

JESTS AND RANTS

Reversing the Rule.
"Bel" exclaimed the rejected lover. "All you have wanted of me has been to photograph me in every conceivable attitude, because I am a 'good subject!'"
"I confess I, Mr. Spoonmore," said the fair camera fiend. "That is all."
"Before being shaken I have been well taken, anyhow," he boomed, grasping his hat and rushing forth into the chilly darkness of the night.

In the Deepest Mourning.
"Who was at the party, Aunt Jeany?" we asked of an old colored woman who came by not long since.
"Wellum, dey 'uz a lot of folks. Dar 'uz Billie, an' 'Nex, an' Kate, an' de Widder Jones."
"The widow? Why her husband has just died."
"Golly, marm; an' I tell you, her moider hit 'uz mighty black."—Nashville Banner.

A Dead Failure.
"Jones told me that he was going to pay expenses in the suburbs by raising chickens and popcorn. Did it work?"
"Like a dry oil well. The chickens ate the popcorn. Jones caught them at it, took them for his neighbor's poultry and potted them with his shotgun. He's now living in a flat where they won't permit even canary birds."—Detroit Free Press.

LUCKY JIM.



"How did you come ter git knocked up like that, Jimmie?"
"I wuz pickin' up a hoss-shoe fer luck, and got run over."

Literary.
A Hough avenue family has a maid of all work who is not overburdened with intelligence. One day recently the family was away and the telephone bell rang. The girl answered it.

Still at It.
"I certainly don't enjoy your sermon," said the hard case, who seldom attended church.
"Indeed!" replied Rev. Mr. Tawker, "and what part did you enjoy the most?"
"I guess it was the part where I dreamed I had a million dollars."

Cause and Effect.
"Green apples," remarked the man who had been reading the scientific page in a comic almanac, "are said to be an excellent cholera preventive."

The Customer and the Salesman.
"I think these will fit you," said the salesman. "They are No. 3."
"No, they are not," replied the customer, sharply. "They are a full size larger than that, and I want a pair two sizes larger yet. Do you think I can wear a No. 4 shoe on a No. 3 foot?"

Worth Thinking About.
"Novadays wages don't amount to so much as the tips," said the first servant, "and it's got me to think."

A Guess.
"Rimer says all the poetry he writes nowadays is 'didactic.' What does that mean?"
"I imagine that must be a Latin word that means 'the rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply lack of literary merit,' or something to that effect."

Why the Girls Do It.
"Tess—What did you order when Mr. Richey took you out to lunch?"
"Yes—Why, traffic pie and—"
"Tess—Goodness! You don't like that stuff, do you?"
"Yes—No; but it's so expensive, you know."

Smoked Glasses for May Fever.
In Worcester, Mass., there is a doctor by the name of Stowell. This doctor has long been subject to hay fever. In studying his own case he noticed that hay fever came and went in a very capricious manner, and he reached the conclusion that it was mostly a nervous disease. Somehow or other he reasoned himself into the belief that the rays produced by a fever by acting in some way upon the eyes. So he thought to try smoked glasses for the eyes, to see if that would not prevent his hay fever.

Admiring the Mower.
I love the gleam of the gleaming blade. The thump of the busy tread. Where the timely stalk is lowly laid. And the mower sends its head.

At the Exhibition.
When we stand with the woods around us. And the great bluffs cold on our forehead. And the breath of the pines is shed; When the song of the thrush is ringing. Wondering how the bird can be so brave. Between the sound and the silence Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

Crucially Disappointed.
Clancy—Pat, I hear ye've bin down to Washington lookin' after yer pension. Did ye see the President?"
Pat—Ah, had luck of wad! O! shooed an the corner for 'ree hours waitin' to see the President, an' whin he did come it wasn't him!—Leslie's Weekly.

Important Part.
Lawyer—Then, there will be the court clerk's fee.
Fair Litigant (breach of promise)—Oh, I shall do my own crying. I should never think of trusting anybody else to do that. Goodness, no!—Puck.

Not to Be Fooled.
Mrs. Subbubs—I told Bridget to string the beans this morning.
Mr. Subbubs—Yes, Well!
Mrs. Subbubs—Well, she stared up and told me I couldn't string her; that we'd eat them loose or not at all.

Worth Thinking About.
"Well, if death is the wages of sin I wonder what the tips are?"—Philadelphia Press.

Do You Know Him?
"Does your husband take as much interest in horse racing as he used to?"
"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Charlie can always tell the day before a race which horse ought to win and the day after why he didn't."

Queer Intention to Cyclists.
"Cycles entering the park must carry bells. Penalty \$5."
A sign bearing this peculiar wording and unusual spelling occupied a conspicuous place near the Mount Royal entrance to Druid Hill park. Almost every wheelman passing the sign smiles after reading it, and finds consolation in reflecting that it is the cycle and not the cyclist that is compelled to carry bells.

