

A man's dollars do not always make up for his lack of sense.

It must be much pleasanter to pilot a war balloon before hostilities begin than afterward.

The Wright boys will be flying to the end of the rainbow next and coming back with a pot of gold.

The girl who graduates in calico won't fool many young men into the belief that it is her favorite fabric.

The Pittsburg man who proposed to every woman he met was insane. Otherwise he might not have escaped so easily.

Some men make more noise about a nickel they contribute to charity than an old hen does when she lays an egg.

Mark Twain appears to need some trustworthy person to take care of his money for him after he has earned it.

Washington is bothered by a burglar who wears a dress suit. Yet, after all, it is only fitting that a burglar should wear evening clothes.

An Oklahoma man was sentenced to two days in jail for cheating the gas meter. This would be fair if there was any way of sending the gas meter to jail for cheating.

There is something marvelous in the fact that a tree will tower for decades unscathed of storm and get struck by lightning the first time any one seeks shelter under it from the rain.

Working girls, says a minor poet, need poetry to resist evil. Some of the poetry should take the form of more healthy workshops, protected machinery and better surroundings.

Those American girls who insist upon ministering to the spiritual needs of Chinamen should remember that the Oriental idea of women has not changed materially in the last 5,000 years.

Will the girls who have made their own graduation dresses and are proud of it pledge themselves to make their own dresses after marriage? Worthy but poor young men might like assurance on this point.

Notwithstanding the disclosures of the Gould case, there are countless thousands of young people in the world who will stick to the idea that there is nothing like walking hand in hand with love down a shady lane.

Four of the recruits who entered the Russian army last year were more than six feet and five inches tall, and about 1,200 were more than six feet and an inch. The report does not say whether they came from Little Russia or from Poland.

A Russian Grand Duke has sent to this country for a silver appliance which will enable him to hold an ear of corn while he eats the kernels from the cob. If he wears his whiskers a la Russ we hope he will not succeed in getting the appliance.

A man of the name of Giovanni Verrazano is alleged to have sailed up the Hudson River eighty-five years before the man who gave the stream his name ever saw it. It is a lucky thing for the school children who have to study geography that Verrazano didn't butt in and name the river after himself.

The Holbein portrait episode has an interesting sequel. The Duke of Norfolk, who sold it, is reported to have used the money to set aside out of his own property a park area for the enjoyment of the people. It is a matter for nice calculation to determine whether more good would be gained from the park or the picture.

Our future captains of industry are probably to be found, as were most of the present, in obscure positions. They are rodden on the way to becoming heads of great engineering concerns; train dispatchers on route for railway presidents; clerks in country stores fitting themselves all unconsciously to be financial leaders. The peculiar qualities which make them what they are cannot be taught; they are partly the gift of nature, and partly beaten out in the hard school of experience.

At the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, recently, there was an exhibition of a "liquid air helmet" which enables a man to enter the densest and most poisonous fumes without injury, and a "collapsible brass helmet" of which there was a more wonderful tale to tell. One of them was worn by a fireman at a fire in a rag and bottle shop. Fourteen tons of glass fell on the man's head and completely buried him, and when he had been dug out, down to his shoulders, another shower of glass descended and buried him again. "He was in the hospital for four months," added the brigade instructor, "and glass was coming out of different parts of his body for six months afterward, but he is still one of our best men."

Rumors and counter rumors, assertions and denials following each other from Central America all lead to the belief that, sooner or later, there will come a struggle in that little group of miniature republics which will result in a confederation of them all, with one (directed by a strong man) dominant over the whole. Whether interference by the United States and Mexico, or by either alone, would prevent this culmination, or, on the contrary, hasten it, is a question which cannot be answered. That events are crowding to an issue in Central America, that the issue concerns the domination of that group of nations, and that the United States and Mexico are like-

ly to become involved to a greater or less extent, in the opinion of the Boston Advertiser, is a reasonable belief.

