

Oh, I have eaten for three days and nights, but we set the table at least, and it makes girls, but we all take that they are as pleased as we are.

It was delightful to sit under the trees that flecked the table cloth with moving shadows and seemed to add new flavor to the simple food. The house stood back from the street of course, and yet if it had been near the street there might have been a great gain for the passerby. It would have given a touch of sociability to the street, like that so characteristic of the French, who eat in public so gracefully.

It formed a sort of daily picnic, without the toil and bugs and depressing after effects of that great American institution. It added charm and relish to the meal, and made the summer more distinctly a time for vacations and out of door impressions. It seemed a custom that could be profitably followed by many suburban dwellers and it would be a distinct lengthening of the play-time of midsummer.—Boston Transcript

He Changed the Day.
The story is told of the late "Pig Iron" Kelley that on one occasion a young woman, the daughter of an old Pennsylvanian, who had been one of Kelley's political lieutenants, applied to him for a position, which he promised to secure for her the next day. On the following morning, when the young woman called on the judge, he had forgotten all about her case, but upon being reminded, apologized profusely and told her to "call tomorrow." The judge kept this up for nearly a month, when the young woman lost her patience. On the occasion of her last visit the judge, who was very absentminded, did not catch her name as the servant announced her presence in the parlor and, walking hurriedly into the room, shook hands with her and began the old formula.

"My dear young lady, I am very busy today; you will really have to call tomorrow." "But, judge," she protested, "that is what you have told me for a month. I have come almost every day, and you have invariably told me to call tomorrow." "I beg your pardon, I am sure," said the judge with great suavity. "Call day after tomorrow."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Barn Owl.
How soft is the plumage of the owl, and how noiseless her flight. Watch her as she floats past the ivy top, down by the ricks and silently over the old wood; then away over the meadows, through the open door and out of the loophole of the barn; round the lichened tower and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn and eaten by the greedy, snapping imps. Young and eggs are not infrequently found in the same nest.

If you would see the midday siesta of these birds climb up into the haymow. There, in an angle of the beam, you will see their owlish snoring and blinking wide their great round eyes. Their dust is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave noise conceivable; unlike anything you ever heard. There they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves until twilight, when they again issue forth upon their mad-cap revels.

This clever mouser has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.—Manchester Times.

The French National Printing Works.
The French national printing works date from the year 1640, and owe their origin to Louis XIII, who established them under the title *Imprimerie royale*. The works were suppressed at the beginning of the revolution and reorganized in the Year II. The state printing office has had many homes. It is now in the former abode of the princely house of Rohan, in the Rue Vieille du Temple, which still retains traces of its former splendor.

Besides executing all the printing of the ministries and other public bodies, the presses of the *Imprimerie nationale* are at the service of all private individuals who require in their works types impossible to procure elsewhere. The collection at the Hotel de Rohan is unique and contains 200 varieties. It would almost satisfy the archdeacon of the story whose sermons could not be printed because the printer had only one ton of parentheses in stock.—London News.

Fired.
A titled Parisian, after wasting much time in the Latin quarter, finally managed, by hook or crook, to become enrolled as a pupil of Gerome. Day after day the nobleman came, took his place before the model and sketched as best he could. Finally Gerome passed before the new pupil one day and said, "You come here in the morning; what do you do in the afternoon?" "Oh," said the nobleman, "I ride in the Bois, see a few of my friends, and then dress for dinner." "You do," mused the master; "don't you think you'd better do the same things in the morning, also?" The next week a new pupil had the nobleman's place in front of the model.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why alloys should vary in their properties so widely as they do from the metals which form them is an obscure question. Experiment is still the only means of discovering what properties such and such an alloy will have, or how these properties may be usefully changed by a slight difference in composition.

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A huge basking shark about thirty or forty feet long became entangled in the nets of some fishermen off Soquel point, about four miles from Santa Cruz. The shark, still alive and enfolded in the nets, was towed by the fishermen in boats to the wharf at Capitola. Its arrival created great excitement among the visitors at that resort. The fact that sharks, any sharks, were near the beach drove hundreds of bathers from the water, and people began to make up their minds to leave the place. No amount of assurance on the part of the proprietors of the hotel or the fishermen that basking sharks were not man eaters, and that many had been caught with no accident happening, could entirely quiet the fears of the visitors, and bathing was almost given up.

Some ocular demonstration of the fact that a basking shark was harmless therefore became necessary. Swimming teacher Swanson, of the Capitola baths, then determined to give an exhibition with the shark which should convince the most timid. A performance followed the like of which no man ever participated in before. Swanson put on a bathing suit and swam to the wharf where the partially exhausted monster lay, still partly wrapped in the torn and tangled fishing nets. Slowly approaching the gasping yet enraged monster, a whale in size if not in species, Swanson swam close to its side, and then clambered slowly on top, a moderately easy task to accomplish, as the shark lay almost entirely under water. Sitting astride the huge fish like a baby on an elephant, the bold swimmer shouted in triumphant derision at the several hundred people on the wharf, who had gathered to witness the strange performance.

GOT USED TO IT.
His song of success was quickly cut short, for as soon as the lazy shark realized it had gathered something more on its back it commenced to thrash about and threw Swanson off. When in the crowd shrieked in fear and held their breath in excitement. Swanson hardly a minute, however, before Swanson appeared uninjured and laughing outside of the line of foam and spray the shark's struggles. The crowd on the wharf breathed more freely when they saw the man emerge from the boiling waters and realized that he had not been devoured, as they expected to see. The undaunted swimmer again mounted the side of the shark, and once more mounted his marine steed. The shark again showed its fear and anger by slinking him off, but not so violently as before. With great persistence Swanson again climbed on to the monster.

What seemed before to the many spectators a most foolhardy act, and but the courtship of certain death, now became a strangely comical sight. Swanson mounted the fish, and the shark becoming accustomed to its queer burden, merely rolled the man off each time he got on its back, simply turning lazily in the water and shaking himself. This was repeated several times, and the large crowd of people who came expecting to see the man killed and eaten departed laughing at the ludicrous ending of the performance. Swanson became the hero of the camp. Bathing was resumed and even more freely indulged in as a consequence of the exhibition, and no one can now be found in Camp Capitola who will admit that they fear a shark, or a basking shark at least.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Interesting Calculation.
An uptown man, having nothing else to do, thought he would try an experiment, so he turned the hands of a clock in his room the full twenty-four hours of a day, and found it took, with moderate movement, one minute of time to accomplish that task. He then made a calculation of how long it would take him to turn off the full measure of a man's life, according to the Scriptures, is "three score years and ten," and found that it would take seventeen and one-half days to turn the hands of the clock to represent seventy years.—Philadelphia Record.

A Bargain.
Small Son—Dot suit fit dot man awful tight.
Dealer—It was a digit vit, mein son.
"Vy did you sell it to zee sheep?"
"I was afraid I couldn't get it off mit-out tearing it."—Good News.

That man should take a ride on a live shark's back, apparently with all the delight of a wild cowboy breaking in an unruly mustang, would be difficult to believe unless circumstances were presented to verify it. Such an occurrence has really taken place, however, and at so short a distance from San Francisco that any doubting Thomas can easily satisfy himself by making a personal investigation.

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