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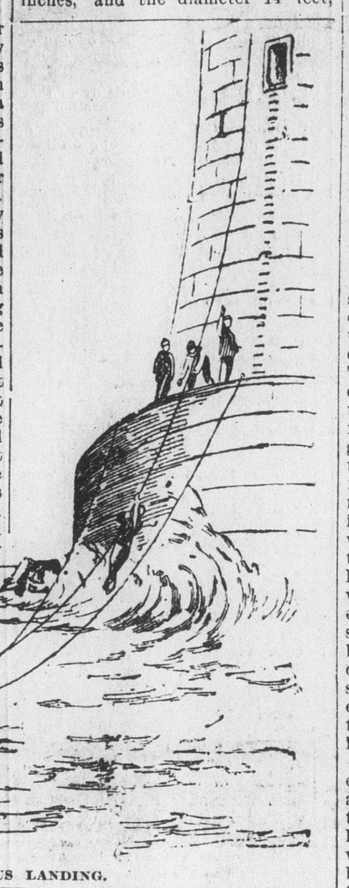
LONE ROCK OF THE SEA

THE FAMOUS BEACON AT EDDYSTONE ROCK.

A Lighthouse Which Has Had Several Predecessors, One Having Been Swept Away with Its Builder—Vainly Assailed by Terrible Storms.

Guides the Mariner.

Of all lighthouses the most familiar is the noble structure which proudly rears its head above the dangerous Eddystone rock, on the English coast. The earliest intimation of a lighthouse on the Eddystone dates back as far as 1664, when the proposal was made by Sir John Corryton and Henry Brunker, but nothing further transpired regarding the scheme. The first lighthouse was built by Henry Winstanley, who began his difficult task in 1696 and completed it four years later. The structure was of wood, and Winstanley soon discovered that it was not strong enough to withstand the terrible storm which roll in from the Atlantic. Accordingly he remodeled and strengthened it considerably, and it being intimated to the architect that the lighthouse would certainly be overset, he replied that he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew, in order to see its effect upon the structure. His wish was gratified, for a dreadful tempest raged in 1703, while he and

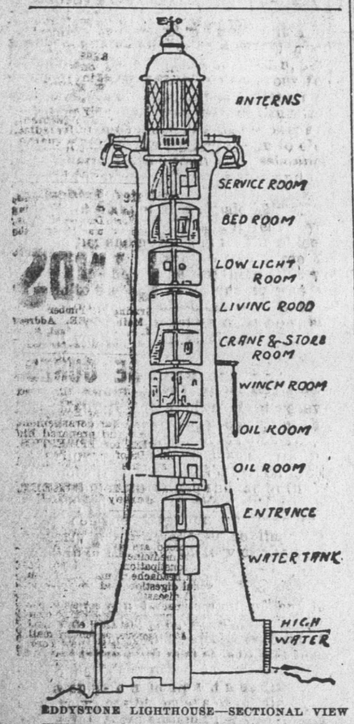


A PERILOUS LANDING.

his workmen and lightkeepers were in the building, which carried away the lighthouse and its inmates, and all perished in the sea, the only sign remaining being the larger irons whereby the work was fixed to the rock. It is regarded by the Strand Magazine as very remarkable that at the same time this catastrophe happened the model lighthouse at Winstanley's residence in Essex fell down and was broken to pieces.

Other Structures Blown Away.

It being absolutely necessary, as navigation increased, that a guiding light should be maintained upon this reef, so fraught with danger to mariners, it was decided to construct a second lighthouse, and in 1706 John Rudyerd (a common laborer's son, who rose to the position of a silk mercer on Ludgate Hill) commenced to build one of wood upon a stone and timber foundation, the general design—a cone-shaped column—being much more appropriate. With the third Eddystone lighthouse is associated the more familiar name of John Smeaton, who in 1759 completed a tower entirely of stone, which was considered at the time as one of the wonders of the world. The



