

GOOD SONS OF PIOUS SIRS.

From This It Will Be Seen That Offspring of Preachers Are Not Always Degenerate.

An Englishman who has been collecting statistics announces that "50 per cent. of the personages in the Dictionary of National Biography were the children of clergymen," and this declaration, says the Chicago Times-Herald, has inspired the suggestion that a law be passed providing that no bachelor shall hereafter be permitted to receive orders in the Church of England. Every rectory, it is declared, should be occupied by a married man to the end that England shall have more and more citizens who may be deemed worthy of mention in dictionaries of national biography.

Whether these suggestions are to be taken seriously or not the fact remains that a surprisingly large number of the Englishmen who succeeded in winning fame came, as Tenneyson came, from the country rectories. English clergymen seem to have an unusual faculty for starting their sons in proper directions, and in addition to this there must be something in the atmosphere of even the vicarage that tends to greatness.

Here in America, however, this tendency of the sons of preachers to win enviable renown is not generally noticeable. Indeed, it has been the exception rather than the rule for the sons of preachers—or of country rectories, at least—to exhibit evidences either of careful training or inherited greatness. Not infrequently the worst boy in town is the preacher's boy, and it sometimes happens that, while the good man is exhibiting to the congregation the wisdom of keeping the Sabbath holy, his son is out somewhere stealing peaches or trying to break a colt whose owner has gone away with the family to the house of worship.

It may be that the American preacher has so much more than his English brother to do in the way of keeping the rest of mankind from going to the bad that he gets less time to look after the welfare of his own offspring, or there may be some other cause for the fact that the space in our biographical dictionaries is in no sense usurped by the sons of clergymen. In any case, it is gratifying to be able to say that things are not so discouraging for our preachers as they used to be. There are not so many scapegraces among the sons of ministers as there were, say, a generation ago. The families of ministers, like those of other people, are becoming smaller as the years pass, and in some places the tradition that the minister's boy must lead a gang in order to claim the esteem of his contemporaries has actually ceased to be a commanding influence.

AUTOMOBILES IN NEW LANDS.

The Machine Is Being Introduced in Out-of-the-Way Parts of the World.

The French have just completed their wagon road from Tamatave, the large port on the east coast of Madagascar, to Antananarivo, the capital of the country high among the mountains of the central part of the island. It was an enormous work, and in the last three months before its completion 25,000 workmen were engaged upon it, says the New York Sun.

A railroad is to follow, but even if this additional improvement were not made, the fine wagon road now completed would revolutionize the commerce of that part of Madagascar. Hitherto the only route between the port and the capital was a narrow footpath threading the valleys and crossing the mountains. No wheeled vehicle could be used, but everything was carried on the backs of porters.

To-day carriages and automobiles are traveling easily and rapidly between the sea and the capital. The horseless carriages brought from France are carrying many passengers and a great deal of freight. They climb the steep grades without any difficulty and are making the most favorable impression among the French in Madagascar.

The French have also established an automobile service between Kayes on the upper Senegal and Bamako on the Niger. Freight and passengers from Europe are carried all the way by steam as far as Kayes and then there is a road journey about 250 miles in length. This road has been so far improved that automobiles may be used, and this system of transportation has been introduced with good success. Formerly 15 days were required to cover the route, but by the new service the trip is made in five days and it is expected soon to reduce the time.

A Bimoral Fable.

When the New Reporter came in to write his first story, after Adopting Journalism, the Hardened Sinners in the office began to offer bets. One and all wanted to bet Ten Dollars that he would.

Just to Accommodate them, a Foolish but Sportive Stranger took them up.

And when the New Reporter turned in his Copy, which told about a Circus, it was found that he had not referred to the Elephant as "the Giant Pachyderm."

So the Stranger won. Moral—It is wrong to bet. Submoral—But the New Reporter did not know how to spell "Pachyderm."—Baltimore American.

An Awful Condition. Mrs. Goodfriend—Are you hungry? Frozen Stiff—Hungry! Heavens, mind! I'm so hungry that I could eat health food!—Puck.

QUEER SKY FERRIES.

Unusual Mode of Transit for Miners of the Region Across the Younghusband River.

