Bananas as Food.

The banana seems to be as poor an article of food as the potato, which it greatly resembles, containing 1.71 per cent of albumoids, while the potato contains the same proportion. Man, under normal conditions requires 4.2 ounces of flesh-forming substances daily in order to obtain which from bananas he would have to consume 15 pounds of the fruit, containing nine pints of water. Bananas, then, are unsuited to man's diet, although a delicious accessory to more nitrogenous food.

To San Francisco in a Rowboat.

Captain F. H. Shirley of Philadelphia, once of the United States navy, who has spent many years on oyster boats, wants some one to back him in a trip from Philadelphia to San Francisco in a rowboat. He says he will make the journey in a boat of his own designing and building, which he calls a Philadelphia sneakbox. He would row along the coast, depending for subsistence mainly upon what he could procure with gun and fishing tackle. The distance would be over 13,000 miles, and he thinks he could cover it in thirteen months, and at a cost of not over $250.

A Unique Terrestrial Globe.

The shah of Persia has ordered from Paris a terrestrial globe which it will be perhaps more correct to style unique than rare, seeing that the different countries of the world are depicted on it in precious stones. Thus, for instance, Italy is represented by a topaz, France by a sapphire, England by rubies, Russia by diamonds, etc. The seas are represented by emeralds. In short, a valuable curiosity.

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen the faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it wouldn't be all for the children,
The fun and the cheer and the play:
With the patient droop of the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out and did without,
And lived by the golden rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear

And if mother would listen to me, dears,
She'd buy her a gown of silk,
With buttons of royal velvet,
And ruffles as white as milk
And she'd let you do the trotting,
While she sat still in her chair:
That mother should have it hard all through,
It strikes me isn't fair.

—The Interior

MRS. GRANIT'S TROUBLE.

Hers was such a common trouble, so insignificant to relate, and had such a strong flavor of the ridiculous withal, that no one thought of the tragic element it possessed. She was growing stout. She had always been prettily plump, but in the fifteen years which had elapsed since her wedding day she had gained flesh so steadily yet so imperceptibly that she had never realized her increasing weight. She might never have done so but for the chance remark of a careless friend, who told her that another acquaintance, wishing to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, had spoken of her as "the stout Mrs. Granit." "What, me?" she had exclaimed, and her friend had remarked smilingly: "Well, you are a little stout, you know." The poor woman made no answer; but when she reached home she went straight to her room and studied herself in the long mirror. Yes, there was no doubt of it, she had grown stout.

From that day she began to be sensitive about her weight, and consequently she frequently heard (or thought she did) slighting remarks about it. One evening her husband told her that it was harder to embrace her than it had been ten years before, and her little boy added: "Yes, and mamma's chair is getting too small for her, too," meaning the little rocker her husband had given her on her first married birthday. Somehow the remark stung her, and for the first time in his life the child was told "not to talk so much." Both husband and child were surprised, for how could they know how she suffered every time her growing size was mentioned? Not even the pang which she, in common with all her sex, had felt when she first heard herself spoken of as "still young," had been half so sharp as this later one. Another time her least little girl, the baby, hearing her aunt and grandma discuss the subject in her mother's absence, asked her: "Is you goin' to be big like Aunt Sukey (the colored washerwoman), mamma?" She shed bitter tears over that innocent question; and when, her dressmaker, who had fitted her ever since she had worn long dresses, told her that "she wasn't as easy to fit as she used to be," something very much like despair entered her soul. She was full of life, strong, well and only 36, yet she felt herself relegated to the ranks of the "frumps" every time she thought of herself as stout. And there was no hope for her of course; her grandmother had died at the age of 80 years, but she had been an unwieldy burden to herself for the last twenty years of her life. To be sure her form was still good, her skin fresh and sweet, her hair abundant and glossy, and her hands and feet slender; but then, all these charms would go, of course, and she would grow red-faced and clumsy.