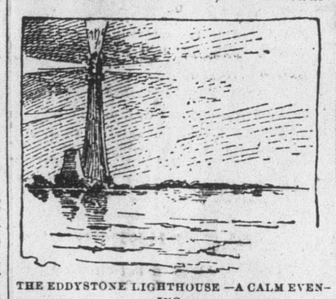
EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—SECTIONAL VIEW

tower was built of moorstone (the true granite), found in the neighborhood of Plymouth, and the first block was laid on a Sunday in June, 1757, the exact date being deeply incised in the stone itself, and after four years' labor upon the rock, hindered by innumerable obstacles and dangers, the lighthouse was satisfactorily completed without any loss of life or limb. Every stone was ingeniously dovetailed to its neighbor, and so substantial was the whole structure that the most violent storms had no effect upon it, although the waves would frequently enwrap the tower like a sheet, raising at times to double its height and totally hiding it from view.

Plan of the Present Lighthouse.

The present Eddystone lighthouse, opened in 1882, was completed in three and a half years, and is founded on the actual body of the reef at a distance of forty yards from its predecessor. Sir James Douglass greatly improved upon Smeaton's design in adopting a cylindrical base instead of the curved shaft commencing at the foundation—this base not only preventing the heavy seas from breaking upon the structure, but affording a convenient landing platform. Operations in connection with the Douglass lighthouse were begun in July, 1878, the men during the early stage being compelled to work below the level of low water, and about twelve months later the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, who, two years later, also placed in position the top stone of the tower. The stones are of granite, dove-tailed together, and up to a height of twenty-five feet above high-water level the tower is solid, with the exception of a large water tank let into it. From the same level to the center of the lantern is 130 feet, that is, nearly double the height of Smeaton's tower. It contains nine compartments, as compared with four in Smeaton's, and all the rooms have domed ceilings, their height from floor to apex being 9 feet 9 inches, and the diameter 14 feet, with the exception of the two oil rooms, which are somewhat smaller.

On learning that no journalist, intent on describing the Eddystone lighthouse, had hitherto succeeded in landing on this most difficult rock, my eagerness to attempt the feat was considerably emphasized. The steam tug Deerhound, specially chartered for the relief, is in readi-



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—A CALM EVENING.

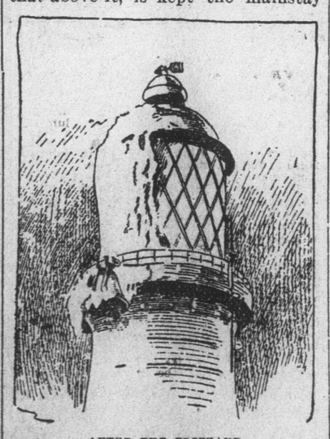
ness, and our party includes the principal light-keeper, an assistant keeper, two skilled mechanics for lighthouse repairs, and three or four visitors who are curious to inspect the lonely sea home for which we are bound. When stores are taken in and everybody is on board, the signal is given, and off we start in a southerly direction.

Making a Perilous Landing.

When the tug arrived close to the rock anchor was cast and a couple of lines were thrown on board from those on the reef. With these the tug was made fast bow on to the lighthouse, and then a strong rope is let down from a crane on the tower and made fast on the visiting boat. Each of those desiring to land grasps this line, puts his foot in a loop attached thereto and is then hoisted to the landing stage, experiencing meanwhile the thrilling sensation of hanging on a rope in mid-air, jerking and swaying over the boiling surf, with the salt spray dashing in his face. From the landing stage the entrance is approached by a ladder formed by a series of gun metal rungs let into the stonework. After our recent exertion we make for the kitchen and enjoy a plain, substantial meal, followed by a smoke and a chat; then, escorted by Tom Cutting (third lightkeeper), I make a detour of the building. Under foot is the water tank, capable of holding 3,500 gallons. The walls are nine feet thick at this point and the gun metal doors weigh a ton, thus massively constructed in order to withstand the shock of heavy seas.

The Light and Living Rooms.

Thence, by a flight of sixteen steep iron steps (a similar flight connects each room), we proceed to the next compartment, where, as well as in that above it, is kept the mainstay



AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

of the light. In these two oil-rooms the mineral oil is stored, each of the huge cisterns being capable of containing 140 gallons, a quantity which will not be much more than enough to last nine months. In the next compartment—the winchroom—are two doors for receiving stores from the boat by means of a sliding crane working through a porthole over either door, as well as for landing and embarking in rough weather. Then comes the kitchen or living room, where the small party of three cook and eat their meals and enjoy their leisure moments.