The sky ferry may not have been invented by the Yough river miners, but they have recognized it as a good thing, and half a dozen of these novel transportation machines ply the river to the astonishment of passengers on passing trains, who stare out of the windows of the cars at the sight of a man flying across the stream, suspended in a small cage, which travels on a wire cable stretched from one shore to the other, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The sky ferry at Coulterville was one of the first to be built across the Yough and it dates back to about 1890, when Enoch Johns, John Taylor, James Harkins, James Conroy, Murray Dice, Emmet Price, Hugh McDermott and Herman Eholer formed a stock company and built a machine. The mechanism of the affair is simple, and consists of a cage suspended from two traveling wheels, which run along a one-inch steel cable stretched from bank to bank, and tightened by means of a simple windlass built of timbers. The cage will carry four passengers, and the propelling power of the ferry is furnished by a windlass, which is turned by the passenger and winds up a light line, carrying the cage across the stream.

To raise the ferry to a safe distance above the river a platform is built, and on this another set of machinery is placed, so that if the ferry is on the opposite side of the river and a passenger wishes to cross he can wind the machine over to him and then make the trip across the stream.

The ferry at Coulterville is a stock company concern, to which any miner may become a partner by paying two dollars for a key. There are several hundred keys out now and the ferry gives general satisfaction. Since the Coulterville ferry was built other ferries have been built at Osceola, Robbins and Shaner, while at Scott Haven there is a steam ferry, which does a big business and runs day and night. The sensation of swinging out over the river in one of these ferries is rather startling, as the machine starts out from the bank with a swoop that carries it half way across, or to the lowest part of the slack of the cable. Then the traveler has to wind up the windlass to reach the other shore. No accident has ever happened on any of these ferries, but at Coulterville they tell a story of a miner who, after an argument with his wife, in which he was "getting the worst of it," escaped to the ferry, threw off the windlass line and allowed the machine to coast to the middle, where he was safe.

According to the story, and it loses nothing in the telling, the woman bombarded him with stones for an hour, but a woman was never noted for her accuracy in throwing stones, and the man laughed at her invitation to come ashore and take his licking like a man. Then a new factor in the case turned up as a group of hungry miners reached the shore and those on shore were unable to reach him. By this time the woman had become tired of her exercise, and the man solved the problem of his own escape by falling out of the cage into the river, to be dragged out.

RIGHT HANDS AND SHARP WIT.

Professor Smedley Has Theory That the Brightest Children Never Are Ambidextrous.

Prof. F. W. Smedley, of the child study department of the public schools, declares a connection between right and left handedness and intellectuality in children has been discovered. From experiments he is convinced that right-handed children are naturally the brightest. He has found that a large percentage of the boys at the John Worthing school practically are ambidextrous. Pupils whose speech is affected and who find difficulty in articulation are most often left-handed, says the Chicago Tribune.

The explanation is this: The right hand is controlled from the left side of the brain and the left hand from the right side of the brain. Speech is controlled by the right side of the brain. The overdevelopment of one hand or the other is thought in this way to affect the speech.

Prof. Smedley is guarded in his statements, saying that it will take a long time to work out the problem, if it is solved, of the connection between the hand and the brain. He does not believe that dexterity is directly connected with intelligence, but that it is noticeable through its effect upon speech.

"I am not sure what we shall be able to do with this knowledge when we are more certain about it," said Prof. Smedley. "It should lead to discoveries of methods in the training of children which may be beneficial. At present I am inclined to advise parents not to struggle with left-handed children to make them right-handed. There is a physical reason why they have a tendency that way."

Licorice.

In the southern Caucasus large tracts of land are covered by the licorice plant. A Scotch gentleman who visited this country from Constantinople had his attention drawn to this potential source of wealth, and erected a factory on the spot for the distillation of the licorice juice. The erection of similar factories quickly followed, so that now a large export trade is carried on in this product, and the peasantry of the district find a remunerative occupation in the gathering and sale of the root to these establishments.—Chambers' Journal.

RELIC OF HAMILTON DUEL.

Tablet Which Marked the Spot Where He Fell Presented to New York Historical Society.

A rare and interesting relic, which is the only memorial extant of the fatal duel in 1804 between Hamilton and Burr, recently has been presented to the New York Historical Society by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, whose novels and historical writings regarding old New York are well known. This is the marble slab bearing the inscription of Hamilton's death, which was placed upon the little monument erected a few months after the duel by the St. Andrew's society of that city on the historic dueling ground at Weehawken. The marking of the exact spot of the duel has now been obliterated, as the tracks of the West Shore railroad pass directly over the place, which for many years was the favorite meeting ground for combatants under the code of honor, says the New York Times.