She felt as if her heart would break. Once she hinted something of her trouble to her husband, but, man-like, he laughed at her for "making mountains out of mole-hills," and his ridicule hurt her so much she hardly noticed his affectionate assurances that she was not really too stout at all. With her mother it was the same, and even the family doctor told her he thought it was constitutional, and he could do little to help her, even if she grew to need his assistance, which at present she did not. Then she tried dieting, but she only grew weak, and her wedding dress (which she had tried on regularly ever since she had begun to worry over her size) still refused to meet, much less fasten. And when her last hope had failed, she shut up her trouble in her own heart and—grew morbid.

By degrees she took less and less trouble with her personal appearance, for what did it matter how she looked or if her clothes were stylish, when she grew stouter every day.

Then her sunny temper fled, and, though she never became actually ill-tempered, she was often sad and unlike herself. The children began to be silent in her presence, and her husband went oftener to the club nights, "to get some one to talk to," he said. All these changes she laid at the door of her "cruel deformity," as she bitterly termed it, and life seemed to her to have lost nearly all its joys. Even the pretty, soft voice which her friends had so enjoyed and gloried in did not seem the same, for she continually thought of the fast-coming time when it would grow husky, and she would have trouble with her breathing. Besides, how could she stand up and sing for people when she knew they were smiling at her large waist. Soon she ceased to go into society at all, and people did indeed talk about her, but not because she was stout, "What on earth is the matter with that pretty Mrs. Granit?" they asked. and no one knew. But the poor lady numbered among her friends one good soul, who knew by sad, if opposite experience—she was painfully thin—how severely it was possible to suffer because of a fancied personal defect, and she intuitively devined the cause of the sadness which echoed in Mrs. Granit's voice and shone in her eyes. And so, being one of those patient saints who, under a plain exterior carry angelic hearts and go about the world doing all the odd deeds of kindness every one else leaves undone, and for which there is no reward—but virtue's own—she set herself to work to make Mrs. Granit happy. And the way she accomplished her kind intention was as follows:

First, she called upon her friend and asked her to sing at a musicale to be given at her house, and pressed her request on the grounds that everyone else would be sure to sing something sad or mournful, and "nobody I know sings merry ballads as well as you do, my dear. "And besides," she added, as with an afterthought, "you have such a lovely presence that it will be a rest to the audience just to look at you after the numerous people all ranging from thin to scrawny who will take part first." Mrs. Granit felt sure she only said it out of kindness, but her heart softened and she consented to sing, and even ordered a new dress for the occasion. She had not worn an evening dress for so long that her bare arms and neck felt strange, but still it gave her the feeling of satisfaction which nothing but a handsome outfit can produce in the heart of a woman, and when her number was announced she found to her joy that music still gave her the power to forget. She had meant to go home early, but somehow she enjoyed herself so much that it was 12 o'clock before her husband, whom to her great surprise she had seen seated in front of her when she sang, stood in the hall waiting for her. "I didn't know you were coming to-night," she had said with her old-time pretty manner, as they went upstairs together. "I thought you said you were going to the play." "So I was," he answered, "but you looked so lovely when you passed me on the way to the carriage, that I thought I would rather see you after all." It was easy to be courtly and gallant to a wife who looked so charming as she did just then, with that lovely girlish blush on her cheeks, and the delighted, half-timid smile which his compliment had brought forth playing around her mouth and making the pretty dimples which had lain concealed so long. The happy smile still lingered while she donned her wraps, and draped the dainty white lace scarf around her head and throat (it was many a day since she had arranged it so carefully) and many of the other ladies cast admiring glances toward her, for, contrary to the general idea, women do admire each other frequently. Presently one of them ventured to tell her how handsome she was looking, and again she blushed like the maiden she was at heart, and her eyes filled with happy tears as she murmured something about being "so stout." "You stout!" exclaimed the other with a merry laugh, "why, I'd give anything to be as plump as you are." And as the "common fatty," as she had often bitterly called herself, went down the stairs, she thought of another woman who had that evening told her she was "only stout enough to be dignified." and wondered if she was really as bad-looking as she had supposed.

"Will you come again next week," asked the little missionary as she bade her friend good night, and even she was surprised at the ready answer of "Yes, indeed dear, as often as you like."