The medical profession has worried for some time about the steady increase of cancer. When all other diseases are coming under better control with advance of medical science and sanitation, the proportion of deaths by cancer increases in all civilized countries. According to late reports one woman out of every eight in England and one man out of every eleven over 35, dies of cancer. Moreover, it is a disease of civilization and of the most carefully nurtured classes. It is rare among savages and not common among the poor and ill-cared for. It increases with human progress and with the elevation of individuals and families in the scale of comfort. Meanwhile science can make nothing of its cause or cure. All that laboratory investigation and experiments on animals can prove is that it is a growth of cells, not otherwise morbid or noxious than in a power of multiplication so rapid as to crowd out or swallow up the normal cells. An article on the subject in a current magazine hints at a curious explanation. It is a common, but barren remark that the progress of medicine and sanitation has thwarted the law of nature by which the human garden is ridged of its weaker plants by natural selection and survival of the fittest. Care and science keep alive, most of all in civilized countries and the best cared for families, thousands or millions that in a state nearer nature would have died in infancy or youth. It is intimated that cancer may be the last resort of nature to assert the principle of destruction of the weak. When we protect them from every other scourge till they pass 35, this mysterious and irresistible agency removes them. It appears to be a selective force, because there are recoveries from cancer as incomprehensible as its ravages and the few who make them are immune thereafter.

The Rural Telephone. A neighborhood not far from here, put in a telephone last year. Farmers built a rural line. Instruments all "talked" fine. To connect to do was ring. Every bell went ting-a-ling. One for Swanson, two for Boggs. Long and short for Mrs. Scroggs. Every neighbor had his call. Twist the crank and that was all. Mighty nice when work was through. To gossip for an hour or two. With your neighbors, one by one. Mighty nice when work was through. Other people's secrets dear. Poured into his large red ear. Slipped his leg and said: "I swan! Telephone's let of him."

Somehow in a week or two. Troubles dark began to brew. Farmer Jones got fighting hot. Heard Scroggs calling him a sot. Scroggs also got angry, too. Heard Smith telling what he knew. Smith heard Johnson telling lies. Paid him off with two black eyes. Johnson heard young Ezra Boggs Underbid him on his hog; To overhear some other two. Telling what was not for you. Every time the signal rang. To the phone each farmer sprang. Slyly grinned and softly took. The receiver from the hook; Boggs overheard a sneaking churl Making love to his best girl. Women, too, were in the muss. Raised a most tremendous fuss. Everyone from Scroggs to Jones. In glass houses throwing stones. Now the line has silent grown. Wires rusted, poles o'erthrown. Twenty friends are deadly foes. Each one full of griefs and woes. Each too mad to speak a word. Cause of things they overheard. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Careful Man. The passengers in an accommodation train which was winding its way through New Hampshire were interested and amused by an elderly couple who sat in the middle of the car. They talked as if there were no one else in the car. Therefore, having heard most of their private plans, no one was surprised to have the old man take the assembled company fully into his confidence. At one station he rose and addressed the passengers in general. "Can anybody change a five dollar bill for two twos and a one or five cents?" he inquired. "I can," said a brisk woman, and the transfer was quickly made. "Now, could anybody change this one dollar bill for four quarters or tens and fives?" asked the old man. "I can give you two fifties," said a man from the rear seat, "unless somebody else can do better." It appeared that nobody could or at least nobody offered, so as the train started the old man lurching down the car to the possessor of the two fifty cent pieces. "Thank you," he said as he took the money. "I'm obliged, though I'd have liked the quarters best. You see, Marthy has set her mind to stop off at Nashua whilst I go on up to my brother's with the eggs and truck. And, though she don't plan nor mean to be a spendthrift woman, when she's let loose amongst a lot of stores she'll run through 50 cents in an hour easy, and I kind of have to put a curb on her."—Youth's Companion.

