

ABOUT THE OSTRICH.

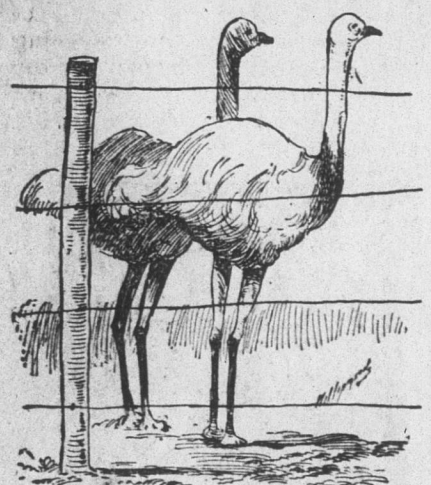
YOUNG BIRDS HATCHED IN LARGE INCUBATORS.

Their Raising Demands Much Care—How They Are Picked—A Business That Yields Almost 100 Per Cent. on the Money Invested.

Ostrich Farming. The wife of an English ostrich-breeder in Cape Colony compares the young ostrich that has just cleared its nest to a hedgehog mounted on stilts and provided with a long neck. The feathers are nothing more than grayish bristles, while head and neck are covered with a fine, speckled down, soft as velvet. A difference of the sexes is not yet discernible in the plumage.

Very few ostriches are born nowadays out of captivity, for the fashion of the day has developed ostrich-breeding into one of the best-paying industries, which yields a handsome revenue to several countries, especially the deserts and waste lands of Southern Africa.

The valuation of the South African



WOULD-BE DESERTERS.

export of ostrich feathers amounts to \$5,000,000 per annum. Hunting the birds has ceased entirely, for they threatened to become extinct in some localities, and a rational breeding is by far the most remunerative proceeding. The value of the feathers varies with their quality. During the second year of his existence a male bird furnished \$250,000 worth of first-quality plumes and about \$150,000 worth of second grade.

An ostrich farm yields from 30 to 50 per cent. on its original investment, and in prosperous times as high as 100 per cent., says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The rational breeding of the ostrich is of vast importance to Cape Colony. Years ago birds were exported to Australia with such a favorable result that the government of the Cape imposed a tax of \$500 per bird and \$25 for every unhatched egg for exportation tariff, in order to protect its own industry. This killed the export entirely.

In the year 1875 the number of tame ostriches in the Cape reached the astounding sum of 32,000, although the breeding of ostriches was not commenced until 1863. To-day that number has more than doubled itself, for in the meantime the incubators have been largely improved.

During the laying season, which comes with the end of the rainy period, the ostrich hen lays one egg every other day until she has deposited from fifteen to twenty eggs in the sand-pit nest, a quantity just large enough to cover the same with her body when hatching. By gradually taking away one egg after another, as we do with our hens, the big bird can be induced to lay on an average thirty eggs, and in exceptional cases even sixty eggs have been accumulated. These surplus eggs are artificially hatched in large incubators, but the eggs must be turned every day. In from eight to ten days the first signs of life are noticeable. Shortly before the young bird is ready to break the shell of its prison, which is between the forty-fifth and fiftieth days, a squeaking noise is heard within and a constant pecking against the shell, which is as hard as a rock. In a little while he succeeds in punching a triangular hole through the shell, which the little inmate tries hard to enlarge, in order to become entirely liberated. If he is not very strong he must be helped in his attempt to escape. The artificial hatchings are always preferred to the natural ones.



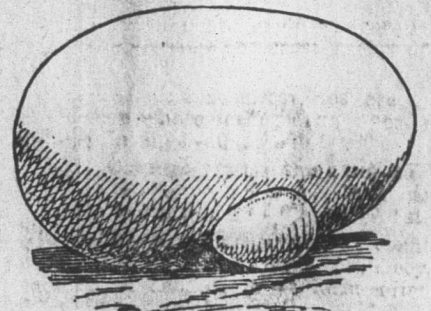
YOUNG OSTRICH AFTER LEAVING NEST.

