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SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A Good Place for Speeches Suggested by This Anecdote. During President Arthur's term, he with Robert Lincoln and other members of his cabinet, took a trip through the South and West. Abraham Lincoln was born in Larue county, Kentucky, and a farmer living near his birthplace, known as "Uncle Bob" Hays, conceived the idea of cutting a cane on the old Lincoln place and presenting it to Mr. Lincoln. With great labor he prepared a speech, and practiced it daily. Just before starting for Louisville he wrapped the manuscript around the cane, and tied it with twine. When the president's party arrived, Uncle Bob, seizing his opportunity began in a loud voice: "Mr. Lincoln—"

THEY DEFY ALL DANGER.

Marine Engineers Do Not Always Receive Just Frauds. The marine engineers of the lakes do not always get the praise that is due them. If a steamer is in distress, it requires careful judgment on the part of both captain and engineer, and as great bravery as has ever been witnessed on any waters of the world has been exhibited by engineers on lake craft. With a clear head they have stood at their post, and when the vessel has gone down the engineer has stood by his post of duty and perished. The chief engineer is required to pass a rigid examination under the United States laws. It takes him long years of careful study to get chief engineer's papers, and when they are in his possession they have a meaning to him that prompts a devotion to duty and induces him to brave any danger. When it looked as if there would be war between the United States and Chili, there was a convention of marine engineers in Washington city. A delegation from the convention, waited upon the secretary of war with instructions to tender him the services of every man in the convention. Every one of them was willing to risk his life for his country. The United States can depend upon that noble class of men—the marine engineers—in time of war.

BUCKING BRONCOS.

There's More Excitement Than Fun in Riding the Brutes. Many people have an idea that to ride a bucking bronco is the cowboy's delight, but they're badly mistaken. There's no fun in it. When a thoroughbred rears and prances there's no joy in it, and I rather like to have one do it if I am riding. But when a bronco bucks and jumps into the air and comes down stiff-legged, with his feet planted together, that jars every bone in the rider's body, especially the backbone, and is apt to make him feel pretty sick in short order. My first experience with a bucking bronco cured me of the idea that there was fun in it. I had heard that the cowboy always locks his spurs under the bronco's belly at such times, and so I did the same. Well, the spurs went through the horse-hair chinch, and the bronco kept bucking so long as they stand there. I couldn't get them out till two men came to help me. The proper thing to do when a bronco bucks is to keep your spurs away from him, balance yourself forward or backward in the saddle, according to the way he jumps, and grip him well between your knees. You have to let him buck till he gets tired of it or finds out he can't get you off.

How a Sword Fish Can Fight.

Captain Amery, of the British schooner Origin, reported that while on the last outward voyage from England the vessel was attacked by a swordfish, whose sword penetrated the hull and broke off as the fish attempted to withdraw it. The fish then turned several somersaults and disappeared by the force of the shock. The sword left in the ship measured eighteen inches. Before Newfoundland was reached the vessel made over a foot of water, and the crew are of the opinion that if the fish had succeeded in withdrawing its sword the vessel would have foundered.

Her Pathetic Want.

Mrs. Inchbald had a child-like directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most comical charm. Once, after traveling all day in a pouring rain, the dripping coachman offered her his arm to help her out, when she exclaimed, to the amusement of her fellow-travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-y-you will give me my death of cold! Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man."

Unanswerable Argument.

In 1768, Gabrielli, one of the most beautiful of women and magnificent of sopranos, demanded 5,000 ducats salary from Catherine the Second of Russia. The empress objected that it was larger than the pay of a field-marshal. "Then let your field marshals sing for you," retorted Gabrielli.

BRIGHT BOYS.

