The Columbus Journal.

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AN ARTIST'S LOVE.

CARMICHIEL'S signature in one corner causes a canvas to be scrambled for in these countries nowadays, and there are those who say that it looks equally well at the bottom of a check. Carmichiel himself is brown and bony and a little inclined to be bald. He is a trifle cynical, too, and has accumulated a miscellaneous assortment of strange little ways that must be awfully annoying to his wife. In fact, she says as much in her languid, complaining way.

Carmichiel's work has always been a puzzle to the critics. Lately they have decided that he belongs to the impressionist school, and perhaps those big-jointed, green-eyed women, for which he had occasionally been responsible, do indicate a tendency in that direction. There is nothing of the impressionist about Carmichiel's earlier paintings, however, and yet you would know that they were his; just as you would know that the indifferent, bored-looking Carmichiel whom you meet in every place worth going to is identical with the threadbare but always delightful fellow who used to paint studies of the Creole girls in the winter of '73.

Perhaps, though, you were not among the fortunate number who knew him before he had painted his way into the very heart of Philistia. We were only a small coterie, but our lack of even a bowing acquaintance with fame was a sad trial to most of us. Carmichiel was different, little as you would think it when you see him today. He never seemed then to have the least ambition only to do his work as well as ever he could, and if now and then a sketch was sold, why, there were plenty of friends to pat him on the back and to help him eat and drink the proceeds.

And the sketches sold well after a time, for that wild artist colony in the quaint French quarter was a happy thought for a crowd of out-at-elbows boys, to the most of whom Paris remained a dream for more years than we care to think about. There was plenty of local color there, and any number of saucy girls who were always willing to pose for us, and who considered themselves well paid if they received the first rough sketch of what the sanguine artist invariably assured them was sure to prove "the picture of the year!"

Carmichiel has several of these glowing things in his studio now, and through them all you can trace a likeness to the drab-skinned water nymph that hangs in the drawing-room of Hastings, the porous-plaster man. It's another method and a different subject, but it's the same Carmichiel.

We never knew exactly how it was that he came across Carita. She was one of the dancers at the little French theater—or at least they called it a

WITH A BLAZE OF WRATH.

theater—it was a sort of cross between a low cafe and a second-rate concert hall. We used to go there occasionally and throw roses to the dancers, though Carita was the only one that it paid to look at twice. She was really a beauty and quite Spanish in her ways, although some of us fancied that there might be just a trace of darker blood. Of her husband there could be no question. He was a greasy, low-browed fellow, and wholly a villain. He used to beat her when his shop was raided—or so she told Carmichiel. Carmichiel had never been in love before, and he lost his head rapidly. So when one morning Carita came into our common studio—the Commune we called it—with her forehead bound up, and the contour of one pretty cheek almost obscured by a livid, straggling bruise, Carmichiel upset his colors over the "peasant's bridal" he was at work upon—they painted such things in those days—and declared that Carita was done with her brute of a husband forever.

It really made very little difference to any of us. Carmichiel was the same jolly comrade as before, and worked away furiously in the queer little house which Carita had furnished to suit herself. She figured in most of his pictures that year, and after a time came the little Julien, and Carmichiel turned his attention to a hitherto neglected branch of art, and his canvases began to gleam with the pinky flesh of dark-eyed babies. The little Julien was a fascinating model, and his father proved himself a genius by the facility with which he interpreted the baby graces. All of which would have been very well had not Carita suddenly grown jealous. Her temper was never of the best, and in her silly litle heart she considered herself highly aggrieved and neglected. Then they quarreled, and matters grew worse and worse, until Carita actually threatened to go back to her villainous husband, who had never ceased chuckling over the good bargain he had made with the great artist. Carmichiel was never meek at any time, but yet the matter might have ended differently had not the old uncle who gave him his start in life chosen at this time to introduce himself. But the fateful letter came and Carmichiel went to the big hotel across the river, and there was an interview. It was late when he returned, and Carita met him with a blaze of wrath. He had not told her where he was going, and she was difficult to please those days. She thoroughly understood the art of making herself exasperating, and for a moment Carmichiel caught himself envying his predecessor his enormous biceps and big stick. What he had to say was spoken in a few words, and with a last good-by to the little Julien and a mocking message to the woman, Carmichiel turned his back upon his threadbare past, and upon Carita.