Still ascending, we reach the low lightroom, devoted mainly to an apparatus for giving a white, fixed subsidiary light. The eighth compartment is the bedroom, having five berths, two above and three below, with cretonne curtains, and below are cupboards for clothes; the two speaking tubes fixed on the wall are connected with the lantern and low lightroom respectively, so that the keeper on night duty can easily communicate with his sleeping mates should an accident happen and assistance be required. Considerable space is devoted to the two pressure pumps for supplying oil to the lamps by means of weighted rams, which, being first raised by a pumping lever, descend gradually into the oil, forcing it up the pipes into the lamps. The chief work performed in the service room is at night, when the light is going and the keeper is on duty.

Intense Lights for Stormy Weather.

Surmounting the last flight of stairs, we enter the most interesting compartment of all, namely, the lantern. It is 16 feet high, 14 feet in diameter and cylindrical in form. The framings are made of steel, covered externally with gun metal, and there is a very careful arrangement for thorough ventilation, having regard to the great heat thrown off by the lamps. The lighting apparatus is the outcome of many costly experiments in optical science. The lamp is known as a Douglass improved six-wick burner—that is, one having six tubes of wick of varying sizes, the larger encircling the smaller, which, when burning, produce a solid flame equal to to the intensity of 722 standard sperm candles. Two such burners are fitted, one above the other, within the revolving drums, so that in bad weather flashes of enormous intensity are sent forth, the combined illuminating power being equivalent to 250,000 candles.

The glass apparatus by which the effect of each burner is augmented and economized, consists of two twelve-sided drums, each six feet in height and each side or panel of which is formed by a central lens or bull's eye and surrounded by concentric rings of larger bull's eyes, so that the same effect is obtained as though a portion of one huge lens were employed. The two bull's eyes of adjoining panels are brought close together, much resembling two eyes squinting; and on the rotation of the drums, with the inside central light burning, each bull's eye and its surrounding rings carry round a concentrated beam of light, which becomes visible to the outside observer as soon as the focus of the bull's eye falls upon him. A very short interval occurs between the flash of the first bull's eye and that of the second, and after two such flashes nearly half a minute elapses before another pair of squinting eyes comes round and discharges the two flashes; and thus is obtained the distinctive light of the Eddystone. The two drums are superimposed, with a lamp in each, so that in foggy weather, when both act together, a double lighting power is procurable.

The monotonous round of duties carried on day by day so far away from their fellow men invariably induces, after the first month, acute depression of spirits, the attack lasting from twelve to twenty-four hours, and, work being temporarily impossible, the sufferer remains in his berth until the sickness moderates, his mates filling his duties meanwhile. Every month (weather permitting) a relieving vessel goes out to the lighthouse, taking the man who has had his month ashore and returning with the keeper who has completed his three months, but it frequently happens that the weather upsets their calculations, when communication by signal alone can be effected. In fine weather each man is on duty four hours and eight hours off, but when the atmosphere is thick there is double duty to perform, two men being on watch at the same time.

At dusk the lamp is lighted, so I accompany the keeper into the interior of the glass drum, and observe how, with a spring grip, he raises the lamp chimney and ignites the wicks; but, being still daylight, the illumination is not brilliant, although it increases in brightness as night comes on. The next proceeding is to wind up the gear which rotates the drums, and, as the weight to be lifted is equal to a ton, and the operation lasts about an hour, it is somewhat fatiguing.

On a fine summer's day it is delightfully quiet in the lantern; but there are times, as the fury of the tempest beats upon the massive tower and the blinding flash of lightning permeates every apartment, when the men in their solitude cannot fail to be impressed by the mighty power and majesty of nature's forces. It was a terrible experience, ever to be remembered by the lightkeepers, when, on the night of the blizzard in March, 1891, the lantern was partly imbedded in snow, entirely obscuring the light on one side and effectually blocking up the exit. The storm was of such severity that nothing could be done to clear away the obstruction till the next morning, when the tempest had abated.

A Dainty Little Buttercup.

