

PUT ELEPHANT TO GOOD USE.

Prince's Gift Used by Recipient as Motive Power for Ferry.

One must not look a gift horse in the mouth, much less a gift elephant...

A Hindu not long ago chanced to have the life of a prince, who, in gratitude, presented him with an elephant...

His little dwelling stood near the bank of a turbulent river. Floods were frequent, boats often carried away and crossing rendered impossible...

YOU AGREE WITH WEBSTER.

It is Hard to Have Belief in Either Phenology or Palmistry.

Phenology, according to Webster, is a system that teaches that the faculties of the mind are manifested through special organs...

The same authority defines palmistry as being "the pretended art of reading man's character or divining one's future by the marks on the palm of the hand."

As We Give.

If we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance...

Perishable Property.

A "merchants' carnival" was in progress, and all the maidens of the village were representing the various shops...

At the beginning of the festival Sarah fairly glistened with attractive reflection, but as time wore on...

"Where in the world," asked the stage manager, noting the plainness of Sarah's attire, "are all your decorations?"

University Swine.

When a college paper presents a leading "University Swine Take Prizes" there is likely to be a little puzzle over the exact meaning.

The explanation of the same is found in the fact that the agricultural departments of general universities...

Very often the cattle or food products are exhibited not directly by the university, but by some graduate.

A Paragon That Elopeed.

The reward for hard work and meritorious conduct was awarded at Montebelony, France, a few days ago to Miss Louise, who was crowned with a wreath as "hostess" of the town...

ONLY EDUCATION THAT COUNTS.

Knowledge Absorbed Must Prove an Equipment to the Mind.

A man may be ignorant in nine languages, he may have conned the accumulated knowledge of the world and yet be uneducated...

A QUEER FORM OF AMUSEMENT.

One Woman Finds Entertainment in Visit to Physician.

The woman with the purple geraniums on her hat was talking to her companion on the car.

"I went to the doctor this afternoon," she said, "and yet there isn't a thing wrong with me, and I know it. But honestly—say, you'll never repeat this, will you—my doctor always has an office full of people ahead of me when I get there, and he never closes the transom between his consulting room and the waiting room."

Happening of the Unexpected.

The neighboring women were condoling with Mrs. Bennett over her latest affliction. With commendable cheerfulness she replied: "I've raised four girls and three boys, expectin' every time they'd be twins and red-headed like their Grandpa Bennett, an' yet they ain't, an' I've worried considerable over smallpox breakin' out in my big family—so fer 'tain't. An' last summer durin' July an' August, an' mebbe part of September, I was real melancholic, fearin' I'd got an appendix, but I guess I ain't, an' through it all it never occurred to me that I'd be the one to fall through them rotten old meetin' house steps an' break my leg in two places, but I be."

Couldn't Trust His Sight.

Good anecdotes of Saphir, the great German humorist and editor, are still in circulation. A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to him, which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with embarrassment, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with: "Now, pray, you must, you really must, tell me which of you is to be the bride."

The Mimic of Discretion.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a king of imposture, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—Joseph Addison.

Greedy Little Salmen.

Little creatures may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated, for instance, in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the New York aquarium. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took daily only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine.

Mixed but Emphatic.

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained his employer. "Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I have to button up the ashes and shake down a shirtwaist and carry out the furnace every morning."—Kansas City Journal.

Change of Heart.

Parson Primrose—Why do you think it was out of place for your father to say grace? "Preddie—Because it was only a few minutes afterward that he was swearing over having to carve the turkey."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE THUMB SHOWS CHARACTER.

Point Worth Remembering When "Sizing Up" Friend or Enemy.

"Whenever you see a man with a big, thick thumb, be careful of him," says a palmist, "and be especially careful if the first joint, the nail joint, is longer or thicker than the second. The thumb is regarded as indicating both intellectual and will power. The second joint, if longer than the first, is supposed to indicate the predominance of the intellect over the will. Such a man, however courageous he may be, will always let his impulse be controlled by his intellect. He will be cool, clear-headed, both in word and in action, will rarely be 'flustered,' even under strong excitement, and however angry he may become, will rarely allow his anger to control his actions or lead him into saying or doing anything imprudent."

"The man, however, whose first thumb joint is thicker than the second, especially if it is longer, generally mistakes obstinacy for firmness, is rash, quick to take offense, easily loses control of himself, and will generally fight on small provocation. It is almost impossible to reason with such a man, for when excited or angry he loses his reasoning power and is so carried away by furious passion that he often incurs the suspicion of being crazy."

FISH FROM SEAWALL AT CADIZ.

Natives Perch on Eminence and Seek to Allure Finny Tribes.