He slept at the Commune that night, and when we opened the door in response to a gentle tap next morning, we found no one in view except the little Julien, who beat his tiny fingers against the door panel and laughed gleefully up in his young father's face. Little Julien had come to stay.

About Carita? The city is large. Perhaps she went back to the ruffianly husband, or, if not—well, it would not be the first time that the turbid yellow river had been intrusted with a secret.

Julien is a fine young fellow, an upper classman at Tulane, and occasionally he pays a short visit to his guardian's home, although strangely enough, Mrs. Carmichiel is not fond of him. Whether she suspects what a few of us know is uncertain, but some of us have wives, and Mrs. Carmichiel possesses more than the usual quota of feminine friends. L. M. W.

THE FUNNEL TRICK.

An Interesting Problem Devised by Sportive Californians.

Jerry Lynch has finally learned the funnel trick. He took it in two doses—one on one evening and the other the next. The senator sauntered up to the Bohemian club the other day and saw two or three of the younger members attempting a new feat, and he watched them with interest. One of them stuck a funnel in the top of his trousers, threw his head back, placed a fifty-cent piece on his forehead and tried to drop it into the funnel by slowly lowering his head. After all had failed Jerry insisted on trying it, though all had tried to dissuade him from attempting a feat too difficult for them. The funnel was placed in the waistband of his trousers and he threw back his head to receive the coin on his expansive brow. At that juncture a pitcher of ice water was emptied into the funnel, and by the time Jerry got through dancing the jokers had vanished. The senator's temper improved with dry raiment, and the next night at the club he started in to show a couple of friends the funnel trick.

"It's this way," he explained, "you put the funnel in the top of your pantaloons, so, then throw your head back, so, and—wow!"

Again Jerry was forced to change his raiment, and he is not showing people what he knows about the funnel trick. —San Francisco News Letter.

THE FAMILY'S MAIN SUPPORT.

The Old Undertaker Deplores the Economies He Had to Practice.

From the San Francisco Post: "Now, now, now; there, there; don't criticise those white gloves because they've been darned. Don't jump on these poor old black rosettes because they're a little rusty," pleaded the country undertaker. "For fifteen years they have been the mainstay of a large and interesting family. Yes, I know those gloves have been washed and darned and stitched till they look more like salt sacks than gloves, but they still sell at the same old price—$1 per pair. Crape rosettes for the pall-bearers still go on every bill at $5.

"When I first went into business fifteen years ago—now this, of course, is on the dead quiet—I bought half a dozen pairs of white cotton gloves for 25 cents, and I think the crape for those rosettes cost 50 cents. Every funeral brings me in $6 for gloves and $5 for rosettes for the pall-bearers, and in the last fifteen years I think I have realized about $6,500 on them, and I've still got them almost as good as new. Some day, when I can afford it, I'll buy some new ones."

Kipling's World Tour.

Just before the steamer Lahn sailed, Rudyard Kipling talked with a reporter. He said that, leaving the Lahn at Bremerhaven, he and Mrs. Kipling would spend some time on the continent, going from there to England. How long a time he would spend there he did not know. Eventually he would go to India, he said, the country of his birth, and possibly he would visit Samoa and other of the islands of the Southern Pacific.

"Will you return to America, and if so, when?" Mr. Kipling was asked.

"Oh, yes, I expect to come back again, when I get ready. I have not the slightest notion as to when that will be."

"Do you call America your home?"

"That is my home where I choose to live."—New York Advertiser.

Cleopatra's Mummy.

Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a layman who would not answer, "Why, in Egypt!" After her cajoleries, her wiles, her life of intense, if not very exalted, loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the loveliest tombs that have ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change 200 years have brought about! Today an ugly mummy, with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied to its head—a mere roll of tightly swathed dust—lies crumbled in a hideous glass case at the British museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and love.

Diplomacy. Thy Name Is Bridget.

