

THE ODD CORNER



The Chump.

He'd tarried late; her pater's voice
Came to him like a shock;
"Hark ye, young man! Are you aware
It's almost twelve o'clock?"

"Yes, sir. But—that is—you see—
She's now an hour or so
Been sitting on my hat, and I—
I really couldn't go."

"And are you chump enough to get
Your hat in such mishap?
Hereafter hang it in the hall;
Don't keep it in your lap."
—Ed Mott in New York Sun.

Minister Challenged Congregation.

The Rev. William Tibbs of the Mount Rose Baptist church, colored, of Homestead, Pa., has announced that he will no longer serve the congregation. The pastor resigned, but the congregation forestalled him by discharging him before his resignation was made. There has been trouble between a faction in the congregation and the pastor for about a month, and one night, after prayer meeting, a member of the flock arose and moved that the services of salaried men be dispensed with. The salaried men are the minister and the janitor. The motion carried amid much talk.

The pastor became excited and, springing to his feet, resigned. This not attracting any attention, he peeled off his coat and announced that he was ready for all comers, no weight barred. As the pastor resembles Jim Jeffries in build, the congregation fought it out among themselves, and the minister retired from active service with colors flying.

Will Wait as Did Jacob.

James Jones of Broadland, arrested at Salem, S. D., a day or two ago on a warrant charging him with eloping with the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gorsuch, was before Judge Geddis for examination.

After a conference of the parents with the accused, and on the representation that the two were desperately in love and would marry in "spite of lock and bars and the objection of stern parents," the father of the child said if Jones would wait two years he could have her; that Jones is "a good man—honest and industrious, and is all right, but too old for Ella." She is 14 and Jones is 28.

Mr. Gorsuch asked to have the action dismissed at his cost, which was done, and Jones was released from custody and the girl returned home with her parents.

Stood Still for Six Hours.

Ralph Leslie, an actor, who said his home is in Marion, Ohio, bet commercial travelers in the lobby of the Erie hotel in Dunkirk, N. Y., \$40 that he could stand without moving a muscle until 6 o'clock the next morning. The bet was taken, and it was agreed that if any one shoved him or otherwise disturbed him he was to take the money.

It was 10:25 o'clock when the bet was made. Leslie struck a position in the middle of the corridor and stayed there motionless until 4:30 a. m., when one of the travelers, playfully scuffling with another, struck one of the silent poser's feet, moving it. Leslie forthwith the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. with quit and took the money. Witnesses declare he had not visibly moved a muscle for six hours and five minutes.

Lover of 75 Is a Sprinter.

The angry father of Luella Lantz, a pretty Barbour county (W. Va.) girl, 16 years old, drove forty miles in pursuit of his daughter and Thomas Heatherly, 75 years old, her lover, who eloped from their home and drove to Grafton. The Rev. G. W. Bent of St. Paul's M. E. church, Grafton, married them while they were seated in the buggy, and as soon as the ceremony was completed they started on their return home. The parent of the girl

bride arrived only a few minutes too late to stop the ceremony. They started on their forty-mile honeymoon without the blessing of Mr. Lantz, the aged groom driving with one arm as they started homeward.

Died from Excess of Joy.

Death from shock caused by too lively a satisfaction befell M. Alexis Guillorrit, one of the assistants to the mayor of Bourron, in the environs of Fontainebleau, France, where he was indulging in his favorite sport of shooting, the other day. Two hares started simultaneously and M. Guillorrit discharged his two barrels as quick as lightning and had the delight of seeing the two animals drop. But he fell himself at the same moment. He had been subject to a heart affection for a long time past, and the violence of his emotion had been too much for him. Every effort was made to restore animation, but in vain. He had died of joy.

Sample of English Fog.

When a very dense fog settled over the Thames valley a few Sundays ago, and most densely over London, it imposed a complete silence on animal life. London was itself as silent as the grave, for all traffic was stopped, and as on Sunday traffic of any kind is reduced to a minimum, the great city was almost as still as a country village at midnight. The streets and even the river were almost without a sound, for not a single tug was moving on the Thames. In the country no bird uttered a sound; they all sat still, silent and moping.

Rescued Exhausted Deer.

A deer attempted to swim across Pennesee lake, a body of water near the village of Norway, Me., but encountered ice of considerable thickness when 100 yards from the shore. The animal broke the ice before him for another 100 yards before he became exhausted. Persons on the shore seeing his predicament rowed to his rescue dragging him into the boat in such a helpless condition that he made absolutely no resistance.

Divining Rod Was Right.

Patrick Robbin, who is said to be able to locate water veins from the surface of the earth by means of the famous divining rod, marked a spot for a Hinsdale, N. H., man as a favorable place to dig a well. Imagine the surprise of the owner when six feet below the surface he found the wall of an old well which had been filled. No one in Hinsdale is able to recall that a well ever existed at the point in question.

Derrick Is Immense.

With the putting up of the last of the eight great pillars in the cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York will lose one of its wonders. Of the hundreds who have seen the derrick which has lifted the huge stone columns, few know that it is probably the largest ever erected. The two sticks of Oregon pine composing it are 98 feet tall, and the bottom of the "head" of the derrick is 96 feet from the ground.

