

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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SHIPPING A BIG SHOW.

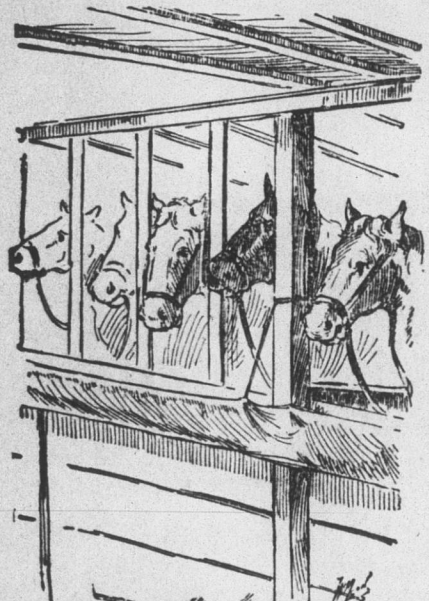
CERTAINLY OLD NOAH'S JOB WAS NO PICNIC.

Difficulties of Embarking Animals Today that Did Not Exist Before the Deluge—Scenes Among the Animals on the Steamship Monowal.

A Latter-Day Noah's Ark.

An old man says that Noah's job was certainly no picnic, and that if the eminent patriarch had spent one year in the circus business he would never have taken the contract of running the ark at all, but would have just laid down in his barn and waited for the deluge to come and drown him.

A big menagerie and circus with all the attending paraphernalia recently shipped from San Francisco to Australia. They sailed on a trip more protracted and perilous than that ever



TWO-DECK PASSENGERS.

dreamed of by Noah. Elephants, tigers, hippopotami, lions, horses, camels, and all the whole outfit crowded together in one ship of the sea; tents, monkeys, chariots and every other item of the show drifted the land Pacific Ocean. Never was such a job of embarkation experienced at the Oceanic dock, says the San Francisco Examiner; never again do the longshoremen of this port hope to ship a cargo of wild animals to Australia.

Imagine a big, wide, yawning, covered dock, with its millions of cubic feet, simply aching to be overcrowded. Imagine the flooring of that dock simply packed with a traveling show, and you will have some faint idea of what the Oceanic dock looked like.

In the good old days when Noah went into the ship-building business the job of filling an ark with a complete, if heterogeneous, collection of mammals of both sexes seems to have been a task of consummate ease. Anyhow, Genesis says nothing about its difficulty, and if any hitch occurred—any strike among the longshoremen, or any of that sort of business—Genesis would have recorded it. As it was the animals went aboard two by two, or four by four as the case happened to be, etc.

When the job of loading began all was easy as a marriage bell. There were a number of obstreperous brutes, to be sure, and a certain number of all too willing ones. The aquatics, for instance, howled mournfully when they found that they were to be hoisted aboard the steamer, the monkeys simply shrieked with delight. They exemplified two extremes—the one demonstrated grief, the other joy—and neither cared for either. There was only one happy medium and that was the hay, and that hay came aboard in tons and carloads, tons upon tons of grass and oats hay, and tons upon tons of wheat and crushed barley.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GETS "THAT TIXED FEELING."

One could see the great ship sink in the water as wagon-load after wagon-load of the big furry beasts swarmed aboard on the creaking derrick, and then still lower in the water she sank as they hoisted on the seats, the tent poles, the hurdles, the staves, and the canvas. For in the beginning the men did nothing but load on the mechanical contrivances of the hoist, and the embarkation of the horses and wild animals was delayed until the last moment.

Noah had no tents or things to load on the ark, and thereby saved a great deal of trouble; but there are men in the circus who contend that, tents or no tents, if Noah had to have shipped one African elephant, the ark would not have been started this very day.

On Tuesday the work began. Early in the morning they piled the dock with seemingly useless piles of lumber, and still more useless wagon-trees and wheels. Later on in the day they began to cart in grain and hay by the carload, and still later great big wagons, loaded with bulking sides of beef—great big refrigerators—meat-flesh for the carnivores to feed upon during their imprisonment aboard ship, while traversing the broad Pacific Ocean.

