

IRISH MOHAMMEDAN.

There is a living curiosity in the City Prison in the person of Henry Moore, a self-styled Irish Mohammedan, who tells a story of his adventures in Oriental lands scarcely less wonderful than any "Arabian Nights" tale. Moore was arrested Sunday night on Montgomery street for begging, and appeared yesterday in Police Judge Morgan's court to answer to a charge of vagrancy. He is 74 years of age and wears overalls, a frayed and faded coat of broadcloth and a silk hat, also much the worse for wear.

In 1842, according to his narrative, Moore left County Clare, Ireland, and settled with his parents in Maine. He emigrated to this state in 1849, cleaned up some dust, and three years later took ship for Australia, where he mined in the Forest Creek diggings, eighty miles out of Melbourne. After a stay of four and a half years, Moore set out for a trip around the world, going by way of Ceylon to India. He had \$25,000 to his credit then.

Arriving in Hindostan, Moore says, a spirit of adventure prompted him to join the Mohammedan faith and become a dervish. In this guise he wandered all over India, made his way into Afghanistan through the Khyber Pass, and finally visited Teheran, Persia. The journey consumed several years, during which time Moore learned the languages of the lands through which he had passed and familiarized himself with the duties and manners of a dervish. After a short stay in Teheran adventures as well as good fortune were fairly poured upon the Celtic follower of Mohammed.

Being the only European dervish ever seen in the kingdom of the Shah, Moore's fame soon reached the royal palace. He was sent for by the favorite wife of the Persian ruler, who talked with him and then recommended to the Shah that he be engaged as Maulvi Makahsus, or chief tutor to the royal family. This excited joy, Henry Moore says, he held for a period of five years. He was also given the title of serf, or colonel, in the Persian army, and other favors were heaped upon him by the Shah.

One day, upon finding that the young princess could read and write English, the Shah gave Serf Moore an order on his minister, instructing that officer to confer upon the white man an estate and a pension for life. The minister refused to give him either estate or pension, and Moore told one of his royal pupils about his reception, whereupon the young prince told his father. The haughty minister, Moore declares, was packed off at once to a remote part of Persia under sealed orders to drink hemlock when he reached his destination.

Enemies then sprang up about him, seeking his life, he says. He obtained permission to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca as a substitute for the Shah, and having converted his wealth into \$38,000 worth of diamonds, he set out on the trip, intending never to return to Teheran. From Mecca he made his way back to the United States in 1882, and soon lost most of his money in Rocky mountain mining. Then he tried Australia again, met with more bad luck, and turned up here a year ago, off and with but little cash. He has none now. Moore seems to believe his own story.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The New Honey.

Honey is enjoying renewed favor. Men of wealth and leisure are testing and experimenting with the different kinds of honey, and wrinkling their brows over the problem of producing what seems to them the most desirable flavor during the coming summer.

For the bee is no longer allowed to pursue his own sweet pereginations and sip the nectar of flowers wherever he chooses. Honey made in this promiscuous way is much too ordinary. His actions are restricted and guided. As a result, such honey as never was tasted before is tickling the palates of many. It is the white sweet clover flavor that has gained favor with the epicure, he goes systematically to work to produce it; and plants a large plot of ground, perhaps half an acre, with this particular kind of clover. He has it carefully kept from weeds, or any other variety of clover that might endeavor to find a footing there. The whole bed is inclosed and roofed with a fine wire netting, and the beehives are then placed within the inclosure. From the bee's life, therefore, the spice of variety is plucked, and try as he will he can produce none other than white sweet clover honey. In flavor it is very delicate and almost white in color.

Yellow sweet clover honey is preferred by others. The flavor is slightly stronger than that made from the white variety and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that is made from thistles and milkweeds; it is amusing to hear producers of such favors tell of their tribulations in making these wayward plants grow within their restriction. Some of the wild flower honey is almost black in color and the flavor is certainly very different from what it was in the days when honey was honey and that fact settled the question. It is almost verging on the indiacret to mention buckwheat honey nowadays, although it is still acknowledged to have wonderful "staying properties."

Acetylene gas, as is generally known, is produced by moistening calcium carbide with water. Some idea of its extensive use will be gathered when it is learned that there is being erected at Niagara Falls a plant for the manufacture of calcium carbide, which will have an output of 100 tons a day. Electrical energy equivalent to 25,000 horse power will be required to operate it.

