A Bishop In Anger.

It is popularly supposed that bishops possess the power of self control in a perfect degree, but sometimes the best of them disclose the fact that, after all, they are but men.

On one occasion a certain lord bishop, eloquent and saintly, whose name is almost a household word in England, was preaching at the opening of a new church and for a few days stayed at a country house in the neighborhood. This bishop was excessively fond of a game of billiards and could hold his own on the cloth against the majority of amateurs.

During this visit his lordship played several quiet games with his host, but one morning had a prolonged run of bad luck, which so exasperated him that at last he entirely lost his temper and in his rage snapped the cue in two across his knee.

This mad action seemed to bring the bishop to his senses, and with profuse regrets he apologized to his host for his conduct, declaring that he would not have had it happen for the world.

But the host coolly replied:

"I must beg you, my lord, to think no more about the matter. I am really glad that it occurred, as for many years I have been wishful to see what a bishop was like when he wanted to use bad language."—London Tit-Bits.

Turner and the Doctor.

When Turner, the famous painter, was dying at Chelsea he sent in despair for a Ramsgate doctor who had done him some good during his recent stay at that place and who, he hoped, might take a different view of his case from that which the London physicians had expressed. The doctor arrived and confirmed the opinion that the artist had very little time longer to live. "Wait a bit," said Turner to the doctor. "You have had nothing to eat and drink yet, have you?" "No, but that's of no consequence." "But it is," replied the painter. "Go downstairs, and you will find some refreshment, and there is some fine brown sherry—don't spare it—and then come up and see me again." The doctor refreshed himself and then came back to the patient. "Now, then," said Turner, "what is it? Do you still think so badly of my case?" The doctor regretfully said he could not alter his former opinion. The artist shook his shoulders, turned his face to the wall and never spoke again.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Rich Woman's Closet.

"The nearest approach to a Bluebeard's closet that I ever saw," said a woman the other day, "was in the country house of one of New York's most fashionable women.

"I didn't know her, but in a queer, roundabout way I was once shown over the house and saw Mrs. V.'s private apartments. I pretty nearly fainted when I walked into a room where a dozen or more women were apparently hanging from the ceiling.

"When I came to I found that what I had taken to be a choice collection of female corpses was really a lot of manikins. Mrs. V. had them made after her own measurements, and her choicest costumes were kept on them when not in use.

"Her maid would fasten a gown on to a manikin, put something over it to keep the dust off and then by means of a rope and pulley draw the whole thing to the ceiling. It was a fine arrangement, but looked as if Bluebeard had been around."—New York Sun.

Born That Way.

There is perhaps no point on which the librarian and child disagree so entirely as that of the proper condition of the hands. A child whose hands were black with dirt solemnly stated, "I was born that way." Another declared that the doctor said "he must not wash his hands till the weather got warmer." Another whispered, "Teacher, that's the color of my skin."

A boy who brought back a book with its cover soiled and greasy refused to pay the fine and finally brought his mother in to speak in his behalf. We had been very unjust and unkind to her boy, she said, "for he is very careful. He puts his book in the icebox, where the baby can't get it, and nothing but our food and Willie's books ever goes in that icebox."—Library Journal.

A Few Sufficed.

Sir James Crichton-Browne was sent on a mission to Jamaica in connection with the British colonial office. While at Kingston he had an encounter with a colored but very humble official. Sir James, a strenuous sanitarian and an ardent Scot, was keenly interested in the Scottish population of the island. "Do you have many Scotsmen in these parts?" he asked of the official. The darky thought for a moment and then answered, "Not many; just a few, but enough." Sir James collapsed.

A Diplomatic Tramp.

"Why don't you vamoose? I said no."

"Ah, madam, a beautiful woman's no oftimes means yes."

He got the cold bite for which he was pleading, and it was even warmed over for him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Great Art In Little.

"Is there really any art in conversing?"

"Of course; always say small things in a big way and big things in a small way."—Minneapolis Journal.

Outstripped It.

"As I recall things, you once had a future before you," said the old friend.

