The South Water street expert in that line passed in his work long enough to tell a different story.

"Egg candling," he said, "is no fool job, and only the man who has been at it a long time can make good money. It requires keen sight and a practical eye and just about one man out of ten is good at the business. You've got to have a steady hand, too, and the man who drinks much can't candle eggs very long. The breakage would soon take all the profit off every crate of eggs. In New York they have an egg candlers' or egg testers' union and one of its rules is that no man who drinks steadily can be admitted. It is composed mostly of east side Hebrews and is very old, one of the oldest labor organizations in New York. Men in our business who are really first class get good wages. You can always tell a good man by the light, easy way he touches an egg. He can tell an egg that is addled at a glance, where even people quite familiar with the article will say it is in first class condition."—Chicago Chronicle.

Socialism's Rant and Cant.

The German mind is of the type that loves to build imaginary schemes and to dream dreams of the regeneration of mankind. It revels in views, theories, philosophical systems and ideas. It is rather tentative and nebulous than precise and well defined. Dr. Mansel, in allusion to the proneness of the German to indulge in vague and shadowy speculations, has described his country as

The land which produced one Kant with a K
And a great many Cants with a C.

The Frenchman rushes onward to conclusions, the German feels his way. Moreover, the German socialist can plead in his defense that, after all, he is only uttering the instructions of his rulers.

State socialism is the recognized creed of the great majority of influential Germans. It is notorious that Bismarck himself used to take counsel of that eminent socialist Lassalle. The reigning emperor is credited with having much the same ideas, and it is said that he wishes to become known, as his great prototype before him, as a true king of the beggars.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Leighton's Generosity.

The following story is characteristic of Lord Leighton's kindness to poor students: A young fellow, without friends or money, came to London to make his fortune with his brush. Orders for pictures were not forthcoming, however, and the young painter found himself reduced to dining on sunset effects. In despair he wrote to the president of the academy at his private address in Holland Park, stating his case, and forwarding at the same time some specimens of his work. Within a few days he received an answer, asking him to call at Sir Frederick's house. The president of the academy received him kindly, advised him to study more and gave him two letters of introduction. As the young man was leaving Sir Frederick handed him an envelope, remarking: "Here is an example of the best kind of drawing. No doubt one of these days you'll be able to do as well, if not better." It contained a check for £50. The recipient is a long way up the ladder now.

A Downfall.

Wanderer—Yes. A few years ago I was just rollin in wealth.

Kind Hearted Housekeeper—Poor man! Here is a shilling. Drink did it, I suppose?

Wanderer—No'm. Religion.

Kind Hearted Housekeeper—Religion?

Wanderer—Yes'm. I was one of the most successful burglars in the country, but I got religion and couldn't work at me trade no more. Thanks!—London Tit-Bits.

The four podded lotus, in an exposed situation, makes a cover for its flower by drawing one or more of the leaves over the blossom and keeping them there during the heat of the day.

Rags for paper making are boiled under steam pressure. A hundred pounds of rags are mixed with from 6 to 12 pounds of carbonate of soda and half as much quicklime.

Lord Leighton and Children.

Even under the social storm and stress of "Studio Sunday," when his picturesque house was crowded with an exacting and brilliant throng, Leighton could make time to minister to the wants of any little visitors who might accompany their elders. One charming instance of this comes to my mind in reference to a reception at his house some seven or eight years ago. A pretty little girl was trying to edge her way through the crowd to get a glimpse of the president's pictures, but without success. In an instant he grasped the situation, raised her to his shoulder, and the two were chatting gleefully together as if they had been friends for life.

An example of his generous and patient self restraint I saw on another occasion, when the accident of his high official position brought him into unwilling touch with a wealthy parvenu. This magnate knew little of art, but prided himself on his choice collection, which only a moderate share of critical knowledge might have seriously discounted. Over the dining room mantelpiece was a very doubtful old master, over which its master waxed enthusiastic in the presence of his guest, praising its alleged points of merit in no measured terms and generally explaining why and the wherefore with the fluency of self complacent ignorance. The president listened with the suspicion of a smile on his handsome features. But his few words were wise generalities, and, as soon as courtesy would permit, a tactful silence prompted by those rare diplomatic powers with which he was so richly gifted.—London Times.