That night the now happy woman stood so long in front of her tall mirror that her husband laughingly inquired if she contemplated admiring herself all night, and when he woke the next morning she was there again. With a mingled sigh and smile he turned away. but presently she called him, with a tone he had not heard for so long that it startled him, and, razor in hand, he went to her dressing-room door. "John," she said, timidly, coming up to him, with a shoe in one hand and a button-hook in the other, "I've been very cross this last year or two, haven't I?" "Well, you haven't been like yourself, dear," he answered, "why was it?" "Well, do you know," she murmured, blushing and hesitating, "I thought I was getting so fat and ugly that—that—you wouldn't love me," she finished, with her head on his shoulder. "Pansy," he said softly, using the love-name he had given her during their courting days, "don't you know you never were so pretty as you are now. Why, only the other day Brown (the artist, you know), was telling me he wished he could have you for a model. And, do you know, when I saw you looking at yourself so long, I was afraid you'd got tired of having only one man to admire you, and had concluded to go on the stage." "Why, you're a bigger goose than me," she laughed, giving him a kiss and a little push, "go finish your shaving." Ten minutes later she was ransacking an old trunk in search of a morning gown he had always liked, and in half an hour she was running down stairs, singing as she went. "How pretty you are, mamma," said all the children at once, and her cup of happiness ran over. And to this day she declares that the kindest act the little missionary ever did was the one which nobody but herself ever knew anything about.—Ethel Maude Colson, in the Inter Ocean.

A Question of Etiquette.

The wife of a cabinet minister in speaking recently of the laughable experiences that have fallen to her share said that in talking matters over with an ex-cabinet minister's wife she was told the following story: When after the birth of a daughter the cabinet receptions at this lady's house were resumed, the hostess was accosted by a determined looking woman who fiercely inquired why instead of an acknowledgment in person a card had been sent in return for her visit. The cabinet officer's wife started to explain that she had not been making calls for some time, but in the midst of her polite speech the woman excitedly interrupted: "Oh, I understand you fashionable women. You give yourself such airs that by the time your husband gets in the cabinet you are simply unbearable. As to your being ill, I don't believe a word of it; but if you are delicate your husband should get out of the cabinet and give the place to some man whose wife is strong enough to return calls instead of insulting people by sending cards."—Kate Field's Washington.

He Did Forget Something.

"John," she said, as they were leaving the Baltimore and Potomac depot, "have you got my valise?"

"Yes."

"Got the shawl?"

"Yes."

"Got my new umbrella and the lunch-box?"

"Yes."

"And Uncle Henry's field glasses and the cushion to sit on while we see the parade?"

"Yes."

She thought for a while and then exclaimed:

"Oh, John! Where's the baby?"

"Well," said John, slowly, "I must own up, Maria. I did forget the baby."

And he went back to recover the one thing that had escaped his attention.—Washington Star.

Covers a Multitude of Sins.

Biggs—You say your wife always pins a flower on your coat before you leave home?

Riggs—Yes, she has for a month.

"Well, it shows she thinks of you—"

"No, it's because she never can remember to sew on the button."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

IMPURE DRINKING WATER AND ITS RESULTS.

Cause of Disease in Animals and People—The Check Rein—Succulent Feed—Sheep Shearings and Household Helps.

Impure Drinking Water.