Queen of Holland Like Other Girls. The lady who is now the queen of Holland became a queen when she was quite a little girl. One day the little queen wished to speak to her mother, so she went up to the door of the room in which her mother was talking to some friends, and there she knocked very loudly. "Who's there?" asked the mother. "It is the Queen of Holland," replied the little girl, in a very stately tone. "Then," called the mother, "she must not come in." On hearing this the little queen altered her voice and in a very gentle tone said: "Mamma, it's your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you!" Whereupon mother, who was just like other little girls' mothers, called out: "You may come in, then."

Boys say that any girl who wants fireworks is a tomboy.

A LULLABY.

O wandering wind, I pray thee fold thy wings, The whispering trees are calling thee to rest, The shy grove dim, the noisy birds are still, And softly sleeps my baby at my breast. O restless sea, whose waters wan and cold, Fret the brown rocks with angry moon-white crest; Hush them, I pray, to little lapping waves, For softly sleeps my baby at my breast. O guardian stars, half hid by fleecy cloudlets, Your watch-fires now I pray make manifest; No other light have we within the chamber, Where softly sleeps my baby at my breast. O Lord of earth, and sea, and stars, and heaven, Come to our home to-night, and be our guest; So in the darkness, which is as Thy shadow, Shall softly sleep my baby at my breast. —Chas. Brooke.

ACROSS THE DEAD LINE



It was a disagreeable surprise to us as every artillery man when our regiment was detailed for prison duty during the war, not only because it was distasteful work, but we thought it derogatory to our branch of the service; and, indeed, it is a mystery to me to this day why we were selected.

But the command having been given we were soon on the march and one sultry summer afternoon arrived at our destination. We found that the prison consisted of a long, low shed surrounded by a pallisade about nine feet high called a stockade, and this again encircled by a raised platform at such a height that sentries placed upon it could look over the top of the enclosure and observe the prisoners inside.

This was necessary because at some distance from the shed was a shallow ditch, dubbed in military parlance "a fence," although a more absurd name could hardly have been chosen, since it could be crossed by a single stride, and at night it was so indistinct that a line of lighted lanterns had to be placed near it in order to prevent the prisoners from stepping inadvertently over it.

There was another and more sinister name by which the fence was known to guards and prisoners alike; it was called by them "the dead-line," because a prisoner found across it was ordered to be shot.

When one stormy evening, I visited a brother officer in his tent, and on leaving found the night so dark that I lost my way and did not know where I was till I brought up against the stockade. At that moment a rift in the clouds letting out a moonbeam, I saw distinctly through the pallisade a man in a tattered gray uniform looking up in astonishment at a sentry who was violently gesticulating. The fellow was throwing his arms about in a way that made him resemble a scarecrow in a wheat field during a gale of wind.

I was at a loss to understand his actions till, on looking more closely at the prisoner, I observed that the line of black lanterns, whose light had been extinguished by the violence of the wind, was behind instead of in front of him. The prisoner's face was toward the moonlight, which was at my back, and I therefore could see his features plainly, and knew by the expression of them that this grim, determined looking man was quite unaware of the danger of his position. After a second or two it seemed to dawn upon him; he stopped hastily backward and was soon lost in the black shadow of the prison shed.

I heard the sentry resume his measured tread, but could see nothing further, for the moonlight was again curtained by the clouds. Alone and unobserved I had witnessed a dereliction of duty on the part of the sentry that if I reported it would probably be fatal to him; what was I to do? If I did not report him I myself would be as guilty as he.

I stood rooted to the spot in the still, black night, for the wind had entirely died away, in an ecstasy of agony. The perspiration broke out in great beads on my forehead, and my hands were clenched until the nails wounded the palms. If the moon had only not come out all would have been well; the prisoner, whatever may have been his intentions, would never have been discovered by the sentry or myself, and I would have groped my way to my tent in blissful ignorance of what was now causing me so much misery.

