WONDERFUL BREAD.

The Veracious Narrative of Its Making, Baking and Sale.

"How did I happen to become a hotel clerk?" replied the man behind the desk. "Well, it was this way: I used to be a sailor. That was where I learned about whales. In fact, I was second mate of the first iron ship that ever rounded the Horn, bound from Boston to San Francisco, loaded with flour, yeast and salt to furnish grub to the California miners soon after the civil war.

"We got around the Horn all right when we ran into about the worst bit of weather ever brewed on the Pacific. Iron ships were an experiment then, and we soon found ourselves in trouble. The fresh water tanks sprang a leak, and the water ran down over the cargo. To make matters worse, the flour barrels and boxes of yeast broke loose, and with the rolling of the ship we soon had it all mixed up together. In other words, the whole ship below decks was full of dough that the rolling of the ship kneaded just as a regular breadmaking machine does out in the kitchen here. And it began to rise.

"We fastened down the hatches at first, but soon had to take them off on the lower decks or the expanding dough would burst the ship. And we put on all steam for San Francisco. We crossed the equator like a race horse, and there we made our second great mistake. The strain on the engines caused them to break down, so we had to go at half speed, and we were at a standstill for two whole days right there under a burning sun. The storm we had run out of, and the weather was clear and hot. Whew!

"Then we got under full steam again and plowed north to the Golden Gate with a deck hand sitting on the safety valve. But we were too late. The tropic sun had baked that shipload of dough into one huge loaf of bread. How to get it out of the ship was a question.

"The owners, who were the captain and one of our passengers, sold the ship just as she arrived for only half what they had paid for her new in Boston. But the new owner was a genius. He put the hungry miners to work with picks and shovels cutting out the bread and sold it at the rate of $1 a shovelful. It was the finest bread you or any one else ever ate.

"I was out of a job as second mate, and when I saw what a profit there was in that bread I just naturally went into the feeding business myself, and that's how I became associated with the hotel business. Front! Show this gentleman to the cafe."—Portland Oregonian.

Mary Stuart's Curious Watches.

Among the watches owned by Mary Stuart was a coffin shaped watch in a case of crystal. Probably the most remarkable one in her collection was the one which was bequeathed to Mary Seaton, her maid of honor. It was in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull was the symbol of death, the scythe and the hourglass. At the back of the skull was Time, and at the top of the head were the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull. Inside was a representation of the holy family surrounded by angels, while the shepherds and their flocks were worshiping the newborn Christ. The works formed the brains, while the dial plate was the palate. She also possessed another skull shaped watch, but it is not known what became of it.

The Egg In Medicine.

The white of an egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system the white of an egg, if swallowed quickly, will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An astringent poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in jaundice and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

Helping the Musician.

At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band. Presently the man laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated and promptly pulled the horn to pieces.

The player returned. "Who's meddled mit my dromboneP" he roared.

"Oi did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an' Oi did it in wan minut!"—Argonaut.

Sappho.

Sappho was born in Lesbos about the end of the seventh century B. C. In antiquity the fame of Sappho rivaled that of Homer. She was called "the poetess;" he was called "the poet." She was styled "the tenth muse," "the flower of the graces," "a miracle," "the beautiful." But few fragments of her works are preserved, and these only incidentally by other writers.

Spared Him.

His Wife—Are you going to ask that young Jenkins and his fiancee to our house party?

Husband—Not much!

"You dislike him, don't you?"

"Yes, but not enough for that."—Life.

Baseless.

"Hear the story of the shaky building?"

"Nope. What is it?"

"Oh, there's no foundation to it."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.—Seneca.

A FRENCH HERCULES.

Marvelous Strength of the Father of Alexandre Dumas.

My father was twenty-four at the time of enlisting and as handsome a young fellow as could be found anywhere.

His free colonial life had developed his strength and prowess to an extraordinary degree. He was a veritable American horse lad, a cowboy. His skill with gun and pistol was the envy of St. Georges and Junot, and his muscular strength became a proverb in the army. More than once he amused himself in the riding school by passing under a beam, grasping it with his arms and lifting his horse between his legs. I have seen him do it, and I recollect my childish amusement when I saw him carry two men standing upon his bent knee and hop across the room with these two men on him. I saw him once in a rage take a branch of considerable toughness in both his hands and break it between them by turning one hand to the right and the other to the left.