Bridget (applying for a situation)—"Oh, yis, mum, Oi lived in my last place t'ree weeks, mum." Mrs. Van Nobbs—"And why did you leave?" Bridget—"Oi couldn't get along with her, she was owld and cranky." Mrs. Van Nobbs—"But I may be old and cranky, too." Bridget—"Cranky ye may be, mum, for faces are sometimes deceiving; but owld, niver!" And Bridget got the place.—Philadelphia Times.

Unfit for Publication.

"What would you say to a good, steady job of work?" asked the kind woman.

"What would I say to a job of work?" repeated Ferry Patettie. "Misus, it would be impossible for me to repeat to a lady what I would say to it."

RIDING ON A DESERT.

A TRIP OVER THE SAHARA NOT ALWAYS UNPLEASANT.

The Bucking Camel and His Pranks—Imagines Himself the Humming Bird, to Which Kipling's Fancy Compared Him.

WISHING to give our baggage camels another day's rest before starting on the trying journey from Murat Wells to Wady Halfa we profited by the delay to take a long ride out on the Abu-Hamed road with our good friend Abdul Azim Bey, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times. The ostensible object of this excursion was to see a huge rock in the shape of a crocodile that Abdul Azim had discovered not long since about a couple of hours out from Murat and a few hundred yards away from the Abu-Hamed caravan track. This rock, said our guide, had never yet been seen by Europeans.

Mounted on a couple of our friend's best bred running camels, and escorted by some half-dozen well-armed tribesmen on small, active beasts as swift as our own, we set out at that fast trot which is as pleasant on a well-bred Hadjuy, as on a rough, hard-set brute it is excruciatingly painful. It was just after dawn and the air was delicious, for the sun does not begin to get really fierce until after 7 a. m., and as we wound down the Khor and out among the Kopjes of the desert, with a pleasant breeze fanning our faces, with the camel's pad striking crisply on the firm, gravelly sand, and the men's accouterments jingling rhythmically as they jogged along, we felt our blood tingle and our spirits buoyant with the exhilaration due partly to the glorious climate and partly to the thought that we really were at last well within the enemy's borders.

For, as Abdul Azim said, when we had ridden an hour or so, only one European since the Nile campaign had been nearer Khartoum than ourselves. This adventurous spirit was Col. Rundle Pasha, who in 1885 or 1886 rode so far toward Abu Hamed that from a hilltop he was able to see that town and the Nile.

Not alone were we affected by the lovely morning. Its glamour was over our escort of Abadeh (generally the most taciturn of folks), four of whom were conducting an eager argument at hot speed in the quaint, primitive language, with its absurd, bewildering "cl—k" interjected, it would seem quite involuntarily, at every third word. The others of our escort were chanting alternate verses of a lugubrious song, in whose refrain the moan of the sakeeah, the buzz of a saw and the creaking of an ungreased wagon wheel appeared to be deftly blended with the grousing of a refractory camel.

The camels themselves appeared to be affected by the morning, or perhaps it was by the song. All of them demeaned themselves quite skittishly and one was so overcome by his sense of the joyousness of things that he began suddenly to buck. Now, a bucking camel is, of all the pleasant sights in nature, the most laughable. The great beast seems at these moments of expansion to put off his camel nature and to imagine himself literally the humming bird to which Mr. Kipling's fancy has compared him.

For instance, when the spirit moves him to buck, the camel of a sudden hurls himself high into the air, spreading out all his splay limbs at right angles to his unwieldy carcass. And he alights, after this grotesque effort, with his feet all abroad, and a rock-splitting, spine-dissolving thud, only to make a fresh and more extravagant departure. It is a soul-stirring performance. He brings a marvelous perseverance to the exercise and will keep it up over half a mile of country. But it is the humming bird he is aping all the while, the graceful colibri flashing jewel-like into the air (here the camel projects himself into space) or poising featherlight on the oleander blossom (here he cracks a mountain on alighting). And he seems quite satisfied with the measure of success he attains, though it is at best a success de estime.

An Ingenious Bicycle Lock.

