

The Magic Glasses.
The first fieldglass brought to the New Hebrides sorely puzzled the simple minded natives, who, of course, thought them the product of wizardry. In "Islands of Enchantment" Florence Coombs tells how one of the mission clergy was walking along the shore, when a native at his side pointed out a tiny figure in the distance.
"There goes one of my enemies," said he.

The white man, drawing out his field-glasses and adjusting the focus, handed them to his companion, who, gazing through them in excited amazement, beheld his foe apparently close at hand. Dropping the glasses, he seized his arrows and looked again. The enemy was as far away as at first. Once more he snatched the magic glasses, once more exchanged them for his arrows and once more was baffled. To lose such an opportunity was hard indeed. A bright thought suddenly occurred to him.

"You hold the glasses to my eyes," said he to the missionary, "and I can shoot him."

Not Pure Parisian.
The landlord of the best hotel in the small western town was solicitous about the impression that his accommodations had made upon the distinguished visitor.

"I think we set a good table," he confided to the departing guest. "You easterners are awful finicky about your meals, and for a long time we had difficulty in getting a cook who could do anything more than slam ham and eggs and fried potatoes together. We have one of the best cooks in the country now—yes, sir, a regular Parisian chef. He worked in a lot of the best restaurants in Paris—told me so himself."

"Do you know this chef?" inquired the visitor.

"Certainly!"
"Have you any influence with him?"
"Naturally."
"Do you talk to him often?"
"Of course."
"Then tell him for me that he cooks with a Canadian accent."—Chicago Post.

He Guessed Right.
This story was told at a prominent club the other day by a man who had met Lord Decies in one of his visits to London. Although Lord Decies is an experienced and traveled man of the world, he does not believe in throwing away money in those extravagant tips that characterize Americans and that are very often mistaken generosity. The Englishman also is quite able to take his own part if his reasonable tips are taken unreasonably, as was evidenced one day when he had taken a cab to the club.

When he alighted and paid the driver cabbie seemed to think his tip was too small.

"What's this 'ere for, my lord?" said the cabbie, regarding with some contempt the coin he held in his hand.
"Drink, I should be inclined to think, judging by your nose," was the polite and effective reply of Lord Decies as he vanished into the club.—New York Herald.

Five Dollar Cigars.
Who smokes the most expensive cigars? One would say offhand in reply to such a question American millionaires. According to the Munich News, this is incorrect. The best cigars are smoked in Heidelberg. A Havana manufacturer says that the fabrication of five dollar cigars is only sufficient to meet the demands of the famous German university town. The manufacturer has explained that these cigars are not of the ordinary size. They are just half a meter in length. The students meet for a smoker, and the cigar is placed in a nargle, and the tube is passed from hand to hand, or, rather, from mouth to mouth. The Munich News concludes that people who give themselves up to the luxury of a five dollar cigar are on the downward grade.

Petroleum Has Been Long Known.
The petroleum industry, which has made such great advances during the last fifty years, deals with a product which has been known in other lands from earliest days. In China it was used long before history was first written. The famous petroleum springs near Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian sea, have been known from the earliest times. Antiquarians say that Pliny and Herodotus each knew or had heard of petroleum.—New York Sun.

Gives Him Away.
Bilkins was sneaking into the house in his stocking feet at 2 o'clock a. m. The stairs creaked as he ascended to his room.
"Is that you, William?" Mrs. Bilkins called.
"No, dear," Bilkins replied, "it's the stairs."—Seattle Times.

Perturbed.
"Don't you want to leave any footprints in the sands of time?"
"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's so much sleuthing going on that a man gets shy of a thumb print, a footprint and even of leave to print."—Washington Star.

The Test of Society.
"Pa, how can you tell whether a man is in society or not?"
"The man who is not in society, my son, is trying to get known, and the man who is in is trying not to."—Satire.

Politeness With a Purpose.
"The doctor is such a polite man. He always sees his patients out right to the door." "Yes; he once had a magnificent fur coat stolen."—London Opinion.

