

**Stammer to Lamont.**  
To the many correspondents who have written inquiries and suggestions as to a cure for stammering we may state that this is not a medical business. This writer gave his own method of curing his own particular nervous disorder, which is probably shared by many of his fellow men. Let it be repeated in answer to many who seem to have seen the problem and missed the solution. Consume your own smoke. If you must stammer, try to stammer to yourself. When you have tut-tutted and gur-gurred sufficiently to yourself, you will be ready with the word. It is quite astonishing how soon the inaudible stammer becomes unnecessary and the word is whipped out! But there are some men who bug a stammerer stammering always in the right place lifting curiously to tiptoe in the listener. Charles Lamb stammered, but always in the right place, as when he went to buy cheese (the story may be quite untrue). The shopman offered to send it home. Lamb inspected it. Then he asked for a bit of string. "I think," he said, "I could lead it home."—London Spectator.

**Not a Clothes Peg.**  
Feggie Newton had been a faithful household drudge for years, and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally named over. But as time went on, and her salary fell more and more into arrears, she ventured to ask for something "on account."  
"Why haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now, but here's a smart cloak that I've ceased to wear, and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"  
"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't," said Peg, wrathfully eyeing the faded old cloak. "A peg I may be by name, but I won't be the sort of peg that people hang castoff clothes on—not if I know it."—London Answers.

**Old Whist Terms.**  
The following passage is from the *Advertiser*, No. 35, March 6, 1733:  
"On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at Lady Banks, occasioned by the following accident. Mrs. Overall, the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furled the cards and ordered Jenny, the footboy, to sit cross-legged for good luck), grew out of all patience and, taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the stow-away room."  
Swabbers are the ace of hearts; the knave of clubs and the ace and the deuce of trumps at whist. To fuz or fuz is to stumple the cards very carefully or to change the pack.—London Notes and Queries.

**Why Rain Clouds Are Black.**  
The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the undersurface appears black owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

**Tennis and Lawn Tennis.**  
There are thousands who imagine that tennis and lawn tennis are identical. In America tennis is the mother game, it is always known as court tennis, whereas lawn tennis is generally known as "tennis." The games are in many respects very different. The court, which in lawn tennis is open, in tennis is closed at the back and sides by the walls, and almost invariably above by a roof. There is a considerable amount of play off the back and side walls. The balls are harder than lawn tennis balls, being, in fact, of the consistency of cricket balls. Hence the rackets are heavier and the gut is thicker.—Fry's Magazine.

**Songs and Sentiment.**  
It is a singular fact that in proportion to the wealth of melody of a nation so does its emotional side develop. Remarkable instances of this are to be found in the United Kingdom. In Scotland, Ireland and Wales, countries rich in national songs, the emotional nature is strong. In England, where the melodies, if sweet, at any rate are not so touching and appealing, sentiment is slight.—Liverpool Courier.

**The History of Man.**  
The ecclesiastical authorities divide the history of man into six ages. First, from Adam to Noah, second, from Noah to Abraham, third, from Abraham to David, fourth, from David to the Babylonian captivity, fifth, from the captivity of Judah to the birth of Christ, sixth, from the birth of Christ to the end of the world.

**Typhoid.**  
By boiling all the water and sterilizing all the milk and thoroughly cooking all the vegetables and killing all the flies the average person may be some fairly immune from typhoid fever.

**Bury in the Garden.**  
"I have done nothing but bluish all day," complained the man, "and still that dot of a post goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."

**Town Without Horses or Wheels.**  
The town of Funchal, in the Madeira islands, is a town with no horses and no wheeled vehicles. In traveling about one either drives in a sledge or is carried in a hammock. The streets and adjacent roads are paved with small and curiously smooth cobblestones, and from the first it was found that runners were better than wheels both for speed and comfort. For instance, when you come to a hill the oxen draw you sledge to the top and are then unshipped. Your driver then proceeds to toboggan your conveyance gently down the other side, while the team trots on behind. Horses are not available in Funchal, as the nature of the cobblestone roads would soon ruin their feet. This is why the ox, with his flexible hoof, is the draft animal of Funchal. For expeditions into the country the hammock is used. This is slung on a pole, carried on the shoulders of two men, and is perhaps the most comfortable conveyance in the world—no far and no need to guide it.