About the Size of It.
"It's no trouble at all to get married," remarked the girl with the new engagement ring.
"Of course, it isn't," rejoined her married lady friend, with a sigh long drawn out. "The trouble doesn't begin until the honeymoon ends."

Not a Bad as Might Have Been.
Job bore his troubles patiently.
"At least," he consoled himself, "no one has told me what to take for my cold."
"Tying with the potsherd, he felt he had escaped the worst."

Modern Improvements.
First Mate—Cap'n, th' anchor broke.
Captain—Well, haven't you no ingenuity? Fasten one of th' life preservers to th' end of th' anchor cable.—Baltimore American.

Willing to Oblige.
"Can you gimme a bite, ma'am?" enuff ter eat a hoss."
"I regret to say," replied the kind lady, "that we are just out of horses; but I'll call the dog."

Little to Show for the Money.
Mrs. Gollygaty—This is my new \$65 bathing dress, dear. What do you think of it?
Gollygaty—Think you got less for your money than anyone I ever knew.—Town Topics.

Self-Conscious.
Miss Borde—Oh, horrors! Here comes Miss Tawker. She's been around this spring.
Miss Sharpe—Yes, any one could tell that. She's got a broad grin on her face.

The Real Thing.
He—Trouble seems to be a patriotic affliction.
She—How so?
He—It makes the eyes red, the hair white and the feelings blue.

Room for Doubt.
Wife—Anything wrong with my bathing suit? The men stare awfully.
Husband—Trying to see if you have one on, I suppose.

A Wise Choice.
"How does Panchum's second wife get along with his seven small boys?"
"Oh, beautifully; she used to be a teacher in a reform school."—Detroit Free Press.

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ATHLETIC SPORTS IN INDIA.

Men Are Adapted in Whatever Degree to Suppleness and Balance.
As is only to be expected, considering their national diet, the physique of the natives of India will not compare with an Englishman's, though they possess a litheness of form and quickness of eye that we lack, and which makes them among the finest gymnasts and jugglers in the world.
Such perfect balancing powers have they, that, even supposing them bereft of the tenuous grasp of foot possessed by all barefooted races, there would be still left much to admire in their skill.
Even a slip is of little consequence to such clever tumbler; they seem to have all the climbing powers of a cat. As runners their staying power is most remarkable; a dak-wallah decimates a race of running twenty miles a mere trifle.
It is strange that in games pure and simple they do not display the same excellence, though the cricket of the Parsees is meritorious.
Of other native pastimes the one which may cause the most surprise is football, as it seems essentially a game fitted for northern climates only. Yet it is not merely played, but played rather extensively, considering its somewhat recent introduction into the country.
Its growing popularity is still more surprising in view of the hard nature of the ground and the heat of the atmosphere, conditions which scarcely favor either the playing or players. The usual rules and regulations are in force, but the natives play barefooted.
—C. B. Fry's Magazine.

MIS END WAS QUIET.

Youthful Diplomatist Got Neatly Out of Tight Place.
Ned was 7. Dodge was 4. They had the collaring boy's propensity for adopting every stray cat that came in their direction, without drawing any line of color or antecedents. The row-ups had protested without avail and nearly every day found an additional half-starved kitten running about the place. At last the boys' father had an inspiration.
"See here, boys," he said, "I'm altogether too poor to feed any more kittens. I simply cannot afford it. Now, if you really want to keep this last little yellow kitten you have brought in you will have to buy milk for her with your own pennies. But, remember, she must be well fed and the first time I find her crying for something to eat she will have to go."
The boys talked the matter over and readily agreed to this arrangement. The following day the yellow kitten was crying piteously for food when the father came home. Only one of the culprits being present the vials of wrath broke on his head.
"Judge," he said sternly, "didn't I tell you boys that the first time I heard that cat yellin' around here she would have to go?"
"Yes, papa," Dodge replied hastily. "But you see, I only own half the cat and it isn't my end of the cat that eats."
—CLASS OF NOTED PUPILS.

WISDOM AND INVENTION.

Making Use of Radium.
An instrument lately devised by R. J. Strutt makes ingenious use of the emanations of radium. An electro-scope with dividing leaves is sealed up in a vacuum tube along with a speck of radium. The inner sides of the vacuum tube are partially coated with tin foil, which communicates by a wire fused in the glass with the "earth" outside. Thus, if the electro-scope be charged with positive electricity, its leaves, expanding, will touch the tin foil surface; will be discharged and will fall together again. But the spark of radium which is always discharging negative ions through the glass walls of the vacuum tube is, in consequence, continually creating and maintaining an atmosphere of positive electricity within the tube, and therefore as often as the electro-scope is discharged recharges it. Thus the leaves of the electro-scope ceaselessly expand and fall together again. The instrument has been variously called a radium clock and a perpetual motor. Both descriptions are wanting in accuracy, for there is reason to believe that the instrument will not go on working forever, but only during the 20,000 or 30,000 years of the radium's life; and there is no guarantee that it will go on working with chronological accuracy. Still, it is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been artificially attained.