It happens that just during the breeding time the ostriches have the most beautiful plumage, which suffers greatly from the hatching process and squatting in the sand and dust. At the time when ostriches became prized very highly and artificial incubators were proportionately rare the surplus ostrich eggs were hatched by Hottentot women in large feather beds, an occupation which was much to the liking of these dames, so prone to a "dolce far niente" of such a prolonged period.

The raising of the young ostriches requires great care and patience and a large percentage of them die annually from diseases and other accidents. The ostrich is full grown when 5 years of age. It is then that the male bird has the most beautiful plumage of a black, satiny sheen. The female bird's feathers are light-gray. The most valuable plumes hang in a delicate fringe all around the body of the bird. When the bird is 9 months old its feathers are plucked for the first time. At that time they are still stiff and narrow, with pointed tips, and do not give

any idea of the beauty of the later crops. During the second year they become much more likely, although still narrow and pointed. But at the third plucking they are soft and broad, as they should be.

On the large breeding farms men mounted on horses drive the birds



RELATIVE SIZE OF AN OSTRICH AND CHICKEN EGG.

together for the picking, for the ostriches are apt to stray far away from home. They are driven in detachments, first into a large fold and from there into a very small pen, the so-called picking-pen. In this latter the birds are so densely packed together that the dangerous individuals have no room for kicking, for the ostrich has power enough in his long legs to deal mortal blows with them.

THE BOTTLE IMP.

An English Hoax That Was Repudiated a Century and a Half Ago.

The bottle-imp hoax was one of the most gigantic of the many hoaxes and impostures played on the English people during the eighteenth century, says American Notes and Queries. The Duke of Montague, in the year 1749, laid a wager with another nobleman that if an impostor, advertising that he could jump into a quart bottle should come along, all London society would flock to see the wonder. In order to decide the bet the following advertisement was put in all the papers:

"At the new theater in the Haymarket on Monday next, the 16th inst., is to be seen a person who performs the several most surprising tricks following, viz: First, he takes a common walking-stick and from it produces a variety of instruments now in use. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine bottle (which any of the spectators may first examine); he then places the bottle on a table in the middle of the stage, and he without any equivocation goes into it in sight of all the spectators. While in the bottle he will sing all the popular songs of the day. During his stay in the bottle any person may handle it and see that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle in size."

This advertisement excited the curiosity of the people, and on the evening mentioned a prodigious number of people gathered in and around the Haymarket. Royalty went in disguise and beggars in their everyday clothes. Not more than half the crowd, the account says, could find seats in the great building. Finally the supposed conjuror appeared on the stage. The majority of these confidently expected to see him soon in the odd-shaped bottle sitting on the table. Not until he brazenly told them that if they would pay double fare he would go into a pint bottle instead of a quart did it dawn upon them that they had been sold. A general row ensued, during which masks were removed by force and many aristocratic features exposed.

MILES STANDISH'S GRAVE.

It Is Said to Be Located in a Duxbury Churchyard.

Nathaniel Morton, secretary of Plymouth Colony, is authority for the statement that Standish was buried in Duxbury, which accords with Standish's will, in which he asked to be buried near his daughter and daughter-in-law "if he died in Duxbury."

Traditions of half a dozen families of the town, handed down from sire to son, locate the grave in the old churchyard between Hall's and Bayley's Corners, and this graveyard, in one corner of which stood the first church in Duxbury, is the only one mentioned in the early records.

These traditions were to the effect, furthermore, that two triangular stones marked the spot where Standish was buried. In 1889 stones answering their description were brought to light, and in April, 1891, duly authorized persons opened the supposed graves of the Standish family and examined the remains found therein.

Two of the skeletons were those of young women, two were boys, and one was that of a man, corresponding with the generally accepted physique of Standish, indicating very unusual strength and evidently that of a person well along in years.

From all the facts known the speaker, who was one of those present at the exhumation, deduced the inference that these were the graves of Standish, his two daughters, viz., his daughter and daughter-in-law, and two sons named Charles and John, who died young.

The remains, said Mr. Hingman, were carefully placed in new caskets and reburied in the old graveyard.—Boston Globe.

Armoring of Ships.