Many of the animals will die before they reach Australia. The wild beasts of the Indian and African jungles can but little brook captivity, and the close confinement of a traveling cage aboard an ocean liner will knock the spirit and the life out of many of them. Nevertheless, the experiment of transportation was tried years ago, and proved a big success, and what matters a jaguar or a tiger or a lion more or less, if the main percentage of the show once safely reaches Australia?

They have queer ways, those interlarded denizens of foreign wildernesses. They live a while and struggle, then they get paralyzed and die. First they fight and stare, then they sink and rot, then they growl and growl, then they get paralyzed. They run up and down and to and fro and to and fro in their circumscribed cages. One day

the keeper notices that one of them is lame. He stirs him up; the animal is lame. Next day he is more lame and, oh! so lazy. Next day he is lazier still,



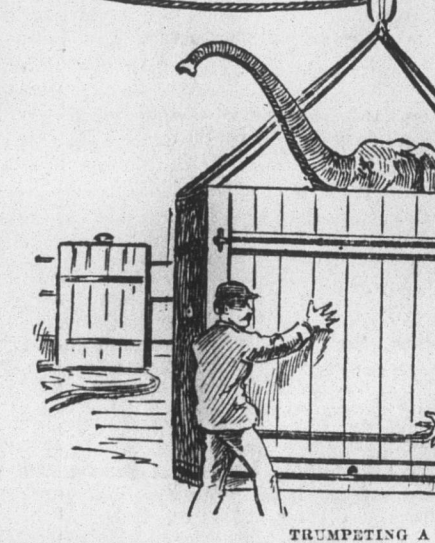
QUEEN AND DUTCH HELP TO INCARCERATE THEIR COMRADE.

and won't even jump to his food. In a couple of days the truth comes out. He crawls to the door on his forelegs, the hindquarters dragging an inert weight behind. The forest ranger has succumbed to the paralysis of captivity. He is marked to die. If he cost a lot they try to nurse him back to health. If he did not—why, plish! Heave him overboard at once and have more room for the living.

It is not nice to be an exhibit in an American circus en route for Australia. When Noah was running the animal business the animals were d-d-ic and tractable, and no special arrangement had to be entered into for their shipment. Nowadays, however, the average star beast is out for human lives and he cannot be driven abroad ship with impunity. There are two ways to take elaborate precautions had to be taken in loading.

To begin with, each den was hauled up the dock pretty much the same as the dens are hauled along the main streets on the day that a circus comes to town. But the cages lacked vivacity, so to speak; they lacked the golden glamour of a swell triumphal entry, and the gold and the tinsel were missing.

No gilt-edged queen of the hippodrome bestride the haughty hippopotamus, nor did some bespangled son of the torrid Indies surmount the elephant's neck. The gilt-edged queen was absent, the bespangled son of Hindostan were over a s and a jumper at \$1.50 per suit. He did not look half so pretty as he did in the time and therefore not half so useful; but he got there just the same—yanked the pachyderms in the neck with the



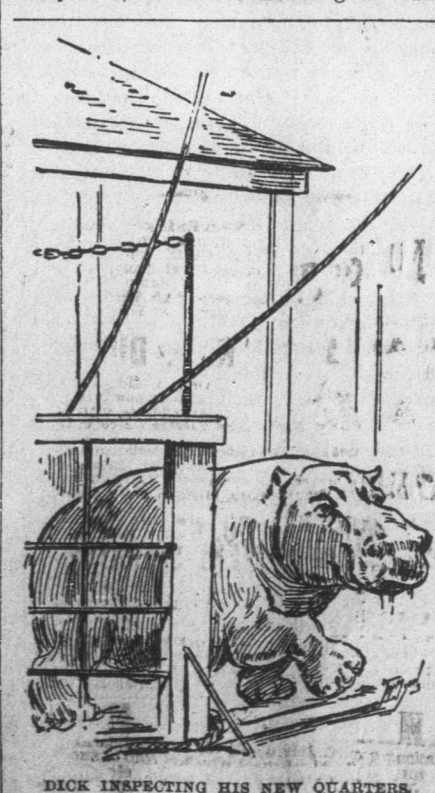
TRUMPETING A FOND FAREWELL.

business that looks like a bathbook, hit him on the trunk, swore like a drunken trooper and, generally speaking, discharged his lawful duties and obligations like a gentleman and a scholar.