The Story of a Hatfield Picture.

On the grand staircase of Hatfield House is a portrait of the fourth earl of Salisbury to which a curious story attaches. A casual glance at the picture gives one the impression of a man with two heads—behind the features of the earl peers another face in much fainter outline and of quite a distinct type—the face, in fat, of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. It seems that the duke, when a favorite at court, was a friend of the then Earl of Salisbury, and as a mark of his esteem presented the earl with his portrait. After Sedgemoor, however, it was not safe for the earl to keep the picture on his walls, and it was accordingly hidden away in the lumber room. Years after the discarded canvas, from which the features of the rebel duke had entirely disappeared, was found by the fourth earl of Salisbury at a time when he was about to have his own portrait painted, and in a spirit of economy he resolved to utilize it for this purpose. When this portrait came to be cleaned some years ago, the face of Monmouth reappeared, to the confusion of the person engaged in the task. This, at any rate, is the explanation of the mystery which Lord Salisbury himself has accepted, if only for the want of a better.—Cassell's Magazine.

Novel Headache Cure.

The latest "cure" suggested for the relief of headaches is a hair cut. A certain physician in London has met with great success lately in his treatment of persistent cases of "nervous" headaches, and he has disclosed the secret.

In each case, he says, after the patient had laid bare a long tale of woe—of sleepless nights and miserable days—he prescribed briefly a simple hair cut. It is not necessary that the hair should be cropped off short, after the fashion of convicts.

The curative property of the treatment is based on the fact that the tube which is contained in each single hair is severed in the process, and the brain "bleeds," as the barbers say, thereby opening a safety valve for the congested cranium. A commentator in the London society press in referring to this cure says:

"Try the cure when next attacked by headache, and if the result be not satisfactory rest assured that it is not the fault of the prescription, but that the head is so wooden that it wooden care."

The Mountaineer's Bear Team.

"I was driving along a road in the mountains of western North Carolina a short time ago," said P. B. Mayfield of St. Louis, "when I heard a wagon coming around a bend in the road. My horses shied, then began to tremble, being evidently in the mostabject terror. I could not make them move a foot, and when the approaching team came into sight I saw the reason, and, getting out of the buggy, succeeded in quieting my horses, so as to allow the strange team room to pass, the driver of the brutes ahead of me calling: 'They won't hurt nothin, stranger. Don't be skeared.' He was driving a team of full grown black bears, and they were making about as fast time as a yoke of oxen would. They were hitched to a wagon loaded with logs. The upper part of the wagon was like any other, but the wheels were small and heavy, evidently the work of a local blacksmith. The bears paid no attention to me or to my team and walked along leisurely, drawing their load seemingly without effort."—Washington Star.

No Discrimination.

Miss Lucy (to her cook)—Really, Aunt Chloe, it is dreadful of old Ned to bring up his children so badly. He lets them steal right and left.

Aunt Chloe—Yes, Miss Lucy, dat's what I always say. Folks does very wrong to let dey chillen steal, 'cause chillen, dey ain't got no judgment. Dey don't know what to steal.—New York Journal.

Raising Funds.

"I'll give $10," announced the man in the third pew from the front.

The converted counterfaiter rose with emotion.

"And I," he exclaimed, "will make it $100."—Detroit Tribune.

Not to Be Bluffed.

Chronic Borrower—Could you lend me a ten, Charlie?

Charlie—Ten cents. Certainly.

C. B.—That's what I mean!—Detroit Free Press.

STOPPING RUNAWAYS.

The Central Park Police Have a System of Their Own.

Every mounted policeman connected with the Central park squad swears by his horse. No other animal, in his opinion, is quite as good, sound or well trained for the oftimes difficult work which they are called upon to perform. This pride in their horses has led to a friendly spirit of rivalry between the men, which is undoubtedly the cause of the excellence of the department. The stopping of a runaway in the drives or bridle paths is by no means an easy undertaking. The comparatively few serious accidents resulting from runaways, which during the greater portion of the year average more than 50 a month, speak well for the skill and daring of the mounted squad. Sergeant Egan, who has command of the squad, declares that any one of his men can give "p's" and "q's" to any cowboy that ever straddled a horse.