A peculiar and interesting history is attached to the Hamilton monument, and for a long time the marble slab now reposing in the Historical Society's rooms, at Second avenue and Eleventh street, was actually lost. It finally was discovered in a barroom in New York. The inscription on the memorial slab reads as follows: "On this spot fell July 11, 1804, Maj. Gen. Alexander Hamilton. As an expression of their affectionate regard to his memory and of their deep regret for his loss, the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York have erected this monument."

Curious as it may seem, the monument was not favorably regarded by a large body of citizens and particularly by the inhabitants of Weehawken and the vicinity. It was looked upon as an incentive to dueling by hot-headed individuals, who took a morbid interest in fighting, and falling, if it were, on the spot hallowed by Hamilton's death. As a result of this increasing feeling the monument only stood a little over a dozen years, when it was torn down. A letter, published in the New York Columbian on July 5, 1815, by a writer signed "Hoboken," voices the hostile sentiment clearly, and it was shortly after the publication of this letter that the destruction occurred. The letter was as follows: "It is a subject of complaint to the citizens in the vicinity and a standing absurdity and outrage on the morals, manners and feelings of society. By the pernicious effect of a conspicuous example, the young and chivalrous are invited to combat and feel a degree of vain glory in measuring ground on the spot where that great man fell from all his glory and usefulness, and furnished a bloody beacon to posterity, which should be, at least, shrouded from the light of day. No wonder, that it is not to be expected the pillar will long retain its station, it being a baneful nuisance, not a vestige of which should be suffered to remain on the earth. But for the eminent cause of its origin, I should be almost as willing to have a gallows near my house."

Capt. James Deas was the owner of the property at that time. He was bitterly opposed to dueling, and is said to have rushed from his house on more than one occasion when he saw combatants appearing, and by force of argument prevailed upon them to desist from their bloodthirsty methods of satisfying honor. He is credited with having removed the monument himself, as a means of stopping the practice of visiting the spot for dueling purposes, and taking the slab bearing the inscription to his house. By some means he lost possession of it, and for a long time every vestige of the monument had disappeared.

Meanwhile, James Gore King, the famous banker, purchased the property, and his country home there. Known as Highwood, for many years was one of the finest suburban places in the vicinity of New York.

Hugh Maxwell, who was president of the St. Andrew's society in this city about 1850, accidentally discovered in a saloon the marble slab that had graced the monument. He purchased it and presented it to Mr. King, and it remained in the possession of the family until its recent presentation to the New York Historical Society by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, who owned it as one of the heirs of the late Archibald Gracie King.

The tablet is in excellent condition, considering the various changes of fortune through which it has passed. One corner is badly chipped, but the inscription is intact, and as the only visible memorial of the duel in existence it forms an interesting relic for an American historical museum.

Flowers Preserved by Insects.

Insects are a necessity of the life of flowers, as they carry the pollen; yet some destroy both plants and trees. Here nature comes in with extraordinary means of protection, as in the arum lily, where fibers like needles and ant spikes force them to beat a hasty retreat. The bull's horn thorn, an Australian tree, is particularly well protected against these marauders. At the end of each leaf is a pair of hollow horns, in which live a small, fierce, pugnacious species of ant, bribed to the office of defense by a generous supply of food collected on the leaf close to their cells. When destructive insects come to carry away the foliage of these trees the warlike inhabitants spring out from their kopje-like fastnesses, descend upon the invaders, killing all who are not able to flee.—Science.

Chinese Era.

The "Chinese era" begins B. C. 2697. With the accession of Emperor Yao, who first devised a calendar for the Chinese, dividing the year into 366 days, with an extra day every fourth year.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BILLIARDS AND HIGH BALLS.

Too Copious Consumption of the Latter Increases the Number of the Former.