A TROPICAL CUBAN CAVE.

A correspondent writing from Havana says: "We who are here in Cuba for a short time feel that we wish to see all that we can before returning to the states, and this all would scarcely be complete without visiting Montserrat and the cave at Bellamar, at Matanzas, a natural formation, which the Cubans consider one of the wonders of the island. To spend only one day there involves the loss of considerable sleep, for the ferry connecting with the train leaves Havana at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the train with which it connects leaves Regia at 6.20. It means pretty early rising if one lives in Havana, but if one lives in the suburbs, as most of us army people do, it means rising at 2 or half past.

On board we found a number of American officers on their way to Matanzas. Indeed, one might have almost thought one's self in the states, there were so many Americans on the train. As we neared Matanzas the country became much higher, and we had a near view of the mountains—the first land one sees on approaching Havana from the United States. They are very high and stand out in bold relief from the surrounding country. We passed a number of cemeteries, in each of which was a little chapel, and a corner of each cemetery was a bonnet, or as the Cubans call it, an osario. One village of considerable size was composed entirely of stacks of one story each, and of probably not more than two rooms each. This village presented a very odd appearance.

In Havana one can usually find a cab without any trouble, and we expected that it would be the same in Matanzas, but it was not, and we had to walk several blocks before finding one. The driver agreed to take us to the cave and back for the sum of \$3, American money. For the first part of the distance the road was excellent, leading along the bay, a broad drive not unlike the famous Ocean Drive at Newport. Then it turns and goes up a hill, rather gradual in slope at first, but becoming steeper and steeper and very rocky. When the summit was reached a beautiful view greeted us—across the harbor and out to the open sea beyond two points of land, which seem to almost form a gate.

The entrance to the cave is reached through a little house of one room, perched on the summit of a hill. On the door of the house is a placard telling the rates of admission—for soldiers, 50 cents; for officers and all other persons, \$1, all of which is in American money. This placard is printed in both Spanish and English. In the register we found the names of many Americans from all sections of the states. A small boy of eleven was detailed to act as guide for us and several others who were waiting. We came to the conclusion that if this child could pilot us the cave could not be as extensive as had been said, and so we found it; instead of being several miles in length it was not more than half a one.

We entered the cave from the office by means of several flights of wooden steps, guided by the boy, who carried two long candles of wax, which, he told us, had come from America. Instead of finding cold air, as one does in Mammoth cave, we found the temperature much higher within than without. The formations are very much the same as in other caves. Names which imaginative minds have suggested cling to various parts; there are the "Robe of Columbus," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Ballroom," the "Organ," and half a dozen other names equally as appropriate or otherwise. Our guide showed us the place where a Spanish captain had met death, whether by accident or otherwise we could not make out; at all events he had gone over the cliff and his body had never been recovered.

No one is allowed to carry away any specimen from that cave, and for that very reason all of us were anxious to do so; the little boy had no objections; indeed, helped us by showing us where we could find the prettiest ones. The cave was discovered by a Chinese in searching for some stone for his house. Whether he owned the cave or not I do not know, but for a long time he acted as guide. Later it was bought by an enterprising American, by whom it is still owned, if I mistake not. It takes only a short time to walk through—half an hour being ample unless one wishes to linger along the way to study the formations. All of the rocks are not of pure white; in some places they are shell pink in others a delicate shade of yellow. There are two springs, but the waters from both are so warm that there is no pleasure in drinking them.

The air inside of the cave is so warm that when one gets back above ground once more it seems very much as though it were a change to a colder zone. Several people were waiting in the office, and as we went down the hill we met others coming up, and there is little doubt that the cave has its full share of visitors. The trip to and from town, including the time spent in the cave, took only about two hours, leaving ample time to drive to Montserrat and yet catch the train back to Havana at 3.30.

The Japanese are preparing to convert their copper ore into wire for domestic and foreign use, instead of shipping it out of the country as before. The Furukawa Smelting Works have for some time employed electrolytic refining, producing in the past year 500 tons, but they are now to be enlarged to four times their present size, and it is said that when the enlargement is completed their output will so far exceed the domestic demand as to permit a considerable export. As the government uses several hundred tons of wire a year, it may be inferred that the new works will have a large capacity.

