

### Cats at Home and Abroad.

In an old Welsh law, 943 A. D., it was said down that "The worth of a kitten until it shall open its eyes is one legal penny; from that time till it shall kill mice, two legal pence; after it shall kill mice, four legal pence, and so it shall remain." The penny was worth in those days very much more than it is now, from which we may infer that Grimalkins were scarce. Pearly days must indeed have been their lot, for one of our own Edwards made a law forbidding the killing of a cat, under pain of death.

Another old Welsh law ordered the following to be the penalty for killing the King's cat, "the guardian of the Royal barn": The offender was to pay as much corn as would cover the detested animal, when held up by the tip of its tail, with its whiskers touching the floor.

In Egypt cats were held especially sacred, together with dogs and crocodiles. If a cat died in an Egyptian house, there was great mourning, and the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows and carry the dead animal to the temple, there to be solemnly embalmed.

Mohammedans have a kindly feeling for cats, from tradition that their great prophet, when called to prayer, cut off his sleeve rather than disturb one that was curled up cozily upon it.

In the East, therefore, puss on the whole, does not fare badly; at Damascus there is a hospital for the sick and infirm of her race; while at Cairo, destitute cats are supported by public charity, and are fed every afternoon at a fixed hour. We can imagine that these four-footed pensioners are well acquainted with the exact time, and, whatever may be their engagement, take care not to be too late for tea.

In China Mistress Tabby herself furnishes for a meal, for John Chinaman has no objection to roast cat; and in Paris, too, at the eating-houses in the suburbs, many a savory "rabbit stew," if it could remonstrate in the "accents of its native tongue," would give vent to an unmistakable "miaow." The workmen who patronize this dainty dish, knowing this trick, are not satisfied unless a genuine rabbit's head is served up too. But a French cook is not easily duped; he makes arrangement with dealers in rabbit skins to let him have the heads for a trifling sum, and with a stock of these on hand he is enabled to overcome his customers' scruples, and pass off Pussy for Bunny again.

In an account sent in by a man named Bragge to the East India Company in 1621, we learn that cats were sometimes exported, and that apparently with great success. Here is the bill: "Item, for twenty Dogges and a great many Cats, which under God, rid away and devoured all the Rats in Shetland (Bermuda) which formerly ate up all your corn, and many other blessed fruites which that land afforded. Well, for this, I will demand of you but £5 apiece for the Dogges, and let the Cats goe. £100, 0s. 0d."

During the Middle Ages a very curious custom prevailed at Aix, in Provence. On the day of Corpus Christi, a cat dressed in swaddling clothes was exhibited in a shrine, before which incense was burnt and flowers strewn. On St. John's Day at the same town, a number of cats were placed in a basket carried in solemn procession round the city and then burnt in the market-place. The origin of this brutal custom is not known.

In Denmark, Puss was formerly held in high estimation. A curious story is told of how when the wife of the Bishop of Odensee died, her four cats, arrayed in white satin, with black velvet caps and plumes, were buried beside her in the Cathedral of St. Knud.

But in England at this very same time cats, particularly black ones, were held in righteous horror. They were looked upon as allied with the powers of darkness, and many a poor lonely creature suffered death as a witch, on account of her fondness for a black cat.

### Horse Whispering.

It is commonly believed that there are undoubtedly mysterious influences by which an immediate ascendancy is gained over the horse independent of the process of teaching or p omptings of affection. There was formerly living in the county of Cork, Ireland, a family who laid claim to the possession of a secret by which the wildest or most vicious horse could be tamed. This secret is said to have been originally imparted by a Bohemian gypsy to the then head of the family, a century and a half ago, and to have been regularly transmitted, as a parting legacy at the time of death, from the father to the eldest son. Possibly there may be in the county of Cork a scion of the family still practicing, with more or less success, the art of "horse whispering," but it is an indisputable fact that at the commencement of the present century the fame of Con Sullivan, the then head of the family, for miraculous cures of vicious horses, had spread far and wide throughout Ireland.