A locking device is looked upon as an essential feature to every wheel by all bicycle riders. An invention, patented by Max Gessler, and known as the "Gessler lock," is being placed on the market by Walter E. Lindsay & Co., of Milwaukee. The lock is [illegible] frame, and does not mar its appearance in the least. It is cylindrical in form, one inch long, and secured by means of a rubber washer expanded against the side of the tubing. The locking and unlocking is effected by means of a key which engages the bolt directly, forcing it outwardly or inwardly, locking the front wheel at an angle and thus bringing the bicycle out of operative position. Some of the points of superiority claimed for this lock are: First, it engages neither spokes nor sprockets, doing away with the ruinous effect produced by attempting to ride before unlocking the machine. Second, hammers, files, pliers, nippers are harmless. The lock is out of sight, and cannot be gotten at. Third, it is non-pickable. Fourth, weighs less than two ounces, is easily operated, quickly adjusted, is always in the machine when needed; not in your pocket or at home.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Sure Way of Locating a Puncture.

"I picked up a new thing for riders of the wheel in New York a few days ago," suggested a popular wheelman. "Those who have had trouble in finding small punctures will appreciate it. You know the customary way to locate a puncture is to immerse the wheel in a tub of water. Wherever the air bubbles there will be found the puncture. In some cases, however, the air pressure is not sufficient to make the air bubbles. In cases of this kind lather some soap and smear it over the tire. A soap bubble will form then over every puncture, it matters not how small it is. Once located, nearly every rider knows what to do, or thinks he does, which is the same thing, for the great majority send them to the shops to be repaired, anyhow."—Washington Star.

Kansas Has a Girl Blacksmith.

A Kansas girl of seventeen not long ago won the prize in an unusual contest in competition with two men. She had learned to turn a horseshoe in a blacksmith shop, and at an entertainment for the benefit of the church she matched herself against two of the most expert blacksmiths in the city. Three portable forges were placed on the stage, and each contestant was allowed a helper to blow the bellows.

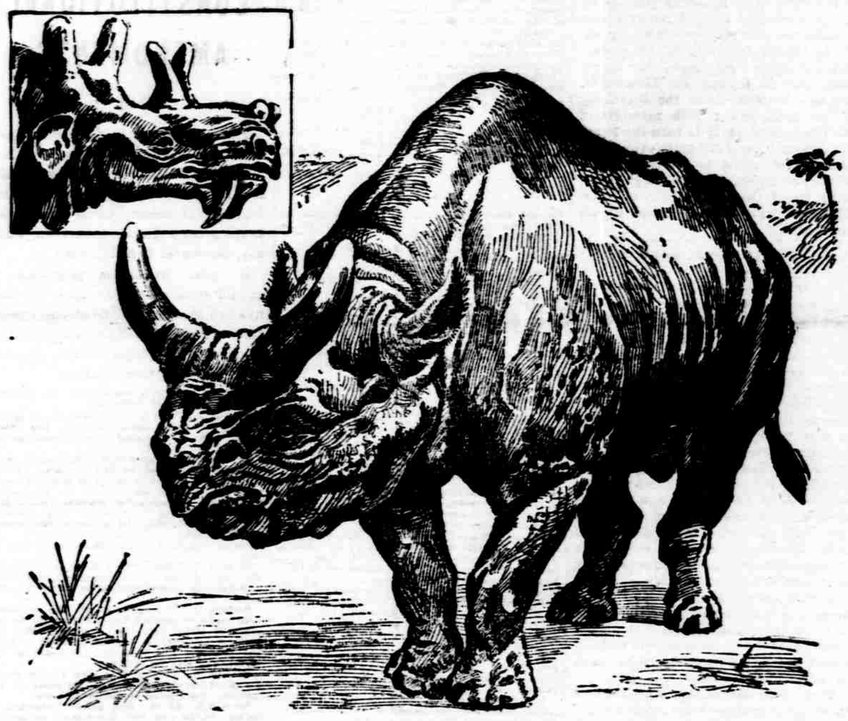
Both men and the girl wore the leather aprons peculiar to their calling. The men smiled indulgently at their girl rival as they waited for time to be called, but became anxious, then alarmed and finally discomfited, when she turned a perfect horseshoe before the audience and judges in less than four minutes. The curtain dropped on a pretty tableau of glowing forges and the smiling girl victor, who speedily appeared among her friends daintily clad in white.