A dainty and fascinating little creature monopolized much of the attention of the occupants of the reviewing stand near the Worth monument on Decoration Day. It was a human buttercup—a little girl not more than five years old attired from top to toe in the golden hues of the buttercup. Her little frock of silken texture glistened in the sunlight like a real dew laden buttercup. Her tiny shoes were golden in color, and on the sprite's curly head was a jaunty little hat of yellow covered all over with buttercups. A sweet and roguish face peeped from beneath the hat, and the restless activity and continuous prattle of the child gave some of the occupants of the stand more pleasure than did the procession.—New York Times.

Small Island.

The smallest sea island on record is nine feet across.

TREADING WATER.

Something that Anybody Can Do Without Any Previous Practice.

The easiest position that a man, a woman, or a child can assume in water is to float perpendicularly, says Harper's Young People. Any person, without any previous practice, can tread water, and so keep afloat for a long time. He should keep his hands below the surface of the water, his lungs inflated, and his feet moving up and down as in walking. Let the "man overboard" throw his hands and arms out of the water, let him raise an outcry whereby the air is expelled from the lungs, and he will sink to the bottom. The trouble is that nine people out of ten lose their presence of mind when they are in water out of their depth for the first time. If, instead of struggling and floundering about, they would do a little walking there would not be the slightest danger of drowning right away.

Anyone can tread water in the first attempt. No preliminary teaching is necessary. Treading the water is simply walking into the water out of one's depth, with or without the aid of one's hands. The operation is not unlike running upstairs, and, if anything, easier. Truly any man, any woman, any child who can walk upstairs can walk in the water, and remember, on the first attempt, without any previous instruction or practice.

Hence I say that persons really ignorant of the art of swimming are perfectly safe in water out of their depth. Very often you hear people exclaim: "Ugh, if this boat were to upset I'd drown, of course. I can't swim you know."

Yes, but you can tread water. Most of us attach a wrong significance to the word "swim." Why should we mean one thing when a man swims and another or different thing when a dog swims? The dog cannot "swim" as a man swims, but any man can swim "dog fashion" instantly and for the first time. The animal has no advantage in any way in water over man, and yet the man drowns while the animal "swims." The dog, the horse, the cow, and even the cat all take to the water, and are able to walk as they do when out of water. Throw a dog into the stream, and at once he begins to walk, just as he does on dry land. Why should a man, woman, or child act differently under like circumstances?

It seems strange that people have to be told to do what the animals do instinctively and instantly. Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is remarkable; it is without reason or excuse. There is a popular notion afloat that in some way the dog and the animals have an advantage over man in water. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advantage lies with man, who is provided with a paddle-formed hand, and knows enough to float when tired—something the animal rarely or never does. Next to treading water, floating on the back is the easiest thing to do in water. This consists in lying flat on the back, head thrown well back, the lungs inflated, the limbs extended but flexible, the arms held close to the ears, the hands over the head. The majority of people able to sustain themselves in the water prefer to float in a horizontal position rather than in a perpendicular manner. Both positions are much better, in fact much safer, than the attitude that we assume in swimming. I have found it so. One day in a rough surf I was nearly strangled with a sudden swallow of water, and, had I not been able to float, the result might have been disastrous.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The Historic Relic Will Be Exhibited at the World's Fair.

It is proposed to bring to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair the log cabin which is believed to have been the home of Uncle Tom, one of the characters in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is not a matter of certainty that the log hut is the identical cabin of Uncle Tom, but many who have examined into

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

its history claim it to have been the abode of the now historic Uncle Tom. The cabin stands in the midst of a cotton field in a plantation on the Red River, in Louisiana. It is 16x18 feet, nine logs high, with a pitch roof. The whole structure is of cypress, and the roof is covered with rough-sawn cypress boards fastened on with nails made at the plantation blacksmith shop. All of the material is yet sound, and the whole cabin is intact except the flooring of the loft, which has been removed, although the beams still remain. It has not been used for any purpose for twenty-five years.

The Heat of the Sun.

How hot is the sun? That is a question that astronomers and physicists have been trying for years to solve, and they are not yet satisfied that they know the true answer. In fact, it may be said, they are certain they do not know it, although they are able to report progress, from time to time, in the direction of the truth.