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BRAIN WITH TWO OWNERS.

Recently John Sterning, Jr., of New York was found almost asphyxiated in his room.

The next day intelligence gradually left him. Eight days afterward he was taken to any asylum. The morning following he was quiet and sane. But mentally he was not John Sterning, Jr. An attendant entered and addressed him. The young man looked perplexed. He had actually forgotten speech and the meaning of words.

His parents came to see him. The proffered caress of his mother was met coldly, and he took refuge behind a chair.

Miss Freda Nelson, to whom Sterning was engaged, was sent to him. It was hoped that the sight of his sweetheart would bring him to his senses. He looked at her inquiringly.

"Don't you remember me?" Miss Nelson cried. Sterning understood her words no more than a baby could have done.

Some one handed him a newspaper. He held it upside down.

The work of developing Sterning's mind was begun with an A B C primer and kindergarten methods. Progress was very rapid, and soon the young man could converse with the fluency of a ten-year-old boy. Everything—marriage, filial relations, government, sun, moon stars—had to be explained. The first sight of a piano amazed him. John Sterning No. 1 had been a disgracefully bad billiard player. John Sterning No. 2 quickly learned to handle a cue like a professional. Before his mental mix-up he disliked mechanics. Now he had the muscle sense of an artist. He sang and played the piano and banjo.

Under his sweetheart's tuition he had become a devout Christian. The new Sterning was an Atheist. Now comes a curious feature. Although he did not recognize Miss Nelson, his fiancée, yet, after her frequent visits to him in the asylum, he learned to love her again.

There was no reason why he should be confined, so he was given his liberty.

"It's strange," he said, three months later, "my head feels numb and prickling just like a foot asleep." Drowsier and drowsier he felt, and finally he had to be carried to bed. He refused to eat anything. About 11 o'clock he awoke. His father was in the room.

"Hello, father," he said. "What are you doing here? What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock." "Guess your watch is slow," said Sterning. "It was after 12 when I came home." Then he glanced around the room.

"What's the matter. The whole room is changed. This isn't my room, at all. This is queer. I go to bed in one room after midnight and wake up in another room an hour before I went to bed. How did it happen?"

A great hope filled the father's breast. He trembled as he put the question: "What date is this?"

"Think it's the twentieth," was the doubting answer.

"Twentieth of what?" The old man could scarcely contain himself.

"November, of course," exclaimed the young man impatiently.

"What did you do last night?"

"Called on Freda, had supper at the club and came home. But what's the matter?"

The matter of course, was that the original John Sterning had come to life again, while the second John Sterning was as dead as the first had recently been.

Why Hair Does Not Curl.

That the curly wool of the African race is extremely fine hair, instead of coarse, as has been supposed from the reputation given it in former times, is one of the statements made by Arthur Thompson. He claims to have discovered the mystery of why hair curls or does not curl. On this subject he is quoted in the New Orleans Picayune as saying:

"Each hair follicle is provided with a gland and muscle. The size of the gland varies considerably in different individuals, and from my observations appear larger and better developed in the negro races. The muscle, I may state, has an influence on the position of the hair, thus converting the shaft into a lever.

"In pursuing my investigations I discovered that straight hair is always circular in section and is usually thicker than curly hair, which is ribbon-like and fine, the finest human hair being that met with in the Bush and Andaman races. These facts have a most important bearing on the subject. In order that the muscle that I have described to you, may act as an erector of the hair, it is necessary that the hair must be sufficiently strong to resist the tendency to bend. If the hair is so weak as to bend before the action of the muscle, the lever-like tendency is nullified. When the hair is fine and ribbon-like, the action of the muscle bends it into a curve, and this is the reason why the hair assumes the curly form in the Bush scalp.

At Asti, in California, last year, a cistern 104 feet long by 34 feet wide and 24 feet deep was formed in the hillside for the storage of wine. The immense tank was lined with concrete 2 feet thick, and coated inside with a glaze as impermeable as glass. The capacity of the tank is 500,000 gallons.

"Come here, Johnny! I'm going to give you a piece of—" "Oh, mamma, is it lemon or custard pie?" "How dare you interrupt me, Johnny? Come here; I'm going to give you a piece of advice!"

SHORT STORIES.