Proud Fathers Tell Stories to Illustrate the Cleverness of Their Peas. "Huh!" said the first benedict, "I don't suppose there is a boy quite as bright as mine in the whole city of Buffalo. The other night we had ice cream for dinner. Now, he usually likes ice cream, but this particular lot seemed to be too cold for him. What do you suppose he did? Why he went and put on his overcoat and cap and mittens and then ate it. Thought that if he was warmer the cream wouldn't be so cold. See? Speaking about bright boys." "Well," said the second benedict, "I've got a bright boy, myself. He's in the blue-ribbon class and don't you forget it. Why, the other day he was inquiring of the hired girl what he was made of, and the hired girl happened to be making pies. So she held up a lump of dough and said: 'You're made of dough.' 'An' is brack ladies like the wash-lady made of brack dough?' he asked. 'Yes,' she said. He thought for a long time then finally said: 'Mary, I don't believe it. How'd they get the jelly in for the eyes?' And you will talk about bright boys, will you?"

"It pains me to mention it," said the third benedict, "but I must say I've got a boy up at my house who simply leads the procession. He taught me a lesson the other day. It was at the breakfast table and he had a soft boiled egg. He was making bad work of it and had daubed his nose and cheeks and hands. Finally I looked over at him and said, in a manner meant to be mildly sarcastic, 'Why don't you put it on your hair, Regs?'" "And what did he do?" asked the other two benedicts in the same breath. "He put it on his hair," replied the third benedict sadly.

KILLING OFF THE FAUNA.

Australian Lyre Birds Being Ruthlessly Extirpated. Unless strict measures are taken in the immediate future, the native fauna of Victoria, Australia, will soon become extinct. The reiterated complaint to the customs department is that of "wanton destruction." Such unique specimens as the platypus and the lyre bird are already very rare, and, if the present state of things continues, their total disappearance will be a matter of but a few years. The police have frequently reported the fact of lyre birds having been shot in the ranges, and also the sale of the tails, but, through inability to prove the actual killing of the birds, they have not succeeded in having offenders punished.

The Royal acclimatization society has now addressed the minister of trade and customs on the subject, and points out that in one shop alone in Melbourne twenty lyre birds' tails have been displayed for sale at one time, and that as the hens lay, as a rule, only one egg each in the season, the present rate of destruction must soon extinguish the species. It is further mentioned that the bird has an inveterate enemy in the fox, and that sixteen tails were recently found near a fox's lair in the ranges. Protection should certainly be afforded to the lyre bird and the platypus, and even the kangaroo, unless he is also to become extinct.

GOT EVEN AT LAST.

How a Cleveland Lawyer Avenged a Blow of Thirty Years Before. "That all things come to him who waits" has been proven more than once," said Judge Henry McKinney of Cleveland, to a reporter. "Once when I was a boy of nine or ten years I was sent on an errand a long way into the country. On my way home, being hot and thirsty, I climbed over a fence into a meadow and began picking some wild strawberries. All on a sudden the owner of the farm came rushing up behind me and struck me a brutal blow with a heavy ox gad, almost cutting my body in two. As I started to run away he hit me again a most vicious blow. 'Old man,' said I, 'I'll get even some day.' I did, but it was thirty years later. I was called on to defend the property rights of some orphan children. As it happened, the oppressor was the man with the ox gad. In summing up I told the story of the brutal blows that I had received in that meadow thirty years ago. 'There is the man that did it,' said I to the jury. 'Do you wonder that such a man would rob orphan children?' The jury didn't seem to wonder a bit, for I got a verdict in my favor in less than five minutes."

The Artful Mirror.

This looking glass and reflection business is being run into the ground. Every other shop window has the back and sides fitted with looking glass doubling the size and magnifying the display. These reflectors are not limited to the windows, for in many shops they are introduced for the walls, making a small store assume grand proportions, without an increase of rent. A well-known florist—in fact, several—makes a lavish showing of cut flowers a perfect riot of roses, or what seems to be, by the aid of mirrors. If this device can be worked in on church-fair stew, and the one oyster made to look like half a dozen, or a small audience at the theater show as a large one, there will be no end to the usefulness of the scheme. The pocketbook with mirror attachment might be a comforting possession.