**A City on the Cliff.**  
Precisely why the town of Bonifacio, in Corsica, is built to the sheer edge of the cliff which forms the sea frontage of that part of the island is a question always asked by the traveler who views Bonifacio for the first time, and he reiterates his question when he observes, upon visiting the environs of the place, that there is plenty of room for the town to have spread out in an inland direction. The early Corsicans apparently thought that farm land was worth more than city real estate and so crowded their dwellings to the dizzy edge of their 200 foot precipice. One's first impression is that those houses, with their walls on a vertical plane with the cliff, were purposely so situated that the body of a victim of a dark vendetta murder might be conveniently dropped out of the window into the sea beneath, with no one the wiser. Certainly there is a suggestion of romance and mystery in the aspect of the town. It forms, at any rate, one of the oddest sky lines in the world.

**Bear Hunting.**  
Bear hunting, with the assistance of guides supplied with a well trained pack of hounds, may be satisfactory if merely the killing of them is desired, but it certainly is no sport and deserves not even to be ranked with trapping bears, as in the latter case the hunter must possess at least some knowledge of the quarry's habits and habits. Unlike a fox, a bear, when once found by the hounds, stands no chance whatever of escaping, and there would be just as much sport in shooting the animal in a park or pen as to kill a run to bay bear. And, while this truth applies to mountain lions also, there is not even the excuse of the animal's destructiveness, which is applicable as far as the latter is concerned.—Field and Stream.

**The Pooodle.**  
Why is a pooodle, so called? Some one says: "Probably the natural answer would recall the old lady who said that no credit could be given to Adam for naming the pig, since anybody would have known what to call it. 'Pooodle' seems so obvious a name for this dog. And, in fact, this is not far from the truth about the origin of the word. It is quite recent in English, not being found before 1894, apparently. It is the German 'puddel,' which comes from the Low German, 'puddeln,' to waddle, and the dog must have been so called, as Skeat says, either because he waddles after his master or because he looks fat and clumsy on account of his thick hair."

**Coldness of Ice.**  
It seems strange to think that some ice is colder than other ice. The term "ice cold" always seems to signify a definite temperature. All water under similar conditions freezes at a certain definite temperature. But when the thermometer falls below that it continues to affect the ice, making it harder and colder. The test has been made by placing a piece of ice from the north and a piece of ice from the vicinity of New York near a stove together. The former took much longer to melt than the latter.—New York Tribune.

**Viewing the Remains.**  
It had been a strenuous afternoon for the devoted teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.  
"Where have you been, boys?" asked the father of two of the party that night, and the answer came with joyous promptness.  
"We've been to a dead circus."

**Rubinstein on Piano Playing.**  
When a pupil happened to ask Rubinstein how certain passages should be construed, he invariably showed them. But if a pupil asked, "Shall I play this in this manner or that?" both equally correct, Rubinstein invariably replied: "Play as you feel. Is the day sunny? Play it the other way."

**Writing.**  
A certain photographer is exhibiting in his window the photograph of a young man with the following inscription attached to it: "This is the man who put his hair in curls to have his photograph taken and then can't pay for them."

**It Might Have Been Worse.**  
Lydia, I'm just as mad as I can be with Charlie. He kissed me right before all the girls. Georgette will, isn't that better than if he kissed all the girls before you?

Experience is the great test of truth, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of men.—Dr. Johnson.

**The Black of La Prensa.**  
La Prensa is the greatest and most influential paper in South America. Its offices are in Buenos Ayres, Argentina, situated in a magnificent building in the Avenida. This building is said to be one of the most imposing in the world. It has a tower crowned by a great golden statue of a young woman representing the Spirit of the Press. The proudest possession of La Prensa is a 5,000 horsepower steam operated siren. Whenever there is an appalling disaster—the death of a crowned head or other event of worldwide interest—whoop goes La Prensa's siren and is heard for a while throughout the city. The local government exacts a fine for this performance, \$100 per minute, with a minimum of \$200, and if the fine is not paid on the nail the charge is double, so when one man is sent to operate the siren another is sent running with a two hundred dollar bill to the courts. The next operation is to drape the siren referred to young woman's torch with red velvet in case of a catastrophe; with crape in the event of a death. All this causes the most extraordinary sensation.

