

JONES PUT UP A SUBSTITUTE.

And Incidentally Got Reputation as After-Dinner Speaker.

"If there is one thing I hate," remarked Mr. Jones, "it is after-dinner speeches. Well, once I found myself at a big banquet, where I knew very few of those present. To my amazement and horror, toward the end of the festivities, the toastmaster fixed his eyes upon me."

"We have with us to-night—I heard the old, hated formula roll out unctuously from his lips—and then my own name—'Mr. Jones, the well-known,' etc."

"The toastmaster concluded, but I made no move to get on my feet. I felt paralyzed; my tongue was seeking to climb through the roof of my mouth to climb through the roof of my mouth."

"And then the guests, from all sides, began yelling, 'Yes, Jones, Jones'—which is Jones—where is Jones?"

"A brilliant idea came to me. Sitting close beside me was a little man who dearly loved speechifying. Like a flash I jumped to my feet. 'Jones? Why, here's Jones!' I cried, and I clapped the little Demosthenes on the shoulder. Then I yanked him to his feet, murmuring in an ominous sotto voce: 'Don't give me away, speak now!'"

"He spoke. And in the guise of myself, he made a most successful little oration. There was loud applause and much shouting of 'What's the matter with Jones? He's all right!'"

"As for me, I sipped wine and gradually recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by my narrow escape from being eloquent."

YOUTHFUL MIND IN DISTRESS.

Awful Possibility That Loomed Before Six-Year-Old Jackie.

Six-year-old Jackie's mother believed that absolute truthfulness was the only rock on which to build that youthful gentleman's character, and the consistent working out of this principle did away, of course, with her in all such things as fairies, Santa Claus, and other illusions dear to childish hearts, and they became instead "make-believe" games. Santa Claus in particular being a pet "joke" between his mother and himself.

Jackie came in from play one afternoon much excited and concerned. "Mother, Jimmie Norton believes there is a really and truly Santa Claus. He says he is sure that Santa Claus does come down the chimney. He wouldn't believe me at all when I told him it was just a joke," with rising anxiety.

Jackie's mother was somewhat non-plused. "Well, son," she temporized, "perhaps Jimmie's mother will tell him the joke some time soon, and then—"

"Oh, I hope she will," broke in Jackie, forgetting his manners in his earnestness, "because, you know, if she don't, when Jimmie has little boys of his own they won't ever get any Christmas presents."

About Happiness.

There is no more beneficial tonic than good, hearty laughter. It inflates the lungs and has a magic effect upon the system. Giggling is not laughing, and it is a habit that brings wrinkles and soon spoils even a pretty face. Why not laugh? It improves the appearance and makes one popular. There is nothing to be grieved over, and, if there is, being grieved will not help it. Be happy and bright and everyone will wish to help you. The girl who wants to be beautiful must sleep with fresh air, plenty of it, in her room. She must go out and revel in the sunshine. She must find plenty of laughter in her daily life. That is the only true way to live and the only way capable of bringing beauty.

Poetical Epitaph.

The epitaph collector displayed enthusiastically the photograph of a severe and stately marble tomb. "A new epitaph," he said, "and one of the best in my collection. It is the epitaph of a body of Indians slain in battle near Cooperstown. It was composed by a clergyman, W. W. Lord, and I consider it most poetical."

The epitaph upon the tomb was as follows:

"White Man, Greeting! We near whose bones you stand, were troopers. The wide land which is now yours, was ours."

Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb."

Legal Agencies.

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a judge noted for his boorish manners. A very financial lawyer whom he especially disliked was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated on the railing in front of him biding his time.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried:

"May I ask which end of your honor I am to address?"

"Whichever you choose," drawled the judge.

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one end as the other."

Indisputable.

Two tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florence hotel overlooking the Arno.

"This does not look to me like Venice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola."

"No," admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday—Harper's Monthly."

ALASKAN BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA.

Strange Visitors Brought to San Bernardino by Big Storm.

At an early hour this morning several flocks of strange birds numbering thousands came into the city on the wings of a big rain and wind storm, and this morning the bodies of many of the fowl were found lying inert in the downtown streets and in the parks, says a San Bernardino correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle.

The air was filled last night with cries of strange fowl which, attracted by the electric lights, roosted upon the buildings or fell exhausted in the streets. Investigation to-day showed that many of the birds were of Alaskan variety, and the only accounting for their presence in this latitude is that they were engaged in a long flight to the southern zones from their northern summer haunts and had been deterred from their route by heavy winds and rains. The most noticeable birds were the northern phalarope and the night herons. The former birds are rarely seen outside of Alaska or in the far south.