When lions and tigers and similar brutes are loaded up in cage wagons they are as easy to handle as lumber. The wagon is rolled up to the edge of the wharf, the circus hands and longshoremen sling ropes under its body and hitch it on to the hook that swings from the big derrick attached to the mainmast. Then the stevedore blows a whistle, and the man at the donkey engine opens the throttle valve and that cage wagon goes floating up in the air with all the sweet simplicity of a canvas-baited duck. When it gets about six inches above the wharf the aring ceases for a moment. The circus hands remove the wheels from the wagon, and pile them in a heap on one side. Then the stevedore whistles again, the tackle creaks, the big cage creeps upward, the beasts inside it grunt their disapproval—they are too scared to oar—and then, with a sweep through the circumambient atmosphere, they are launched on the deck of the steamer.

They did not crowd the big dens down into the dark hold; they stowed them along the deck. All the after deck is crowded with cages of animals. There was no trouble in embarking the wilder animals, and the horses—sleek and lovely animals—were docile and tractable when placed in the open box prepared for them, and hoisted one by one from the wharf-side and lowered into the hold. There they were placed in little stalls, the same as ordinary stables.

It was in shipping the elephants, though, that the fun for the populace and the trouble for the circus men arose. The elephant stands prominently the most sagacious among the entire brute creation; he may, also, when he gets his "mad" up, be classified among the most contrary. Your average Asiatic elephant, however, the fellow with the curly ears, seldom or never gets mad.

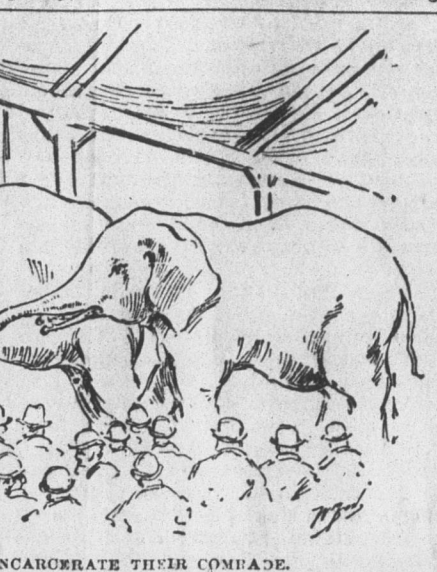


DICK INSPECTING HIS NEW QUARTERS.

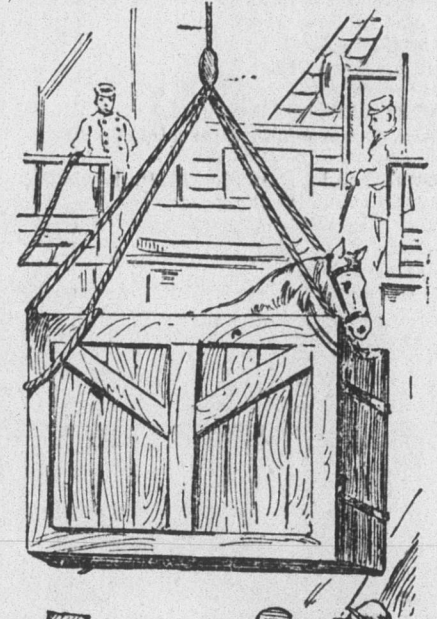
His African cousin, the chap with the great flapping ears that look as if they could listen to a thousand orchestras at one time and hunger to listen to more, is never happy unless he is kicking against a grievance.

Max was the name of the star African elephant in this shipment.

