

**The Shooked American.**  
The man who knew a little of every-thing looked at the passenger in the seat ahead of him and finally leaned forward.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you really ought to shake off the cares of business and go somewhere for complete rest and quiet."

"You mind your own affairs," said the other man gruffly.

The sympathetic passenger looked hurt.

"Of course," he said, "your case is nothing to me. I only proffered the advice in a spirit of friendliness. At the same time anybody can see at a glance that you are suffering from too much excitement."

"There, now, let up on that," said the gruff man. "I don't want any more of your chaff."

"What's money to a man in your condition?" said the sympathetic passenger without heeding the rebuke.

"Mighty little," growled the gruff passenger.

"You'll never pardon yourself for this neglect," said the sympathetic passenger.

"I wish I could," said the gruff man.

"What you need is to get out and drink in the free air of nature," said the sympathetic passenger.

"You bet it is," checked the gruff man.

His cheeks turned to a length that shook him so thoroughly that something clattered at his wrists. He held up his arms, and lo! he was handcuffed. Turning to the horrified passenger, he hoarsely whispered:

"Ten years in the pen, ha, ha, ha!"

And the sympathetic philanthropist sank back in his seat dumb with horror.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Wide Open.**  
"That man can get anything he wants in here without money," said the waiter as a little man left the cafe carrying a box of cigars.

"How's that—an old friend?"

"No. It was this way: The boss had been running this joint a long time, and he didn't know what the trouble was, but people would pass us by, and we couldn't pull 'em in. One day this little fellow comes along and asks how business is. He looks like a man who knows what he's talking about. 'It's on the bum,' says he. 'Do you know why?' asks the man. 'No,' says the boss. 'I'll tell you,' says the man, and he shows the boss how the door is too narrow, and how you have to turn a corner to get in, and how there is a big sign and a smiling in the way, and the cashier's desk blocks the window and you can't see the tables from the walk. Well, the boss spends a lot of money and fixes everything different, makes a wide door, as you see, and puts the tables so you can look at the clean linen from the walk, and you wouldn't believe it, but the people just flocked in in droves and we've been on Easy street ever since. New York people like a wide open game, and they won't go against anything else."—New York Telegram.

**A Novel Way to Catch Eels.**  
An interesting story concerning the Society for association of ideas in fishes comes from the West Indies. On one of the islands an old man in the habit of assembling great numbers of eels near the surface of the water by the simple device of striking one pebble upon another, thus producing a short, sharp sound. On account of this facility he was for a long time believed by the other natives to be a sorcerer, a reputation which he probably liked to have, for he made no effort to avoid it, and it was by accident that it was discovered that the clinking of the pebbles was always succeeded by the throwing of food and scraps of other food upon the water. The eels had become accustomed to connecting the two incidents, and never failed to appear in the certainty of receiving food, when they heard the sound of the pebbles.

Unfortunately for the confidence of the eels in human nature, as soon as the natives discovered the old man's trick they imitated it to their own benefit and captured the eels as fast as they appeared.—New York Commercial.

**William Lloyd Garrison.**  
William Lloyd Garrison, a son of the famous abolitionist, said of his father in a recent lecture in Boston: "At home Mr. Garrison was cheerful. His sense of the ludicrous was very marked. He was passionately fond of music and had a habit of singing through the house. Besides was a delight to him and would be good with him when the mother could not soothe him. He was very fond of puns. When the servant failed, he helped in the kitchen. When there was sickness, he was a wonderful nurse. At table he made the conversation general and drew out the most timid."

**Apples and Sleep.**  
A French writer has been collecting medical opinions about apples. An American doctor says that apples contain more phosphorus than any other fruit or indeed any kind of vegetable and advises the eating of an apple before going to bed at night. Apples, says a well known French doctor, induce a more quiet sleep than chloral or opium.

**Two Sly Maldeens.**  
"I think Tom is going to propose soon. He is always telling me how rapidly his business is growing."

"I know a better sign than that. Jack never calls without asking all about papa's business."—Harlem Life.