Among the many well-attested accounts of the wonderful achievements of Con Sullivan, "The Whisperer," the services which he rendered to Col. Westera, who afterwards succeeded to the title of Rosmore, were the talk of the whole country. The Colonel had a splendid racehorse called Rainbow, and he was anxious to run him at the races on the curragh of Kildare, but he was so wild and vicious that his owner found that he must give up all thoughts of bringing him out and running him. He would bite every one who went near him, like the present Lord Falmouth's brute Muley Edris, who "savaged" the late Fred Archer's arm, and it was necessary to tie up his head when the groom who attended him was with him. If a horse chanced to be near he was sure to bite him or try to; and the legs of the jockey who attempted to mount him did not escape his fangs. Lord Conville said he knew of a person who could cure him, and a wager of £1,000 was laid on the matter. A messenger was dispatched for Con Sullivan, who was known throughout the country side as "The Whisperer," from the supposition that he whispered into the horse's ear, by which means he quieted such as were unruly. When he was told the state of Col. Westera's horse he desired to go into the stable to see him. "You must wait till his head is tied up," was said and repeated by those present. "No occasion," said Con, "he won't bite me." So in he went, after peremptorily ordering no one to follow him till a given signal should imply that they had his permission. He then shut the door for the unenviable tete-a-tete. In a little

more than a quarter of an hour the signal was heard. Those who had been waiting in alarm for the result rushed in and found the horse extended on his back playing like a kitten with the Whisperer, who was quietly sitting by him. Both horse and operator appeared exhausted, particularly the latter, to whom it was necessary to administer brandy and other stimulants before he could be revived. The horse was perfectly tame and gentle from that day.

In the spring of 1804, Mr. Whaley's King Pippin was brought out to run at the curragh of Kildare. He has been described as a horse of the most savage and vicious disposition; he had a habit of flying as and worrying any person who came near him. When he could turn his head round he would seize his rider's leg with his teeth and drag him from his back. The difficulty of managing such a horse may be conceived, and on this occasion it was impossible to put a bridle on him. The Whisperer was now sent for. He remained shut up in the stable all night. In the morning King Pippin was seen following him like a dog—lying down at the word of command, and permitting any person without resistance to put his head in his mouth, while he stood "gentle as a lamb." He was brought out in the course of the meeting, was run, and won the race.

The fame of the Whisperer had now spread throughout the country, and his services were in extensive demand. This extraordinary person has been noticed in many and various publications. Crofton Croker speaks of him in his "Fairy Legends" as "an ignorant rustic of the lowest class, while he bears ample testimony to his extraordinary powers."

### A LAND OF ROMANCE.

Luxuries of Life in Paraguay—Devils of Beautiful Women.

Paraguay is surely one of the most favored lands on earth. There no insane love of gold compels the heart to questionable deeds. No political situation harasses the mind. The very atmosphere breathes peace. The air is soft and balmy, inviting to repose, and prolific nature, throwing about everything her garment of rich vegetation, supplies man with all he needs and beautifies all that his eyes rest upon. Paraguay is, indeed, almost a fairy land of romance, so beautiful are its manifold attractions.

The native portion of the population is a remnant of the tribe of Guarani Indians, one of the loftiest tribes in the grade of civilization of all the American race. But nothing astonishes the visitor to Paraguay so much as the vast preponderance of the female over the male population. The proportion is something like nine to one. This is the result of a long and very fierce war, in which the Guaranians followed and supported a cruel and ambitious ruler through indescribable hardships and sufferings. This war ended only with the death of the man who waged it, and has reduced the whole population to about one-sixth of what it was twenty years ago, leaving only women and boys. These women (this writer continues) are as beautiful and fair to look upon as can be found in any part of the world.

They are of medium height, rather slight and lithe, with finely moulded limbs, small, pretty hands and feet and figures of matchless grace and beauty that would serve for models of the sculptor's art. Their carriage is so easy and natural as to be almost the poetry of motion, for the freedom from high heeled boots and tight clothing has left their step light, supple and strong. Their dress is of the simplest form; a short tunic or robe not unlike a skirt falling to below the knees and a shoulder covering not unlike a shawl,—both of pure white and adorned with pretty native lace. They are gracefully worn, and bewitchingly serve to half reveal and half conceal the form beneath. In the midday siesta they are fond of lying languidly in their hammocks, sipping their mate and singing in their low, sweet voices, yet sad and with a touch of melancholy, the "naranaras," or songs of the orange gatherers, or those other strange, weird songs of theirs whose words are all of love. Indeed, what need to do ought else in a land so blessed as theirs?