Max had watched his old pal Dick, the hippopotamus being shipped, and he pitied Dick, as he trumpeted out his sympathy, when Dick got that tired feeling

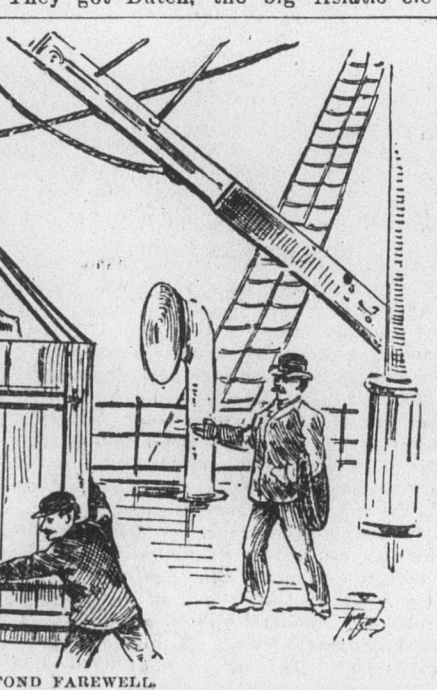


and yawned like a rusty thunderbolt. Then they tried to persuade Max to go and join the amphibious beast, but Max knew better.



ASCENDING TO THE DECK.

America was good enough for Max; he did not want any antipodes in his. They got Dutch, the big Asiatic ele-



phant, to march up to the land end of the dock with him, and Dutch coaxed him like a brother. Out on the street way a big derrick had been hung, and pendent therefrom was a big square box, all bound with thick bars of iron.

The object entertained by the show people was to coax Max into that box and hoist him on shipboard. The object

entertained by Max was to thwart and hinder their plans to the best of his capacities and understanding.

They coaxed on the monster with honeyed words and pickaxes; then they jabbed him on the north end with marlin spikes and bathhooks, but all Max did was to pick up a wisp of hay with his trunk, fan himself therewith for a moment, and then chuck it upon his shoulder to keep the flies off. They explained the matter to Dutch and Dutch entered into the scheme to delude his African brother, and with true Asiatic duplicity entered the box himself, twirled around, snorted in bliss and made believe that that box was a small terrestrial paradise. Max watched his demonstration with unmoved dignity, and when Dutch came out and begged him (Max) to sample the delights of the box, the African just winked, but did nothing.

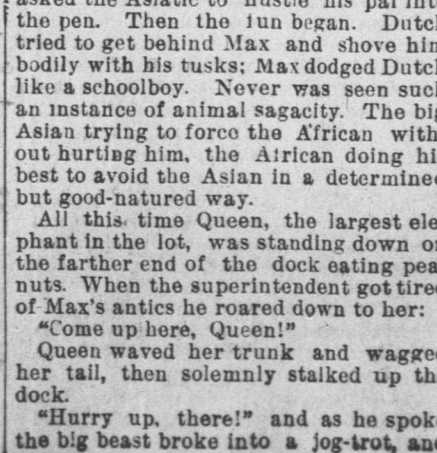
Then the men tried pickaxes and things again, but it was all no use. Max seemed to enjoy a clip from a pickaxe in the rear; anyhow he walked around in uncontrolled happiness, but would not go near the box.

A crowd gathered, but Max did not mind. One grows accustomed to crowds in the show business. The men got tired; so did Dutch, and eventually they asked the Asiatic to hustle his pal into the pen. Then the fun began. Dutch tried to get behind Max and shove him bodily with his tusks; Max dodged Dutch like a schoolboy. Never was seen such an instance of animal sagacity. The big Asian trying to force the African without hurting him, the African doing his best to avoid the Asian in a determined but good-natured way.

All this time Queen, the largest elephant in the lot, was standing down on the farther end of the dock eating peanuts. When the superintendent got tired of Max's antics he roared down to her: "Come up here, Queen!"

Queen waved her trunk and wagged her tail, then solemnly stalked up the dock.

"Hurry up, there!" and as he spoke the big beast broke into a jog-trot, and



her big, loose skin flapped on her sides like wet clothes on a living skeleton.

"Shove in! Help Dutch!" In a second Queen had her tusks against Max's flanks in half a minute she had him pinned up against the inside of the box and was holding him there while Dutch hustled around to close the big door. When Dutch had slammed the door and was holding it safe Queen withdrew, hit Dutch a smack with her trunk on the shoulder and stalked down to her peanuts once more. Max is shut out from America.

Five minutes more little Topsy, the African lady elephant, is locked under the hatches. Still a few more minutes and Big Dutch joins her. Last of all Queen comes and stalks into the box. The tackle strains and creaks, the big pen rises upward, a great gray trunk lifts itself above the sides and trumpets an an revolt. Then down it disappears through the fore hatch, and the crowd on the deck watches it sinking and sinking into the darkness of the lower hold.