No matter in what direction one walks in Cadiz it is a pretty sure thing that the seawall will be reached, for the city is built at the end of a long narrow peninsula, connected with the mainland by a low, sandy stretch of ground. In many places the seawall is full 40 feet high, and rises sheer from the water. We saw many men and boys perched upon this wall, each one fishing with a very long bamboo pole, to which was tied a lengthy fishing line, at least 50, and sometimes 100 feet long, and all of them beaded at short intervals with little balls of cork. A small hook, with a shrimp as bait, is used. Patience is essential for the returns are small—judging from what the men had to show us—the fish biting but seldom. Yet there should be plenty of fish near the wall, for the city's refuse and garbage are cast over this wall into the sea.

Home Work in Numbers.

I am a primary teacher, and find that many otherwise bright children are slow in numbers. I have obtained good results in many cases by recommending number games at home, making at the same time a strong stand against home tasks.

A box of "pasteboard money" is very good for playing store. The little storekeeper will enjoy making change immensely, and will take pains that he neither cheats nor is cheated. Bean bag games, where a score is kept by each child, are also useful. The old-fashioned way of playing dominoes, counting by the multiples of five, is very fascinating to the average child, who at the same time unconsciously acquires a good foundation for formal number lessons in school.—Harper's Bazar.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

It was easy for Mr. Randall to bear with his wife's remarkable decision of character at all times, but her obstinacy he found most difficult to endure. "I can't quite comprehend her," he confided to his brother after one trying experience. "Many years as we have been married, she still surprises me. Why, all in the same day, sometimes in the same hour, she will settle a disturbance in the kitchen, put the children just where they belong, adjust some matter in the church, and then, when her judgment ought to be at its best, display the most astounding obstinacy in attempting to regulate my going out or coming in. It's—it's incomprehensible."—Youth's Companion.

A State of Mind.

A porter in a big New York warehouse was recently discharged for getting drunk and losing a valuable parcel. The discharge sobered him instantly, coming as a sudden hard shock. He said he would take the oath never to touch liquor again, but his pleadings for reinstatement were unheeded. He searched everywhere for the parcel, but could not recollect what disposition he had made of it. Of his honesty there had never been a question in 20 years. Overcome by the loss of his place, he got violently drunk, and while in this condition recollected where he had left the parcel and went and recovered it.

Aime from a Tomb.

A remarkable custom which has been uninterruptedly in force for 300 years has just been observed at Ideford, a secluded parish a few miles from Chudleigh, Eng. It is that of picking up slms from the donor's tomb in the churchyard. The rector and church warden stand at one end of the tomb, upon the flat top of which they place coins. The recipients of the charity come up one by one to the other end of the tomb and pick up the money.

Busy All the Time.

"Old Minefoater is busy all the time, isn't he?" "Oh, I don't know." "Yes, he is. He spends all day waiting the stock and when he comes home at night he has to get out the hose and water the lawn."

MATTHEW ARNOLD AT PRINCETON.

Dr. McCosh Was Determined to Impress Visiting Favorably.

When Matthew Arnold visited Princeton, on his lecturing tour, President McCosh particularly desired to have him attend morning chapel and see how an under-graduate's day began. Accordingly, he hailed Mr. Arnold to chapel the next morning. Unfortunately, however, he had not considered what member of the faculty was scheduled to preside at the exercises, and, as it happened, the officiating professor that morning was the very last one likely to make a pleasing impression on a critical visitor. Dr. McCosh, as usual, rose to the occasion. Thrusting Mr. Arnold into a pew with the remark: "Ye'll air there!" he strode down the aisle and up to the pulpit where the professor was nervously waiting. Then in a reverberating stage whisper heard all over the chapel the good doctor said, with unmistakable emphasis: "We have Mr. Arnold here 'this morning.' Ye'll pick a lively hymn—and pray short!"—And he strode back, totally unconscious of the discomfiture of his colleague and the glee of the under-graduates. Mr. Arnold's face was expressionless.

THE GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.

Region in Northern Montana That Is Continent's Great Watershed.

The melting hills from the enormous ice masses of what will soon be known as Glacier National Park help to feed all three of the oceans that wash the shores of North America, says a writer in the World's Work. It is possible to launch three ships from points within gunshot of each other in the park, which, with profligate currents, will eventually float, one into the Gulf of Mexico, the second into the Pacific and the third into Hudson bay. Here, amid the almost unexplored fastnesses of northern Montana, is where the waters of the continent divide—north by the Little Belly river and the Saskatchewan to the Arctic ocean; eastward, the Marias and Milk rivers take the waters of innumerable lakes into the Missouri and Mississippi; and westward glacier floods are poured into the Plateau, which, through Clark's Ford, finds its way to the Columbia and the Pacific. Glacier Park is the continent's great watershed.

The Hollowness of the Earth.