The limit in the heaviness of armor applied to ships may perhaps have been reached, and it seems natural that, its development having run a course much like that of the armor of men, may come eventually to a similar end. In the middle ages, when gunpowder was first introduced, the armor of knights and men at arms was gradually increased in weight to meet the new weapons. As the quality of powder and the guns improved armor was added to until it reached a point where if a knight was unhorsed it required several squires to get him into the saddle again, or if a man fell he could not pick himself up unaided. The next step was to limit the armor to the more vital portions, retaining only the cuirass and helmet. Finally even these were thrown away. Somewhat similar may be the transition in modern navies. The guns having beaten the armor, ships may have to discard their coats of mail and rely upon offense as the best protection, just as intelligent pugilists defend themselves by the counter rather than by the simple guard.

FIGHTING IN TEXAS.

The Little War That Is Raging Along the Rio Grande.

The United States has a little war on hand along the Rio Grande, the dividing line between Texas and Mexico. The fact that so many men have risen to the Presidential chair of Mexico by means of military filibustering has left an influence that is keenly felt in that territory, and thus it is not surprising that at present we find the adventurer, Catarino Garza, trying to create a division that may elevate him to the place now filled by President Diaz. Did Garza confine his operations to Mexico the United States could remain a mere spectator, but unfortunately Garza has violated and is violating the neutrality laws of the United States and as a consequence our Government is opposing him with military force. Already conflicts have taken place between Garza's troops and the United States forces in Texas.

So long as Garza's forces are few there may be enough glory in a conflict for United States troops, but as the Texas side of the border abounds in sympathizers for the adventurer, there is no knowing how many men he may at any time become leader of, and no doubt if able he would plunder our border forts. Garza's policy is to create a small army on the border and then march toward the center of Mexico, trusting to internal dissension with the present Government to cause reaction in his favor as President. As the Mexican States bordering on the Rio Grande are well supplied with soldiers, Garza naturally is collecting his followers on the



CATARINO GARZA.

Texas side, where there are few troops and many sympathizers. United States troops under Capt. John Bourke recently defeated the Mexican revolutionists, who then crossed the Rio Grande and marched toward Mier, a stronghold of Garza. Here, however, they again suffered defeat by the Mexicans and once more recrossed the river into United States territory. Along the line of the Rio Grande the United States has now 1,000 troops and preparations are being rapidly made to augment them. Between these two fires Garza seems to be in rather hot quarters, but changes in Mexican affairs are so many and startling that we would not be much surprised to hear of a considerable number of Mexican troops declaring for the adventurer.

Catarino Garza was born in Mexico and reared in Texas. After graduating from the University of Mexico he entered the army, but an act of insubordination sent him to the Texas side of the Rio Grande. While living in Rio Grande City he shot a man named Sebree, and is said to have killed two customs inspectors. At Duval, Texas, he started a paper in opposition to the Mexican Government. Disappearing for a time, he reappeared last September at the head of a revolutionary force, crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, and was there defeated by Government troops. Since then he has lived the life of an outlaw until a few weeks ago, when he again began active opposition to the Diaz Government.

KANSAS' NEW SENATOR.

Bishop W. Perkins Is the Late Senator Plumb's Successor.

Bishop W. Perkins who has been appointed by Gov. Humphrey to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Plumb, was born at Rochester, Ohio, and was 59 years old Oct. 18 last. He was educated in the public schools and at Knox College at Galesburg, Ill. After leaving college he went to Colorado and on his return in 1862 enlisted in Company D, Eighty-third Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He served as sergeant and lieutenant and in December, 1863, was appointed Adjutant of the Sixteenth Colorado Infantry. Later he was assigned to duty as Captain of Company C, of the same regiment. He was mustered out at Nashville in May, 1866. He returned to Illinois and resumed the study of law, reading with O. C. Gray, at Ottawa. After being admitted to the bar he located at Oswego, Kas., in April, 1869. The same year he was appointed County Attorney and the following year Probate Judge, which office he held till Feb. 1, 1873, when he was elected Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District. He was re-elected in 1874 and 1878, and in Nov. 1882, was elected a member of Congress as a Republican. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1880. He was re-elected to Congress for three successive terms, but met defeat a year ago at the hands of the Farmers' Alliance. He was editor and proprietor of the Oswego Register from 1871 until appointed District Judge in 1873.