"We have had 'cow punchers' in our ranks," said the sergeant, "who could pick up a handkerchief from the ground while riding at breakneck speed, or throw a lasso to perfection, but when it came to taking their lives in their hands in stopping a runaway they were 'not in it' with some of our New York boys who never mounted a horse until they joined the squad. I'll warrant that any of my men will catch any runaway that ever started in the park. Would you like to see our system of stopping horses?"

Baldwin was called in and the sergeant gave orders to have his horse saddled. When all was in readiness, the two men rode down the bridle path to give an illustration of the system which all the men have practiced and studied until they now have it down to perfection. Sergeant Egan bailed and Baldwin, on his horse Harry, went down the path to get a good start. In a moment came flying toward the sergeant on a mad gallop. Egan's horse pricked up his ears, already scenting the work cut out for it. As Baldwin came nearer Egan's superb animal began to move with gradually increasing speed until the supposed runaway was alongside, and then it ran neck and neck with Baldwin's horse.

Reaching out, the sergeant grasped the bridle of Baldwin's horse, and his steed began to pull back, coming to a complete standstill within ten seconds. Several more trials were made, the men taking turns at stopping each other. "You see, they cannot get away from us," said the sergeant, "as our horses understand their business as well as the men. They never allow a runaway to get past them. A stern chase is often a long chase. Under the regulations riders and drivers are allowed to move only at a certain speed within the park. A runaway of course always exceeds this pace, and the policeman's horse detects the rapid patter of hoofs as quickly as he does himself."—New York Herald.

Lincoln's Modest Fee.

M. D. Ermeni, one of the oldest Illinois lawyers, tells of an instance where Mr. Lincoln was retained to assist two other lawyers in the conduct of a case of the greatest importance. "I will not say now what the case was," said Mr. Hardin, "but it was one of the greatest moment to the state and of importance to the nation. The decision arrived at grows more stupendous in its results every day. Even at the time of its settlement there connected with it knew it meant a great deal, and the two men who had been his colleagues consulted together after the trial as to the amount of the fee to be charged. They decided that $5,000 was the least they could take and concluded to send their bill for that amount. But they waited for Mr. Lincoln and laid the case before him. They asked him what he thought they ought to charge. He pondered over the matter for a time and finally said he thought his share ought to be about $50. That was, he thought, pretty good pay, considering that he had only given a little over a day to the case."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Webster's Wit.

Most men of weight dislike the frail gilt and satin chairs which accidentally fall to their lot in a crowded drawing room. They were in use in Mr. Webster's time. At an evening reception given to some western lawyers, soon after the accession of President Tyler and the dissolution of President Harrison's cabinet, Mr. Stanberry, late attorney general, was accompanied by his bashful friend, Mr. Leonard, who immediately retired to a corner and selected this gilded trifle as a resting place. In order to withdraw still farther from notice, he tilted the frail structure backward. Down it went, smashed into a dozen pieces, and Leonard, the embarrassed, was Leonard the observed by all.

Mr. Webster immediately rushed to the rescue of his unfortunate guest and raised him from the floor with the reassuring remark, "Why, my dear Mr. Leonard, you should have remembered that no cabinet work would hold together here."

A Society Event.

"Yes," observed the master of ceremonies, "you weep to the jury beautifully, but let us again rehearse your glare at the defendant."

By dint of much drilling the affair passed off very creditably, and was described as one of the prettiest home divorces of the season.—Detroit Tribune.

In the Lecture Room.

Professor Colorz—In this prism blue predominates. Mr. Callow, what is the relative value of the blue and the red?

Callow (just waking up)—Why, the blue is 25 cents and the red is 10.—Syracuse Post.

There is a superstition among many colored people in the south that to meet a frog is a lucky incident, indicating that the one thus favored is about to receive money from some unexpected quarter.

A Soft Hearted Statesman.

The late Charles Floquet, who had been at the head of the government of the French republic in more than one ministry, was a redoubtable fighter in politics. His extreme benevolence was sometimes taken advantage of by his subordinates.

Once, when prime minister, Floquet had signed an order for the dismissal of a functionary who did not properly perform his duties and could not be made to do so. A friend of this functionary, who had access to the minister and who knew his characteristic in this respect, said to M. Floquet about the man:

"You could not do otherwise, Mr. Minister, for the man is incorrigible. But it's too bad he has eight children."