Two real merry young things, wearing raglans, got into a game of billiards in the billiard room of a downtown hotel the other afternoon, says the Washington Post. Between every two or three shots they touched the button that summoned the boy with the apron and poured tall, high-proof refectations into their persons. After they had been doing this for about three-quarters of an hour their billiard play became one continuous performance of zeros on both sides. They stuck to the game, however, and went on touching the button. At the end of about an hour and a half, when nary a carrom had been made by either man for fully 30 minutes, one of them rested dreamily on his cue and inquired of the other: "Shay, whash matter here, anyhow? Sheems 't be nothin' doin'. Can't make shot. How many balls d'you shee on 't' table, anyhow?"

The other cast his unsteady vision over the table for a moment and replied: "Shee sheven. What d'you make it?" "Shame ash you—sheven. Thash funny, too. On'y three when we sharted in. Other four ballsh must have jest growa, hey?" and then, to make the evidence of his visual sense more convincing unto himself he placed his left hand over his left eye and again scrutinized the balls on the table, whereupon his face lighted up.

"'Sh all ri' now," he announced. "On'y shee three now. Jess shkushke me 'r' half a minnit, will you? Be 'r' back." Then the man who had discovered the advantage of having but one eye under certain circumstances sailed unsteadily out. He went to an optician's and returned to the billiard-room after an absence of about ten minutes. There was a glad smile on his features as he undid a little package, revealing two eye-patches of the sort that are fastened around the back of the head with elastic bands. The two billiard-ists solemnly fastened these contrivances over their respective left eyes and went ahead with their game with manifest enjoyment and with considerably more success. Every time either of them made a passable shot he let out a whoop that could be heard half a block.

"What are they, war veterans?" inquired one of the hotel guests of the hotel proprietor, stopping to watch the play and to listen to the triumphant yelps of the two chaps with patches over their eyes. "Well, I believe they do belong to the huzzars-ers," replied the proprietor, and then the guest who had asked the question fiercely strode up to the desk and commanded the cashier to make out his bill.

IT STAGGERED THE CROWD.

An Up-to-Date Conundrum That Brought Dismay to a Washington Coterie.

The lawyer who evidently considers life one huge, continuous joke entered the clerk's office at the city hall the other day with an expression of extreme radiance overspreading his countenance, says the Washington Star. The clerks and others having business in the office at the time erased their several pursuits. Experience had taught them that the aforesaid lawyer would say something of an entertaining character.

"Gather 'round, boys," he said. "I have a dandy for you this morning. It's the best so far of the year 1901."

The speaker paused. The others silently waited for what was coming. "Now, listen carefully," resumed the lawyer, "and note the beauty of the connection between the three sections of this little conundrum. Here it is: 'If the postmaster should visit the zoo and while there be eaten by the wild animals what o'clock would it be?'"

There was another pause. Finally the clerk in charge of the dockets ventured the answer: "It would be all day with the postmaster."

"Wrong, entirely wrong," commented the lawyer. "I didn't ask what time; I asked what o'clock would it be."

A third pause. Then by general consent the answer was requested. The lawyer gaily announced: "Ate, P. M."

Before the gathering had recovered the lawyer had flitted from the room and was headed for the court of appeals to try the postmaster-zoo-wild animals conundrum on the higher tribunal.

Hastings Pudding.

Take one ounce of sago, three ounces of suet, six ounces of fine bread crumbs, two ounces of marmalade, two eggs, three dessertspoonsful of brandy and sugar to sweeten. Mix the sago, finely chopped suet and bread crumbs together, adding a pinch of salt and a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in the marmalade, adding a little more if necessary and the two yolks and whites of eggs beaten separately. Mix thoroughly, then add the brandy and sugar. Butter a pretty mold, ornament it slightly with candied orange peel and then fill with the mixture. Cover with buttered white paper, and steam for two hours. Remove the pudding from the saucepan and let it stand two minutes before turning it out of the mold. For the sauce place a large spoonful of marmalade in a small stewpan, add some boiling water to it, sweeten if necessary and simmer for a few moments. Strain the sauce and pour it round the pudding.—Washington Star.

Acids That Ate Death to Cholera.

The acid of lemons and oranges is fatal to the cholera bacillus. Even if placed upon the rind of the fruit the germs will not survive longer than a day.—Ladies' Home Journal.

PAPYRI FOR SCHOOLS.

Dr. Winslow, at Boston, Received Consignment from Egyptian Exploration Fund of London.