A whistle. The creaking stops. Another whistle and an idle hook swings upon the end of the tackle. The labors of the modern Noah are ended. The animals are all aboard the ark.

BATTLE OF BIRDS.

How Two Wrens Fought Two Blue Birds and Whipped Them.

In Silver Lake Township, Pennsylvania, a two-story stone milk-house has been standing for more than fifty years. When the masons built it they knocked the mouth from an old earthen jug, and cemented the jug into the solid wall toward the peak, leaving the open end on the outside of the wall. The kind-hearted workmen put the jug there for a purpose, and every summer since then wrens have built their nests in it.

This season a pair of blue-birds got there a few hours before the wrens did, took possession of the jug without any ceremony, and began to carry bits of straw and dried grass into it, flying out and in again every fifteen or twenty minutes. Toward noon a pair of wrens flitted into the yard, and flew around the milk-house two or three times. Then they made a dive for the opening in the old jug, darted into it, and soon flew out squalling spitefully. The reason why they did this was because they found one of the blue birds in there, very busy fixing things up inside. The wrens, and the a feathered warfare began that lasted for two hours.

Finally the wrens in a home that had been occupied by wrens for half a century made the little wrens mad all over. They pitched into the blue bird and tried to drive it away, piping and screeching as they fought. For a time the blue bird battled with the wrens; but the two were more than a match for it, and it retired to a tree. While it was perched there the wrens flew into the jug, and started to drag out the straw and stuff the blue birds had carried in.

The wrens were busy cleaning out the jug when the blue bird on the tree was joined by its mate. All at once they flew in a straight line for the jug. They darted into it like a flash, and in a second the wrens came out as though they had been fired. They had not been cowed by the larger birds, however, for they immediately turned, darted into the jug, and drove the blue birds out. Then the four birds hid it back and forth among the trees for half an hour, neither party entering the jug while the battle lasted.

Finally they stopped fighting, and each side began to carry things into the jug. The wrens made two trips while the blue birds made one, and late in the afternoon the wrens had filled the jug so full of twigs that the blue birds could not get in. There was room for the wrens to go in and out, and they held the fort against their bigger foes, who made several attempts to tear the barrier of twigs away but without success. Toward sundown the birds flew away and never came back; and the wrens have had possession of the jug ever since.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Rules of Health. "Sit down," said the fat business man in a hurry, "and order lunch, but let me go ahead on my own account. I'm slow; afraid of increasing dyspepsia if I eat too fast, you know. Distinguishing, this guy—ah!"

Gulp and gulp, and the soup was gone. "This guzzling! Isn't it? Eat slow, with conversation; a pleasant frame of mind helps digest. Waiter, where's the fish? You're waiting on me; not I on you. Ah, at last."

Three great bites and the fish was gone. "Where's the lamb? These fellows, look at 'em, eating pie by the square yard; ought to see themselves as others see 'em. Time's not so valuable as health—and there's the lamb."

Three seconds finished it, and two more for as many glasses of claret.

"Peach pie, waiter. And this hurrying is mostly habit. They've been doing business fast and come to lunch with the momentum and devour. I take a light lunch and eat slow."

Bite, chew, swallow, gulp, and the pie was gone.

"Bill and ice-cream. My plan saved me from dyspepsia till I was 30, then I succumbed to bad cooking. There's not a good cook in New York. Those that make nice food make it indigestible, and those that make it healthy cook it plainly—no a la Bechamel, no truffles, a flat desert to the taste—better dyspepsia, say I—"

Bite, bite, champ. "My, but the ice-cream is cold. I've got toothache."

Champ, chew, gulp, gurgie, gurgie of coffee.

"What, you're not thorough! Well, now, I must hurry; can't spare time in business hours except for health. So long."

Time—4 min. 15 sec.—New York Sun.

A Water Gun. Near Horn Head, County Donegal, Ireland, there is a hole in the rocks called McSwiney's gun. It is on the sea coast, and is said to have connection with a cavern. When the north wind blows and the sea is at half-flood the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the "gun" to height of more than 100 feet. The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles.

STATISTICS prove that only one man in six who emigrate does so with advantage.