We are in almost absolute ignorance as to the effects of impure supply of drinking water on the health of domestic animals. The general impression that any water is good enough for horses, cattle and hogs to drink has, perhaps, to account for this state of affairs. There is no doubt, as precise investigations and accuracy in examinations of the causes operating in producing disease among animals proceed, impure drinking water will have its share allotted to it. Of one thing we are convinced that however inert impure drinking water may have been to animals in a wild state the more we subject them to artificial conditions as the result of civilization, the more we remove from them the immunity they may have possessed against common causes of disease and the greater the liability is there for causes which originally may never have existed, to become developed. What are the substances in water which are liable to produce disease? We have animal organic matter, vegetable organic matter, particularly that of marshes and river bottoms, the germs of specific diseases and some of the salts. Commencing with the last named, first we know the result on the digestive organs of horses receiving a large quantity of lime in their water. Hard water undoubtedly produces a derangement of the intestinal canals and, sympathetically, the skin. The harsh standing coat of horses receiving hard water rapidly disappears when softer water is supplied. The amount of harshness in water that will produce this derangement of the intestinal canal has not been accurately determined but from eight to ten grains of lime per gallon has in many cases been found injurious. Water impregnated with sulphurous acid gives rise in cattle to a number of serious symptoms and to diseases of the bones. Some veterinarians state that water highly charged with calcium, carbonate and sulphate, was found to give rise to exostosis or bunches in horses and when pure water was given the disease ceased. Young horses have been attacked with bony tumors on their limbs from using water highly charged with lime salts. An excess of sulphate of lime in some well water is supposed to have caused an epizootic among horses of a regiment of French cavalry; on changing the water the disease ceased. Butyric acid, one of the results of decomposition of organic substances, has been known in combination with lime to cause diarrhœa in animals. During a cattle plague in Dresden some animals were buried ten to twelve feet deep. During the next year water from a well 300 yards away had a putrid odor and contained butyrate of lime.

Cystic calculi among animals, particularly in sheep, have been attributed to excessive hardness of the water, says the Kansas City Live Stock Indicator. Calculus diseases are more common in limestone districts than in any other. Boils have been supposed to be caused by drinking water. Goitres have been observed among horses and mules in France from drinking waters well known to produce goitre in man.

The impregnation of water by sewerage has undoubtedly some effect upon animals. One veterinarian states that is the most prolific cause of abortion in cows, and we have no idea how much it may be answerable for cases of intestinal irritation, such as diarrhœa, colic, etc., or of obscure outbreaks of disease which we read of from time to time.

We have at least very clear grounds for stating that most of the specific diseases from which animals suffer may certainly be communicated through the water supply. We need only to state, for instance, glanders, foot and mouth diseases, anthrax and perhaps pleuro-pneumonia. How far cases of sore throat, particularly malignant sore throat, may be due to impure water we have no knowledge. Water acts as a medium for the conveyance of the ova of parasites, as tape worms, liver flukes, round worms and thread worms. Some water is brackish and unfit to use.

The amount of organic matter in water given to animals to drink is often very high. We need only allude to the water supply of farmyards from pools and ditches. The water is stagnant, putrid and swarming with animal and vegetable organism, the result of the impregnation with animal excreta and farmyard refuse. The flesh and milk of animals receiving water of this description has often a bad taste and a peculiar odor.

The poisoning of cattle from drinking water of a pond covered with proto cuccus forming a scum like green paint has been noted. This scum after standing for some time gives off a stench like urine and butyric acid. It produces stupor and convulsions. Sheep die in from one to eight hours, horses in eight to twenty. There are no peculiar post mortem lesions except a dark colored blood. We are persuaded that we have many diseases from this cause and particularly in cattle.

Succulent Feed.

The clover field is the great succulent ration to pigs and growing hogs in summer and fall seasons, says the Indiana Farmer. To prevent danger and keep them healthy, succulent feed along with dry corn feeding is essential. Whenever corn is fed to fatten hogs it should be given in proportions of other food, best of all if succulent. Fattening hogs will not eat bran, but they will eat considerable amount of wheat and fine middlings, especially if mixed with sour milk. They will, if they have too much corn, eat a good deal of charcoal to correct acidity of their stomachs; but better still is the feeding of some kind of roots. Beets, including mangle wurtzel, are eaten by fattening hogs greedily to a limited extent. Give hogs all they will eat up every day. By keeping digestion good the fat can be laid on without fever in the animal.

That Check Rein.