While I was thinking this, or rather immediately afterwards, a thin, small voice sounded in my ear—to this day I cannot tell whether it came from heaven or hell—but it said distinctly, "The United States expects every officer to do his duty." And slowly I dragged myself to the tent of the officer of the watch and reported what I had seen. Immediately on my report a posse was detailed to arrest Number Six and replace him by another man. The sentries on the platform were numbered according to their position, and therefore I knew exactly which sentry had been in fault. In the morning a court-martial was held, at which, of course, I was the solitary witness against the prisoner. He was brought in weaponless, be-

lieved two armed guards. During the preceding night I had not been in a position to observe his countenance, therefore I was greatly horrified to find that this tall, thin strapping, scarcely 21 years of age, whose lank, sandy hair hung over the collar of his coat, and was almost the color of his complexion, was a lad I had especially befriended, with whom I was as intimate as an officer is permitted to be with a private in the same regiment. The boy was a most determined young fellow. He had been singularly well conducted and a great interest was taken in him by all of his officers, because it was known that he was the son of a Southern planter, and that he had run away from home on the breaking out of the war, and enlisted in the Federal ranks. He stood facing the judge, very erect, his arms straight down by his sides in the attitude of attention; but I thought I detected, notwithstanding the grimness of his features, a certain gray shadow stealing over his face that made me shudder, for somehow or another it put me in mind of the shadow of death.

The judge asked the prisoner his name, which was only a formality, he knowing it quite well, being his colonel. On hearing it, the judge continued: "You are accused, Percy Livingston, of dereliction of duty last night; what have you to say in self-defense?" "Who is my accuser, sir?" asked the youth, his keen, gray eyes roving round the room.

"Captain Blank over there," replied the colonel, nodding in my direction. The lad gave me one swift look and then turned his eyes away. There was a whole sentence of reproach in that quick glance; it said: "You, my friend and mentor, to whom I looked for advice in every difficulty? I could not have believed you would act so like a traitor!" It made me feel as if I were the real culprit.

"Private Livingston, if you have anything to say concerning the reason why you allowed a rebel prisoner to escape punishment last night, say it now." The soldier made several ineffectual efforts to answer the judge, but each time a dry sob choked his utterance; at length he stammered: "He was my father, sir."

I shall never forget the hoarse murmur of horror that came from those war-seasoned, hard-featured soldiers, gathered for a matter of life and death; it was succeeded by a silence that could be felt, that seemed to hinder one's breathing. The majors and captains and lieutenants bit their mustaches and gazed furtively at their colonel to see what effect the words had on him; but he gave no sign, his visage being as immovable and expressionless as that of the Sphinx.

Turning to the orderlies, he commanded them to search out the rebel prisoner, Livingston. A most unobtrusively looking man came striding in; his figure was slouching, his manner ungainly, yet for all that, no one could look at the tall, stooping giant without feeling that he belonged to a ruling caste. This man, in spite of his stoop and his slouch, was accusatory to say to other men, "Do this," and "Do that."

There was a puzzled expression on his face as he looked at the judge; it said, "What am I wanted for?" "Is this your son?" asked the colonel.

The Southerner did not look at the lad since he came into the room; now he turned with a perceptible start and fixed his gaze on the boy; he evidently had failed to recognize him the night before; he gazed long and sternly on him, but the young fellow's eyes were on the ground.

As they stood together in the open space in the center of the room, no one could doubt the relationship existing between the two; six feet two, every inch of it, both of them, with square, high shoulders, long, thin neck, a figure too narrow for its height, and the same grim, thin-lipped mouth; and yet the elder turned to the judge and said: "No, sir."

"He says he is your son." The old man drew himself up, folded his arms across his breast, and said in a hard voice: "He was my son, but I recognize no child of mine in your ranks." "Captain Blank, is this the man that crossed the fence last night?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir," I answered. "You have no doubt about it?" "No, sir." "Prisoner Livingston, what have you to say?" "It was so dark that I could not see the line, the lantern light having been blown out by the wind."