The Only Opportunity.

Mrs. Talkalot—What does make you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph?

Joseph—Gosh! It's the only chance I ever get.

MAMMOTH MONSTERS THAT LIVED IN AMERICA AGES AGO.



Time has brought many changes to the American continent. A trifle of one or two million years ago the region that is now Dakota, Utah and other states in the Rocky Mountains was blessed with a tropical climate, the arid plains of the present were lagoons filled with warm water and surrounded by waving palms and other vegetable growth to be found in torrid zones. The region was inhabited by animals, strange and weird—animals which have long since become extinct and their bones are now buried under three miles of solid rock.

Prof. Henry F. Osborn, curator in the American Museum of Natural History, has written an interesting story of these prehistoric animals, which appears in the September Century. Chas. Knight has drawn pictures of them from descriptions furnished by Prof. Osborn and other scientists.

The great four-horned uintathere was found in the Bridger region of Southern Wyoming and Utah. A picture of its head is reproduced, showing the peculiar formation of the horns and their arrangement. The body was longer, but in other respects resembled an elephant, and when grown it weighed two tons. Its brain weighed less than a pound. The uintathere had less brain in proportion to its size than any other warm-blooded animal. With its tremendous body its brain was as small as that of a dog, and to this fact Prof. Osborn attributes the animal's early extinction.

The titanothere was another giant that flourished perhaps a half million years after the last than those of the unitathere, thus proving that the bones are plentiful in the South Dakota Lake basin, and are always found in a strata higher than those of the uintathere, thus proving that its family tree does not extend backward so far. The pictures show what the animal looked like when alive. He was about the same size as the uintathere, but had more brains and should have lived longer, but he failed to do so.

Among the fossils and skeletons of animals that have been extinct for a million years are found skeletons of turtles, alligators and garfish, exactly like those to be found at the present age. They have survived, whether they were fittest or not, and live to-day as their ancestors did two million years ago.

BOY'S ESSAY ON SHARKS.

He Shows Much Skill in Constructing a Fish Story.

An examiner of lads under 16 for the civil service commission gave for a question, "Describe the habits of fish," says the London Church Times. Here is a literal transcript of one out of a batch of some hundreds of answers:

"The shark is about twenty feet long, and has five rows of teeth when the shark is going to catch its pray it turns on its side. The sharks are found in India, where they are very numerous in Africa, etc. The way to catch sharks is covering a piece of meat on a sharp hook (and sailors will do it for amusement), and the shark is very hungry always, that he will grab at the meat and find himself caught.

"Some of his foes are the sord fish it will go and run its sword through its stomach.

[illegible] about on the water for some time it gets a lot of small fish in its mouth and they will go and lay on the beach and let small birds come in their mouth and pick them off and will not heart them. The shark can live in water and on land. Going from England to India, you will see sharks in the nile, they will follow ships for many miles on purpose to get some meat, and then perhaps not get any. They are different kinds of sharks, the Black shark, etc.

"The shark is a very curious animal, it can lay its teeth down when not catching any food.

"Once upon a time there was a ship going to america, and on board some slaves the slaves were packed so close together that they could not live, and the captin of the ship you'st to let some come upon deck, and many of the slaves you'st to jump oveboard, and be eat with sharks, so the captin determined to stop it if he could. So one day a black slave woman was just in the acted to jump overboard when the captin caught her, and had as many slaves as he could upon deck. And then he had a roap fastened around her waist, and lowered her overboard, when a shark came and bitt a half off her off, and then the captin had the other half pulled up and sown to the slaves on deck, and then said to them that he would do any one of them the same if he jumped overboard."

Feline Women.