It is painful to see so many horses tortured by tight check reins. There are four ways in which these faithful though dumb servants show neckache alone, to say nothing of other tortures from too tight a check rein: First, by tossing up the head; second, by running out the tongue; third, by frothing at the mouth (the horse cannot swallow); fourth, by swinging the head from side to side. Unhook the check of almost any horse that has been harnessed an hour or two, notice how slowly and pleasurably the poor animal lowers his head—a convincing proof that keen suffering has been endured. Again, with the free use of the head in warm weather the horse keeps off many torturing flies, which he cannot do if reined with a tight check. Give him a light check, or, better, none at all. Let the owner or driver try the effect of a single fly upon his bared arm and he will learn to be merciful to the noblest and yet most abused of domestic animals.—Farmers Voice.

Uncut Cornstalks in Manure.

The farmer who thinks in winter that it does not matter whether stalks fed to stock are cut or uncut, learns his mistake when in spring he tries to draw and spread evenly the winter-made manure. It is simply impossible. The manure has of necessity to be piled up to rot. But the coarse, long stalks are a hindrance to profitable rotting of the manure. The pile is apt to dry up, and the valuable properties of the excrement mixed with it will then largely be lost. The cornstalk is porous, and when cut in short pieces each end will fill with urine, and the whole can then be spread evenly without being rotted and without drying out in the soil. It is hard work to bury whole cornstalks evenly, and after they are plowed under they will lie unrotted at the bottom of the furrow and do more harm than good.—American Cultivator.

Manure and Weeds.

A farmer who has manured his hoed crops, no matter with what kinds of fertilizer, has thereby put himself under bonds to wage a harder warfare against the weeds. It is commonly thought that stable manure only increases the number of weeds by bringing to the land additional weed seeds. But other fertilizers, if good for anything, will make weeds grow where none or few were known before. It is with weeds as with cultivated crops. On the very poorest soils weed seeds germinate only in the most favorable conditions. Increase fertility and millions more are ready to germinate. Thorough and frequent cultivation increases the number of weed seeds that sprout. But it also insures that the weed seed goes no farther than sprouting, and, what is better, by being destroyed at this early stage it adds its mite to soil fertility instead of taking from it.—Am. Cultivator.

Household Hints.

It is claimed that flowers will keep much longer by putting the stems in hot water.

Ink may be removed from white goods by applying oxalic acid and then warm water, and from carpets by the use of javelle water.

Boys' clothes frequently require patching. If the cloth to be used is exposed to the sun some time in advance the patch will not be nearly as conspicuous.

The newest fad in table decorations is to color the water in the finger bowls in harmony with the dinner scheme. A few drops of harmless fluids produce, by lessening or increasing the little used, the exact tint required.

A very dainty pen-wiper is made in the shape of a pansy, the petals of which are cut from white felt tinted in the natural colors. In the heart of the flower is placed one side of a bird's egg, painted to represent a face, only above the face is fixed a wreath of fine foliage instead of hair. Flannel leaves on which to wipe the pen are fastened under the petals.

A goose or duck egg may be converted into a match-box. Break the egg and use the larger part of the shell for the box, allowing the edge to present a broken, uneven appearance. Paint with liquid bronze a conventional design around the base of the egg, and fit it into a pasteboard standard painted in a similar manner. The effect is very pretty and graceful.

To revive and brighten leather wash it with a little warm water and a very soft cloth, and afterwards brush it over with the whites of eggs whipped to a light froth. American leather, which is dull and stained, can often be restored by a mixture of oil and vinegar, well mixed. A very small quantity should be applied with a soft cloth, lightly, and the leather must afterwards be well rubbed with an old silk handkerchief.

Care should be used in selecting the pictures that are to hang upon the walls of the nursery. They should not be coarse daubs of color, nor pictures that may arouse fear or apprehension in the child's mind when it is old enough to understand their meaning. One timid child used to hide her head under the sheets at night, because there was a picture hanging at the foot of her bed representing the wolf springing upon little Red Riding Hood.

Sheep Shearings.

It is a good plan with sheep to talk with your neighbors and see how they manage.

It is very important if a growth is secured with early lambs that they be kept warm.

The men that have stuck to sheep for a series of years have invariably come out ahead.

To get the best returns for feeding make the lots of fat sheep as evenly good as possible.

It is sudden changes in the weather that affect sheep and lambs more than anything else.

In a majority of cases one-half of the cost of wool is due to interest on the money invested.