"But you saw the sentry waving to you?" "Yes, but only when moonlight came from the clouds; it was he who directed my attention to what I had done." "You are aware, of course, that this man has forfeited his life to save yours, as his orders were to shoot any prisoner found across the line?" "Perhaps he—he recognized me, sir."

"We will have to accept the consequences of disobedience," said the judge in a hard, dry voice. The planter turned once more and looked at his son, but the boy had never lifted his eyes. The grimness faded from the old man's face, and after one long, wistful look he faced the judge. The pride of the haughty ruler of slaves was humbled; it was a suppliant who said in a broken voice: "I, too, am a soldier, let me die in his place, Judge; he is so young." "No, I forbid it!" called out the boy in a strong, stern voice. "I have broken the rules of the army and must pay the penalty."

"He is right; the army in such a case accepts no substitute," said the colonel. The son stretched forth his hands imploringly to his father, and in a broken voice begged for forgiveness and recognition. "It is for the last time, father." The planter's face became gray as without a word he opened his arms. The son flew into them as a swallow flies to its nest, and while that military crowd cleared its throat the father and son wept on each other's necks. But the old colonel still sat immovable.

Presently the father cried out in the language of David: "Oh, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!" Then he stroked the boy's head, kissed him on the forehead and gently pushed him away, and the two tall soldiers of opposing armies stood side by side with bowed heads, awaiting the sentence of the judge.

"Private Livingston," began the judge—"ahem." The officers glanced at each other in astonishment, and the glance said, "Our tough old colonel has broken down." "Private Livingston," he began again, then cleared his throat for action in a very fierce way. "You are sentenced to—acquittal—in consideration of your relationship to the rebel prisoner."

An irrepressible murmur of approbation broke from the court of war, and one stout and red-faced major, who had not so very long ago been a private himself and was before that a respectable shoemaker, burst out with an "Hooray!" "Silence, sir," commanded the colonel, "or I'll have you arrested for contempt of court."

The discomfited major sat down again, while his fellow officers passed their hands over their mouths to conceal their smiles. "Private Livingston, you can now conduct your father back to the stockade."

As the two men passed out arm in arm a general handshaking took place in the court room, and everybody congratulated everybody else on the happy termination of what promised to be an awful tragedy.—Waverly Magazine.

Post Holes by Machine.

An interesting post hole boring outfit which will make a hole uniform in size at top and bottom and of any depth to six feet is described in the July Popular Mechanics. It consists of a boring machine, mounted on a truck in such a way that it can be worked at either side or back of the truck. The holes are made by a large auger, or chisel bit, operated by a gear working in a toothed shaft, which furnishes the means of raising or lowering it. The power is applied by two friction clutches, which permit this raising or lowering of the auger without reversing its motion.

The engine and gasoline tank are placed on the front part of the machine. In this way providing sufficient weight to balance the other end, and the power is transmitted from the engine to the drive pulley by means of a belt. The machine will dig holes in any kind of soil on to which the truck can be driven, cutting readily through hardpan, shale and soft sandstone. Two men are required to operate it.

A Tramp of Resource.

Much experience of thirsty tramps had caused the author of "An English Holiday," J. J. Hissey, to foreknow almost exactly what they would say to him. One day, when sending his car slowly along a shady English road, he met one of this guild, who accosted him with the preliminary touch of his cap. Mr. Hissey anticipated him by exclaiming: "Be mortal thirsty! Have you, good sir, the price of a glass of ale about you? I've driven nearly fifty miles to-day, and since the morning not a bite of food has passed my lips." The look of astonishment that tramp gave me was a delight to observe. But this tramp was a man of ready resource, and seeing I was a hopeless case, he rose to the occasion and promptly exclaimed, with what dignity he could command and with a comically serious expression: "If there were a policeman in sight I would give you in charge for begging, that I would!"

Head On, Only.