A leading geographical authority claims that there are 800 mountains in the United States which exceed 10,000 feet in height.

It is not a true apology for any course to say that it is natural.—Theodore.

Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fools.—Socrates.

**He Convinced the Duke.**  
During his visit to the United States the late Duke of Marlborough made a host of friends. His quick eye, unflinching manner and ability to grasp easily the many-sided electrical questions won the highest admiration of the practical Yankees, whose idea of an English duke differed in every way from the real, live British peer. Upon one occasion, however, the old duke was spirit of the duke gained the upper hand and he paid for the duke's trip from a republican manner with a few good lines and a rather severe shaking up of the dotal frame.

The duke was making a tour of inspection over one of the Chicago cable lines and came across a cable car driver who was a typical Yankee, born and bred in the state of Connecticut.

"Can you stop the car quickly?" asked his grace.

"If I just reckon yo kin bet yer life I can, Mr. Duke."

"How soon?"

"In 'bout two yards," replied the Yankee.

"Nonsense!" sharply exclaimed his grace. The next moment the duke was picking himself out of a small hand bank by the side of the tram line, into which the abrupt stoppage of the car had thrown him. As he quietly brushed himself the Yankee smiled and remarked: "I hope ye ain't hurt, Mr. Duke. (Does ye think I kin stop her suddint now, don't ye?)"—London Telegraph.

**English Public Documents and Cases.**  
The British government sells all its publications. It gives nothing away. If you want a copy of a bill that has been introduced into the house of commons or a report that has been presented to the house of lords or any public matter in the London county council or the board of aldermen of the city, you have to buy it from the official printers, and you have to pay postage if it is sent through the mails. In our country nearly all official documents of this kind are given away, and are sent free through the mails under a frank. The British plan seems to be the more sensible. It saves millions of dollars every year that are wasted in the United States to furnish public documents to people who do not care anything for them, and who throw them into the waste paper basket as soon as they are received. The charge for official publications is only sufficient to pay the cost and a small margin for postage. Thus the government printing office is self supporting and the postal service pays a profit of \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 annually into the treasury. On the contrary, on our side of the Atlantic, it costs \$5,000,000 or more to pay for printing for which no one is the wiser, and our postoffice department declares an Irish dividend of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 every year, much of which is due to the transportation of "pub. docs."—Chicago Record.

**Setting Marmalade With the Koras.**  
The Kurdish chief and his elder sons stroked their beards and ejaculated "Mahallah!" whenever their European guest put his fork in his mouth. "My father, why does the Firangi eat with a hook?" a little Kurd asked at last, but his father, at which he cried bitterly. To console him I gave him a spoonful of marmalade, which terrified him; but, fearful of being punished again for bad manners, he pushed the spoon and gulped it down like a pill, saying, "Avalla Efendiim." He must have liked it all the same, for soon afterward the father came and asked me what the "hadi" was. I gave him the pot, which he emptied. Murad then cleaned the knife and fork and shut them with a click into a patent clasp knife. This put too great a strain on the chief's curiosity, and he asked to see it close. After a careful examination he remarked scornfully, "In truth, only in Firangistan can they make such things of beauty."—Clive Bigham's "A Ride Through Western Asia."

**Hardy Nova Scotia Fishermen.**  
The great "Yankee" fishermen are mostly Nova Scotians, but the captains of our fishing vessels are, as a rule, Americans, hardy, self-reliant, quick to think and to act and ready for any emergency. While the dories are out the captain, with the aid of the cook, handles the ship and keeps his weather eye on the horizon. If he sees danger in sky or sea, he sets a signal—usually a basket hoisted in the fore-stayal balyards—till recalled the dory. One by one, he hoists the signal, till the dory comes up with such suddenness that the dories to leeward cannot get back. A dory with the bodies of two fishermen in it or more frequently empty or tossed bottom up by the waves tells the story. Yet in spite of the danger of starvation a jug of water usually constitutes all the provision aboard a dory, and a compass is a rare bird.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

**The Peacock at Home.**  
The real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail and are called the tail covert. Peacocks have been known for many hundreds of years. They are mentioned in the Bible. Job mentions them, and they are mentioned, too, in 1 Kings x. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperor made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

**Training Slavers.**  
The best slavers of the Roman army were trained to early proficiency by having their dinners suspended from a tree and being required to cut the string with a sling stone ere they could dine.