THE CAPTAIN'S SIDE OF IT.

"There's another side to this question of the criminal carelessness of the commander, which we hear so much talk about whenever a liner is lost," said the captain of a big ocean steamer the other day. "It's not the captain who is really to blame in one case out of ten, even when he is running his ship at full speed through a fog. It's the public that's to blame, and I'll tell you how it is.

"To begin with, everybody knows of the rivalry between the different lines. Everybody knows what a difference there is, in the estimation of the public, between the rival boats of the same grade which start at the same time and come in twenty-four hours apart. The man who has traveled by the boat that comes in twenty-four hours behind is going to say to himself that next time he will go on the So and So, which must be a better boat, for didn't she come in a day ahead of the one he came on? The captain of boat No. 1 is a hero for the time being, and the company he works for smiles on him. That he has run all the way at full speed, through heavy seas and fogs, and has taken all kinds of risks, he knows, but he doesn't say anything about that, and the company doesn't either. They have beaten the other line, and that is enough. The captain of boat No. 2 which came in a day behind the other knows just what is in store for him before he reports at the office of his company. This is about what he hears:

"Why, how is this, Mr. Blank? You came in twenty-four hours behind the So and So. What was the matter, anyhow?"

"Well, you see," says the Captain, "we had storms part of the way, and when we got to the Banks we struck a fog so thick you couldn't see your hand before your face, and we had to run at half speed all day."

"Ahem! It's a bad thing, Mr. Blank, for us to be beaten twenty-four hours by the So and So."

"Capt. Blank says no more, but feels that he has been reproved, and he remembers it on the next trip. The sea may be running 'mountains high' and the fog may be so thick you can't see the funnel from the bridge, but he is bound to get in on time this trip, and he does. The owners of the line smile on him. So he knows what he is required to do and goes on making record trips. It is the public, you see, which the company has got to please if it is to exist, and the captain has to please the company. Some day he does this once too often. He collides with another ship in a fog, maybe, or runs on the rocks. Perhaps the natural love of life or the thought of a helpless family keeps him from deliberately going to the bottom with the ship, but he knows that his career is at an end. The board sits on the case, and if there is any evidence to show that the accident was due to the carelessness of the commander in running at full speed in thick weather, or whatever the case may be, he is reprimanded and his certificate suspended for some months at least. When at last he gets the certificate back it has a hole punched in it.

"Now let us suppose he has been a faithful servant of the company for a good while, and they like him, and decide to transfer him to another ship and give him a chance for existence. This new ship has to be insured, of course, before she goes to sea. The underwriters make their inquiries; there comes up the question as to who is the captain of the ship. When they hear the name they will probably say, 'Why, let us see; isn't he the man who sunk the So-and-So? Yes? Oh, we can't take any risks on a ship commanded by Capt. Blank. Put another commander in his place and it will be all right.' "The company is obliged to dismiss Captain Blank. Then he starts out to find another situation. His certificate, you remember, has a hole in it. He goes to see the owners of another line. As soon as they hear his name they say:

"Oh, yes. Didn't you command the So-and-So?"

"Yes, I commanded that boat."

"Humph! Very sorry, captain, but we haven't anything just now. If we should have anything we will let you know."

"This scene is repeated at one steamer office after another on both sides of the water."

The captain leaned his elbows on the table. "Do you wonder," he said, after a pause, "that generally when a liner is lost at sea her commander isn't among the saved? But mark my words," he added, rising, "in almost every disaster, when the cry of negligence is loudest, it's the public that's to blame, and not the captain, who only does what he is obliged to do."

HE BOOMED BUSINESS.

"Speaking of oysters," said the major, "puts me in mind of the time I went into the patent oyster business. It was when I was with Smith & Coleman, formerly proprietors of the St. Nicholas and Astor houses, New York, respectively, but at the time running the Metropolitan in Washington. Business was bad and we cutgeared our brains how to build it up without incurring extra expense. Finally they left it to me. I concluded to try a plan that would either make or break business.

"There were some old rubber mats in the store room, and I had the boys wash them thoroughly and then cut them up in pieces about the size of a domina. Taking about two hundred of these pieces, I went to De Mar, the

chef of the hotel, and famed for his fried oysters, and asked him if he could cover the chunks of rubber with butter and brown it without getting the rubber so hot it would smell. He tried it and succeeded beautifully and when I had placed the patent oysters in a chafing dish behind the bar they looked as appetizing as the real bivalve ever looked when properly fried.