IT IS A BITTER FIGHT.

BOTH SIDES DETERMINED IN THE COAL FIELDS.

The Strike May Terminate Within a Week and It May Last Far Into the Spring—The Miners Say Nothing Short of Starvation Will Induce a Surrender.

The Situation Is Serious.

From the outlook it is impossible to say what will come of the strike in the Brazil, In coal fields. It may terminate within a week, and it may last all winter and far into the spring. Neither the operators nor the miners have made a move toward settlement. Both are determined and silent. The miners say nothing short of starvation will drive them into the mines, and there is little prospect of such an emergency in the near future. On the other hand the operators, with one or two exceptions, have signed an agreement to allow their plants to stand idle until the spring rather than a national increase demanded by the men. A rather sensational rumor has been circulated in Terre Haute and Brazil for some days, and if it should turn out to be true, it would undoubtedly prevent an immediate settlement. It is that the big Eastern coal fields are using secret influences to prolong the strike.

There is one feature in the strike which looks favorable to the men. It is the jealousy which exists between the soft coal operators and the block coal operators. They are for the present pulling together, but a separation may occur at any time. In this event the men may be victorious. J. H. McClelland, general manager for the Brazil Block Coal company, denied that such a jealousy existed, but some of the soft coal men say it does.

The miners deprecate lawlessness, and quiet prevails everywhere. Nothing like agitation exists. The men are at home with their families, waiting with a dogged persistence for the operators to give in. Things a'out the mines looked gloomy to a recent visitor, but in most of the cottages there was an appearance of thrift, and the squa/or and dirt one expects to find in mining hamlets was wanting. Nothing of the sort of aristocratic order was found. The one or two acts of violence which have occurred were denounced. The miners realize that to win they must maintain the respect of the public.

In the strike of two years ago, said one, "we held out seven months, and not one of us was arrested for lawlessness. We have not changed, but we have been in the '70s an attempt was made by the operators to run in a lot of foreigners and then there was a riot. The outsiders had to go. Under similar circumstances violence might occur."

The operators all say no attempt will be made to import labor. They are willing to test the endurance of the miners.

STORM ON THE WEST COAST.

Widespread Damage to Orange Groves and Other Property in California.

Southern California has been visited by the worst storm known in years, which caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the orange growers of Los Angeles and San Bernardino. All telegraph wires were down, and even yet all damage has not been reported. From what is known, however, one-half the orange crop of Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley is destroyed. Riverside, which usually suffers from heavy winds and which is therefore protected by big hedges, did not feel the full force of the storm, but the orange crop was badly damaged. The center of the storm was at Pasadena. The center of the storm was at Pasadena. The center of the storm was at Pasadena.

The destruction of orange orchards is reported as heavy in exposed places. It is said in some sections that two-thirds of the fruit is blown off the trees.

In the Verdugo (canon and Glendale section the storm was the wildest ever known. Mrs. Brown, living in a small house on the Verdugo road, met with a horrible death. Her house was a small square set high from the ground. A terrific gust wreathed it from the foundations and it collapsed. Mrs. Brown was caught in the timber. From that position she could not extricate herself, and fire ensuing she was burned to death.

The storm was terrific in the San Fernando valley. The old mission at San Fernando was shaken up as it never was before. Great chunks of adobe was weighing a ton were hurled about. At Burbank the Presbyterian Church was wrecked. The Holy Trinity church at Monrovia was wrecked from its foundations and the steeple of the Baptist Church was badly wrecked. Some of it was carried away.

The old mission church at San Gabriel was one of the sturdiest and best preserved mission buildings in the State. The walls were badly damaged and the belfry was demolished.

THOUSANDS OF CASES OF GRIP.

St. Louis Suffering from a Return of the Epidemic.