**High Prices in Richmond.**  
General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, deals with the preparations for the final campaign. General Porter says:

It was seen that Grant, by his operations, was rapidly forcing the fight to a finish. The last white man in the south had been put into the ranks, the communications were broken, the supplies were irregular. Confederate money was at a fabulous discount, and hope had given place to despair. The next evening one of our scouts returned from a trip to Richmond and was brought to headquarters in order that the general in chief might question him in person.

The man said: "The depreciation in the purchasing power of 'graybacks,' as we call the rebel treasury notes, is so rapid that every time I go into the enemy's lines I have to increase my supply of them. On my last trip I had to stuff my clothes full of their currency to keep myself going for even a couple of days. A barrel of flour in Richmond now costs over \$1,000 and a suit of clothes about \$1,200. A dollar in gold is equal in value to \$100 in 'graybacks.' Thus, so much counterfeit Confederate money has been shoveled in through our lines that in the country places they don't pretend to make any difference between good and bad money. A fellow came had come in from the western part of the state last week, a pretty tough yarn about matters out there. He said: 'Everything that has a picture on it goes for money. If you stop at a hotel and the bill of fare happens to have an engraving of the horse printed at the top, you can just tear off the picture and pay for your dinner with it.'"

**Tom Paine in Paris.**  
In 1803, at the Cafe Jacob, in the Rue Jacob, an obscure cabaret in an obscure street, was frequently to be seen the once redoubtable Thomas Paine, then about 65. Contemporaries represent him at this date as not only fallen upon evil days, but dirty in his person and madly addicted to spirits. That the general appearance of the author of the "Rights of Man" was "mean and poverty stricken" and that he was "much withered and careworn" Raimbach admits, and he moreover adds that "he had sunk into complete insignificance and was quite unnoticed by the government." But he also describes him as "fluent in speech, of mild and gentle demeanor, clear and distinct in enunciation" and endowed with an "exceedingly soft and agreeable voice"—words which, in this connection, somehow remind one of Lord Foppington's philosophic eulogy of Miss Heyden. Certainly, however, it is not the red nose and dilapidated personage who drank brandy and declaimed against religion in his cups with whom modern records have acquainted us.—Longman's Magazine.

**Antiseptic Surgery.**  
The medical value of cleanliness has not been fully appreciated until within the past few years. Indeed it is even yet scarcely allowed its full importance. There are yet in the medical profession men who seem to forget that cleanliness is often of quite as much importance as surgical skill. One of this sort of men, a dentist, with a tolerable practice, readily demonstrated his rights to be called a back number by a most objectionable performance, and one of which he is no doubt guilty every day of his life. In giving gas he used a cork attached to a string to keep the patient's jaws apart while the gas was being administered. The cork was dirty and covered with the marks of goodness knows how many teeth. He used the same cork, and yet this doctor put it into the cavity of the extracted tooth. Her mother demanded the cause of this strange proceeding.

"Why," she said, "I'm poking sugar in the old thing just to see it ache."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Cipher Landlady.**  
"You've got a very nice looking landlady," said Billkins to his friend Jillkins, who lived in a diggings, "but she looks sharper," he added in a whisper.

"Yes, you are right," replied Jillkins, with the smile of a man who had long ago discovered the fact. "It wants some one other than me to get over that woman."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, when I first came here a strong suspicion grew on me that the landlady helped herself rather freely to the victuals which I brought in for my own consumption. I would stop her little game, I thought. So accordingly one day I brought home a chop and a pound of new potatoes. Having counted them and finding that there were ten in all, I handed them over to be cooked. When the meal was ready and the covers had been removed, I strained my neck to see the result of my little ruse, when—

"You found nearly half of them gone, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of the sort. They were washed."—Pantson's Weekly.

