

Census Questions in Rhyme.

Does your mother-in-law live with you?
Are you deaf?
Have you elephantiasis of the heart?
Did you ever have the measles?
Do you ever get a mortgage on your house and lot?

lowed him, and the others bowed away with silent thoughtful attentions.
"Doctor Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?"
The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.

"Gentlemen you hear? Have you any daughters?"
David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry—didn't see how his sin was "a-going to find him out."

TAMING A FLOCK OF GUILLS.

Several weeks ago Mrs. D. N. Snyder of Jefferson township saw a lot of quails dusting themselves under some currant bushes in the back end of her garden, says the Scranton, Pa., correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. The birds looked so happy and contented that she thought it would be too bad to disturb them, so she returned to the house without pulling the weeds out of a patch of onions that she had gone there for the purpose of doing.

ABE LINCOLN IN SPRINGFIELD.

How the Presidential Candidate Got His Mail—His Wife's Ambition.
"Yes, as you say, new yarns about Lincoln are hard to find. Nevertheless, his was such a striking personality that it is not easy to exhaust the material he offered to the story-teller."

WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

It Is Right to Face Backward When Jumping Off a Car.
Woman, lovely woman, is about to be rehabilitated in the estimation of the world in an important matter, says the Washington Post. Ever since railroads have been built, ever since street-cars have rolled through busy streets, the cartoonist, the paragrapher, the wits of the fireside, the end-man in minstrel shows, and the clown in the circus have been depicting her as defying the laws of motion and gravitation in getting off a moving car.

THE DISPUTED WILL.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, Doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."
The speaker was a Texan alcalde of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face, and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie, or the lush freedom of the woods.

"Alcalde, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David, angrily.
"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"
There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes," for the doctor smiled graciously, and went on.

"Not at all, alcalde. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."
"An' I," "An' I," "An' I," cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.
"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio Court," cried David, passionately.

One morning the kind-hearted woman forgot to throw the buckwheat, but the quails reminded her of her negligence by appearing at the usual hour and making a great fuss and noise because there wasn't any grain in the garden for them to pick up.
Mrs. Snyder let the birds hunt for other kinds of food that day, and for several mornings after that she didn't fail to give them a good feed of buckwheat.

Mr. Hosie, the British Consul at Wenchow, in his last report, contrasting the methods of harvesting the poppy prevailing in Western and Eastern China, says that if the cultivators of the poppy in the East were as skilled in the art of collecting the juice as their countrymen in Western China it is all but certain that the foreign import would be very small indeed.
In Western China the capsules are sacrificed by means of a parallel row of knife points projecting from one of the ends of a short wooden handle.

How He Worked the Innocents.
The experienced train boy was apparently giving instructions to a youth whom he was breaking in as an assistant.
In the seat directly in front of the two sat Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kerpuuk, of Georgeron's Cross Roads. It was their first trip away from home.

League Manager (to applicant)

What makes you think you would make a good pitcher?

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Mechanics as Inventors.