Unless the trees are well protected it is rarely a good plan to turn the sheep into the orchard.

Good hay, regular feeding and warm shelter will lessen the grain necessary to keep thrifty.

Good sheep men claim that they can make more money raising wool at twenty-five cents per pound than to raise wheat at $1.

The growth of the unborn lamb is intimately interwoven with the condition of the mother; hence the importance of keeping her thrifty.

In ascertaining the cost of sheep every farmer must make his own figures, as there is too much variation on different farms for one to depend upon another.

The only way of knowing whether or not sheep are paying a fair profit is by keeping an account of what they cost and taking it from what is derived from them.

A handful of mullein leaves steeped strong, give a pint of the tea, is one of the very best remedies for scours in sheep; in severe cases it may be necessary to repeat the dose.

Unless the pasturage is unusually good there is no advantage in allowing the sheep to run out on the pastures; the small amount of dead grass they get spoils their appetite for good hay.

A MEAN PHILANTHROPIST.

Peculiarities of the Man Who Founded the Montyon Prizes in Paris.

Every year the French academy, a learned body of Paris, distributes wreaths of roses to certain young girls who are found to have distinguished themselves by feminine virtues and by exemplary devotion to duty. These wreaths are accompanied by valuable prizes in money; they are the "Montyon prizes of virtue," so-called in honor of the baron de Montyon, who founded them early in the present century with a large gift of money to the academy for the purpose, and the girls and young women who receive them are called rosieres, says the Youth's Companion.

Baron de Montyon who gave a great deal of money to other charities as well, possessed the most singular character, perhaps, of all the benevolent men who ever lived. He was miserly to the last degree. The full extent of his penuriousness was never known until the correspondence between him and the steward or intendant of his estate recently came to light and was published.

Montyon economized every copper that was possible to go to swell his benefactions, even to the extent of cutting off sources of income. At one time he wrote to this intendant: "Sell the Paris mare and the little white mare for whatever you can get for them. I cannot afford to feed them any longer. Keep the others as long as there is cartage for them, but feed them no more than I have ordered you—a measure of oats and a bundle of straw a day."

He found out that passers-by were occasionally helping themselves to some unripe cherries in front of his estate. "Pick the cherries at once and sell them for whatever you can get," he wrote to the intendant.

The old intendant wrote him that a cow had died of cold in the stable for want of boards to stop the cracks and that still others would perish. As for the house it was so cold for want of fuel that ink and pens were frozen up. "Bah!" the philanthropist wrote in response; "the winter will soon be over."

He was a hard master, and if tenants on his estate did not pay what was due him on the instant, they were turned off, no matter what their condition might be.

When the French revolution came baron de Montyon took refuge in Switzerland and then in England. The old intendant wrote him interesting letters about the exciting occurrences around him in France. "Do not use so much paper in your letters," the baron wrote; "the postage costs altogether too much!"

The intendant, who was very faithful to his master's interests, in spite of the mean way in which he was treated, continued to give him full accounts of matters on the estate. "I want no more of your useless dissertations," the philanthropist wrote back in haste. "Did I not tell you to economize your paper?"

At this very time the baron was making gifts at regular intervals to the poor, and he was capable of private benevolences.

While he was in London a French lady, who had lost a fortune in the revolution, remarked in his presence that if she had 600 francs, to return to France, she might recover a part of her former possessions. The next day she received the sum of 600 francs from some unknown person. She went to France, did succeed in recovering a part of her estate, and returned to London.

Montyon promptly presented himself to her, declared that it was he who sent her the 600 francs, and demanded its repayment. The lady paid it. That night Montyon gave the sum to a poor refugee in London.

Such was the life of the most benevolent miser who ever lived.

His Opinion.

One day the swell artist was passing the house of the younger one, says the Boston Globe, and the latter called to him: "Mr. Chrome, I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and would like to have your opinion of them." The great man said he would only be too happy to look at them, so, ushering him into the house and opening the parlor, the owner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall, and said: "There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old fashioned ambrotype; the other is a painting of Lily Pond." The artist, after adjusting his eyglasses and looking carefully at the paintings a moment, turned and asked: "Which one did you say was your father, Mr. Madder?"