Living entirely upon fruits and vegetables that are secured with little effort, unmoved by the ambitious schemes of the money making Europeans, upon whom they look with questioning wonder, and possessed of languid, voluptuous natures that are fostered by the climate, what else should they do save love, and dance, and sing? Dancing is their only pastime, and into that they throw the whole spirit of their joyous nature. The slightest excuse is all that is necessary for getting up a ball, at which the whole neighborhood at once assembles.

The girls and women are dressed only in the robes described. The men wear white linen trousers and red ponchos. The dances are in quadrat, original figures, but nearly always very graceful. Sometimes the festivities will be kept up through the entire night, after which the participants will gayly return to their occupations, of whatsoever nature, always contented, always happy. Sometimes there will be a grand contribution picnic at some distant point, where the dancing will be kept up for the round of a whole twenty-four hours. For truly these people live but to be happy through the life-long day.

After reading this one is not surprised to hear that many visiting Europeans, Englishmen among the rest, have settled down in the country. "Who would not rather become a lousy eater among the lousy eaters and settle down upon the sunny hillside or shady river banks, amid fragrant and fruitful orange groves, to forget a regretted past and live only in the happy present, waited upon by the simple, white robed Indian woman—devoted, affectionate and surpassingly fair?"

### Paris' Trade in Violets.

The enormous trade which is being done in violets in Paris this year, is reported to be due to a discovery recently made by a well known author. He has got a sight of the recipe used by the Empress Josephine as a means for rendering her "beautiful forever," and to which she owed that marvelous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Napoleon used to have boiling milk poured over a basinful of violet flowers, and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great baskets of violets to be left at their doors early, and this homemade cosmetic is reported to be in daily use this season by thousands.

### Cool Bravery.

I have heard it said that all men are generally braver than tall men, but one of the most stolidly immovably brave men I have ever known is several inches over six feet in height. I have often seen him from pure laziness, when relieved from duty in the advanced trenches before Sebastopol, step out calmly in the rear of the parallel where he happened at the moment to be, and take a bee-hive for camp, exposed for many hundred yards to a heavy rifle fire from the advanced works of the Russians. He might have walked home through the trenches in safety, but he was too lazy or too careless of life to go so far round. I remember a curious instance of his imperturbability some years afterwards, when I met him in Cairo. In the assault of the Taka forte we had to cross two ditches filled with water. One of these was sufficiently wide and deep to require a bridge to be thrown over it. In carrying up a light infantry round shot went to launch into this ditch a pounce shot bridge through one of the pontoons. To launch it in that condition would have caused it to sink, and we had great difficulty in getting the injured pontoon out of the bridge under the close, severe fire to which we were exposed from the works behind the ditch. In common with all the other mounted sappers, I had left my horse at a safe distance behind under some cover. I was therefore astonished when, upon standing up after working at this little bridge on the ground, to see beside me a very tall man on a very tall horse. The position was actually comical, and, as well as I remember, I laughed as I saw my cool friend there at the edge of the ditch, a regular cockshot for every Chinaman near him. He said something to me which, owing to the great din and noise at the moment I could not hear, so moving nearer to him I carelessly put my hand on his leg. He winced a little as I touched him, and, calmly saying "Don't put your hand on my leg, for I have just had a bullet in there," went on with his conversation as if only a mosquito had bitten him. That man is now known to all as Lieutenant General Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., who commanded a brigade at Tel-el-Kebir, and who was afterwards in chief command at El-Teb and the many other bloody engagements which took place near Suakin.—General Lord Wolseley.