**A Wonderful Operation.**  
"I suppose I performed the greatest surgical operation of the age," remarked the youngest doctor in the crowd that had been swapping experiences. "I was taking a run through British Columbia on my bicycle when I was asked to attend a young Indian whose stomach had no surgical appliances, but I fixed up the cut so that the fellow was around the next day and is strong and healthy now."

"How did you do it?" asked all in a breath.

"Well, the Indians had slaughtered a beef that day. I picked out a nice, thin piece of tallow, tied a string to it, covered it with tallow, shoved it into the wound and pulled it into place just as if I were mending a puncture in my tire. It was the greatest!"

But the crowd had melted away.—San Francisco Post.

**What Made Him Mad.**  
"Hamlet, my bonny Prince," said Garrick, encountering the melancholy Dane on the staircase of the Stygian Academy of Music, "tell me, were you mad or were you not?"

"Not until I saw you play me, David," replied Hamlet. "It was crazy over it for several days. But I have forgotten you."—Harper's Bazar.

**Before and After Death.**  
We usually believe in immortality so far as to avoid preparation for death and in mortality so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death.—Ruskin.

**Welcome at Least.**  
Young Playwright—And what did you think of my climax?  
Critico—It was very welcome.—Scottish Nights.

**Practical Test.**  
Dom Pedro, the last emperor of Brazil, was a man of a practical turn of mind, as the following story told him by a Spanish newspaper well illustrates:

He once gave an audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The emperor was pleased with the idea, but wished to put it to a practical test.

"Day after tomorrow," said he, "have your engine ready. We will have it copied to my saloon carriage and start. When going at full speed, I will give the signal to stop, and then we shall see how your invention works."

At the appointed time all was in readiness. The emperor entered his carriage, the young inventor mounted his engine, and on they sped for several miles as fast as they could go. There came no signal, and the emperor began to sleep. Suddenly the engine came to a sharp curve around the edge of a cliff, when, to his horror, on the track directly ahead of them the engineer saw a huge bowlder.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull the engine up within a couple of yards of the fatal block. The emperor, who was leaning his head out of his car window and demanded to know the cause of the sudden stoppage. The engineer pointed to the rock, and, much to his surprise, Dom Pedro began to laugh.

"Push it to on side and go on," he said calmly.

The engineer obeyed, and, kicking the stone, was still further astonished to see it crumble into dust before him.

It was nothing more or less than a block of starch which the emperor had made and placed on the rails the night before.—Harper's Round Table.

**A Sweet Revenge.**  
It is claimed that this story originated in Cleveland, a claim which may very well be true, because Cleveland, and especially the east end, has more precocious children to the acre than Boston could boast of in her palmiest days. This particular precocious infant lives on a pretty crock street in that favored locality. Not long ago she was troubled with an annoying and persistent toothache. Finally her mamma took her to a dentist, and the dentist interviewed the troublesome tooth.

After examining it he told her that the best thing to do under the circumstances was to have the tooth extracted, and this was the seat of the trouble.

Bracing herself firmly in the chair, she made him go ahead and remove the acher. After the operation was over she carefully wrapped the tooth in paper and declared she would take it home.

Next day her mamma noticed that she was an unusually good girl, and, upon looking around, located her in a window seat industriously poking sugar into the cavity of the extracted tooth. Her mother demanded the cause of this strange proceeding.

"Why," she said, "I'm poking sugar in the old thing just to see it ache."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Angelus Bird.**  
When traveling in the forests of Guatemala and Paragony, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell, when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird a bell singer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. Its song, which seldom exceeds a few notes, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or a convent, but it turns out that the forest is the chapel and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent. He is as large as a Jay and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head. It is conical in shape and about 4 inches in length.—Guardian Angel.