That the earth is hollow is the engaging belief of a modern philosopher, William Reed. Says he: "Why did Nansen sail 15 days through clear waters and only advance one degree under and he was sailing round and round inside? Where do the seals and musk-oxen go for their feeding grounds? Where do the fresh-water icebergs come from? Why do scientists treat the earth as if it were a solid and have to make out that it's three times as heavy as nickel steel in order to make their calculations fit? Why is the sun invisible so long at the north and south in winter, unless there's a depression which shuts out its light? What is the Aurora Borealis? Electric lights? Then why don't we meet it all over the earth? It is fire reflected from inside the earth!"—Harper's Weekly.

Will Soon Belong to Language.

The word "contraption" finds its place in the Standard dictionary, but it has not yet obtained full currency, it is a colloquialism. Bartlett notes its use as an Americanism. With greater particularity Mr. Farmer's "Americanisms" puts it into pillory as a genuine American vulgarity. Applied to any new-fangled peculiar thing or idea. Yet the same author, collaborating with Henley in the "Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English," seems in this later work to regard it as English of England, for the definition is "small articles, tools and so forth," and to this has appended the date 1838 as representing the first period of its currency. The Standard's derivation from con and trap seems rather a concession to the mechanics of etymology than an explanation of the sense of the word.

What She Called It.

A woman of a psychic turn of mind was telling a friend of a case of transference that puzzled her. "I was in the shop leaning over the case looking at the handkerchiefs. Another woman was beside me. Suddenly I saw that my lucky gold piece, a sovereign, had slipped out of my purse. So I picked it up and slipped it back. But the odd thing! When I got in the car and opened my purse, there were two sovereigns. The one on the case hadn't been mine at all! But do you think it was meant for me, somehow? What do you call that phenomenon?" "I call that plain swiping," said the friend, who wasn't a mystic.

Baseball Critic.

Huggins—What has become of Fanberg? "Muggins—Oh, he's laid up; a victim of baseball." "Muggins—I didn't know he ever played the game." "Muggins—He doesn't. He sprained his larynx telling the umpire how things ought to be done."

The Quintessence of It.

"The gall of that fellow Stryker!" "What's he done now?" "Why, you know he's a chronic borrower, and when I told him I'd have to stop loaning him money now that I had a wife, he went for his hammer and tongs for getting married at his expense."

SURELY WELL DONE

CRIPPLE'S SPLENDID USE OF HIS ONE TALENT.

From Bed of Suffering Message of Light and Hope Went Forth to Cheer the Weak and Unfortunate.

By the time this article is printed the man whose story it relates may have gone to his reward. Already he has added a few more painful months to those that had gone before. That he can live another year, or even half that time, seems now all but impossible; and almost any morning may witness for him the daybreak of the life of which it is written that there shall be no more pain.

When the terrible accident was over, and they uncovered his mangled body, so little was left in it that they thought him dead. And when the surgeons had finished their work there remained but the physical wreck of a man. Both legs were gone, the left arm was missing, and had taken with it the greater part of the collar bone. Of the right hand only a finger and the thumb remained. There was only enough left of the man that had been to suffer and remember.

But he still possessed a brilliant mind stored with the rich fruitage of a college training and enriched by travel in every part of the world. And it was all wasted, wasted, wasted! There was nothing he could do but to remain a helpless sufferer.

So he thought as he sat by the window in the Home for Incurables, and looked out on a world of which he had ceased to be a part. Before him lay his Bible and he read the parables of the talents, and reflected bitterly that he had now not one talent to bury; he himself was as good as buried, and his talents, which had been many, were buried already.

An old lady wheeled her chair beside his, and read a letter which had been sent her. It was from a stranger, but it did her good. He was interested, and asked her about it, and learned that there was a kind of organization that furnished addresses of invalids and shut-in folks to persons who were willing to write them cheerful letters. She had sent her name as one who would be glad of an occasional letter, and this unknown correspondent wrote her regularly, and the letters comforted her.

A sudden thought came to him. To receive letters would be little comfort to him, but why should he not write them? But to whom? Could there be any persons so shut in as he who could be cheered by his letters? Possibly the men in prison were a trifle more to be pitied, yet even they had hope of release, and he had none. But it was worth trying.

So he wrote to the secretary of the organization for the names of some of the prisoners. He was informed that his letters could not be answered; the rules of the prison would not permit. But he undertook the one-sided correspondence.

Twice a week he wrote, and the letters taxed his strength to its limit. But into those letters he put his whole soul, all his experience, all his faith, all his bright wit, all his Christian optimism.

It is hard to continue writing when writing costs labor and pain, and especially hard when there is no reply. There were times when he grew discouraged and was tempted to give it up. But it was his one remaining talent, and he resolved to use it as long as it lasted.

At length he got a letter. It was very short, and written on the stationery of the prison by the officer whose duty it was to read the letters of the convicts. All it said was this:

"Please write on as good paper as you can afford, for your letters are passed from cell to cell till they literally drop to pieces."—Youth's Companion.