The most recent trustworthy investigation is that of M. De Chatelier, who fixes the effective temperature of the sun at 12,600 degrees Fahrenheit. It may, he thinks, be either hotter or colder than that figure indicates, to the extent of 1,800 degrees either way.

Previous to this investigation of M. De Chatelier's the temperature of the sun had been fixed at 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit by Rosetti, and that result was looked upon by many leading astronomers as probably the nearest to the actual facts of any that had yet been obtained.

It will be noticed that the latter estimate takes off several thousand degrees, but this is a trifle compared with the falling off from the estimate of the temperature of the sun made by some of the earlier investigators. The celebrated Secchi at one time maintained that the solar temperature was not less than eighteen million degrees Fahrenheit, but he himself afterward found reasons for dropping down to 250,000 degrees. Such estimates of the sun's temperature as 100,000, and 50,000 degrees were favorably regarded a few years ago.

If M. De Chatelier's result is approximately correct, then we can, perhaps, begin to get something like a comprehension of the heat of the solar furnace, since it approaches comparison with temperatures that we can produce artificially. The highest artificial temperature has been estimated by Professor Young at about 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

But it must be remembered that there are certain arbitrary assumptions, which may or may not be correct, involved even in the most careful investigations of this subject, and that, at any rate, the sun is undoubtedly much hotter underneath than it is at its glowing and visible surface.

Honesty that Paid.

A score or more of cash boys employed in a dry goods store organized a strike. They wanted an increase of 50 cents a week in their pay and the abatement of two or three obnoxious rules relative to fines. The determination to strike was unanimous, and each boy was taken into the remotest corner of the cellar under the store and made to swear "upon honor" that he would not back out of the movement until the objects sought were attained. A day or two before the day fixed for the strike a mousing porter caught three of them together in the cellar, and his threats to report them for trying to steal frightened them into telling their secret. Disregarding their pleas to keep quiet the porter went directly to the superintendent and exposed the plot. That night all the cash boys were summoned before the superintendent after the store had been closed.

"If there is to be any striking," said he, "I propose to strike first. Now I want every boy who is pledged to this movement to step forward."

Only one boy came forward, and he was the most industrious and trustworthy in the store. Each of the other boys being questioned denied any complicity in the proposed strike. The superintendent was a shrewd man. He soon ascertained all the facts and found that the one plucky boy proposed to stand by his strike oath until the objects sought were attained.

"Oh, very well," said the superintendent, dryly, "as you are the only one on strike, I will concede to you all you ask."

The Waste of Coal.

A writer in an English journal computes that when a steamship propelled by engines of 12,000-horse power carries 500 passengers across the Atlantic, each of those passengers has at his service the equivalent of twenty-four horses working day and night throughout the voyage. To this must be added the labor of a whole army of employes—the crew, officers, stewards and miscellaneous servants—and, taking the sum total into consideration, the writer referred to cannot be blamed for pronouncing the present a highly extravagant age. Twenty-four horses is certainly a luxurious team for a single individual; yet that is what his share of the coal consumption represents when a swift steamer of the modern type conveys him from New York to Liverpool. And remembering the further fact that when the earth has given up its long-hidden hoard of coal there is no more to be had at any price—for coal is not growing while men are burning it—the lesson is an obvious one that some economy ought to be practiced in this regard. Obvious, but perfectly futile. There being, it may be safely assumed, coal enough to keep the present generation going, however rapidly and voluptuously it may live and move, nothing is more certain than that it will use its resources to the utmost. Posterity must take what coal is left. But possibly posterity may find a more excellent way, and leave the remnant of coal, if there is any, to geologists and antiquarians.

How Nature Makes Silver.

The process by which nature forms such accumulations of silver are very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small particles of the precious metal which they find scattered here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set a-boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally, heat assists the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time, perhaps thousands of years, until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a myriad hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future bonanza for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.—Minerals.

Can't Satisfy Him.

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man will satisfy him."—New York Post.

EVADING THE PROCLAMATION.

Steamship Companies Believed to Be Smuggling In Immigrants.