Any remark which might possibly be construed into unfavorable criticism of his old master or any of his belongings is instantly resented by Pomp, an old Southern negro. A young granddaughter from "up north" was looking over the family portraits and commenting freely, while Pomp stood, a sable image, at her side. "I don't think much of that horse's tail," said the girl, nodding her head toward a portrait of her spirited ancestor seated on the horse which carried him through the civil war. "It looks rather moth-eaten to me." "Dee wasn't nobody from de Norf ebber saw dat boss's tail in wah times," answered Pomp, his voice charged with indignation.

A Hint to the Wise.

As Jones and Brown were crawling along the highway where lately they had gone at top speed, a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch says, Jones was moved to inquire why Brown ran his car so slowly these days. "When everybody's carrying home garden tools," Brown replied, "you can't run over a man without raking a puncture." About the only work an office-holder does is to work for re-election.

QUEER STORIES

The French Aerial League numbers ten thousand members.

The total continental area of the United States, including Alaska, is about equal to that of all Europe.

It is said that the negligence of the railroad management is responsible for only about one-fifth of the losses of freight in shipment.

Prof. Herkomer maintains that the leading trait among modern painters is no longer love of their art, but pride at the price paid for their pictures.

While the seeds of the dorotoa, an East Africa leguminous tree, are extensively used for food, the pods and leaves form an excellent cement when mixed with crushed stone.

In the phonograph archives of the Vienna Academy of Sciences a collection of music and speech of many races and tribes in distant lands is gradually being formed. The most recent additions have been brought from Natal, and include selections of speech, song and music from Zulus, Nadi, Swazi, Matabele, Basa and other races.

In some parts of the world the women are not even allowed to pray. Certain Hindoo congregations deny their women this privilege, and among the Ainus women can pray only in very rare cases as the deputies of their husbands. The natives of Madagascar, however, stretch a point and permit their women to intercede with the powers of evil, but pray to their supreme being in strictly a masculine prerogative.

At Kiel, Germany, instruction in the use of the railway time table is a part of the curriculum in the elementary schools. It has been found that either the plan of railway travel or the people are so dense that the average adult can not understand it. In the Kiel schools lectures are given on the time table and problems are set or questions put as to imaginary tours and the pupil with book in hand is required to answer.

Although not the largest or longest river, the Amazon is the most wonderful river in the world, with a mouth 150 miles in width, and with a force of water that repels, or at least overlays, the ocean to a distance of more than fifty leagues. Yet, in spite of the weight of the river, the tide makes its influence felt for five hundred miles from the coast. The easterly trade winds blow almost invariably upward so as to be ready to help the vessel against the adverse currents.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN NORWAY.

Miss Gina Krog, a Pioneer, Tells What Her Sex Has Achieved. Miss Gina Krog, the most prominent Norwegian delegate to the quinquennial meeting of the National Council of Women, held in Toronto recently, started the first Woman's Rights Association in Norway more than twenty-five years ago in Christiania. The organization, now known as the Equal Suffrage League, was instrumental in procuring the ballot for women. On her way to Toronto Miss Krog stopped in New York for several weeks.

"I couldn't come to America without seeing at least a part of the States," she said. "On the other side we are not only interested in you as a nation, but we are anxious to see just what you are going to do about giving women the ballot. "The women of Norway have had municipal suffrage and been eligible for all municipal offices for the last nine years, and next fall we will exercise our rights as full voters for the first time. Though we speak of it as universal suffrage, we don't really have the same rights to the ballot as the men have at present."

"Before 1838 the men of Norway had suffrage with the taxation qualification. On that date they got universal suffrage. Next fall the women of Norway will begin to vote just about on the same terms that the men did before 1838, with the advantage that married women can vote on the taxes paid by their husbands and unmarried women on those paid by their parents. That is better than the men started with, you see."

"The women of Norway have served on juries for upward of five years. Often a woman is elected as foreman. We serve in all sorts of cases, just as the men do. They look upon us women of Norway as being interested in the welfare of our country aside from our sex. We have no children's court as yet. In its place we have a body of officers, men and women, elected by the municipal authorities to look after the welfare of the children.—New York Sun.