Just His Luck.

He was a jolly granger, and the fact that he knew a thing or two wasn't advertised by the cut of his clothes or by the fit of his whiskers.

"Hello, Uncle Ben," said a man who met him just as he reached the avenue on his way from the depot. "What are you doing here?"

"Come on business," he said solemnly.

"On business?"

"Yep. I came to tell the administration that I don't want office. I've bin a Democrat ever since I was old enough to pronounce the word. I voted for Cleveland every time I hed a chance, so I came erlong to proclaim loudly that I don't want office. An' if things goes as contrairy with me as they usually do I think I'll git it before I start back home."—Washington Star.

A Lesson Wasted.

"Mamma," said little Frances, "is it wight to put glass in your mouf?"

"Oh, no, baby, it isn't," replied mamma, earnestly.

"Why isn't it?"

"You might swallow it, and it would kill you if you did."

"But a little boy at the kindergarten put glass in his mouf this morning."

"I hope you will never put glass in your mouth, will you, Frances?"

"But mamma!"

"Well?"

"The little boy at the kindergarten put the glass in his mouf so he dwink out of it."

Saved by Lincoln.

Dr. Thomas Musgrove, now a dentist of Philadelphia, is an ex-confederate who had a narrow escape from an ignominious death during the war. The young man seized a favorable opportunity to slip through the lines and visit his parents in Northern Delaware. He was recognized, however, while within the union lines, seized, and held as a spy. He was innocent of any evil intent in visiting the North, and influential friends presented his case to the president. Their story was convincing, and Mr. Lincoln saying, "It's a pity a fellow can't come to see his mother," assured the intercessors of young Musgrove's safety.

The Islands of Puget Sound.

Some time a great deal of money will be made by the sale of the islands that line the shores of Puget sound and extend northward along the coast to Alaska. There are thousands of them, varying in dimension from mere poins of rock, uncovered at low tide, to wooded areas larger than Staten Island and much more picturesque, for everywhere in view is green and placid water, enlivened by the painted canoes of the Indians—vessels hewn from monster logs—and there is a background of magnificent mountains, snow-topped and Alpine in outline. There are no such places for summer residence in the world, and although farther north than New York the climate is softer and more equable than on this coast. They could, indeed, be occupied the year around by men doing business in Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver and New Westminster, provided they had private steamers to take them to town. In the matter of beauty this great archipelago far exceeds the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence that sprang into popularity twenty-five years ago.

A New Use for Hair Pins.

It was the privilege the other day of two young women to put hairpins to a hitherto unmentioned use. While driving in Central Park, New York, one of the wheels of their carriage unwound itself from the axle and took its departure in erratic solitude down the road. Fortunately, the vehicle was not overturned and the horses did not run away. The coachman recovered the wheel and replaced it, but he was unable to fasten it on because the pin was gone. In a twinkling the women pulled out half a dozen hairpins. They were twisted into a substitute for the lost pin and held the wheel in place.

Rudyard Kipling.

One of Rudyard Kipling's Brattleboro neighbors describes him, with the fairness but the frankness of an indignant New England woman, in these plain terms: "When I read his scathing comments upon our American ways and words I always think to myself, 'That's pretty well for a young man whose personal habits are so far from pleasing and tidy.' But, in conversation he does not offend in any way as in print. He saves all that for the Angelicans, who want it. Lastly, he is a genial and agreeable acquaintance, though at first sight one would set him down for—well, I think a tramp is about as high in the social scale as Mr. Kipling's appearance would warrant one in placing him."

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.

For every fault we can point out in others we have two of our own.

The greatest of all duties is the present one.

Many people who do not believe in a hell live in one.

Many a man is right in his heart who is wrong in his head.

Why doesn't somebody get up a yeast trust? It would be sure to work.

In the matter of eggs, to the poor belongs the "spoils."

How easy it is to tell the honey where the bees have been.

When you try to be good try to be good for something.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

Safe and sound: A fight conducted over a telephone.