"Eight children!" exclaimed Floquet.

"Yes, sir. There are eight of them."

M. Floquet dropped the order for the man's dismissal upon the table reflectively.

"But, Mr. Minister," said the friend, "you can hardly be governed by considerations of benevolence in such a matter."

"I suppose not. But eight children! Eight children are a lot to take care of in these times."

Floquet put the dismissal away in a pigeonhole and said, with an air of great severity:

"Send this fellow to me tomorrow!"

The next day the troublesome official came. M. Floquet gave him a scolding and said to him that he ought to be discharged, and that he certainly would be but for his eight children. This announcement was as good as an assurance of perpetuity in office to the lazy functionary, for he certainly took no step to reduce the number of his children. He did no better in his work, but held his place as long as M. Floquet was in office.—Youth's Companion.

The Joke Was on the Boys.

"Assayers are the common butt in all mining camps, and, as a rule, I believe they 'get it in the neck' undeservedly," said a well known mining man.

"For example," said he, "you remember that story of Mark Twain's, how the boys up in Utah got hold of a chunk of a Mormon's grindstone and worked it off on the camp assayer? He got an assay of $300 to the ton in silver out of that grindstone, and the boys ran him out of camp. That was a true story, and yet, after these many years, let me tell you that assayer was all right. You see, in the early days the Mormons used to cut their grindstones out of what afterward was known the world over as Silver Cliff. That cliff was a sand carbonate, and eventually it was discovered to be one of the most wonderful deposits of silver ore the world has ever known. But that was too late to help the poor devil of an assayer who sampled the grindstone."—Arizona Republican.

The Law of Growth.

Dr. Charles Sedgewick Minot, professor of histology and embryology in the Harvard Medical school, backs up his theory of the law of growth by the results of several years of observation upon guinea pigs, dogs, rabbits, ferrets and other small animals, as well as Boston school children. He says that in all growing animal organisms from the period of birth to death there is a steady loss of the power to grow, contrary to the general belief that this loss begins later in life. The body develops all the time, but the power to keep up that development steadily decreases after birth, and it decreases much more rapidly at first than later in life. A guinea pig two days old will gain 10 per cent of its weight in the next two days. But the twenty-fifth addition of 10 per cent to its weight will take the pig 88 days. The law is the same with animals and man.

Golf Under Difficulties.

Golf is played at Eshuwayo under somewhat difficult conditions. Balls, if lost, cannot be replaced easily, and not only have "caddies" to keep their eyes wide open when a stroke is made, but the player must have one eye on the ball in its flight and another on any bit of scrub in which a native may be lurking. A slight squint under these circumstances would seem to be an advantage rather than otherwise. The native does not want to assegai the player, but only to get possession of the ball. Having secured that and got away, he will have holes pierced through the ball so that he may string it as the most prominent gem among the beads of his necklace for full dress, and thus adorned he will strut as proudly as if that golf ball were the Kohinoor.

Many Headed Great Man.

Hideyoshi is one of the greatest men in Japanese history. His relics are as numerous as those of Washington. In a monastery not far from Yokohama the guide shows the visitor a skull which, it is declared, is the veritable headpiece of the great departed.

Phillips Brooks saw this relic when he was in Japan.

"Why," said he, "I thought Hideyoshi had an enormous head. This skull is very small."

"Yes," said the guide, "but that was when he was 13 years old!"—New York Press.

Parliamentary Compliments.

Talking of parliamentary success, there is a story that Mr. Disraeli once said of Sir William Harcourt, "He has the three essential qualifications for success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice and no principles." This saying was repeated to Sir William Harcourt, who observed that, "leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to Dizzy himself."—London Saturday Review.

"As jolly as a sand boy" represents the hopping to and fro of a marine insect seen everywhere along our coasts, whose leaps give the idea of mirth and jollity.

The chameleon, which is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.—Swift.

Art and the Dollar Question.