"My first customer was Smith, one of the proprietors. He saw the oysters and said, 'Good heavens, major, we can't stand that. Fried oysters will break us. Why, I know fellows who will stand here and eat a dozen.'"

"I told him I didn't think they would, and as he wanted to try one I passed it out on a plate with the regulation fork. He chewed on it a while and then took it out of his mouth and looked at it. Just what he said doesn't matter, but he went out and sent Coleman in for an oyster. In an hour or two the run had commenced, every fellow that got an oyster went out to get a victim. Gen. O'Burns brought in Frank Turk, John Chamberlain introduced Chester A. Arthur to the dish, Sunset Cox, Sam Randall, Allen G. Thurman and a host of others were brought in only to say, 'Don't give me away. I want so and so to have an oyster,' and they'd go and get them.

"Toddy Quinn came to me, and says he, 'Major, I want a dozen of your oysters put up in a box for my friend Flannigan of Troy, N. Y., to take with him for lunch on his journey home tomorrow. Flannigan had his wife with him, and they did not open the oysters until they got to Wilmington, and there Flannigan went out to get some coffee while his wife opened the lunch.'"

"She, good kind soul, asked several ladies sitting near to help her eat the oysters, and in truth she needed help to eat them. When Flannigan came back with the coffee there was a coach load of about as angry women as can be imagined. Flannigan tried one of the oysters, to see what the trouble was, and when he got home he wrote me a letter. But the patent oysters boomed the business, and I was known for many a day as the rubber oyster man."

SILENT BILL STROTHERS.

"Don't you believe that all the cowboy boys of the west waste their breath in yelling or talking," said the major, "as he was telling of life on a ranch. 'I've got a man named Bill Strothers who hasn't wasted a word since he was old enough to speak. Men who have chummed with him have told me that he would go three or four days without uttering a word. I'd been trying to find him for a year. One day I heard that he was over at Red Hill, and I rode over and found him sitting in the shade of a tree. He nodded to me as I got out of the saddle and I sat down beside him and said:

"Well, Bill, I'll give you \$50 a month to come over to the C. P. ranch. I've got a dozen herders who need a hard boss for a few months. I suppose you've got some private affairs to straighten up, and I'll give you a week to do it in. What do you say?" "I said all that and perhaps more. Bill gave me a look of reproach, and slowly got up and mounted his cayuse. I thought I'd lost him, and in some anxiety I asked where he was going. "Ranch, of course," he grudgingly replied, and he rode alongside of me for thirteen miles without opening his mouth again.

"About eight months after he came to me I took a two days' ride in his company. In those two days I uttered just ten words, as duly recorded in my notebook, and those ten words were in regard to the body of a man we found hanging to a limb. I was mighty lonesome for a talk, I can tell you, but I started out with the intention to preserve my dignity. Bill muttered a 'Humph!' over the corpse, but let out no word. When we got back home I prided myself that I had won a medal, but in the midst of my self-congratulations in walks old Bill and says: "Major, I'm goin'."

"But what's the trouble? I asked. 'Anything wrong with the work?' "He shook his head. "Want a raise of wages?" "He shook it again. "You are not taking up a herd of your own?"

"There was a third shake, and, drawing a long breath, as if about to do some desperate thing, Bill replied: "See hyar, Major, I was out with you for two days and you talked too darn much!"

"I promised to better my record," laughed the Major, "and I'm sure I've done it. I've spoken to him only twice in the last eleven years, and I know he thinks I ought to be president of the United States."

HOW TO WEAR WHISKERS.

"The first thing a young man should do in starting out in life," said an old timer, oracularly, "is to decide how he wants to wear his whiskers. Then he can choose his vocation accordingly. The matter may be reduced to an exact science," he continued, "taking the mustache as a basis. A mustache is essentially romantic and convivial, and is important to any calling in which good fellowship cuts a figure. If very heavy and drooping it lends an air of exactness to its owner. I knew a railroad manager whose mustache draws \$20,000 a year; he never does anything himself, and an idea would kill him dead.