**Servants in Japan.**  
Servants are very cheap and very good in Japan. The foreign housewife has nothing to do, and she lives like a queen. The Japanese cooks are far better than most American cooks, and \$20 a month will pay the board and salaries of the help of an eight room house. A certain foreign resident in Tokyo who lives as a millionaire pays his cook \$5 a month. His butler gets \$2.50, and his gardener and second girl get about the same. These servants all board themselves, and the cook does the marketing. The house rent costs less than \$20 a month, and a coachman could be had at \$5 a month more. There is no trouble in getting good servants, and they watch after their employer's interests and see that he is cheated by none other than themselves.—Exchange.

**Pieces and Wholes.**  
Proprietors of stores where musical instruments are sold say that many people seem quite unable to discriminate between such establishments and those in which printed music is dealt in.

As an instance it is related that a young man came into a piano store and asked:

"Do you sell piano pieces here?"

"No," answered the salesman, "nothing but pianos whole."

The intending purchaser opened his eyes in a wide and puzzled way and went out apparently wondering whether the salesman thought he wanted a fragment of a piano.—Youth's Companion.

**Guinea Pig Farming.**  
England has three guinea pig farmers, one of whom exports 150,000 yearly to France, where they are used as test animals to rabbits, the flavor of the flesh being identical in the two animals. The industry is said to be very profitable.

**The Bad Girl's Job.**  
This was the joke of the bad girl of the school. She was likewise considered the brightest, but the combination of the two qualities did not keep her always on the best of terms with the arduous man whose duty it was to learn. It was on one of those special occasions when she and the learned instructor had had a difference of opinion. As to who was to blame there were two different views. The one favorable to the pupil was held by the young woman. The instructor did not divide his view of matters. But the wicked girl in the school was bound to be revenged. She set her wits at work, and, going into the schoolroom where the school was assembled one morning, the instructor discovered a drawing, more or less artistic, which represented the familiar scene of St. Peter at the gate of paradise.

Before the reverend saint stood a solitary man whose features bore an unmistakable resemblance to those of the instructor himself. From the saint's mouth proceeded these words, written in irreverent school girl fashion: "No, Johnny—the instructor's nose was all right—'I can't let you in. All your shoes are here, but there is no chance for you.' There was a moment of suspense while the twitching lips of the subject showed an effort at self control, but it was useless, and, with the whole school joining in a loud chorus, he broke into a hearty laugh. "No," he said when at last there was a pause, "I should not care to go in. If all my pupils are there, I should prefer to keep away. I have too much of them here."—New York Times.

**Realism.**  
"That installment of your new story was very interesting," said the editor of the story page, "but there was one thing about your manuscript that I thought that you were forgetting how to spell."

"If there is anything I pride myself on, it is being a good speller. I have often wished that I had put in the time I spent in acquiring the art of spelling words of six syllables in learning to calculate compound interest."

"I know that. Your reliability in that respect made the sentence that I refer to all the more mysterious."

"Maybe it was a slip of the typewriter."

"Possibly. It would have looked absurd if it had not happened to catch it. At the bottom of the last page, instead of writing, 'To be continued in our next,' as is customary, you put, 'To be continued in our necks.'"

"And you changed it?"

"Of course."

"I'm sorry you did. I wanted this story to be something particularly realistic. I wrote it 'in our necks' because that's where writers of this style of fiction invariably get it from both the publishers and the critics."—Detroit Free Press.

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**Orator O'Rourke's Kick.**  
Jim O'Rourke, the famous "orator," when in the League as a member of the New York baseball team never had the reputation of being a kicker, but upon one occasion he made a protest that will always be remembered by players who were on the team with him. In a game which was inspired by Phil Powers Jim hit a ball over the fence. It was foul by about a foot, but Jim, thinking it was a home run, began to tear around the bases like a runaway horse. When he reached the plate in a breathless state, yet wearing a look of triumph on his classic countenance, O'Rourke learned to his disappointment that the umpire had called the ball a foul.

"Why, Philly," exclaimed Jim in the mildest of tones, "that wasn't a foul!"

"Yes, Jimmy, I'm sorry to say it was," said Powers, with assurance.

"Why, Phil," remarked Jim rather seriously, "it was five feet fair."