HANDY FARM GATES.

Some New Ideas Put Forth By a Canadian Agriculturist—All May Be Constructed at Comparatively Little Expense.
Mr. Wm. Scott, a Manitoba farmer living in Provencher district, contributes to The Family Herald and Weekly Star illustrations of two forms of gates which are used with satisfaction on his farm. The gate represented in Fig. 1 is used over the farm, while Fig. 2 represents the small garden gate. Mr. Scott has five of the larger gates, three of which have permanent wheels, and when harvest is over the wheels of the horse rake are attached to the gate post itself and passes out on the other side. Mr. Scott remarks in his letter that whenever this gate is remaining two. The gate rests on the wheel, whether closed or open, the revolving wheel carrying the gate around whether opening or closing. The gate rests on the back end on a block of wood, in which there is a socket, and in this a gudgeon at the foot of the gate head rests and turns. Mr. Scott says his three-year-old boy can open an 18-foot gate of this sort with ease. The garden gate shown at Fig. 1 swings across the open end of a fixed V-shaped enclosure. To pass through one steps into the enclosure, draws the gate past himself and passes out on the other side. Mr. Scott remarks in his letter that whenever this gate is opened it shuts in the same operation. The gate shown in Fig. 2 was recommended by Mr. Henry Burton, Ontario County, Ont. Mr. Burton describes the gate and its construction about as follows: The gate requires about 40 feet of good inch pine lumber, which is worth about \$25 per thousand feet. The top and bottom bars are each six inches wide, the others being four inches. The spaces between the bars, commencing at the bottom, are four, six, eight and ten inches. When necessary, one wire is stretched lengthwise between the top and second bars. The uprights and braces are all four inches wide. The upright pieces are fastened on with nine nails on both sides. One is put on at a time and the nails are clinched. Wire nails three or three and a half inches long are used. After the braces and strap hinges are put on the gate is bolted at each of the corners with three-eighth inch bolts. This gate is strong, cheap and easily made.—Montreal Herald.

WIFEY AND HUSBANDY.

What Newlywed's Complaint.
"What will we have for dinner, dear?" said Mrs. Newlywed to her husband as he started for the office.
"Oh, make your own selection, dear," he replied, giving her a fond caress, as young husbands will.
"But, George, dear, we had roast pork Monday, roast lamb Tuesday and roast beef last night."
"Well."
"Why can't they invent some more animals? It's so hard to choose from just those three."
—Fort Fads.

Marker—The spread of the ophan has been something terrible. I am told that women of the highest class have been going into the ophan joints.
Parker—Oh, that's all nonsense. Ladies of fashion go to such places to watch the Chinamen use chopsticks. They want to learn how to eat soup with a fork.—New York Weekly.

Wife—How do you like my new hat, dear?
Hubby—Oh, I suppose I've got to like it, or else buy you another.—Comic Cuts.

The Old Question.
Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego had spent the night in the fiery furnace.
"Good morning," they remarked when the doors were opened. "Is it hot enough for you?"
"With a savage, baffled yell their persecutors fled the scene.—Judge.

Better Plan Than That.
The young clergyman was under the impression that there had been some criticism because he preached extemporaneously. "Do you think I ought to write my sermons?" he asked.
"No," replied the sarcastic warden. "I think you ought to buy them."
—By Doctor's Advice.

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"Excuse me, doctor," remarked Penderis curiously, "how is it you always wind up your watch immediately after dinner?"
"For the benefit of my health. You see, my doctor has recommended me always to take a little exercise after dinner."
—Ideal Laborers.

She—What gave you nervous prostration?
Wearly Will—Overwork, mum.
She—I never heard of a tramp overworking himself.
Wearly Will—I s'pose not, mum. They be generally too tired to tell of it.

After the Auto Accident.
Mother—Oh, doctor, if you treat my boy's skull and put in a silver plate what effect will it have on his mentality?
Surgeon—Well, ma'am, his brain may perhaps be clouded, but the skull will have a silver lining.—Judge.

Beyond Him.
"See that colored man wrinking his brow over that book?"
"Yes, he can't read it at all."
"Just making a bluff that he's educated, eh?"
"Oh, no; he's educated, but that's a negro dialect story.—Judge.

Two Truths.
"One of the most important things in life, my son," said the father, "is to know when to let go of it, I suppose."
"And another," said the wise son, "is to know when to let go of it, I suppose."

A Difference.
"In Egypt, when a girl is born they throw her into the sea, so the lobster can get her."
"Well, over here we wait till she grows up, and then the lobsters get her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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