### My First View of the Queen.

"S.S." a Scotch correspondent, writes as follows—On the morning of the day of the expected first visit of her Majesty to Scotland, we were all on the *qui vive*. As the windows of my room at the back looked to the Granton Road, the youngsters of the family were every now and again calling out, "Sister Anne! Sister Anne! do you see anybody coming?" At length I said, "Yes, a cloud of dust, horses prancing, helmets gleaming!" There was not a moment to lose, so I ran with dress loose, bonnet in hand, and a small Stuart tartan shawl on arm. On coming out I saw two young ladies I knew, with tartan scarfs on their arms, and bent on the same errand as myself. One of them possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous, and laughed heartily at the evident signs I showed of hasty dressing. We sped up Inverleith Row till we came to Dickson's Nursery, where a beautiful arch has been erected, principally of heather and dahlias, *à la mode* being lovely. We mounted the benches, and looked round, "monarchs of all we surveyed." The Queen's cortege soon came in sight, slowed at the arch, and in silence we waved our tassets. There sat in the carriage a fair young interesting face, with pretty pink bonnet, hair smoothed on brow, and Royal Stuart tartan shawl. At her side sat Prince Albert, with fair hair, light moustache, and handsome uniform. The Queen called his attention to the arch. We wished we had had twelve eyes in place of two, to take in the delightful picture. They kindly and graciously bowed, smiled, and drove on; and it was not till then we gathered courage to cry "Huzza! huzza!" My friends turned to go home, but I followed on, till, reaching Pitt Street, I felt so tired I could go no further. I turned to go home (a long way), but I never wearied, I had so much to think of. I saw her Majesty afterwards at Holyrood and in Princess Street next day. She had changed her pink bonnet for a white one, trimmed with white ostrich feathers; blue silk dress, with Royal Stuart tartan shawl. How happy the Royal pair looked! The Queen standing on the ramparts of the Castle beside Mona Meg, alone, where she was seen by thousands, and where she looked down on a forest of upturned faces, was a sight I shall never forget.

I have had many sights of the Queen in after years—viz, when unveiling the statue in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh; in Perth in the Pavilion, with her sword on the Provoet's shoulder. On leaving the Pavilion I had the pleasure of seeing her enter her carriage—being, with her ladies, comfortably tucked with her wraps by the trusted Mr. John Brown. The party was driven off amid deafening Scottish cheers. The last occasion on which I saw her Majesty was when going down the middle of the Edinburgh Exhibition, and that lovely Ode was sung, beginning with "Lord of Heaven and Earth and Ocean."

### Looking Very much Like a Speculator.

Husband—It looks like rain, my dear. Don't you think we had better take an umbrella? Wife—Oh, no; we don't want to be bothered with it. Husband—You take great risks, my love. Wife—I know I do. If I were a man I would be a bold speculator. I would never be content, like you, to do an ordinary, humdrum business that would just bring me a living.

An hour later the couple were standing in a narrow doorway, with the rain beating fiercely in.

Wife—How do I look? Husband—Very much like a speculator, sharer of my joys and sorrows.

### Trouble Ahead.

Old Lady—Why are you not playing ball with the other little boys? Little Boy—I muffed or fly in de left field, an' de capt'n chucked another feller in me place.

Old Lady—I wouldn't watch them play if they treated me like that.

Little Boy—I ain't watchin' 'em play; I m waitin' till de game's over ter lick de capt'n.

### "In Three Days."

BY L. A. MORRISON.

Jesus wept in the Temple those that sold oxen and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting, and he drove them all out, saying:—Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise. The Jews answered, what sign showest thou, seeing thou exceed these things? Jesus said, destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. John 11: 49-52.

I thank Thee for this "Three Day" sign, Thou "Son of Joseph," 'tis to me A proof thou art the Man divine—Whence glorious karitages 'twill be To ransom, and recover mine, And set the sin-sick'd nations free.

No lawful lust for soild gold gain, May rule Thy Courts, or bid Thy Ways; Thy Temples ever shall remain Till Time is done, and Earth decays—Free as Thy love, to all, who this World's father 'ere their willings praise.

I'er, 't' Thee, the promised hope—The Spirit's "Law of Love" brings in—Tis like the sin-sick'd human up To Eden's measure and d. th. win For man the power, 't' sin wrong to come, And toll the "Law of Death a d. sin."

I know, from this, Thou hast the power To thrill my resurrected dust, And breathe—new—the Spirit's power Of life, in all, who on Thee trust: Thou canst thither 't' this hour, And through it, 't' I may still be just.

This "Three-Day" sign is proof for all; The promised life-time of Thy Word; A man—who suffered by "The Fall" 't' he were his heritage, 't' red, Beyond the Cross I-har-Tee call, And know Thou art my risen Lord.

"THE ELMS," Toronto.

### When My Ship Comes In.

White sandy shore before me lies, From which swift surges backward fly; And where blue ocean meets blue skies In haze blending shows a ship—Pale, indistinct, as barque of dreams, On gliding, it unmoving, seems.