"Oh, no, it wasn't, Jim. It was a dead foul," explained the umpire.

"Why, Mr. Powers?" protested the orator, growing slightly warmer under the collar. "I am conversant with the conglomerate of facts in this case, and as my optical-vestibular sense of extreme excellence I am positive of your misinformation."

This was a stunner for Powers, but he struggled gamely with this reply: "Mr. O'Rourke, you're not entitled to a home run. You must bat over again."

"See here, Powers," ejaculated the now thoroughly excited player. "I'll not allow you to rob me in this matter."

"See here, O'Rourke," retorted Powers, "if you give me any more talk I'll have to fine you." Then O'Rourke found solace in a burst of eloquence which sounded something like this:

"Why, you miserable, groveling, sycophantic, phosphorescent, unconstitutional viper, I've half a mind to communicate, extrajudicially, extracourt, extraprocurator, and eject you from this beautiful ball ground and this eccentric National League."

Powers was by this time tempted to reverse his decision, but O'Rourke, who was too quick for him, went out on a fly ball.—New York Sun.

**Largest Yoke of Cattle.**  
Joe and Jerry are the names of the largest yoke of cattle ever seen in America. They are the property of J. D. Avery of Rockland, Mass., and they are 9 years old and measure 10 feet in girth. They are 17 hands high, and from tip to tip their measurement is 15 feet 11 inches. The two together weigh 7,300 pounds. They are beautifully colored, are models of symmetry, and are extremely docile and gentle. They have been exhibited at all the large agricultural fairs in the country. They are black and white, like all pure Holsteins. The yoke they wear is said to be the largest ever made, and is 7 feet long and weighs 200 pounds. They walk a mile in 30 minutes. Their horns are magnificent and are highly polished. Their owner has the oxen groomed every day, and their coats shine like satin. On a level they have pulled 11,061 pounds of stone loaded on a drag, moving it 8 feet in one draw. This is a world record pull. They are fed from 9 to 12 quarts of corn and oats ground together, 3 quarts of bran meal and from 6 to 8 quarts of hay every day.—New York Tribune.

**Homeless Kate, the Best Car.**  
"Jack my driver, but it's Homeless Kate! Why, Kate, ain't there no getting you back to your friends? There's 40 chasers out for you from your road if there's one. Who's holdin you now?"

"With I knew, I said Homeless Kate. 'I belong in Topeka, but I've bin to Cedar Rapids; I've bin to Winslow; I've bin to Newport News; I've bin all down the old Atlanta and West Point, and I've bin to Buffalo. Maybe I'll fetch up at Haverstraw. I've only bin out two months, but I'm homesick, I'm just achin homesick.'"

"Try Chicago, Kate," said the switching loco, and the battered old car lumbered down the track, jolting. "I want to be in Kansas when the snowflakes bloom."

"Yard's full of Homeless Kates an Wanderin Willies," he explained to 607. "I knew an old Fitchburg Gates out 17 months, an one of ours was some 15 'fore ever we got track of her. Dunno quite how our men fix it. Swap around, I guess."—Rodyard Kipling in Scribner.

**Gold in Barnard's Body.**  
A German paper is responsible for the announcement that Barney Barnato, still more than the legendary king of Peru, who was wont to have his body gilded after every morning shower, the title of El Dorado—the "Man of Gold"—not because of his wealth or of his connection with gold mines, but because his system actually secreted gold. He was, says this credible authority, the victim of a disease called metallism, his blood being permeated with a powdery gold, as were his eyes, nose, ears and all of his mucous membranes. The pain caused by this condition was so intolerable that it is believed to have been the cause of his suicide.

**Wall Begins, Half Done.**  
First Reformer—I'm trying to write an essay on the emancipation of my sex, and I find it very hard to begin.

Second Reformer—Oh, I think that would be so easy. Why, you might begin by sharpening your pencil with your husband's razor, you know.—Detroit Tribune.

If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than plowing a good deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour than in yawning a century.

The old Alexandrian library contained 700,000 volumes, the largest collection ever brought together before the invention of printing.