Dr. Priest, chief dispensary physician, estimates the number of cases of grippe in St. Louis at 20,000. Three hundred employees of one wholesale tobacco house have been compelled to quit work, and the disease has affected choir singers. While the mortality list does not indicate a large number of deaths from grippe directly, a great percentage of them have been largely due to complications of influenza and chronic affections. There were thirty-nine more deaths during the last week than during the one previous, or a total of 232, an increase of seventy over the same period last year. Of the 232 deaths seventeen were from bronchitis, sixty-five from pneumonia, four from diphtheria and six from other respiratory diseases. Thirty-four deaths were of persons under a year, fifty-two under 5 years, and sixty-four over 60 years. The increase in the death rate is principally among the latter, and an examination of the burial certificates shows that nearly all died from bronchitis or other respiratory diseases. Many of the physicians upon being interviewed say that the disease is contagious or infectious. Nearly all are agreed that in form it is not as violent as it was last season; that the exposure of the person does not necessarily invite an attack, but that the malady seizes upon those whose systems are in poor condition.

Here and There. THERE are 74,000 Germans in London. An English peer cannot resign his peerage. GRIME is very rare among women in Scotland. ONLY one Englishman in twenty-seven pays income tax. THERE are thirteen regiments of heavy cavalry in the British army. THROUGHOUT the entire world about 35,000,000 people die every year. A MAN in Missouri has twenty-seven pet rattlesnakes which come when he calls them.

SHORT 3,500 women are employed in the British Postoffice, or one to every eight men employed.

SAVAGE SOLOMON ISLANDERS.

They Are the Most Degraded Race on Earth.

The better part of the Solomon Islands belong to the German Government, but that does not prevent the English from inflicting summary punishment on the natives whenever guilty of outrages on anyone claiming to be a British subject, says a writer. On such occasions they are handled with as much freedom and severity as if the Germans had never been heard of in the vicinity. At the present time the English war ship Royalist is visiting the different islands from which crimes have been reported and chastising the guilty ones whosever or wherever they may be, even to the extent of destroying their villages whenever they have had any difficulty in locating the right parties.

I suppose the Germans do not care much whether these subjects of theirs are exterminated or not, as they are not likely to bring credit to either their masters or themselves. Missionary work has been a total failure in the Solomon Islands, although persisted in for many years and by different religious bodies. In most cases the only result arrived at by the missionary is to supply a banquet for his congregation, forming himself the principal dish of the occasion. As a people the Solomon Islanders are perhaps the most savage, the most brutal and the most degraded race on this earth to-day. They practice nothing but the most barbarous of customs, and are of so fierce and rapacious disposition that it is not safe to approach within 100 miles of any of the islands inhabited by them. They are cannibals of the worst kind; visitors to the islands in quest of sandalwood and tortoise shells, the chief products, have seen in different houses various parts of the human body in process of preservation for future consumption, just as civilized nations would cure animal meats, and the owners of vessels have frequently human flesh offered them in exchange for something desired by the natives. Head-hunting is another of their accomplishments. It is practiced under all sorts of pretexts, in some cases the chiefs offering rewards for the best results of an expedition. Professional head-hunters are not uncommon, and they usually take the honors.

"JIM KNEW."

But His "Knowledge" Darkened His Mother's Life.

She lived in a log cabin in the Tennessee mountains. She was gray, old, poor, religious—religion was her sole comfort. She read her Bible and prayed continually.

Her son Jim was out West. She exhibited the beggarly remittances which he sent her with trembling hands and sparkling, pride-filled eyes.

Jim came home to stay. Her cup of joy was full. On the afternoon of his arrival she was reading her Bible and whispering prayers of thankfulness.

Jim approached her and spread his rough hands over the page she was reading. She regarded him with surprise. He told her that he had heard great men talk out West, and had learned that the Bible was not true—was not the inspired Word of God.

Her face was as yellow as unbleached flax; a wisp of faded hair fell down her cheek. She put up her toll-hardened hands to stop him, but he talked on eloquently. She said not a word when he had finished and left the cabin, but she rose, and going to her bed in the corner of the room, she knelt and tried in vain to pray.

She stood in the cabin door in struggle; there was no sign of blood in her face. Jim was right, she supposed; she had never known him to be wrong. People had always said he had a keen mind.

The next Sunday she did not go to meeting; she stayed at home, and tried to comprehend what Jim had said about the mistakes of the Bible. She trembled and felt cold in her breast as the singing from the meeting-house stole over the hill and through the trees.

She fell ill. The shadow of death came into her face. Neighbors wiped their eyes at her door and gathered at her bedside. The preacher came, "Are you ready to go, sister?" he asked.