Why is it that "felinity"—for want of a better word—seems to be an almost wholly feminine attribute? Rarely, if ever, do you come across a man with that small, sly, stealthy streak in his nature that we recognize as "catty." It isn't innate to man, and he hasn't time to cultivate it. Yet among women it is unusual not to find some traces of it, even in the largest, kindliest natures. It is chiefly engendered by sewing societies and the like; in other words, narrow lives. Although "small" in one sense, and although, of course, by no means ranking with the seven deadly sins, this feline quality manages to play some pretty desperate havoc in the world. It makes mischief wherever it goes. Gossip, busybodiness, malice, uncharitableness, slander, and many other peace-destroying things must follow directly in its wake. Indirectly it induces all sorts of evils. Every one who has taken the trouble to reflect upon the "sisters three and such branches of learning" must acknowledge that it is the little things of life that really count for the most; it is they that have a way of turning the tide of events, the most insignificant word or act sometimes shaping destiny itself. But there is no small thing responsible for larger, more impressive results than this same feline quality. And as an altogether feminine prerogative it is one that women need not be proud of.—New York Evening Sun.

AN EAR PUT ON A BABY.

DOCTORS PERFORM AN ORIGINAL OPERATION IN SURGERY.

The Infant's Strength Not Impaired—Nature Had Provided a Meaningless Lump of Flesh — Hearing Not Restored.

EARS can be made to order now—almost "while you wait."

If your next baby, instead of having a fine, shapely shell of an ear that the nurse and all the women in the neighborhood will rave over should happen to have just a bit of a bump that doesn't look like anything at all don't be discouraged says the New York Journal.

Modern surgery is not dismayed by any such trifle as that. It goes to work and builds noses and ears and almost anything else that the human face and figure lack to be symmetrical.

One of the most ambitious, most delicate, as well as the most successful of the recent ventures of the new surgery, was the construction of an ear to supply the sad deficiency of a Connecticut baby.

The patient in this very skillful operation was an infant with the euphonious name of Michael Kopeske. The child's parents keep a thriving boarding house in Union City, Conn.

Michael was a healthy baby and comely in all respects, save that some mischievous fate had sent him "into this breathing world" scarce half made up in the matter of ears. It was the source of vast embarrassment to the fond father and mother that the baby should be thus incomplete, and they knew that their discomfort was small compared with that which the lack of the ear would cause little Michael when he grew older. His left ear was nothing more than a meaningless lump, and the absence of a genuine ear made the child look sadly one-sided.

The father and mother consulted three doctors in Bridgeport. They decided to see if some means could not be devised of making an ear—not alone an outer ear that would improve the youngster's looks, but an orifice through which he would be able to hear, for there was no ear with which nature had provided him.

The baby, now scarcely seven months old, was taken to the office of one of the doctors and the council of physicians set to work upon it.

The child was carefully examined, but it was impossible to find any sign of an opening whereby sound might be transmitted to the ear-drum and thence to the brain.

The first step after an anaesthetic had been applied and the child made unconscious was to locate the spot where the opening should have been. Then the operation began—an operation which, so far as records tell, has never been undertaken before.

An incision was made in the place where the ear ought to be and a way found from the exterior of the lump to the tympanum. It was found that the interior formation of the hearing apparatus was all normal. Dividing and turning back the unornamental knob of flesh which had disfigured the infant, the three doctors sewed the flaps to the head to hold them back and stitched the four sections together.

That was plastic surgery with a vengeance. Then a spectrum was inserted in the opening, to prevent its closing as the healing process went on. Altogether, the operation was a very successful one. It was a bold one, too, but was performed deftly and very quickly. In all the child was under the influence of chloroform for less than an hour.

His health and strength were not impaired by the ordeal and the made-to-order ear is growing into a really good looking member. The doctors are afraid that as an organ of hearing it will not be in any great degree serviceable. They think that the cartilaginous structure about the inner ear may have developed a tendency to ossification from having been so long kept in an unnatural condition.

JAVA'S NATURAL WONDER.

Home of the Hot Devils Possesses Great Interest to Travelers.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdka Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the "Island of Fire," says an exchange. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud, situated at about the center of the plains of Grobogana, and it is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall, spire-like column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake, which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime—a marvel to the visitors, who come from great distances to see it.

Slow Pay.

"The wages of sin is death," quoted the preacher.

"If that is the case," remarked Mr. Grumps, sotto voice, "there is a great delay in paying off some people I know."

Gosh! Lemme Hide.

Young Husband—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—That's what she wants to see you about. She read the dispatch.

SHE RODE A WHEEL.

He Got the Meal and Then She Drove Him from the House.