SHOCKED IN HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Sleepers' Fright, However, Was Not Caused by Ghosts.

John Leech and a member of the Millais family once stayed a night at Cowdray hall, in England, where, many guests being present, the two friends had no alternative but to accept beds in an isolated room supposed to be haunted.

In the middle of the night Millais awoke, believing that some giant was shaking him violently by the shoulder. This was supposed to be the favorite device of the ghost. He rushed into a corridor and found Leech sitting there trembling and declaring that he would not for the world go back to his room.

They spent the remainder of the night in the corridor, but in the morning said nothing of their experiences. In the afternoon there arrived an evening paper telling of a violent earthquake in the locality. The earthquake was what the two visitors believed to be their ghost.

Navigates His Farm.

A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the furrows straight, comes from Cranberry Isles. One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the precarious accounts of sober citizens took the binnacle from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that he shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usually employed. —Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Shifting the Blame.

According to all accounts the Cameron Highlanders militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the least crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scotland railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment, and tried to edge himself between two of the Highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right, and said: "Sit up, please. You know that according to act of parliament this seat holds five." The Highlander looked at him for a moment, and then replied: "That may be a right enough for your kid, sir, but shahly ye canna blame me for no bein' constructed according to act of parliament!"

To Relieve His Feelings.

Boldly displayed in black letters on the white gable of an unpretentious house on the road to Mount Stuart, Bute, Scotland, is the following inscription: "The Materials of This Outrage Are for Sale." According to the local historians, the announcement, as it stands, is the last word in a duel between neighbors.

It is said that the house was built to obstruct the view of a gentleman who had been successful in getting an interdiction to prevent the owner from enclosing the foreshore. But after the death of the builder the house came into the market and was purchased by the other gentleman, who now seeks to express his wounded feelings in pain.

Small Boy's Adaptation.

"Things aren't always what they sound," remarked that very clever devil, Edwin Stevens, in Henry Savage's production, as he drew a patent leather shoe over his cloven hoof. "A teacher of my kid days put this puzzle to us once: "

"Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of Afghans; also Hindoostan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can any one give me another instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy, proudly. "I can—umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas."

A Little Learning.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?

MAKES A FLOATING COMPASS.

Peculiarity of Magnetized Needle When Placed in Water.

If a thoroughly dry and clean sewing needle is very carefully laid on the surface of the water in a basin the needle will float in spite of the high density of steel—seven or eight times that of water.

On close inspection it is found that the surface of the water is depressed under the needle, very much as if there were a thin film stretched over the water, and slightly indented by the weight of the needle. This property of liquids, of offering a certain assistance to a force exerted upon their surface, is termed "surface extension."

The magnitude of the force of surface tension varies from one liquid to another. It is greatest in the case of mercury. The cause of the phenomenon must probably be looked for in the attraction of the liquid molecules to one another. A sewing needle, thus floating upon water, may be used as a compass, if it has previously been magnetized. It will then point north and south, and will maintain this position if the containing vessel is moved about; if the needle is displaced by force it will return to its position along the magnetic meridian as soon as the restraint is removed.

CURRENCY OF FURS AND SKINS.

Primitive Mode of Exchange That Prevailed in Early Days.

In the early days of the United States furs and skins were very generally transferred from hand to hand as money. Thus, in the northern states, a pound of beaver was regarded as the unit of value, and in the south the same weight of deerskin performed a similar function. In the far west furs retained a currency value until quite a recent date. But, after all, as a bale of skins was rather a bulky roll of money to carry about, it was customary to cut off small strips as tokens of ownership and pass them from hand to hand, while the skins were deposited in recognized places of security. Proof of rightful ownership was demonstrated when the strip was fitted to the part from which it had been detached. Trickery in substituting another skin was not so easy as might be imagined, because it seldom happened that two skins would prove so exactly similar in shade and length of fur where the strip was cut off as to deceive even the eye of a novice.

Cheese and Checks.

"Cheese was originally the game of kings, the game of shahs. The word 'shah' became in old French 'eschac,' while the old French 'eschecs' was further corrupted into 'chess.' The more original form chess has likewise been preserved, though we little think of it when we draw a cheque, or when we suffer a check, or when we speak of the chancellor of the exchequer. The great object of the chess player is to protect the king, and when the king is in danger the opponent is obliged to say 'check,' i. e., shah, the king. After this the various meanings of check, cheque, or exchequer become easily intelligible. Exchequer, or scaccarium, the name of the chess board, was afterward used for the checkered cloth on which accounts were calculated by means of counters."