A Story of La Fontaine.
La Fontaine used to denounce the stage "salle" as utterly inartistic and inadmissible. In "Jean de la Fontaine" Frank Hamel tells of an outburst before Motiere, Racine and Boileau.
"Nothing," said La Fontaine, "is more contrary to good sense. What! The pit is supposed to understand that which an actor is not expected to hear, although he is close behind the one who is speaking? Absurd!"

As he grew very warm while thus expressing his feelings, and as it was impossible to make him hear a word Boileau tried to arrest his attention by repeating over and over again in loud tones, "La Fontaine must be a pretty rascal, a great rogue." But La Fontaine took no notice of all this abuse. At last they all burst out laughing, and this interrupted his train of thought.

"What are you laughing at?" he said. Boileau replied gravely: "Fancy! I was abusing you at the top of my voice and you never heard me, although I am near enough to touch you, and you are astonished that an actor does not hear an aside that another actor utters on the boards."

The Two Coats Were There.
Sometimes the more you get a negro cornered the less cornered you have him. This fact, long known to many, was discovered the other day by a leather man in the "swamp."
This man suddenly awoke to the fact that certain back walls were dingy with dirt and decided they'd look much better if whitewashed.

So he summoned his old negro factotum and told him to get busy with his whitewash brush, giving special directions to put two coats on.

When the job apparently had been finished the leather merchant inspected it and found the whitewash suspiciously thin looking.

Summoning Sambo, he said as sternly as he could, "You didn't go over those walls twice as I told you to."

"No, sir," was the quick reply. "I ain't gone over twice, but I done put two coats in de pail, sir—two coats in de pail."—New York Mail.

She Was So Sure.
A woman who may be called Mrs. Smith placed her umbrella against the counter at which she was making some purchases in a department store the other day and when she finished picked it up and started away. At least that was the way it ran through her mind.

"Pardon me," said a strange woman, "but you have my umbrella."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Smith; "that is my umbrella."

"Pardon me again," insisted the strange woman, "but it is mine."

"I guess I know my umbrella," said Mrs. Smith, beginning to show fight. "If you have lost your umbrella I am sorry, but I can't give you mine."

"Did you carry two umbrellas when you left home?" asked the stranger.

Then Mrs. Smith discovered that she had an umbrella in each hand, and she surrendered.—Cleveland Press.

Food Tasters at Feasts.
The sixteenth century feast was a round of precautions. The table laid, the panter at once tasted the bread and salt as a preliminary "feeler." Then my lord washed in water tested for poison and dried with a towel already tised as a like precaution, this the while each dish of the first course, then on the dresser, was being tasted by the stewards and cooks under the direction of the sewer. The dishes then came to the high table, and "assaye" was taken by the carver and the sewer himself. Nothing was left to chance. Pieces were chipped from each loaf and corners from all meats. Pies were broken open and "cornets" of bread dipped into several places and swallowed by the tasters. Granted the well being of these tasters, the feast could then proceed.—London Chronicle.

Bell Ringing is an Art.
"Bell ringing is a science," said a master of the art. "It is called campanology, and there are abstruse and technical terms in it, like 'Kent treble bob,' 'Stedman cinque,' 'double court bob,' 'dodges,' 'nolls' and 'stingoes.' Each of these terms defines a certain phase or kind of bell ringing. In England there is a society, the Central Council of Bell Ringers, that every campanologist desires ardently to belong to. Maybe you think bell ringing is simple? Do you know what a peal is? A peal in ringers' parlance is a series of 5,000 changes rung upon a chime, no change occurring more than once."

Easily Arranged.
"It seems to me," he complained, "that you think entirely too much of your clothes."
"Oh, no, I don't, dear," she hastily replied. "I don't really think anything of them. Can't you get some extra work to do or manage in some way to increase your income so that I can have something new?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Oh, Splash!
"My sister writes from abroad that her husband fell four stories out of a hotel window."
"Mercy! You take it very calmly."
"Oh, he wasn't hurt! You see, it was in Venice, and he could swim."—Boston Transcript.

Defending Him.
Agnes—And did he say I looked intellectual? Gladys—Oh, no, indeed! I assure you he said nothing disparaging.—Life.

The Noonday Sun.
The noonday sun is dark and music discord when the heart is low.—Young.

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