**A Real Celebrity.**  
The local pride of the natives of Cape Elizabeth, Me., is so intense that it takes the attitude of pity for all who have the misfortune to dwell elsewhere. This, says a writer in the *Lawton Journal*, is known to regular summer visitors, and by most of them is respected. One rainy day a newcomer, who had joined the gathering in the store, composed of fishermen and summer visitors, ventured to enumerate some of the distinguished men who had come from Maine.  
"There's Longfellow," he said, "and Hannibal Hamlin, and James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed and—"  
Here an old fisherman looked up from his work of splicing grass blades, and broke in. "Smart? Those fellows smart?" he questioned. "You just come down an' see Josh Pillsbury skin fish."

**Shooting From an Elephant.**  
The elephant's howdah is that bed of Procrustes, in which one can neither sit nor stand with any approach to reasonable ease, and in which a recumbent attitude is impossible, says Blackwood's Magazine. Its advantages are, first, that standing in it a man can shoot on every side of him; second, that it is convenient for the carriage of the occupant's paraphernalia—his guns on racks on either side, his ammunition in a trough in front, his other requisites in leather pockets here and there on the sides of his machine; and his bed blanket on the seat; and, third, that in a hinder compartment an attendant can stand to hold that monstrous umbrella over his head, or when quick loading is required take from his hand the gun just fired and recharge it. These are the advantages. Otherwise the howdah is an abomination.

**Most Famous Saying.**  
"What is the most famous saying ever made by man?" an editor asked. "Some thought that 'Cesar,' some thought that 'Socrates,' some that 'Lincoln,' some that 'Nelson,' had said the most memorable thing; but finally the palm was awarded to Euclid, the mathematician.  
Euclid went to Alexandria to teach Ptolemy Soter, the king of Egypt, mathematics. Ptolemy blabbed at his problems a week or two, and then asked Euclid impatiently if there was not some special, shorter way by which he could be taught.  
"Sire," Euclid answered, "there is no royal road to learning."

**A. M. and P. M.**  
Here is an excellent catch: Ingeniously ask any friend or acquaintance the meaning of a. m. and p. m. You will receive some such answer as, "Why, morning and afternoon," or "Before dinner and after dinner," or "Up to 12 o'clock high noon and after 12 high noon," or "From midnight to noon and from noon to midnight," or "Ante meridian and post meridian; before and after noon." It is a conservative wagger that every one to whom the question is put will stake his happiness on the word meridian, while the correct word is meridiem. Ante meridiem and post meridiem are abbreviated to a. m. and p. m.

**Paying Him Back.**  
"Will you please pull the bell?" said an elderly woman in a car to a young college looking fellow hanging to a strap in front of her.  
"No, madam, but I shall be glad to pull the cord which rings the bell," he answered.  
"Oh, never mind," she said. "The cord is connected with two bells—front and back—and you might stop the wrong end of the car."

**Her Valuable Tip.**  
"Here's a letter from a woman," said the answers to correspondents editor, "who wants to know how to make a lemon tart."  
"That's just like a woman," rejoined the snake editor. "Tell her if the lemon tart tart to begin with she'd better consign it to the dump and let it go at that."—Chicago News.

**At the Wrong Counter.**  
The lady who went to the book department of a big modern store and inquired for "Crabbe's Tales" was told that fish and provisions were on the ground floor.—Boston Herald.

**A Deadly Weapon.**  
The gentle wave of a lace edged handkerchief has carried more poor fellows to their doom than the mighty breakers of the sea.—Exchange.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.—Solon.

**Goethe's Last Moments.**  
The story of the deathbed of Goethe reveals a striking picture of fortitude, artistic calm and intellectual activity under the chilling dews of death. The information is gathered from a letter written on March 22, 1832, the day after Goethe's death, by Fraulein Louise Seidler, an art student and close friend of the poet's family. On the evening before his dissolution, with an icy coldness taking possession of him and the death rattle beginning to be audible, Goethe, with his charming daughter-in-law by his side, would talk of nothing but his pet theory of color, of the treaty of Basle, of his desire that the children should go to the theater, of his plans for the near future. As sleep did not come with the night, he called for a newly published volume of history, and covered his inability to read it with a joke. 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