The Right Sort of Wife.

An Atchison man recently refused a proposal of marriage. "I like you," he said to the girl, "but you have too many friends. There would be too many at our wedding, for you would be afraid not to invite them all, and your many friends wouldn't be satisfied unless they made fools of us by playing some kind of crazy pranks on us when we started on our wedding journey. You have so many friends that we would get all kinds of wedding presents that we don't want, and would be kept poor in future trying to pay back when the donors got married. You are nice, and I like you, but what I am looking for in a wife is a woman who is friendless." —Atchison Globe.

A Lost Bet.

An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen who were staying at the hotel heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he would say something Kenny couldn't answer at once.

A bottle of champagne was ordered; the one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with a "bang," and flew into Kenny's mouth. "Ah," he said, "that is not the way to cork!"

Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied: "No, but it's the way to 'Kill-Kenny.'" —Ideas.

He Said It.

"Horace" remarked Mrs. Figtree, "we are going to have company at dinner, and I do wish you would brighten up and look less like an honorary pallbearer." "Say something humorous."

"The company came, and, with a few preliminary coughs and winks, which were intended to announce to his wife that the witicism was about to be perpetrated, Mr. Figtree said, timidly, "Mary."

"Yes, dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Figtree, graciously. "Have you got all of your hair on this evening?" —Judge.

Not Her Goal.

"Did you see where a man sued for divorce from his wife because she was a baseball player?"

"Probably he did it because she didn't make enough home runs."

SELF-CONTROL AND PROGRESS.

Vital Truths as Set Forth by Ancient Philosopher.

Where then is progress? If any of you, withdrawing himself from external, turns to his own will to exercise it and to improve it by labor, so as to make it conformable to nature, elevated, free, unrestrained, unimpeded, faithful, modest, and if he has learned that he, who desires or avoids the things which are not in his power can neither be faithful nor free, but of necessity he must change with them and be tossed about with them as in a tempest, and of necessity must subject himself to others who have the power to procure or prevent what he desires or would avoid; finally, when he rises in the morning, if he observes and keeps these rules, bathes as a man of fidelity, eats as a modest man, in like manner, if in every matter that occurs he works out his chief principles as the runner does with reference to running, and the trainer of the voice with reference to the voice—this is the man who truly makes progress. —Epictetus.

HE DIDN'T CATCH THE RABBIT.

Brother Dickey Had Good Reasons for Not Doing So.

"I told de man dat I wuz mighty short er coal an' wood," said Brother Dickey, "an' he tol' me, did I know how ter git some, an' I tol' 'um 'no-dat's what I wuz tryin' ter know,' an' de man say: "

"You go down yander, ter whar de graveyard at, an' fetch me de front foot er a graveyard rabbit, an' I'll give you half a ton er coal. I pectickler-wants dat rabbit foot ter take off a spell somebody put on me."

"Well, did you get de rabbit foot?" someone asked. "No," sub. De place whar de graveyard is in too fur far me ter travel, bein' ez I got de rheumatism," sides dat, er de dead is at peace it ain't de likes er me ter wake 'um up agin ter de tribulations er dis sufferin' ol' wort!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Whence Pie?

The origin of pie, especially mince pie, like the origin of sausage, is shrouded in mystery, but certain it is that it was known as far back as the time of Piers the Plowman, and it may be that in his dinner pail could have been found the precedent which Michael of Pittsburg, now of the hospital, sought to follow. "Those who are surprised, after being led to believe that New England is the habitat of the article, to learn that pie is an old English institution can easily accept the further statement that "planted on American soil it forthwith ran rampant and bore forth into an untold variety of genera and species."

Like the Irish potato, which is said to have originated in the new world, it has been so ingrafted into the life of its adopted country that it seems more like a native than an alien.

Rewarded!

The other day a boy received one dollar for restoring to the loser \$50,000 of gilt-edged bonds. Surely this is not a premium on honesty. A porter found \$80,000 of diamonds and pearls in a Pullman car, and got \$25 for returning the trinkets. A prominent man lost a letter that might embarrass him and advertised "Ample Reward!" That letter was not worth a cent to the finder; but when he gave it up he got \$300 in cash, much to his astonishment. "I'm a poor man, it's right, all right," he said, "but this is too much. What? Just for picking up a letter in the street? Say, mister, here's your \$300. Give it to some other charity. I read it of course, but I'll never touch on you. Gimme six dollars to buy my kid a suit of clothes, and we'll call the incident closed forever." —New York Press.