A portion of the 118 papyri presented to American universities and colleges by the Egyptian exploration fund of London, comprising those intended for immediate distribution have reached Dr. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, the American vice president of the society. Dr. Winslow has examined some of the ancient documents, and he finds that among the 16 papyri for Yale are portions of a lost comedy of the second century, and of Plato's republic of the century before and after Christ. Harvard's share includes a fragment of Paul's epistle to the Romans, of Aloman, the chief lyric poet of Sparta, 631 B. C., and 17 other papyri. Columbia receives Xenophon's Hellenica, first century, a letter to the king of Macedonia, and 14 other pieces.

Johns Hopkins gets extracts from Thucydides, of the second century, two of Demosthenes on the crown, and 13 other fragments. A piece of Herodotus, of the second century, a complete contract for a loan in the reign of Nero, and 11 other pieces are assigned to Princeton. Of five papyri for Hamilton college, one is a letter to the clerk of the court in the time of Trajan, accompanying the receipt of a will, and of four papyri to Vassar college, one is about a loan of 3,000 drachmae, of silver, which shows that eight per cent. interest was then paid (third century).

Of the total 118 papyri, 29 are presented to the University of Pennsylvania. The larger part of the papyri are from Oxyrhynchus, and the rest from various sites. The former is where the "new sayings of Jesus" were found by the society, and also portions of St. Matthew, Mark and John, far antedating any other known text.

DOES KIND ACT.

President's Wife Invites Woman Who Waited on Her During School Days to White House.

Of thousands who will go to Washington from all parts of the country next month on the occasion of the second inauguration of William McKinley, none will be extended a warmer welcome at the white house, none will be greeted with more pleasure by the "first lady of the land," than Mrs. William Berren, who, as Mary Gavin, was a servant at Brooke Hall seminary, Media, Pa., when Mrs. McKinley, then Ida Saxton, was a student there.

In those days Mrs. Berren was known as "Miss Eastman's Mary." Miss Eastman was the principal of the institution. Mary did many favors for the girls who went to school there, and she has always been remembered with love and esteem.

When the wife of the president learned, a few weeks ago, through the agency of another friend, that the girl who used to minister to her wants was living and had expressed a desire to be present at the inauguration, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Berren, extending to her an invitation to come to Washington and to come to the white house.

One of the happiest women in all Philadelphia is she who was Mary Gavin. At the little home in East Thompson street, where she is housewife and mother, she counts the days as they pass.

SUIT OVER COLONIAL PAPER.

Commission to General Arthur St. Clair Causes Trouble at Atchison, Kas.

A commission signed by George Washington, president of the United States, was involved in a lawsuit concluded in the Atchison (Kan.) district court the other day. The case was that of Mrs. Louise Crall against Charles Remsburg, a newspaper reporter, for the commission or the money received by the sale of the same. Remsburg sold the commission to C. F. Gunther, the Chicago candy manufacturer and archaeologist, for \$50.

The commission was issued to Mrs. Crall's great-grandfather, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, the revolutionary hero, commissioning him as major general in the colonial army. It was passed along in the family as an heirloom, and Mrs. Crall had possession of it for 30 years. Together with other of her effects, it was stored in a barn. The trunk in which the stuff was packed was ransacked by hired men, and the commission taken and sold to Remsburg. The jury gave Mrs. Crall judgment for \$50. She will make every effort to secure the commission from Gunther.

ALUMINUM FIND.

Discovery of Deposits in Florida Leads to Formation of Paint Company.

Several immense aluminum deposits have been found in central and southern Florida and a company was organized at Jacksonville, Fla., the other day, headed by E. C. Long, vice president of the Atlantic, Valdosta & Western railroad; C. E. Garner, president of the board of trade, and other capitalists, for the extensive manufacture of paint from this aluminum product. The corporation will be known as the Florida Aluminum Manufacturing company and the plant will be established in Jacksonville.

Justifiable Veracity.

The congressional report on hazing at West Point contains 1,000,000 words, but, declares the Chicago Record, the subject seems to justify it.

First Sugar Mill in Louisiana. The first sugar mill was erected in Louisiana in 1733.

GREAT MEN ARE SMOKERS.

Indulgence in the Weed That Soothes Is Not Confined to Common People.