HOW WIND PRODUCES WAVES.

Its Action Upon Desert Sand and Prairie Snow. There are wind waves in water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of 52 miles an hour gives waves of an average height of 26 feet, although individual waves will attain a height of 40 feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so that a westerly wind will always find a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind, still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost inevitable during storms, for they are

masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm. The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation their movements are entirely controlled by the wind and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest height of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg snows of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being 50 times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind-formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

TENDENCY TO BE QUEER.

Its Manifestations in the Realm of Religion and Healing. While the majority of people are inclined to think and act like one another, thus keeping the social order from violent convulsions, there is on the part of a great many a native tendency toward the queer; they are contented only outside of the traces, the Century says. In every community small enough to be aware of its own individualities people in general know who are the "natural-born" come-outers—which man and which woman is likely to take up with the newest fad in dress, doctoring, means of grace, political economy, "social science" and the true authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

There are certain persons destined to progress from one so-called reform to another more extreme as quickly as the reform shows itself. They are pretty sure to box the compass of religions, passing by gradual or violent stages from absolute irreligion to the narrowest dogmatism, or with great rapidity the other way around. Or they gravitate once and for all into the most irrational and absurd "religion" which happens to be forced upon their attention and stick contentedly to its extremest tenets and practices. The more "outré" and, to the ordinary mind, preposterous the new religion the greater the attraction it has for certain minds. The new religion is apt to be founded on some one phase of the old—a phase of it which by very reiteration and use has become trite. In its new and fantastic dress the old principle strikes the new adept as something in the nature of a fresh revelation.

As for the realm of healing, here all that is inconsequential and superstitious in the human mind is flagrantly revealed. Here every human being defends his right to experiment for himself and to give advice to others. We do not, or at least most of us do not, feel quite free to instruct and direct our neighbors continually in things spiritual; but in the matter of health and disease we all assert freedom of practice and of prescription. To such an extent is this tendency toward universal speculation that the strong hand of the law has to be called in and only under penalties may Tom, Dick, Harry and Harriet hang out his or her shingle as a competent practitioner for the cure of all human ailments. The tendency is nearly universal, but even here some more than others take instinctively to the preposterous.

Teacher—In this sentence, "The sick boy loves his medicine," what part of speech is "loves"? Small Boy—Please, ma'am, it's the part that ain't so.

Margie's mother was sowing some seeds and explaining how they would come up plants. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed Margie, "they go to bed babies and get up grown people."

Little Fred had been reading about Darwin, and one day he said: "Grandpa, I want to ask you something." "Well, what is it, Fred?" queried the old gentleman. "When you were a monkey," said the small student, "did you have a tail?"

Stern Parent (bringing out the strap)—Now, Tommy, I suppose you know why I am going to whip you, don't you? Little Tommy—Yes, sir, You're going to whip me because I am so small. If I was as big as the man next door you wouldn't dare lay a finger on me.

The Whisker in Disgrace. To the modern youth of this country the whisker, whether worn by old or young, is designed solely for ridicule and scorn. On the eastern coast we have reached the heyday of the barber in that probably nine men out of ten are smooth shaven. Yet the facial butchers are not grateful. Even when sharpening their razors for the mutilation of their next victim they grumble loudly: "We lose money on shaves; give us the old days of neatly trimmed whiskers and floating mustaches, when ornaments and hair-touces were as carefully considered as vintage wine and the adornment of the face was of more importance than the adornment of the body."

Plans have been completed for an under-river tunnel to connect Philadelphia and Camden, N. J. The success of New York's rivals to the ferry boats and bridges has aroused a general demand among the Quakers and their Jersey neighbors for similar conveniences, and contractors hope to provide them within three years. It is estimated that the cost will be about \$10,000,000. When a man engages in a quarrel, he begins to think up lies to tell on his side. It is a common experience that chiggers prefer the white meat.