"The addition of side whiskers tempers the mustache with a solid suggestion of business acumen, and if gray and well kept proclaim their wearer an old-school gentleman whose palate may be trusted on the question of vintage. A mustache and imperial are emblems of determination and are valuable

for lawyers and doctors. They inspire confidence. Up to middle age small side-whiskers of the mutton-chop brand are chiefly useful as indicating seriousness of purpose.

"When they begin to whiten they are indispensable to financial magnates of the first class—symbols, so to speak, of austerity and haughty reserve. The theory might be expanded indefinitely but I am sure you catch its drift.

"ought to add, by the way, that long chin whiskers are an excellent stimulant to thought. A friend of mine has an immensely long goatee, without which he would be as helpless as a babe.

"Ordinarily his brain is in a state of complete repose, and when asked a question he responds with a fishy stare. Then his hand steals slowly up to his goatee and he gives it a slight tug. That tug releases some sort of a catch in his mental machinery, and it proceeds to grind out one thought, whereupon he immediately gives you an intelligent answer. If his chin whiskers were shaved off he would be reduced to a condition approaching coma."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

RODE IN ICE WAGON.

If you had happened to be near one of the largest apartment houses in the northwest quarter of the town one hot summer's day you might have seen a strange sight, for a gayly painted ice wagon lumbered up to the door and the ice man handed out, not a cake of ice, but a real live woman, and a pretty woman at that. Great was the astonishment of everybody who saw, but the woman herself wasn't in the slightest degree embarrassed. She had been hurrying all over town since morning, making ready to go away for the summer, and when at last she stepped into a small shop in a side street to attend to the very last errand on her list she was beginning to be dizzy, and her head ached with the terrific heat till she was on the verge of collapse, says the Washington Post. The shopkeeper suggested calling a carriage, but she was afraid to wait. Just at that moment an ice wagon drew up to the curb and the woman—well, a moment later she was sitting on a borrowed stool between two blocks of ice in that wagon. She simply had herself delivered at her own door, and she firmly believes that if she had waited for a carriage she'd have succumbed to the heat. The ice wagon, she says, and she doesn't forget to add her own common sense, saved her life.

BROKE UP THE MEETING.

In the recent political campaign in Baltimore the campaign was particularly hot in the Sixth ward. In that ward, though no longer a fashionable section, there dwell many substantial citizens, the younger members of whose families may have married and moved to more desirable sections of the city, but the parents remain in the old homestead. A mass meeting was called in Market House Hall, in this ward, and a special committee was appointed to wait upon the oldest residents and to invite some of them to a place of honor upon the platform, and to induce some of them to say a word or two as to the great blessings to be enjoyed under our form of government, most of which were ascribed to the party holding the meeting, and to give a little advice to the younger men to vote early, if not often.

The hall was crowded, and great enthusiasm prevailed. The old citizens of the ward were prominently in evidence and filled the platform. The oldest, the wealthiest, and, as it was maintained by many, the meanest man of the number, was a retired hog drover and land owner. He was introduced with a great flourish by the chairman, bowed profoundly when the applause had ceased, and said in broken English: "My Fellow Citizens—Sixty years ago I come to dis country a poor poy—what am I now?"

In the pause that followed a deep bass voice in the rear of the hall called out: "A damned old hog!"

POLLY AT THE PHONE.

One West Madison street druggist lost a customer on Monday through his fondness for pets, says the Chicago News. He had a large green parrot and the cage is hung near the telephone, with the result that Polly has become quite proficient in "telephone talk," and furnishes much amusement to the customers who have time to stop and listen.

On Monday a stylishly dressed young lady came rustling into the store and asked permission to use the 'phone. The druggist pointed to the rear of the store and she started in that direction. The store was rather dark, and when she heard someone apparently talking into the receiver she seated herself on a chair to wait. "Hello, central—hello, hello—yes, give me four-double-eight express. Yes, hello; who is that? Oh, yes; what, yes; hello, I say; no, I didn't get that; is that so, well, goodbye, ring off; hello, central; hello, hello; give me—" and so on, and so on through several repetitions.

Then she rose and advanced with a stately air to the clerk and asked if he thought that "person" intended to use the telephone all day.

"Why, that's only the parrot, he—"

"But the front door had slammed before he could finish his sentence.

"Which do you love most—your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie—I love papa most. Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you. I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together.