Horses Were Well Trained.

A pair of horses showed remarkable training at Meriden, Conn., Saturday. They were being driven along a wood road, when the driver was suddenly taken ill and fell from his seat. He was killed by the fall, and the reins received a sudden jerk which brought the horses to a standstill. The man's body was found twelve hours later between the wheels, but the horses had not moved during that entire time.

His Imagination Too Vivid.

A workman on the Siberian railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterward found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor. The refrigerating apparatus, however, was out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below 50 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the journey.

Eager Enough.

Mr. Timmid—"I don't think there's any use in my offering my hand to Miss Coy; she's so indifferent."

Mr. Wise—"Indifferent? Have you said anything to her?"

Mr. Timmid—"No, why?"

Mr. Wise—"I'll bet you'll find her indifference is on a par with that of the convivial gent who says: 'I don't care if I do.'"

Lacked a Lawyer's Facility.

Lawyer to witness—Never mind what you think, we want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man.

Woman witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Bulletin.

Very Essential.



Mamie—"Tain't ther clothes what makes ther man, Jimmy."

Jimmy—"What! Say, did you ever have yer clothes swiped when you was in swimmin'?"

A Changed Woman.

"Well, well," said the returned traveler, "and so you are married now. It seems only yesterday since you left school. How time does fly!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Younger, "only a short time ago I never clipped anything from the papers but poems, and now I clip nothing but recipes."

A Puzzler.

Uncle Josh—Did you notice that feller with side whiskers an' a monocle?

Aunt Hetty—Yes, I s'pose he jest wears it becuz it's fashionable.

Uncle Josh—Yes, but I was jest wonderin' why they never made it fashionable to wear side whiskers jest on one side.

Too Bad.

"Hello, Ragsey!" said the first newsboy, sarcastically, "I didn't see yer at de Astorbilt weddin' last night."

"No," replied the other, "I wuz all ready to go, but me bloomin' valet didn't show up in time to mannyure me fingernails."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Much to Expect.

"See here, landlord, must I sit here forever before I get the half chicken that I have ordered?"

"Oh, no, sir! I'm only waiting till somebody comes and orders the other half. Of course, I can't kill a half a chicken!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Those Hind Feet.

First Farmer—That's not the way to ride a mule; why don't yer set farther front?

Second Farmer—Say, don't I know which end of this here mule I want ter keep on ther ground?—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Not All Accounted for.

Gerald—"There's a fool born every minute."

Geraldine—"But that would be only sixty an hour."

SMOKEHOUSE IN A BARREL.

Homemade Contrivance That Will Give Good Results.

M. W. T.—Please publish a description of a small, cheap smokehouse, suitable for a farmer to smoke a few hams, etc.

A large cask or barrel may be used for smoking a small quantity of meat. To make this effective, a small pit should be dug, and a flat stone or a brick placed across it, upon which the edge of the cask will rest. Half the pit is beneath the barrel and half is outside. The head and bottom may be removed, or a hole can be cut in the bottom a little larger than the portion of the pit beneath the cask. The head or cover is removed while the hams are being hung upon cross sticks, as shown in the illustration. The cross sticks rest upon two cross bars made to pass through holes bored in the sides of the cask. The head is then laid upon the cask and covered with moist sacks to confine the smoke. Live coals are put into the pit outside of the cask, and the fire is fed with damp corn cobs, hardwood chips, or



Barrel Smoke House.

fine brush. The pit is covered with a flat stone by which the fire may be regulated, and it is removed when necessary to add more fuel.—Montreal Herald.

Quack Grass.

J. N.—Can you tell me how to kill out quack grass. I was told how to kill out quack grass. I was told that buckwheat would do it, but it don't. Some say flax will. Please let me know what you think.

The growing of buckwheat or flax on land infested with quack grass certainly will not kill out this persistent weed unless other steps are taken. The first thing to do with such land is to plow it shallow in hot weather. Harrow or cultivate once or twice more before the end of the season to drag up as much as possible of the weed, so that it may be dried out. The next year the land may be sown to buckwheat or any other close growing crop which will crowd out and prevent the vigorous development of the weed, but I think it would be preferable to use a root crop on the land and trust to the thorough cultivation which the roots should receive, to destroy the quack grass, if any showed up.—J. F.

A Foundation That Cracked.

F. J. H.—A stone foundation of a house standing in heavy clay lifted and cracked last winter. The walls are built from solid rock up. How can a repetition of this be prevented.

By the description you give of your foundation the cause of the lifting and cracking must be for the want of drainage. If the wall sits on solid rock it would not heave by the frost unless the water is allowed to stand in the foundation and freeze. If the wall were properly drained it should not crack. By laying a tile drain around the outside of the wall and at the bottom, it should remove all the standing water and prevent the wall's from being lifted by the frost.

Criticism.

First Hog—It is singular that those young lambs have so little sense.

Second Hog—Very. It is shocking to see them wasting time in idle frivolity when it might be devoted to eating.