Strange Conduct of a Squirrel. One day in October last, while walking through a public park, I came suddenly on a remarkable sight. A reddish animal was careering in rapid circles around a wood-pigeon stationed on the ground, and which, in a dazed fashion, kept turning slowly round and round to watch the whirling performance; in fact, the procedure was almost exactly that

which I have seen, when a stoat, before killing a rabbit, proceeds to mesmerize it by cutting circles around it, except that the stoat accompanies his circles by wonderful somersaults, which were lacking on the present occasion. The wood-pigeon's behavior was almost an exact repetition of the rabbit's. Arriving suddenly on the scene, I unthinkingly started the principal performer, who stopped; and, to my surprise, I then saw that it was a squirrel. The bird was at first so utterly bewildered that it was several seconds before she sufficiently recovered to fly away. When at last the wood-pigeon had flown off, and not till then, the squirrel also left the scene and betook himself up a tree. It would be interesting to know whether such conduct on a squirrel's part has been noticed before, and what would have been the upshot of the affair had it not been interrupted? Is it to be supposed that the squirrel intended to kill the ring-dove?—Mechanical News.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

Recently Named by the President as Secretary of War.

Stephen Benton Elkins, without having held any high official position, has been a conspicuous figure in national politics for twenty years. He was born in Perry County, Ohio, fifty years ago, and graduated from the University of Missouri when 19 years old. He began the study of law, but before he got a chance to go into practice the war broke out, and he enlisted in the Seventy-seventh Missouri Infantry, serving as a Captain throughout the campaigns of 1862 and 1863. In 1864 he left the army and went to New Mexico, where he was admitted to the bar. He also engaged in mining and stock-raising, and amassed a fortune. In 1865-6 he was a member of the Territorial Legislature, in 1868 and 1869 Attorney General of the territory, and from 1870 to 1872 United States District Attorney. He was elected a delegate to Congress, and served two terms from 1873-77. It was while in Congress that he formed a close friendship with James G. Blaine. He was a member of the Republican Committee for twelve years ending 1884. Since 1875 he has spent most of his time in New York City, though he has made his legal residence in West Virginia.

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OUR FIRST BATTLE-SHIP.

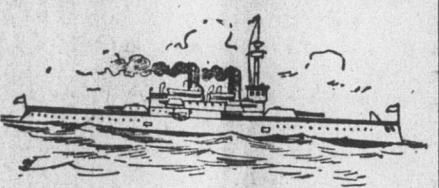
The Magnificent Oregon, Now Building in San Francisco.

The first great modern battle-ship of our new navy, to be known as the Oregon, is now under construction at the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. This is a monster, beside which ships like the Chicago and Newark will look small. She is one of the three largest ships yet planned by the Government.

The Oregon is to have a displacement of 10,000 tons and will be 348 feet long, 69 feet 3 inches wide, and 42 deep. She will cost, exclusive of her armament, about \$4,000,000. Her minimum speed is to be not less than fifteen knots. The hull is of un-sheathed steel.

Her framing will be on the bracket system, and she will have a double bottom extending from armor shelf to armor shelf and forward and aft. The sides, from armor belt to main deck, will be protected by not less than five inches of steel armor.

Her armament will aggregate 631 tons. It includes four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, weighing sixty tons



each, with their mounds, shields, and equipments; four 8-inch breech-loading rifles; four 6-inch breech-loading rifles; sixteen 6-pounder rapid-firing guns; six one-pounder rapid-firing guns; and two Gatlings, will all necessary mounds and shields therefor. It will require 306 tons of ammunition to complete the vessel's fighting outfit.

The Oregon will carry twelve torpedoes. There will be seven above water torpedo tubes—two forward, one aft and two on each side.

There is only one real remedy for the weak and wavering mind that finds it so difficult to meet the ever recurring questions of life promptly and decisively, and that is continual practice. He who is conscious of this infirmity of purpose may do much to cure it by strict self-discipline. Having weighed the arguments on each side, or compared the advantages of different courses for a reasonable time, let him compel himself to choose one and refuse the other without longer delay. If he does this regularly and constantly, in small things as well as in great, it will gradually become more and more practicable, and what once appeared to be a herculean task may at length become natural and easy.