When the President prohibited by proclamation at the time of the cholera scare the landing of immigrants people generally thought immigration had ceased. Steamship companies which make a feature of cabin passages flooded the post of Americans traveling in Europe with the assurance: "No steerage carried." Some of the lines claimed that partitions in the steerage of boats had been removed and the space utilized for freight. None of the steerage class of travelers was carried for a few

A SPECIMEN "SECOND-CLASS" PASSENGER

weeks, but suddenly second-class passengers increased in remarkable numbers. Ostensibly the second-class rates were not lowered, but careful observers declare it absurd to suppose that many of the alleged second-class passengers now flocking to America could pay the regular second-class rate. "Second-class" passengers include hundreds of as strangely and poorly clad people as the old-time steerage ever did. Women in wooden shoes and no headwear, and men in dirt and queer clothing now travel "second-class." The accompanying illustration was taken by a New York World man from life below the deck of the Maasdam. None of the passengers who saw the class of persons in the quarters, where a new sign "second-class" was prominent, could see any difference in their appearance from ordinary steerage. Travelers say all companies are equally blamable.

Shrinkage of Hay.

There is no fixed or established amount of water in hay, but the quantity varies with circumstances. Farmers, deciding according to their judgment, differ in the amount of drying to which they would subject the drying grass. The more nearly the grass ripens, the freer from water it commonly becomes. In a dry, hot summer it is usually found dryer than in a wet season. If made quite dry it would not lose much, if any, in weight the next spring. Where weighing has been frequently practiced it has been found actually to increase in weight as the weather becomes more moist in autumn after a dry summer. The amount of loss of water would vary with the mode of stowing it away. If in small and loose masses it would dry or become heavier faster than when placed in a large and solid stack, or if packed away solid in a large barn. Farmers who have weighing scales (which every farmer should possess) may easily settle such questions accurately by weighing single loads when the hay is made, and the mass again in autumn, or during the following winter or spring. As a general rule it may be laid down that the same quantity of hay is lighter in April than in the previous August; and although the weight is subject to various fluctuations, on the whole it becomes lighter in time, but less so than many farmers suppose.—Country Gentleman.

A Suggestion as to Darning.

An exchange says the great difficulty in mending lies in darning the edges together in good shape, and suggests as a good plan to buy some net lace, such as is used for canopies or draperies or for darning in patterns. If when the knees of children's garments wear thin a bit of this lace is basted on the under side and carefully darned down on the outside with fine thread or yarn, the color of the fabric, the garment will wear almost as long again. A piece of fine net darned down on the wrong side of a table-cloth will save a large rent, and will scarcely show. A careful housekeeper, who believes that waste of anything is almost a crime, uses coarse net for darning thin places in towels. It is surprising how much longer they will wear, and how easy the work is. Cut the lace in a square, if possible to use it that way; lay it smoothly on the goods, and, with a long needle and very soft thread, follow the meshes of the lace in and out, each mesh alternating until the edges are sewed fast. Be careful not to take the stitches through to the right side, at least if it is desirable not to have the patch show through. Then a few judiciously distributed runnings down on the right side of the goods, being very careful to follow the grain of the fabric, and make a short stitch on the right with a long stitch on the wrong side.

The Father of Lies.

Gen. Ignatieff, the ex-Ambassador of Russia at Constantinople, used to go by the name of "The Father of Lies" while stationed at the Turkish capital. Apropos of this sobriquet, the present Czar on one occasion inquired of the General at a court ball whether it was true that he had earned for himself at Constantinople the nickname of "Father of Lies." "Yes," replied the General, "in the service of your Majesty." Whereat the Czar laughed and patted the General in a friendly fashion on the shoulder.

A St. Louis paper, after remarking that Chicago had a flag of terra-cotta tint made for the Columbian festivities, says that it will come into good play when the name of the Windy City is mud.

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.

Tea-Table Talk.

EVERY woman who marries becomes a sort of amateur detective.—Atchison Globe.

THE ascent of the balloon is generally a soar point with the aeronaut.—Binghamton Leader.

ABOUT all the average drunkard has to support him is a lean on a lamp-post.—Dallas News.

THE mariner who scours the sea in all sorts of weather needs a great deal of sand.—Lowell Courier.

THE man who does not comb his hair looks best with a chrysanthemum in his button-hole.—Picayune.