"Yes," replied the fate tossed man, "but, you see, I lived so fast that I got ahead of it."

Human life is governed more by fortune than by reason.—Hume.

TAXPAYER FEELS HIS DIGNITY.

Effect of Ownership of Property Is to Make Better Citizen.

"Many a time," said a policeman in the southern part of the city, "when arresting men, especially intoxicated men, I have been told by my prisoner that he was a taxpayer and that he helped pay my wages.

"I always regarded this sort of back talk as merely drunken insolence, and never paid much attention to it until about a year ago, when I bought a house and lot and became myself a taxpayer. I had always rented before and never gave a thought to taxes, but as soon as I moved into my own house I began to appreciate the feelings of the men who resented arrest because they paid taxes. There is certainly a considerable addition to the dignity of the man who helps support the government. He feels a degree of responsibility that a renter or roomer never understands, and my idea is that every man in the country ought to become a taxpayer as soon as he can, and the mere fact that he does help to support the government and bears his share of the expense, makes him a better citizen. Habitual criminals, excepting, of course, high financiers, are rarely taxpayers. They know they may have to run any day and perhaps never come back, so they do not buy real estate, but are roomers and lodgers all their lives."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOLLAND BULB TRADE IMMENSE.

Over 10,000 Acres Devoted to Raising Tulips and Hyacinths.

An industry characteristic of the Netherlands is the raising of tulip and hyacinth bulbs. Attempts have been made in several parts of the world to grow these, but nowhere can the experiment be said to have been successful, as the proper kind of soil for propagation of perfect bulbs seems only to exist in the small space of territory between the cities of Leyden and Haarlem.

This stretch of country is in reality the bottom of the old Haarlem sea, which was laid dry about the year 1852, and this sea-bottom dirt, a combination of sand and decomposed vegetables and plants, appears to be the only soil capable of producing the flower bulbs mentioned.

These bulbs are exported to all parts of the world; the demand is constantly increasing, and an increased area is from year to year set apart to the cultivation of bulbs. The statistics for 1906, the latest available, give this area as 4,058 hectares, equal to 10,027 acres.

First at Last.

Stevens works for a German who is in the commission business, near Washington Market, says the New York Press. Stevens came near losing his job recently because of his habit of arriving late at the office, and it was not until Schmitz, his employer, told him if he was late again he would be discharged that he mended his ways.

Now he is telling his friends how the boss, who never has been able to get the kinks out of the English language, complimented him for his punctuality.

"Harry," said Mr. Schmitz, "I hef noticed det you are early of late."

Stevens nodded and smiled and his employer continued:

"You were behind before! But now you are de fairst at last."

Well-Groomed England.

England is a park. I do not remember who it was that wrote the poem containing words to the effect that he wanted to be in England when it was April there, but he may as well have made it June. So far as one may judge from the train windows, the meadows have all been closely clipped, the hedges trimmed and rounded, the sheep carefully stuffed and placed in position on the hillsides, and the roadways dusted off and sprinkled. It is all as though the whole country were some one's front yard.—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

Doubly Useful Mucilage.

"If you make your own mucilage (one heaping teaspoonful of gum arabic to an ordinary mucilage bottle gives it at a cheaper rate than that bought ready made), you can dispense with court plasters, liquid or otherwise, except where an antiseptic is necessary," says Women's Home Companion. "Ordinary cuts can be coated with it quite as effectively as with the patent preparation. Two coats thoroughly dried will stand the application of water better than anything but the adhesive plaster doctors use—an inconvenient, expensive luxury."

A Side Light.

The fortune teller, whose specialty was restoring lost and stolen articles by her powers of divination and spirit help, was perturbed.

She had missed a wallet full of bills and a diamond ring from her bureau drawer.

"Maria," she cried to her assistant, "have you taken the most effective means to get those articles back?"

"Yes'm," said Maria. "I reported it right off to the police."

Knew One of the Firm.

Attendant (showing him through the structure)—This house is built on what is known as the "slow combustion" plan.

Mr. Pneuritch—Ah, yes; I think I know Slocum. I have seen him at the club; but I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bustion.