Frequent burglaries alarmed the residents of a Japanese village, as no clew whatever could be obtained regarding the perpetrator. An ingenious fellow, whose home had been plundered, proposed that each villager should write the name of the man he suspected on a slip of paper and put it in a ballot-box. On the votes being examined, it was discovered that fifteen named one man, and the rest were blanks. The robber was so astonished at the result of the ballot that he actually confessed his identity.

A MAN never steps outside the door without first putting on his hat, but a woman will stand for hours in the cold with her arm rolled up in her head. Since men have the doctor's bills to pay, here is another instance in which the women need regulating.

The city of big things, Chicago, is about to erect an apartment house which will contain 707 rooms.

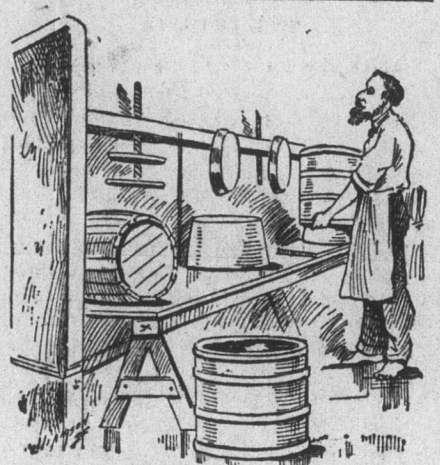
HOW CHEESE IS MADE.

Facts Which Are Not as Widely Known as They Should Be.

The first stage in the making of cheese is that by which the curd is separated from the whey, says Harper's Young People. This is done by heating the milk to a given temperature, varying according to the season, and afterward adding a certain proportion of rennet. When the cheese is to be colored the dyeing matter is put in before the rennet. In less than half an hour after the heat has been applied the coagulation has so far progressed that the curd, from which the whey has been drawn, is ready to cut.

Almost the only instrument used in the making of cheese is the curd-knife, a curious-looking arrangement something like a double comb with long teeth. The immature cheese is both cut and stirred with this, the curd being separated into small bits, none of them being larger than an ordinary walnut. The stirring and heating must go on until the curd has reached a proper stage of what is called "digestion." It is then torn into narrow strips like ribbons, for the curd by this time is as firm in fiber as the breast of a roasted chicken and indeed looks like it. These strips are then fed into the salting mill, where they are thoroughly mixed with salt and made ready for the cheese-press. Enormous pressure is applied in this cheese-press in order that all the whey that by any possibility remains may be squeezed out.

From the press the cheese is taken



TAKING CHEESE OUT OF THE PRESS.

to the drying-room, a large, airy chamber, where it is left for days, months, or even years, according to the quality desired. It is frequently turned and much care is expended on it. All cheese must go through the same stages, the different varieties being made by certain combinations of cream, fresh and skimmed milk.

Dickens and Thackeray.

Of the innumerable objects in the priceless collection of rare volumes and manuscripts which Mr. Childs presented to the Drexel Institute none absorb so much attention as the manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," and of Thackeray's lecture on George III. Dickens' mode of work is exemplified in his manuscript copy. The first few pages of the manuscript are entirely taken up with a skeleton outline of his plot. This is entirely completed before the novelist attempts to get down to the solid work of writing the story. In this way it is seen that he had his work entirely mapped out, and knew just exactly what he was going to do with each character.

Dickens wrote a peculiar hand, the lines very close together and the letters very small, with frequent marks of change and erasure, showing the utmost care in the preparation of the work. In places whole lines have been scored out, to be replaced by another choice of words or a different mode of expression. In the first volume is inserted a letter from Mr. Dickens to Mr. Childs, in which the novelist invites his friend to visit him at Gad's Hill.

The manuscript lecture on George III. by Thackeray is in a wonderful state of preservation. It is handsomely bound, and is embellished by fine old steel engravings of the Georges, collected by Mr. Childs, and contains numerous drawings made by the author in colors. These are the only colored drawings of Thackeray in existence. Each sheet of the manuscript, which presents a strong contrast in its neatness to Dickens' writing, is pasted on heavy cardboard. This is the original copy, from which the author delivered his lectures. The manuscript is as readable as print, and its excellence is sustained throughout. There are annotations by Mrs. Ritchie, his daughter, who certifies to the genuineness of the work.—Philadelphia Record.