A few years later the gallant hussar was a brigadier general and performing feats of valor which earned him the title of "the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol." Best of all we like the son's description of Horatius' storming of Mont Cenis:

The climbers reached the plateau. Although it was a dark night, the long line of soldiers, clothed in blue uniforms, could have been perceived outlined against the snow from the fort. But my father had foreseen this contingency; each man had a cotton cap and a shirt rolled up in his knapsack. This was the ordinary dress my father adopted at night when he hunted chamois.

They reached the foot of the palisades without having roused a single challenge. The men began climbing the palisades as soon as they reached them; but, thanks to my father's herculean strength, he thought of a better and quieter way—namely, to take each man by the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat and throw him over the palisades. The snow would break the fall and also deaden the noise. Surprised out of their sleep and seeing the French soldiers in their midst without knowing how they had come there, the Piedmontese hardly offered any resistance. — From "My Memoirs," by Alexandre Dumas, Translated by E. M. Waller.

OLD TIME SURGERY.

The Barbarous Methods of the Sixteenth Century.

Ambroise Pare, a barber surgeon of the sixteenth century, tells in his notes how in 1537 he went to the long wars to get practice in surgery. He invented some new processes, particularly in the treatment of amputated limbs.

Up to Pare's time the most barbarous means had been used to stop the bleeding. In his own words: "So soon as the limb was removed the surgeons would use many cauteries to stop the flow of blood, a thing very horrible and cruel in the mere telling. And truly of six thus cruelly treated scarce two ever escaped, and even these were long ill, and the wounds thus burned were slow to heal, because the burning caused such vehement pains that they fell into fever, convulsions and other mortal accidents. In most of them, moreover, when the scar fell off there came fresh bleeding, which must again be stanched with the cauteries. So that for many healing was impossible, and they had an ulcer to the end of their lives, which prevented them from having an artificial limb."

The idea of abolishing such cruelty by using the ligature occurred to Pare in one of his war journeys, and his success went beyond his own expectations. His other discovery was made within a few hours of his joining the army. It was believed by the surgeons of the day that there was poison in a gunshot wound, and one of the accepted authorities insisted that they must be cauterized "with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle." The pain was intolerable. It happened that at his first treatment of gunshot wounds Pare's oil ran short, and he used instead "a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses and turpentine." To his surprise he found next morning that the patients he had thus treated were in better condition than the others. "Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds."

Newton's Fearful Crime.

At the end of a meal at Haydon's house Keats proposed a toast in these terms: "Dishonor to the memory of Newton."

The guests stared at him in questioning surprise, and Wordsworth asked for an explanation.

"It is," answered Keats, "because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." And the artists all drank, with one consent, confusion to the savant.

A Great Change.

Old Nurse (to young lady who is going to New Zealand)—So you're going away to one of the countries, Miss Mary, where they have day when we have night and night when we have day?

Miss Mary—Yes, nurse.

Old Nurse—Eh, it will take ye some time to get accustomed to the change! —London Punch's Almanac.

Quite Familiar.

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemnly at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office boy in his excitement responded with "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder headed idiots!"—London Tit-Bits.

A PUMA CUB.

He Was Plucky, but Paid For His Temerity With His Life.

Hissing like a sullen geyser, the great puma mother crouches with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back brushed up in rage, tail a-switch, steel sinews rigid beneath soft skin, she glared at her four cubs in the cage corner. A fluffy ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her. Out shot a mighty fore paw; the baby was hurled suddenly back among his cowering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper. "Has she been long like that?"

"Started this forenoon." He shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, sparring viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied her. A jungle terror in miniature, his tiny rage was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each blow, dodging, spitting, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrusts.

"They don't turn on their cubs often. Only knew it once before. You notice, mein herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That may come; then we will lose some promising babies here."

The young German keeper was greatly distressed. I returned in the morning to see how the affair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Thiergarten, I found the lion house. My friend stood in the empty corridor looking into the cage. Sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side; a pale light came from above; the place was close with a heavy odor.

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her jaws, and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin." The remaining cubs peered wonderingly at us from an adjoining cage; the murderess paced in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange fascinating light. The tragedy had stirred the rows of imprisoned beasts. An uncanny howl in a chilling key came from the leopards; the lion's deep throated guttural sent unwelcome quivers through one's nerves.

I left the building, relieved to feel the breeze and see the sunlight. Poor little chap of a puma, he surely had tremendous pluck!—Travel Magazine.

A PRESENT DAY UTOPIA.

Moorea Island, the Happiest and Fairest Spot on Earth.

