

MISSED THE PARTY.

Why One Girl Had to Keep Secluded For Over a Week.

They were two pretty girls, and when they happened to meet on one of the quiet streets of the city the girl in gray turned and walked in the direction the other one had taken.

"Now, let me know all about the party," said the one who had turned. "I've been just dying to see you and have you tell me."

"Oh, but I wasn't there at all," said her companion. "This is the first time I've been out of the house for more than a week."

"Why, have you been ill?" her friend inquired, surprised and solicitous.

"No, I really think it was worse than that," she replied.

"You know I'm a little proud of my hair, for it's my one redeeming point"—modestly—"and because it is naturally wavy it is always fluffiest after it has been shampooed."

"A day or two before the party I washed my hair, using what I thought was borax in the water. When I attempted to dry my erstwhile 'bonnie brown curls' they were stringy and hard and looked as if they had been frozen in wisps. Then to my horror I discovered that I had used powdered alum in the water. It took me a whole week to get it out of my hair. I missed the party I had set my heart upon attending and wouldn't let any of my friends see me, for I was a perfect fright!"—Duluth News-Tribune.

Sins of the Tongue.

The sins of the tongue all point to the necessity and profit of self mastery. There is danger in the tongue that often brings the deepest sorrow to innocent ones, as well as throws a reflection on a pure character. If this confession of failure and magnifying of the office of the tongue seem exaggerated, let any one sit down quietly and think of the sins and cruelties of human speech. The careless words which no repentance can call back again, the rash promises which it has cost us so much to fulfill, the expression of the lower nature which has shamed the higher, the confessions of evil and yielding to falsehood, the hot and angry words which sober thought condemn—these are some of the perils of the tongue. On the other hand, like most of the uses of the world which turn so easily to evil, the tongue may be the instrument of great and lasting good.

A Rejected Novel.

Before he had achieved fame the French novelist Xavier de Montepin, on concluding a long and elaborate tale of adventure took it, full of hope, to a publisher, who promptly declined it on even the most advantageous terms, to the writer's poignant mortification. Twenty years afterward this identical publisher besought at his hands a sensational story, one of those serials which were the delight of grannies, offering any price within reason. "Well," said De Montepin, "I will oblige you, but my terms must be somewhat heavy. I want \$4,000." After many protests it was paid.

In telling the story De Montepin used to add, "The best of the business was that it was the very same story which he had previously rejected and which I had in various directions endeavored in vain to dispose of."

A Curious Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the trees varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Wanted All Good People Nice.

Those who have complained that virtue is uninteresting have usually been branded as cynics or, worse, as people trying to be clever. To all such this true story of a little girl may come as consolation, for "out of the mouths," etc.

Little Alice had been put to bed and told to say her prayers. "O God," she prayed, "make all the bad people good and make all the good people—all the good people—all the good people—nice!"—New York Tribune.

Cruel Blow.

"Are you aware of the fact," remarked Miss Cutting, "that I am a blind reader?"

"Nevah suspected it, weally," answered young Softleigh. "Would you—aw—object to weading my mind, doncher know?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "Bring it with you the next time you call."—Chicago News.

He Needed the Money.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week because you told me that you had your mother to support."

"I know, but my mother got married, and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

His Straddle.

He—I see Oldboy is pretty gay yet, if he is aging.

She—Oh, yes; he's got one foot in the grave and the other in society.—Yonkers Statesman.

Composite Success.

Sidney—Rodney, you live by your wits, don't you?

Rodney—Well, partly and partly by other people's lack of wits.—Detroit Free Press.

A FISHERMAN'S LUNCH.

How the True Angler Broths Trout For His Sunday Meal.

In the deep shade of the tree the baskets are laid, and now a fire is started nearby, one of Van Dyke's little "friendship fires," which shall also cook a few trout. "Get two flat stones, friend—and they'll be hard to find in this boulder country, but they are sometimes worn quite flat—while I gather some sufficient wood." Into the fire the stones go, and the wood is heaped about them. Soon the intense glow of live wood embers indicates that the time has come.