"Madam," he began, as the lady of the house opened the door in answer to his ring, "you ride a bicycle, do you not?"

"I do," she answered, proudly, according to the New York Telegram.

"I thought as much," said he with a sad flickering smile lighting up his features.

"Your bright eyes and ruddy cheeks, the glow of health that mantles your brow proclaimed that fact even before you had spoken. But what is one person's meat is another's poison and the same toy, plaything or vehicle, call it what you will, that has lured the roses to your cheeks, madam, and sent the blood bounding through your rejuvanated veins has driven them from mine, dried up my life's juices and sent me forth a broken down, hopeless [illegible] on the face of the earth. Yes, madam, that is unfortunately what bicycle riding has done for me."

"Why, my poor man!" she gushed, with a look of tender pity in her blue eyes; "take this half dollar—sorry I can't give you more, but it's all the change I have. Then sit right down and rest while I get you something to eat."

Half an hour later, when he had eaten all he could hold and was preparing to travel on, she sympathetically observed:

"Poor fellow! You must have suffered a great deal. Were you laid up long?"

"When?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"Why, when you were injured bicycling."

"Injured bicycling? Why, I never mounted a wheel in my life."

"Never mounted a wheel!" she fairly shrieked. "I thought you said bicycling was what reduced you to your present state?"

"Correct, madam," he responded, hastily backing down the steps. "The bicycling of others is what did it. I used to be the proprietor of a livery stable!"

She dived behind the door, but a second later when she emerged with a broom it was too late. Her caller had disappeared.

Making It Plain.

"This here piece in the paper makes use o' the word 'superfluity' several times," remarked the man who was sitting on the empty soap box. "Now what do ye take superfluity to be?"

"I dunno's I kin exactly tell it," answered the man with the twine suspenders. "But I sense it all right enough."

"Kin ye illustrate it?"

"M' yes. I reckon I kin. Superfluity is a good deal the same thing ez a feller's wearin' a necktie when he's got a full beard."—Washington Star.

Unusual Facilities.

Unusual facilities for matrimony are offered at Americus, Ga. Justice Graham, while walking on the street one evening lately, was approached by a negro man and woman, who asked to be united, and he joined them in the solemn bonds then and there.

Puzzled.

"Paw," said the little boy, "did you know that the housefly lays more'n a million eggs?"

"Maybe she does, Willy," answered his baldheaded parent, "but I'll be eternally dinged if I can tell when she takes the time."

Has Stopped Smoking Cigarettes.

Charlie Parsons, aged 19, for more than a year smoked three packages of cigarettes a day. He died a short time since at his home in Kokomo, Ind., after being in convulsions for four days.

FIR TREE BLOSSOMS.

A covetous man is continually robbing himself.

Truth is always ready to be baptized with fire.

The better we know ourselves, the better we realize how much we need God.

Have nothing to do with a little sin, or you will soon be in the power of a big one.

Disinterested kindness will burn like fire, when we know that we do not deserve it.

Better go to bed hungry, sometimes, than get up every morning head over heels in debt.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

People who wore shoes in Italy during the fourteenth century had to pay a tax for the privilege.

In Germany the men as well as the women wear wedding rings. When either dies the survivor wears both.

Fashion plates containing designs for clothing for pet dogs are regularly issued by some of the Parisian tailors.

The longest tunnel in the world is St. Gothard, which is 48,840 feet. The next longest are Mount Cenis, 39,850 feet; Hoosack, 25,080 feet; Severn, 22,992 feet; Nochistongs, 21,659 feet; Sutia, 21,120 feet.

The following are said by a Swiss hunter to have been found near the nest of an eagle recently discovered in the Alps: A hare, 27 chamois' feet, 4 pigeons' feet, 30 pheasants' feet, 11 heads of fowls, 18 heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are white poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. This being the case, agriculturists are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings.

One of the big steamship companies is about to make a novel departure. It has ordered a steamship to be built for the "sole use of invalids." It is to be a vessel of the largest class, fitted up with a luxury heretofore never attempted, to be devoted entirely to the service of the wealthy sufferers of that class who are afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and who can only prolong life in the dry, salubrious climate of perpetual summer.

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