The prince of Wales has never attempted to hide the fact that he enjoys his "whiff." Once, says Modern Society, a certain well-known society lady, a violent anti-smoking nuisance, said to his royal highness: "Sir, as the leading gentleman in England, do you not think that you ought not only to refrain from smoking yourself, but encourage others to give up smoking?" "Madam," frigidly and emphatically said the prince, "many years ago I commenced smoking. I have smoked ever since. I enjoy smoking. If all probability, madam, I shall keep on smoking as persistently as 'Charley's Aunt' keeps on running."

The duke of Connaught, on being asked by an American beauty whether he approved of smoking, answered: "Yes, indeed. There are two things which I trust, I shall never lose—my honor and my tobacco pouch!"

When the khedive of Egypt visited England some months ago he suffered, it will be remembered, from some throat trouble which kept him on his yacht for a few days. After a careful examination Sir Douglas Powell, the great throat specialist, said: "I believe your highness does not smoke in any shape or form?" "You are right, sir. I do not smoke. Well, indeed, do. I remember the first and only time I was ever persuaded to try a pipe. After the experiment I reclined in a most undignified position in a certain room in my palace, making most unkingly gestures and grimaces. You English people are, I believe, great smokers, are you not? Ah! well, you in England never do anything in a half-hearted manner."

During some recent internal disturbances in Turkey the sultan was very much worried. One day he sorrowfully said to his leading physician: "Ah, how awful are my troubles, to be sure! Life would be quite intolerable if it were not for my cigarettes and my wives!"

The duke of York h., as everyone knows, a great cigarette smoker. He once said to the young czar of Russia: "A short time ago I had an idea that cigarettes were bad for me, so I determined to limit myself to five a day. The first day I was successful. The second day I smoked all five before lunch and felt very miserable during the rest of the day. The third day I smoked the five judiciously, but still felt a great 'wanting.' The fourth day I couldn't stand it any longer, and so smoked 15 cigarettes to make up for my self-denial during the other days."

A short time ago the queen regent of Spain was telling her son, the young king, how very poor his country was becoming and what need there would be of reform and economy for many respects. "Mother," said the young monarch, "I have quite made up my mind that we must all give up something for the sake of my country—some luxury. I, for my part, have determined to give up smoking."

TAUGHT MICE ODD TRICKS.

An Amiable Maine Man Has Found the Little Creatures Very Apt Pupils.

"Out on Forest avenue is a mouse fancier whose residence, lest he lose caste with his neighbors, is withheld, says the Portland Express. In a prison pen he has half a dozen or so ordinary field mice. 'They are the most sociable pets I ever had,' he remarked, 'and any one of them will rise to attention as he hears my step approach the pen. I have had these young ones about six months. They don't live long when cooped up, and they will come freely to my hand to eat or drink. Some of them are so tame that they will climb to my shoulder and display not the slightest alarm at being touched. They haven't acquired so much faith in all humanity, however, and have refused to trust any one else so far.

"While mice eat a great deal for an animal so small when food is abundant, they can exist for a surprisingly long time with next to nothing. Anyone whose house has been infested with mice and who had passed weary weeks when everything that possibly could serve them as food was carefully under lock and key, finally calling to service an active ferret, will appreciate this fact. He is a mighty aggressive and tireless forager after food, not hesitating at walls or similar obstructions, through which he patiently gnaws a path. As a test of persistence in this line I hung a basket of food from the ceiling by a rope, and after a week's fast placed a mouse at a hole in the ceiling above the basket. He descended some eight feet or more on a slender cord and safely reached his haven, later climbing up again.

"All of my mice I have taken from nests about the premises and notice that they invariably seek shelter below or behind something, never in so exposed a locality as almost any other animal would select. For a nest paper, cloth or any soft material seems to satisfy, and the exceeding fineness with which it is chopped suggests some mighty artistic work with their teeth."

Old Weapons in the Vatican.

A dispatch to a London newspaper from Rome says that the pope has ordered that about 150,000 old weapons, halberds, spears and battleaxes in the Vatican armory be melted and the iron sold. A furnace for the purpose has been erected in the Vatican gardens. The weapons are useless except as curios, and cost a great deal to keep them polished.—N. Y. Journal.

Astronomical Information.

Pete Johnson—I wonder why it ain't dat sometimes yo' kin see de moon in de daytime?

Abn Wiseman—Wal, yo' see, sometimes it ain't slow in g'ttin' around to de odder side of de earth.—Puck.