Land Transformed by Ants.

A traveler in Central Australia has discovered that the surface of the country has been greatly changed by what may appear at first thought a ridiculous agency—their nests. On plain and in thickets their nests are so numerous that it is difficult to drive among them. The clay with which the nests are built is, when cemented with resinous matter, as hard as brick, and when the nests fall to pieces they form clay flats, almost impervious to water and not easily cut up by traffic. The work of these creatures can be studied in all stages; first in the thickets, where they are commencing work; then in the more open country, where they have crowded out the timber; next on the plains, where half the hills will be found deserted; and lastly on the clay flats, where they have almost entirely disappeared and the scrub has begun to grow again. The nests are further remarkable for the large proportion of iron they contain.

Doctors in England.

An article in the London Quarterly Review states that while only 600 registered medical practitioners die each year in England there are 1,200 added each year. The death rate also having largely decreased, and sickness in proportion, competition is exceedingly severe, so that for a position the salary of which was \$500 a year forty-five well-qualified candidates applied. The average income of the profession is said to be \$1,000 per year, and it is declared that it will take an average man twelve years to reach that figure. To obtain a place in the highest ranks is supremely difficult.

A THOUSAND BUSHELS SHORT.

A Spurge in Wheat and What It Suggests to a Visitor.

"70." "70." The floor was a living hell. A seething, raving torrent of half-crazed men; a babel of clamor; an air rent with wildly flung arms and hands. The street had gone mad.

It was one of those sudden fits of fury that come after a long period of stagnation; the air trembles with the storm for a while; then the tempest, dying, leaves naught behind but the nerve-killing memory of it and the ruined lives that lie behind.

This time it was wheat. The bulls were tossing it up viciously. The bears were grinding their teeth and waiting for the break to come.

Would it come? The messenger boys were breathless. The arms that were not flung skyward handed out orders and telegrams so rapidly that the wires could hardly carry them all. Fortunes were hanging on threads, threads of wire; the Western Union was making money, whether it was bull or bear that won.

Ah! That was a cable that time. "London selling." "70." "69 1/2."

The pit became more like a witch's caldron than ever. Blood-purple faces, blue-swelling veins, hoarse, inarticulate yells, uncouth, joint-loosening gestures—all the animal things in man most patent. Saw you ever the tigers fed in the Zoological? Bah—a very gentle sight to this.

"The bears yelled louder. The market was bending to them. It was, with many of them, a fortune either way. It was the battle for wealth crowded into hours; many drag it through a lifetime. But all the fierceness of a life's struggle was essential here.

"69 1/2." "69 1/4." "70." The bulls leap in very frenzy of glee. It was another cable from London. "Strong buying tendency." Then advices of a panic in the West—wheat rising like a kite.

The bears began to waver. The "shorts" trembled. It was the bulls' opportunity—to become rich suddenly. To break others—no matter. "70 1/2." "70 1/4."

The climb began. The fractions were despised. The jumps were by cents. If it had been hell on the floor before it was a greater inferno now. The shorts turned pale. But they still fought. Grim, savage, desperate, bloodless.

It was no use. The price went up steadily as the thermometer toward a summer noon. There was a fever in the West, and it was contagious—by wire. Now it was "80."

Would the clock never strike the closing hour? No; there were fortunes to be made; lives to be ruined. For the wheat itself, who cared? It was the same wheat all the while, but—

"90." Still upward. "81.00." "Pa!"

There is a little ring of smoke in one corner, and under it there is a dead man, with a fuming pistol hanging to a limp hand. The crowd surges that way a little.

"Corbridge," says one; "he was a good many thousand bushels short. It'll be hardish on his family."

"81.01." And the market closes.—Chicago Tribune.

Senator Gordon's Severe Wound.