Human Affection.

What is the best thing in life? I queried recently. I have raised the same question aforesaid, and found the majority of responses leaned to "human affection." Surely there is nothing that comes to us by the grace of God so helpful as the "friend" who may be a husband, a wife, a sister or a brother, who knows the best of us and the worst of us, and who can love us still, ready to stand by us till the morning when our craft is grounded in the shallows or is helplessly stationary in maelstrom vortex, when we need all the strength our God can give, simply to live, my friend, simply to live. How rare friends are one soon realizes, and how priceless no words can duly say.—Home Chat.

Had Been Her.

"There are great things in store for you," said the fortune teller to the young man; "but there will be many obstacles to overcome. There is a woman continually crossing your path, a large woman with dark hair and eyes. She will dog your footsteps untritingly." "Yes; I know who that is." "Ah, you have seen her?" "Yes. She's my washerwoman."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Haughty One.

"So you have a new butler?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Do you like his work?" "I never thought of asking myself such a question. I would never dare assume a critical and patronizing attitude."—Exchange.

FINAL RESTING PLACE READY.

Phineas G. Wright, Eccentric Bachelor, Now Calmly Waits for End.

Now that he has the whiskers on his monument brushed straight, his tomb well stocked with whiskey and cigars and a proper inscription graven on the granite, Phineas Gardner Wright, Putnam's richest and oldest bachelor, says he can contemplate the end with calmness and satisfaction.

Mr. Wright is 79 years old, and worth something over \$200,000, according to a Waterbury (Conn.) dispatch. This sum, he says, he has accumulated by strict attention to details, not trying to know too much and consistently suspecting all women. Following out the program which has made him successful, Mr. Wright has superintended the erection of his own monument, and he has inscribed thereon: "Going, but know not where." Under this the more definite information: "Never beat by man, but by woman."

The Wright monument is the show place of the Putnam cemetery. It is a solid granite block bearing on its top a bust of the man who is to lie under it. The bust is a faithful likeness, even to the stone whiskers now trimmed in goatee fashion. The sculptor who did the work was an irresponsible person with effeminate ideas. He parted Mr. Wright's whiskers at the middle in his original work. This made Mr. Wright angry, and he paid another sculptor \$500 to brush out the stone whiskers straight. This work brought the total price up to \$3,500. But Mr. Wright didn't care.

In the tomb near by Mr. Wright has placed ample supplies of whiskey and cigars. "I don't want the boys who are burying me to feel too badly," he explained. "I want them to have a little something to keep them cheerful. No body can say I'm stingy." He has also engaged the Putnam Silver Cornet band to play at his funeral.

Mr. Wright's "Going, but know not where," has stirred up a lot of trouble, particularly among theologians, some of whom have written him abusive letters. He is still hale and hearty.

The Wife's Morning Glory.

A writer in an exchange says: "The finest compliment I have ever heard told to a woman was by her husband, and he said, in speaking of her: 'We always think of her as a morning glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table.'"

"How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no effort to be dainty?—and there are a great number who are at once untidy and even uncleanly to look at."

"The claim that household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the woman gives a helping hand in the kitchen a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress, and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work."

"That woman commits an error who looks unclean for and badly dressed in the morning. The other woman, who wears any old thing to the breakfast table, is also making a mistake, for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best, and not specially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light of the gas will hide many defects."

Cramp Rings.

Formerly it was customary for kings of England on Good Friday to hollow certain rings, the wearing of which prevented cramp or epilepsy.

They were made from the metal of decayed coffins and consecrated with an elaborate ceremony, some details of which are still preserved.—They were "highly recommended by the medical profession" about 1857, for Andrew Boorde, in his "Breviary of Health," speaking of cramp, says: "The kynge's majestic hath a great helpe in this matter in hollowing crampe rings without money or petition."

Occasionally cramp rings played a persuasive part in diplomacy. Lord Berners, our ambassador at the court of Charles V., wrote in 1506 "to my lord cardinal's grace" for some "crampe ryngs," with trust to "bestowe them well, by God's grace."

In the Future.

The latest scheme is to set type by wireless. Of course there will be few occasions when this sort of typesetting can be utilized, but it should give the intelligent compositor a feeling of real comfort to realize that when out of town he can hustle to the nearest wireless station and set a column or two of type matter in the home office, with all the usual typographical errors in evidence.

Possibly the newspaper plant of the future will be so scientifically equipped that all the work connected with it can be done somewhere else, and nobody will be required around the premises except the cleaners and the night watchman.

A Virtuous Paradox.

"That young doctor is a queer contradiction." "In what way?" "He has an exceedingly good temper, and yet he is lacking in patience."

No Golden View.

She (sentimentally)—Will you love me when I'm old? He (practically)—That is something to decide by gray matter.