A Studio Trick.

In the corner of an artist's studio in his city is an ingenious arrangement of screens upon one of which, over an aperture about the size of a face, is an inscription: "Likenesses taken instantaneously." The innocent visitor peeps through the hole, and is astonished to behold an exact likeness of himself as a hump-backed jester, in a scarlet coat, opening a prison door. The secret of this effect is simple. The jailer is a life-sized painting strongly rendered. The place for the face is cut out and a mirror inserted, reflecting the features of the spectator. The conception of this amusing fantasy is not entirely original. It was imported from the studio of Wierts, the Belgian artist.

Beauties of the Bounding Deep.

At sea a worried father suddenly left his wife and children at the table and fell headlong up stairs as if fearing that the all-devouring ocean would get away before he could pay it full tribute, and while at these painful and familiar devotions the nurse came along and asked if the children had come up yet: "No," he groaned, "but everything else has!"

WITH SPOON AND "PUSHER."

How Boston Babies Learn the Etiquette of Bean Eating. When honored by nativity in Boston, where all is good, a baby is taught his first lesson in table etiquette with a dozen well-baked beans and a "pusher." Seated in his high art high chair, with his snowy biblet of finest needlework under his chin, his nurse or his governess proceeds to show him the straight and narrow path which leads to his mouth. A slice of toasted brown bread, or, newer fad yet, "health bread," is cut into narrow spears, say a half inch wide by the width of the slice. In his saucer are placed a few beans free from moisture, single each and perfect, as correctly baked beans are. Then he is taught by gentle repetition first to eat these beans "per spoon" and then "per fork." In his left hand is placed the little slab of bread known as the "pusher," in the right hand the spoon which his paternal grandmother gave him. The "pusher" steadies the bean in its wayward course; the spoon runs it down.

It is not to be supposed that mistakes are not made. The "pusher" gets eaten and the pushee gets mad, and forthwith slings away the spoon and gets his bean by fair means or foul. But Boston governesses are patient, and as the year-old pupil walls his fond teacher quotes from the Eneld to him, saying, Persevere! "Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit." And he straightway perseveres. Practice having made perfect, the youngster is then set to separating the elusive bean with his tiny silver fork and taught to guide that dangerous weapon neatly within his pursed up lips. The toasted "pusher," which of course, ever and anon disappears the way of all bread, is replenished, and that lesson, too, is learned.

Then remains one more course of instruction. The beans are mashed instead of being left whole, and the art of taking up a suitable amount, neither more nor less, is taught, both with the spoon as the instrument and with the fork.

FOILED THE DETECTIVES.

Their Reasons Why Pictures of Criminals Should Not Be Printed. A few years ago a murder was committed in a Pennsylvania town. The murderer was known, but the detectives were unable to find him. An enterprising local paper published a full story of the crime and a picture of the man wanted.

The next day the editor was waited on by the chief of detectives and a conversation somewhat like the following occurred: "What the jumpin' blue blazes do youse people mean by printin' that picture of — yesterday?" "Why, what harm has it done?" "Harm! You moon faced idiot, can't you see it has spoiled our chances of ever catchin' him?" "How so?" "How so? Well, you newspaper fellers are about the biggest fools on the face of the earth, anyway."

"Explain yourself." "Why, you dod-blasted chump, if you had the brains of an eight-year-old kid you'd know. Can't you see that when that feller sees his picture in the paper he'll know first thing we're after him. That picture is a fair and square warnin' as any man would want to get out the way."

"But he has got away, hasn't he?" "How do you know where he's got to? If you hadn't printed that picture he'd have forgot all about havin' committed the crime in a week or two and come back again. That was what we expected. But you've spoiled our game. Ain't no chance of gittin' him now, and it's all your fault. I never did see such fools."

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