WHEN a man undertakes a piece of ticklish business he never feels like laughing.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OUR "hopeful" called his schoolmistress "Experience," because she's such a "dear teacher."—Boston Courier.

"I FEEL quite justified in claiming to be a man of deep research," said the submarine diver.—Washington Star.

SPORTEEM—Is McQuick, the sprinter, an amateur? Knowem—Yes-siree—a regular professional amateur.—New York Weekly.

WIFE—Why do you buy such a lot of stamps at once? Husband—So there'll be a few that won't get stuck together.—New York Weekly.

CLARA—What shall I sing for you, Jack? Jack—Have you a song with a refrain? Clara—Yes. Jack—Well, then, please refrain.—Wonder.

NEARLY every man who is a fool has a faint suspicion of it, but in trying to prove that he is not a fool he gets in deeper.—Atchison Globe.

JAGSON says that "never trust a man till you know him" is good advice, but you never know some men till you trust them.—Elmira Gazette.

THE Deacon—Do you know what happens to boys who tell lies? Small youth—Yessir. They gets off, most times, if they tells good ones.—Life.

GEORGE—I'm afraid Ethel doesn't love me any more. Jack—What makes you think so? George—Last night she introduced me to her chaperon.

THE speed of railway trains is being brought to a point where even people on bridal tours regard the tunnel as a nuisance.—Washington Star.

THE medical men say that kleptomania is a disease. We have observed that its victims are always taking something for it.—Binghamton Leader.

"A FINE collection of coins" is what the judge remarked when the prisoner had paid his $10 all in silver, nickels and coppers.—Yonkers Statesman.

BY serving ox-tail soup at the beginning of dinner and providing calf's head jelly for dessert, a housekeeper can manage to make both ends meat.—Picayune.

SCHOOL TEACHER—"Why were the prisoners who were executed called 'poor sinners?'" Scholar—"Because rich sinners always get off."—Der Hausfreund.

MOTHER—So you wish my daughter for your wife? He (gallantly)—Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FRIEND (playfully)—And so you married a Boston girl? Can you always understand her when she talks? Mr. Gotham—Um—not when she talks to the baby.

THE addition of a letter changes the appropriate song of the season. It is now "Meet me at the grate, love." The gate is locked for the winter season.—Lancaster Examiner.

"WELL," said the good-natured man, as he sat in the restaurant, "that is a most accommodating waiter. He probably thinks I am not hungry and is waiting for me to get an appetite."—Washington Star.

LAWYER—The witness will now please state his vocation. You raise chickens, do you not? 'Rastus H. Clay (with marked emotion)—'Deed I doesn't, yo' honah, only oncet, an' den I clean forgot myself.—Chicago News Record.

THE GROOM—You look envious, old man? The best man—I am. The groom (happily supposing he is the envied one)—Of whom? The best man—Of the minister. You say you are going to give him a hundred.—Brooklyn Life.

HERE is a suggestion worth noting: In many cases, instead of announcing a woman's good deed with the text, "She hath done what she could," quite as fitting a text would be, "She hath done what she thought she couldn't."—Chicago Standard.

MRS. PUGGS—How is your son getting along, Mrs. Muggs? Mrs. Muggs—Fine. He's making money hand over fist as a champion bicycle rider. "But what will he do when that fad wears out?" "By that time he expects to be doubled up so that he can travel round as a freak."—Street & Smith's Good News.

An Elephant's Fear of a Mouse.

One of the keepers of the Zoo, whose experience with the larger animals has been quite varied, in speaking of the elephant, said: "While it has no fear of the powerful Bengal tiger or the Numidian lion, at the first sight of the most diminutive creature it will shrink from it and tremble all over from the most abject fear. I remember well, years ago, one of the largest and most brutal elephants we had in the Zoological Garden, while feeding one day in its quarters, discovered a mouse which was lunching in a corner on some of the provender, and the scare it gave to the elephant and the way it shook and carried on for a few minutes was a sight to look at. The mouse seemed entirely composed in the presence of such a mastodon, and satisfied its appetite fully before retiring. The elephant gave its liliputian visitor a wide berth during its stay.—Philadelphia Press.