Hugo Parton, writing in the Outing Magazine, says that the happiest and most beautiful spot on earth today is the island of Moorea, one of the Society islands, in the south seas. As a contrast to strenuous American methods this description sounds alluring:

"Whenever you are thirsty a word will send a lithe brown body scrambling up a tall palm tree trunk, and in two minutes a green cocoanut is ready for you to quaff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native 'vittals,' for you get at every meal things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor; to see your dinner of fresh water shrimps, sharks' fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat—there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried—grow a few rods back in the valley; ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. It's nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated cocoanut is fed to hens, while sensitive plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle.

"For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unexcelled, if, indeed, he is anywhere equaled. They are a large race, both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. I doubt if any Society islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child. They can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mood calls for flowers on their hats, in their hair, behind their ears, and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the island of Moorea can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the welcoming word 'Ia-ora-na' (Yorana)."

Poetry Defined.

George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When General Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords!' he talks prose. When he says 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords!' he talks poetry."

A Bargain.

"What!" exclaimed the husband. "You drew your savings from the bank, went to a broker's office and bought Z., X. and Y. stock at 14, when it has been dropping like a rock?"

"But, my dear," argued the wife. "It was such a bargain. Why, during the short time I was in the office I saw the man mark it down to 14 from 45!"—Success Magazine.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—Thackeray.

THE "TUPPENCE" HABIT.

It Has a Firm Grip on London and Its Inhabitants.

"Tuppence—meaning, of course, twopence and equal to the sum of 4 cents in United States currency—is the dominating sum in London. It is as much an institution as the war debt, beer or the game of cricket. Wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you sell or whenever you open your mouth it is tuppence or a series of that sum that is extracted from you. It more than takes the place of the five cent piece in America or the threepenny bit in the British possessions.

Tuppence is as much as a fairly well to do worker can afford for his meal at midday. In the poorer restaurants that sum gets him two slices and a big mug, or three slices and a little mug, or a portion of cake and a drink, or a fried egg, slice and small mug, or a sausage with mash or bread, or a rasher of bacon. In the next higher class everything drinkable is twopence per cup, while pastry, pies, etc., are the same sum per head. At the "popular"—i. e., "no gratuities"—restaurants the waiters expect a tuppenny tip (though it is advertised otherwise by the proprietors), and the nontipper has a bad time. At most cafes tipping is the usual thing, and tuppence is expected and is accepted with the servile bow and pleased expression that distinguish the English and continental waiter upon such occasions.

The tuppenny tube is well known. You deposit that sum, and you get in anywhere and get out anywhere else you please. On trolley cars and buses that amount will carry you for an hour or two very often, usually to the terminus. The railroad porter who carries your rug a few yards or who says "Yus" when you ask if the train has stopped always has his hand out for the usual fee, though he will carry your two large bags and whatever else you have for half a mile over high stairs and low lines and accept the same amount with the same satisfaction.

The cabby to whom you give coppers over the legal fare salutes you respectfully, but if you pay double fare in a lordly manner he wants more and is apt to make disparaging remarks about your breeding, as may the bootblack to whom you give 1 instead of 2 pennies. The cabby is the surer of the two, however, for disparaging remarks, to which characteristic, I really believe, can be traced the advent of the taximeter.—New York Post.

THE ART OF JUGGLING.

It Demands Much Hard Work and Unlimited Patience.

"To be a successful juggler it is necessary to possess infinite patience. Some tricks require such long and continuous practice that unless a man possessed great patience and unlimited powers of perseverance he would despair of ever being able to perform them," says Paul Cinquevalli in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "Take a trick, for example, like balancing a tall glass on four straws placed on the forehead. It looks easy enough, but it took me years of practice before I could do it. While I am balancing the glass I also juggle with five hats at the same time. I never, as a matter of fact, see the hats. They are handed to me by my assistant, and I then set them going, but the whole time my eyes are fixed on the straws upon which the glass is balanced. If I took my eyes from the straws for a hundredth part of a second their balance would be upset. I know instinctively where the hats are all the time and know exactly where each hat is when I put out my hand to catch it.

"It took me close on eight years' practice before I was able to balance two billiard balls on top of each other and then balance the two on a billiard cue. I started practicing it an hour a day, as a rule. After a couple of years' practice one night I woke up, having dreamed that I had performed it. I got up, rushed downstairs and began to practice with my cue and two billiard balls, and at the first attempt I balanced them. About five years later I performed the feat in public.

"For the cannon ball trick I first used a wooden ball weighing just one pound. I caught it on the wrong place and was knocked senseless, but I kept on practicing until I found out how to do it. Now I use an iron ball weighing sixty pounds. If I didn't catch the ball on the right place on the back of my neck it would kill me, but there is no chance of my making a mistake."

Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.

Riding the Rail.

A Georgia paper says, "He who rides on the rail courts death."

It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

It Was There.

Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener—No, but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.—Fliegende Blatter.

When a man can tell his principles from his prejudices he is tolerably educated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JUVENILE AMBITIONS.

Jealousies and Yearnings That Beset the Small Boy.

HIS MISERY AND TRIUMPHS.

The Things That Other Boys Had and He Wanted and Couldn't Get—A Fat Man's Memory Deeply Stirred by a Pair of Sleeve Protectors.

"The other day at a poultry market I saw a chicken butcher wearing a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, and I stood and laughed like a fool," said the fat man. "First time I'd seen a pair of basket sleeve protectors for years, and so I just had to laugh. Tell you why. When I was a tike I used to look with wonder and awe upon a fellow who wore a pair of basket sleeve protectors. I considered that fellow with a pair of those things was all right, all right, plus some more.

"They had a kind of jaunty air about 'em that I couldn't and can't define, but it was there, and I revered and reverenced 'em. I made up my mind that if I ever grew up and got the price, me, too, for a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, no matter what sort of work I'd happen to tackle.

"Queer dickenses, boys, eh? 'Member those patent pencil attachments that marketmen used to have—may have 'em yet—hitched to their aprons? Well, I thought those were pretty nifty things, too, and I used to secretly hanker to own one of 'em. Made up my mind that I would own one of 'em, too, when I got to be a man, but somehow I never seemed to want one when I reached the shaving age.

"Guess some of my ambitions as a boy were pretty crazy anyhow. I was so jealous of the first boy I ever met that could spit through his teeth at a mark and hit it that I hated him. That same boy pretty early in life got a job driving a delivery wagon for a grocery. Well, pretty soon after he got that job he was wearing a pair of those patent elastic sleeve supporters, or holders, or whatever you'd call 'em—things with a clutch at either end that pulled the cuff back from the wrist. This boy's pair of those things were pink elastic, and how he used to flaunt 'em before my eyes!

"He knew blamed well that those pink elastic sleeve supporters looked finer to me than any Star of India or Victoria Cross could possibly look, and he knew besides that because I had to go to school and wasn't earning anything there wasn't a possible chance on earth for me to get a pair like 'em—and so he just held 'em over me and made my life miserable. Yet when I got to the wage earning age I never seemed to care at all for a pair of pink elastic sleeve supporters.

"Another boy that I hated had a maroon colored cardigan jacket. That was before the day of sweaters. This hated boy wore the cardigan jacket beneath his regular outer coat and so he didn't have to wear any overcoat. That, I considered, was a gorgeous blessing—not to have to wear an overcoat to school. I despised this boy for having it on me that way. Anyhow, his maroon colored cardigan jacket had a couple of pockets in front that he kept full of all kinds of junk—sometimes he even carried mice to school in 'em. And that made my indignation all the greater—the fact that he had those two fine covered up pockets to his cardigan jacket.

"One great triumph did come to my tike life, though, and that was the fact that I was the first boy of my school to own a pair of copper toed boots. Well, I sprang the first pair, as I say, at my school, and I guess I didn't break the hearts of all the other boys or nothin'! Besides the copper toes, these boots had red tops, with a silver star and crescent stamped on the red tops, and that made the blow all the more frightful to the other lads that had to see me stalking around in those boots. After awhile, though, nearly all of the other youngsters showed up with copper toed boots and thus took the wind out of my sails.

"We never see boys wearing peaked caps any more—notice? I don't mean these dinky little cloth caps with peaks to 'em, but regular soldiers' caps with glazed peaks. First boy that turned up in our neighborhood with one of those things on made a sensation, all right. This same boy had got hold of a carpenter's pencil somewhere, and he'd stick that carpenter's pencil underneath his forage cap, with the sharpened end projecting in a mighty, blase way that certainly caused us to regard him as some pumpkins. I was, always crazy for a carpenter's pencil when I was a boy, but I never got hold of one—never did have much luck when I was a boy anyhow. My folks were too blamed respectable.

"As a matter of fact—you can believe it or not, but I'm telling you the truth—they wouldn't let me at the age of ten apply for the job of brakeman on a passenger train. That, I thought, was the finest job in the world—brakeman on a passenger train—just swinging a red lantern all the time, and wearing a peaked cap mostly on the left ear, and the peak pushed back so as to show an oiled hang plastered down, and sitting on a wood box in the smoker talking to fellers, and carrying a pair of red flags around everywhere, and all that. But the main appeal of the brakeman's job was the pair of red lanterns.