"I don't know," she gasped, and cast an appealing glance at her son, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"I've heard 'at the Bible ain't true. I use ter b'lieve 'at when my time come I'd go easy, but now it's just awful—awful!"

She tried to put out her hand toward Jim, essayed to speak, but death froze her unasked question on her face.

The Way of It. When most pretty girls reach 19, they become engaged to some poor young man, and, as he hasn't the money to marry on, they wait until he has saved it. The waiting process is a long and tiresome one. While the young man is having a good time, spending 90 cents and saving 10 cents for his marriage, the girl is growing a little older, a little plainer, a little more careworn, and wasting her youth in waiting for a man who in most cases finds some one more attractive, and breaks the engagement. If girls will look around at the great number of girls who have "waited" for some poor man to their sorrow, they will probably hesitate before entering into an engagement, and promises to be long and fruitless, and that leaves them worn out, and with no faith in human nature at the end. Very often a girl who is waiting for a young man to become rich, throws away the real opportunity of her life; very often she is a slave to the caprice of a man who finally deserts her. Very often under such circumstances a woman gets a wrong idea of life, and accuses the world of faults it is not guilty of. In a way men take very good care of themselves, for the reason that they accept the lessons of life, hard though they sometimes are, but women make the mistake of trusting too much, and suffering needlessly for it.—Aitchison Globe.

Or the once powerful tribe of Tonkwa Indians only seventy-eight members remain. They occupy the reservation that was once the home of the Nez Percés, embracing 90,000 acres.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

Warranted Safe. Mr. Goodman—I want to buy a nice toy pistol for my little boy. Something handsome but not dangerous, you know.

Mr. Binks—Here's the exact thing you're after, sir. A French duelling pistol—very pretty, and perfectly harmless.—Grip.

The Figure Fend. Mrs. Coleman—I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do?

Mrs. Pentwazel—The last thing he did was to figure out how many times a clock ticked in the course of a year.—Epoch.

He'd Made a Discovery. Thinkhard!—Isn't it curious? His Wife—What? Thinkhard!—That although a watch is misplaced or even lost, it is still handy.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Spirit-Ed Discussion. "What was the subject of your debate this evening?" "Whisky."

"Was it well discussed?" "Yes; most of the members were full of the subject."—Kate Field's Washington.



ASCENDING TO THE DECK.

"Dnor a worm in the slot, and hear me sing."—Life.

It Was Late. I had asked the colored porter at the depot if the train from Savannah was on time, and he replied in the affirmative, writes M. Quad in the New York World, when another colored man came up and inquired: "Did yo' want to know sunthin', sah?"

"I was asking him if the train was on time."

"And what did he say, sah?" "He said it was."

"Hu! Dat's all he knows 'bout it! Dat passen, sah, ar' employed to sweep out de depot an' fill up de water-cans."

"And you?" "While I, sah, ar' employed to put de checks on de baggage an' put de baggage on de kars. Yo' wanted to know if de train was on time, sah. No sah, it hain't, sah. De train is exactly two seconds late, sah!"

Dangerous Revelations. Belle—Don't you think a gentleman should always wear a dress suit when he makes a call on a young lady?

Nell (doubtfully)—Well, I don't know. If he wears a full dress suit his shirt bosom when he gets home gives him dead away.—Somerville Journal.

Doubly Defined. Tommy—What is a "running account?" Pa says it's an account merchants have to keep of customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bills.

Uncle—That's one definition of it. Tommy—Is there another?

Uncle—Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after a while, and then it becomes a standing obligation.—Boston Courier.

Useful It Not Ornamental. Stayer—I—I hope I'm not keeping you from anything, Miss Pert?

Miss Pert—Oh, dear, no! I like to have you sit there, where you are. "M—may I presume to—"

"Why, certainly! Yes, you hide that spot on the wall paper, that has been an eyesore to me, beautifully.—Boston News.

A Cat Colloquy. Mouser—See, here, Maltie, you are playing a little too rough! You yanked out a good bit of my coat that time.

Maltie—Excuse me; I only intended it for a joke.

Mouser—Yes, but it was rather fur-fetched.—Yonkers Gazette.