African Races.

The indigenous races of Africa are considered to be four in number, namely: The negroes proper, who occupy a central zone, stretching from the Atlantic to the Egyptian Sudan, and who comprise an enormous number of diverse tribes; the Fulahs (with whom the Nubians are associated), settled mainly between Lake Chad and the Niger; the Bantus, who occupy the whole south, except its extremity, and the Hottentots, who are in that extreme southern region. Some anthropologists include the Kafirs and Bechuannas as Bantu tribes. The north and northeast are occupied by Semitic and Hamitic races, the latter including Abyssinians and Gallas.

More Psychology.

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, as he finished the luncheon which had been provided. "I said I'd do me best to help out wid de wood-choppin'."

"That's what you said."

"An' I'm a man of me word."

"Then why don't you reach for the ax and go to work?"

"Lady, I merely took de contract. I didn't guarantee to do de work myself. I'm a telephatic wood-chopper, an' if you don't disturb me while I'm concentratin' my thoughts I'll surprise you. Jes' remember, if anybody walks up like he's half awake an' goes to work on dat wood, dat I'm de grateful party who mesmerized him."

Wasted Efforts.

One evening when Tommy, aged five, was having his daily bath his nurse was trying, with small success, to scrub his grimy little knees.

After watching her for some time he said, patronizingly: "Never mind, Bertha. Don't you know that's the dark meat, anyway?" —Harper's Monthly.

FOOD THAT MADE MEN GREAT.

Deserved Tribute to the Worth of "Coffee and Slinkers."

It is printed among the distinctions of the old Putnam house, now vanished before the advancing skyscraper, that it "made popular what afterward became nationally known as coffee and slinkers." This is speaking too much good of the dead. No landlord and no hotel made the popularity of the slinker with its coffee accompaniment. Coffee and slinkers are as old as New York, and presumably enable the Dutch to conquer a wilderness. The Dutch succumbed to the English, but the slinkers went forward to new conquests.

On a diet of coffee and slinkers editors, lawyers have developed into supreme court justices, budding politicians have blossomed into congressmen. Even the presidents of the United States knew them on their native heath.

They who have become great have not forgotten the days of their youth. So the slinkers become the levelers of ranks, the badge of democracy, the visible sign of encouragement to struggling ambition. The Putnam house obituarium meant well, but was carried away by his theme. Slinkers compelled popularity; it was not made for them. —New York World.

BOUND THEY SHOULD HEAR IT.

Minister's Humorous Rebuke to Inattentive Congregation.

Dr. Smith Jelliffe, the alienist, was once talking about campaign oratory. "Blank," he said of a certain senator, "is such a thorough-going pain-taking and wital tedious, campaign orator that, whenever I hear him, I am reminded of an old-fashioned minister of my boyhood."

"This minister, one Sunday morning, spread before him on the reading desk a very thick packet of notes, and launched into a long, dry, heavy sermon."

"The reading of the sermon absorbed him. He did not once lift his eyes. On toward the end, however, happening to glance up, he perceived almost the entire congregation to be sound asleep."

"The minister frowned and paused. He struck the desk a resounding blow that awakened his parishioners. Then he said: "

"My good friends, this sermon cost me a great deal of labor, and I do not think you have given it the attention it deserves. I shall, therefore, repeat it from the beginning."

Vulgarity of Quarreling.

There must be a satisfaction in torturing human beings, for it is done so often. Nobody blames a wife for upholding her self-respect and resenting insult, but there is little sympathy for one who deliberately drives a man to deeds of rudeness and violence. Nagging and intolerance in bad temper leave indelible marks on the face of a woman, on her voice and on her character. They shriveled up whatever sweetness nature has put into her disposition and make her unlovely, even in the eyes of those who feel in duty bound to give her affection. It is often hard to maintain silence under provocation, but there is always the open door of escape, you know. A quarrel does not thrive when fed from one side only, and what should be important to every woman with pretensions to refinement is the undisciplined vulgarity of bickering. Education and refinement are supposed to lift us so far above vulgarity that even the honors of our skirts are unstained. —Exchange.

Drudgery in the Kitchen.

The path of progress is clear. There is no more reason why the woman in modern civilization should scrub and cook and darn and dust than there is why these things should be done by men. The development of improved machinery and the growth of labor saving devices of all kinds will finally obviate the necessity of doing these things each day in each home through the land. Co-operation, which we are slowly learning to greet as a friend, will overcome the drudgery and make the life of a woman as enjoyable and eventful as that of the man. —Nearing and Watson in "Economics."