I have a friend whom I shall venture to call a "poor artist," for I know that he is poor and gets his living, such as it is, by painting. I cannot pretend to judge his work, but I have had ample proof that he is devoted, laborious and will not sacrifice his convictions for gain or popularity. Perhaps he is not so singular in this, but what, as my experience goes, is a peculiarity of his is that he is not in the habit of cursing the "Philistines." His view seems to be that, as he paints to suit himself, it does not comport with his self respect to blame people whom his painting does not suit for refusing to buy it or for being unable to understand it. My friend, as I have said, is poor and is likely to remain so, but he appears really content with his work and his relative poverty.

I confess that his attitude is a comfort to me, and that in his patience and modesty and generous fidelity to his ideal he is a model whom some other artists — perhaps artists generally — might study with advantage. He puts into his work the best he has to give, and that, in substance, is what the great critics have insisted is the source of the greatest value in art. Of course a man's best, so far as concerns his talent, may be inch or little, but whatever it is he will hardly get it into his work if he is thinking chiefly of the money return or if he is habitually resentful because he does not get the money return.—Scribner's.

In Pretoria.

It is a gray day, with a soft, soaking drizzle of rain, good for the long parched crops, but somewhat depressing to the spirits and curiously in harmony with the general prospect of affairs. Yesterday's dazzling sunshine and tropical heat, though tempered by a pleasant breeze in the afternoon, culminated about sunset in one of the magnificent storms which take place every now and then throughout the rainy season. In a few minutes, as it seemed, from the time when we had first noticed that clouds were gathering the sky was black and a shrieking wind was whirling clouds of yellow dust from Government House down the whole length of Longmarket street, blotting out trees and houses on either side. Then, after a pause, down came the rain mingled with hailstones, some of them as large as marbles, which rattled on the zinc roofs till—between them and the thunder—one could hardly hear one's self speak indoors.

It passed almost as quickly as it had come, leaving the sluices in every street roaring like brooks in spate, gardens sorely damaged and great holes washed here and there in the roadway for the corporation to fill up with broken shale.—London Speaker.

The Cathode Ray.

It may be briefly explained, without going into the details of a very technical subject, that ordinary light is regarded as due to vibrations which are at right angles to the direction in which the ray travels, but that, in the mathematical theories of light, other vibrations, in the direction of the ray, are indicated, though wholly unknown in experience hitherto. If the new rays prove, in fact, to be of this character, so as to realize indeed the long sought longitudinal vibration, the discovery is of the first importance in science and will hardly find its equal in interest since the discovery of the law of gravitation, for it reveals a new mode of action of force, governing a wide range of phenomena and effects which until now have lain entirely outside the bounds of our cognizance.—Professor A. W. Wright in Forum.

Kruger's Ways.

Many tales are told of the delightful simplicity of President Kruger of the Transvaal republic. After an interview with him, an English missionary asked Dr. Leyds, the secretary of state, if the president really knew no English. "If you are praising him or speaking well of the Transvaal, he knows no English," said the doctor, "but if you are speaking ill of him or saying anything against the Transvaal, he knows every word you say." He once consented to open a Hebrew synagogue in Johannesburg and closed an address with these words: "And so I consecrate this building to the worship of the triune God." This almost created a split in the congregation, many thinking the temple had been desecrated.

The Crafty Councilman.

The councilman was busy with his pen. Slowly and painfully he constructed a single word. When it was finished, he held it aloft and spelled it over with profound satisfaction. The word was "suspicion." The councilman arose from his chair, carefully placed the paper on the seat and sat upon it. Then he smiled an unctuous and crafty smile.

"Now," he softly chuckled, "who will dare deny that I am above suspicion?"

After which he placidly resumed the pleasing task of laying ropes for reelection.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Beauties of Iceland.

Nothing can be more delightful than a horseback trip through Iceland. The traveler sees thousands of mountain covered with eternal snow, contravalling the Alps in grandeur; great geysers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is second only to Niagara in size and beauty; crystal streams and dashing rivers; lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glistens in the sun like hoar frost, and, as a crowning glory, the atmosphere is so brilliant that objects 80 miles distant appear close at hand.

Mexico's Army and Navy.

The regular army of Mexico comprises 27,000 men of all arms, including a police of about 2,000 men and a gendarmerie of 250. The navy consists of two small unarmored vessels and three gunboats. The annual expenditure on account of the army and navy is from $12,500,000 to $15,000,000.