"Oh, well, that pair of basket sleeve protectors that I saw at the poultry market the other day certainly carried me back a long way, and I was still laughing like a fool when I strolled away."—Charleston News and Courier.

SPELLING NAMES.

There Was No Doubt About "Hannah" When the English Lady Finished.

A bygone generation witnessed an acrimonious controversy in the Irish family of O'Conor in County Roscommon as to the right of any branch of the ancient race to spell the name thus—with one "n." That right, it was maintained, was held only by the O'Conor Don as head of the house. So prolonged was the contest between the partisans of the O'Conor and O'Connor titles that it was called the "N-less" (standing for "endless") correspondence. Finally the question was referred to Sir J. Bernard Burke, the Ulster king of arms. His decision coincided with a decision in a certain other matter—namely, that much might be said on either side. The two disputing families had a common origin, a king of Connaught, and could with propriety and in accordance with tradition spell the name one way or the other. Fortified by this "award," the two families have continued to spell their name with one "n" up to the present hour.

Equally firm on the question as to how his name should be spelled was the witness in a case tried in the king's bench a few years ago. Asked his name, his prompt reply was "John 'Awkins." "Do you," queried counsel, "spell your name with or without an H?" The emphatic answer was, "J-o-h-n." As a rule, however, as we have said, variety in the spelling of the names of people, as in that of the names of places, owes its origin to people not being so clear as was our friend regarding how a name should be spelled.

Two stories in illustration of this occur to us. In the first Mrs. Quiverful was having christened her latest baby. The old minister was a little deaf. "What name did you say?" he queried. "Hannah," replied the mother, with some asperity. "Hannah." "Do you," said the other, "mean Anna or Hannah?" "Look 'ere," exclaimed the now thoroughly exasperated lady, "I won't be hexamined in this way. I mean 'Haitch-hay-hen-hen-hay-haitch'—Hannah!"

The second incident to which we refer is this. Here also there was "a lady in the case." She was on an errand, and she had to deal with the name of another party. In brief, she had bought a pair of sleeve links for her fiance when the shopman asked, "Any initials, miss?" The rest may be stated thus:

She—Oh, yes, I forgot. Engrave a "U" upon them for his first name.

Shopman—Pardon me, is it Uriah or Ulysses? Names with "U" are rare, you know.

She (proudly)—His name is Eugene.—London Globe.

"MOLL PITCHER."

History of the Famous Heroine of the Revolution.

"Moll Pitcher" was the daughter of a Pennsylvania German family living in the vicinity of Carlisle. She was born in 1748, and her name was Mary Ludwig, a pure German name. She was married to one John Casper Hayes, a barber, who when the war broke out with the mother country enlisted in the First Pennsylvania artillery and was afterward transferred to the Seventh Pennsylvania infantry, commanded by Colonel William Irvine of Carlisle, with whose family Mary Ludwig had lived at service. She was permitted to accompany her husband's regiment, serving the battery as cook and laundress, and when at the battle of Monmouth (Freehold), N. J., her husband was wounded at his gun she sprang forward, seized the rammer and took his place to the end of the battle. After the battle she carried water to the wounded, and hence her pet name of "Moll Pitcher."

Hayes died after the war was over, and she married a second husband of the name of McCauley, and at her grave in the old cemetery at Carlisle there is a monument that bears this inscription:

> Molly McCauley,
> Renowned in History as "Molly Pitcher," the Heroine of Monmouth;
> Died January, 1833.
> Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County, July 4, 1876.

On Washington's birthday, 1822, when Molly was nearly seventy years old, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted her a gift of $40 and a pension of $40 per year.

An Auditive Illusion.

"What town is that a few miles to the north?" shouted the aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the basket.

"Oshkosh!" yelled the agriculturist over whose farm the balloon was passing.

"What?"

"Oshkosh!"

"What did he say?" asked the aeronaut's companion.

"He didn't say anything. He swore at me."—Chicago Tribune.

Tolerance.

George Eliot was once asked what was the chief lesson she had learned in life's experience, and her prompt answer was, "Tolerance." It might have been expected from a woman who once said that she regarded life as a game of cards in which she watched each move with the deepest interest and turned as far as possible to her own advantage.

Common Factors.

Schoolmaster—Now, can any of you tell me whether there is a connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms? Small Boy—Yes, sir, please; there's hash!—London Opinion.