In Beautiful Sepulcher.

The last resting place of the great Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg, is one of the most beautiful in its natural surroundings that could be imagined. By the side of a lake, at the extremity of a fjord, close to the composer's native town of Bergen, there is a natural grotto formed in the solid rock, which rises precipitously from the water's edge. Here the bones of the famous musician are buried, and, as the grotto is only accessible from the lake, the funeral cortege will have to make the journey by water.

Fresh Air for Complexion.

Tell a young woman that fresh air is good for her health and she may not take the trouble to try to have as much of it as possible, but tell her that it is good for her complexion and she will sleep on the roof rather than forego the pleasure of it. And that is just what it is good for as much as anything else, for the complexion is the outward sign of good running order of things within.

Ahead of the Game.

Byker—I attended a successful sleight-of-hand performance last night. Pyker—So? Byker—Yes. I lent the conjurer a counterfeit dollar and he gave me back a good one.

EMERSON'S MEMORY AT FAULT.

Had at Times Almost Entire Lack of Remembrance.

Emerson was a notable sufferer from the vagaries of memory. His biographer relates that he met him one day in Boston, apparently at a loss for something, and asked him where he was going. "To dine," said Emerson, "with a very old and dear friend. I know where she lives, but I hope she won't ask me her name," and then he proceeded to describe her as "the mother of the wife of the young man—the tall man—who speak so well," and so on, until his interlocutor guessed to whom he was referring.

Even the names of common objects often failed him completely. On one occasion, when he wanted an umbrella, he said, "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away."

This falling of Emerson led to a pathetic scene when he attended Longfellow's funeral, and remarked as he gazed at the coffin: "He was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I have entirely forgotten his name."

GREAT MEN LAY SIDE BY SIDE.

Proof of Philosopher's Words That "Fame Is a Bubble."

Before engaging our carriage for a drive in Richmond we especially emphasized our desire for a well-informed driver, as we were strangers in the city. We soon discovered the utter ignorance of the one assigned us, but the climax came at the entrance to Hollywood cemetery.

"You, of course, know where the graves of the presidents are and will drive directly to them," I mildly suggested.

"Presidents?" he echoed. "What presidents? I didn't know any were buried here."

Justly reminded to learn at once, he stopped a man driving on a load of dirt.

"The presidents?" he smilingly answered. "Sure Monroe lies in that direction, Tyler to the left, Jefferson Davis on the right-hand corner, and Henry, the president of the cigarette factory—"

"But we hastily drove on.—Bohemian Magazine.

"Yes," and "No."

It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say "no," but it certainly is the essence of amiability to prefer to say "yes" where it is possible. There is something wrong in the man who does not hate himself; whenever he is constrained to say "no." And there was a great deal wanting in this born dispenser. He was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses; he had not enough of them to be truly polar with humanity; whether you called him a demigod or a demigod, he was at least not altogether one of us, for he was not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The world's heroes have room for all positive qualities, even those which are disagreeable in the character of their dispositions. Such can live many lives; while a Thorpe can live but one, and that only with perpetual foresight.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

For Good Speaking Voice.

Don't contract the throat when speaking. Try to keep it free, the cords flexible and easy to make. Don't forget that it is worth practicing in the privacy of one's room to learn the natural register the tones in which the voice works best. In these exercises there is not the slightest danger of becoming declamatory. A declamatory style of conversation is a horror, but much will be gained if one tries the experiment of making a note reach the next room; without raising the pitch of the voice. This means deep breathing, chest expansion and head held erect. Without these three it is impossible to have a good speaking voice—a fact worth remembering.

All He Asked.

"The father of the girl looked at his caller. "You are much older than my daughter," he said, "but you are a millionaire, and she seems to want you—so I suppose it's all right."

"Thank you," murmured the caller. "But there's one thing I want you to promise me—the gray-haired father went on."

And What Is That?

"The old man's tone grew more serious. "I want you to promise me that if I ever run for office you will carefully refrain from announcing that you intend to vote for me."

The Dress of a Good Wife.

Her clothes are comely rather than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing of it. She is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in variety of suits every day new—as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once; but our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate, and if of high parentage, she does not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—Thomas Fuller.

Home Help.

Small Daughter—It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography. Cultured Mother—Well, tell me what the lesson is about and I'll write out the answer for you to learn. Small Daughter—The lakes of Africa. Cultured Mother—Um—er—if you're mislaid your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find it.—New York Weekly.