The trout, a silver of bacon in each, are placed on one stone, first well dusted of its ashes, and the other stone is laid upon them. Now the hot embers are raked about and over the stones, and the lunch is spread on the big rock near the spring.

O ye epicures, who think nothing good unless served by a Delmonico or a Sherry, go ye into the mountains, follow a brook for half a day, get wet and tired and hungry, sit down by an ice cold spring and eat brook trout cooked on the spot and delicious bread and butter liberally spread with clover honey. Not till then have ye dined.—"Trout and Philosophy on a Vermont Stream" in *Outing*.

A "Lot" of Land.

A Hartford lawyer is of the opinion that the term "lot" as applied to a parcel of land is an American product, not derived from any other uses of the word. He says: "I have been reading up some of the old histories of my state, of Long Island and other colonial sections recently, and I find that the term 'a lot of land' was originated in the colonies; that it is today considered an Americanism and stands apart from other uses of the word. It originated from the custom of dividing grants for townships, etc., into parcels of land and then numbering each parcel, putting the numbers into a hat or whatever was used and then having them drawn out by those who were to occupy the land. Each man took the parcel corresponding to his number, so his land came by lot literally, and hence the use of the term. This, I presume, is ancient history, but perhaps ancient enough to have been forgotten by most real estate dealers and other people who deal in land and not language."

Lightning and Watches.

"An electrical storm seems to have a peculiar effect on some timepieces," remarked the junior partner of a big downtown jewelry firm. "Every time lightning and thunder get active in this vicinity one of the results is that our watch repairing department is overworked for several days thereafter. The damage wrought chiefly consists of broken mainsprings."

"When business gets dull with us," added the jeweler jokingly, "we require all our employees to pray for a thunderstorm. Failure to comply with this order is considered sufficient cause for discharge. I am unable to make clear the whys and wherefores, but it is an established fact that after the lightning has frolicked a while in come the watches with mainsprings wrecked."—Washington Star.

Wanted Rainwater.

"Boy, bring me a large pitcher of rainwater and a small pitcher of well water," said the woman from the country who just had been assigned to a room in one of the fashionable uptown hotels. "Yes'm," said the boy, with an air of "Now, what kind of a drink's that? It's a new one on me."

At the bar they turned him down. "It's no mineral waters she wants. Just draw two pitchers of Croton from the faucets and pass 'em up to her. Rainwater! I ain't heard of it since I was a boy and lived in the country," said the bartender. "You couldn't use it if you could find it in New York."—New York Press.

Society's Right to Confiscate.

What shall become of a man's property after he is dead is a matter for society to determine. If it seems inexpedient to allow a rich man to leave a child reared in luxury without means of support or to leave a quarrel on the hands of his heirs, it is entirely within society's right to restrict his license in that particular. The whims of testators are a good deal of a nuisance and are too much respected by law, though not by courts.—Life.

Superstitious About Bees.

The superstitions which connect bees with the death or sickness of the members of the particular family in which they are kept are interesting. In Scotland and Ireland the entrance of a bee into a cottage, more particularly if it be a bumblebee, is looked upon as a certain sign of the death of some one then residing there. In other localities if bees in swarming settle upon dead wood it is regarded as equally ominous.

Genuine Surprise.

Tess—I told that old beau of yours that you were married.

Jess—Did you? Did he seem surprised?

Tess—Yes, indeed! He said, "How on earth did that happen?"—Philadelphia Press.

Accustomed to Luxuries.

Mr. Courting (exhibiting penknife)—This handle is pure silver. What do you think of that?

Little Girl—Hub! That's nothing. Sister's teeth is on a plate of pure gold.

A Subtle Distinction.

When a person of wealth indulges in unusual taste or hobbies, he is described as being eccentric. If he is a poor man, he is merely called a crank.—Exchange.

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