In speaking about a wound received in the cheek at the battle of Shrap-burg Senator Gordon not long ago told a curious story which illustrates a feature of his character which will come into play during his Senatorial career. It is the fact that Gordon never loses his head, and that he can think under any circumstances. Said Gen. Gordon:

"While I lay there wounded on the field my mind went through a curious process of reasoning. I thought I had been struck by a cannon ball, and I said to myself, 'I have been struck in the head with a six-pound solid shot. It has carried away my head. I can feel that there is a little piece of the skull left on the left side. But my brains must be gone entirely. Therefore I am dead. And yet I am thinking. And how can a man think with his head shot off? And, if I am thinking, I cannot be dead. And yet no man can live after his head is shot off. Still, I may have consciousness after I am dead, but my body cannot have action. Now, if I can lift my leg then it must be that I am alive. I will try that. Can I? Yes, I can. I see it rising. I am not dead, after all.' And with that I woke up, and found that my head was still on, but I reasoned as philosophically and logically over the matter as though I was in my office."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where Isinglass Comes From.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet, and from its air-bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon, in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residue, while the inferior variety will show threads of fibrous tissue and be of dark color, often almost brown.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THERE is evil enough in man, God knows; but it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detect and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets That Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings That Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Justifiable. Car (who drinks to spite his wife) "Shay, stranger, don't you think a (hic) person's sometimes justified in keepin' 'self tussled?"

Stranger—"Certainly, if he is compelled to be in your company."—Texas Sittings.

Lar-o Steaks. Hungry Guest—How is this? I ordered steak and a poached egg. I see the egg, but not the steak.

Table Attendant—Dat's all right, sah. De steak am under de egg.—Texas Sittings.

Patience No Longer a Virtue. Old Subscriber—I called to pay you that \$6 I owe you.

Editor (loftily)—There was no hurry. You needn't deprive yourself. Old Subscriber—In that case I'll defer it, as I really do need the money badly.

Editor (rising)—John, lock the door, and if he makes a break for the window knock him down with the mallet. Now shell out that \$6.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Natural Sequence. "Uncle John," said Emily, "do you know that a baby was fed on elephant's milk and gained twenty pounds a week?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's baby," replied Emily.—New Moon.

At the Three Golden Balls. She—Do you often visit your uncle? He—No; only in cases of extreme necessity.

A Paradox. Tom—This is a dull book. Jack—But you must admit that it contains a good many pointed allusions.

Beastly. She—Why do you call your cat Tom? He (confusedly)—Because it's that kind of a cat.

A Prize Winner. An illiterate farmer who wished to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary: "Enter me also for a Jack-ass." And he took the prize.—National Weekly.

A Thoughtful Girl. Mr. Callthorpe—I love you, Mamie; will you be—

Miss Carefully—Won't you please speak a little louder, Tom? The phonograph is at the other end of the room.

An Unappreciative Wretch. "You'll be lonely, dear, I'm afraid while I'm away," said the wife, who was going on a visit to her mother. "Oh, no," he said, cheerfully. "You'll have nobody to talk to you," she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "there's our parrot." And she went away so mad that she forgot to ask if her hat was on straight.—New York Press.

The Pity of It. First Swell—There goes Miller, the richest man in town. What a pity the old fellow has no daughter. Don't you think so?

Second Swell—I don't know. Why? First Swell—Because she would make such a good wife for me.—Texas Sittings.

A Fine Theory. Tom—Honesty is the best policy. Jack—Why don't you put that theory into practice?

His Wife's Relations. Friend—I if you have so much trouble with your wife's relations, why do you live with them? Haterwork—'Cause my relations won't have us.—New York Weekly.

Too Slow. Monsieur Caline was ordered by his physician to take a drive of an hour each day, and having no horse of his own he called a cabman for the purpose.

One day he signaled a cabman and got in for his daily drive. The horse started up at a painfully slow gait.

"Hold on!" said Caline to the driver. "I must get another cab. It would take me all day to ride an hour with such a plug as that!"—Youth's Companion.

No Wonder! "Can you tell me where I can go to hear some good singing?" an eager-looking guest, asked of the hotel clerk. "I haven't heard any in ten years."

"You haven't?" exclaimed the clerk. "Where've you been? Traveling in Africa?"

"No; I've been on the road with a comic opera troupe."—New York Sun.

He Knew the Thumb-Marks. Professor of Palmistry—"Yes, sir, I claim that I can tell a man