Perchance a fairy craft it is, With countless treasures in the hold—Bright gems and perfumes rare, I wad, And untold wealth of shining gold. A ship for which I've waited long,—Ship writ in tale and song in song.

A careless child upon the shore,—A happy child with bare white feet—Pursues the waves and, through their roar, Slugs gladly catch this couplet sweet:—"Life's Hope and Youth are dying!" Fulfillment when my ship comes in."

The dim white sail glides slowly by, Far, far next line of sky and sea, Until it's close to me, and then, I see, Yet, somewhere, know I that to me A ship is sailing, bringing all Of joy or pain that shall befall.

A phantom barque, with sails like wings, It drifts along the tide of time, And unavailing what fate it brings, I listen to the happy rhyme:—"Life's grandest promise will begin, Fulfillment when my ship comes in."

### Shadows at the Door.

In my childhood, I remember How, one day in bleak December, We bore Baby Nell Past the tolling bell; Leaving it, and tongs, and spoking;—"Life's Hope and Youth are dying!" Wint'ry blasts kept on replying.

As the pre-cher Read from Scripture, Saying, "It is well!" Ah! he could not feel the pressure our hearts bore,—Saw no tiny shadow nestling at our door.

In the churchyard, gathered slowly, Household tasks, white and lowly, Shine throughout the day—Pare in sunset lay—"Till the unknown land seemed nearer, Ever drawing our souls nearer, Vanished voices sang the clearer Through our sorrowed way. Many shadows waited for us now beside The dear, I-wy Hotel of our farmhouse door.

One gaunt shadow haunted ever, Mooki'g every day's endeavor;—"Life's Hope and Youth are dying!" Curse and crown of strife! Eased its fierce clutch from us never, Bringing gleefully fat curses, Stark in gayly-liveried hearse,—Every curse threatening woe, Cutting its way to our door.

Poverty, in-tun'd, wail'd, howled before, The warm threshold of our homely homestead door.

Harry—brave and handsome brother—Came one day and kissed our mother, Began for the first,—"Life's Hope and Youth are dying!" War's fiercest holley! Her face flushed our noisy sorrow As we watched him, on the morrow, Join the soldier crowd; Heard his voice so loud:—"Coming, star-d. cked, home some day, Just to make 'em proud!" And he came—another way. O, the army—red! Union Jack a shroud, Could ye not have 'pardy'd that shroud? Fo eign soil enshrines his body evermore, But his shadow lives constant at our door.

Then one voice forgot its singing; From the piated tones were ringing; Silver trumpets clear Sweetly drew her near. Wooing her towards that twilight Day by day she faded white, Passing, painless, from our home-light, Love unrep fear! All our ways grew still'er, gentler than before, When she joined that group of shadows at our door.

Stealthy shadows, gullt engendered, We e upon our home-life rendered, Shades the flesh within; Yet our souls were kias; And their hands in firm clasp keeping, Oft we washed with bitter weeping.—Anxious guard kept 'em in sleeping. But Death's mist crossed our tryist, Velling all the mighty anguish our hearts bore, Leaving us still sadder shadows at the door.

All are resting with a headstone, While I linger near the heartstone Dear-faced shadows come To the olden home, Peeping solitude—dew frosty—Making all my work less weary; Showing life in phases cheery, Which I seize To appease My mute longings for the past which comes no more, Save in shadows from the portal of Life's door.

### King Ja Ja's Breakfast.

The British consul at St. Vincent the other day invited the African King Ja Ja to join him at breakfast. He arrived at the appointed hour and was told to make himself at home. Opposite the African monarch was a large ham intact. Ja Ja quietly grabbed the knuckle bone and placed the whole ham in his plate, eating it in a remarkably short space of time, and afterward gnawed the bone. The dignified governor was horrorstruck, but was too well-bred to appear to notice his guest's formidable gastronomic powers.

But this was not all. Ja Ja next spied a jar of preserves, and with a tablespoon soon put it under his vest. The king asked for "more." Another jar was produced and disposed of. Still the king was not satisfied, and it was not until he had eaten four jars of preserves, in addition to the ham, that the king breathed a sigh of satisfaction, and smiling at the half-petrified governor and his amused guests said:—"Rum, muchee rum."

A bottle of good old Jamaica was produced, and the king, with the help of a large tumbler, washed down his repast. Just as the king was preparing to ask for a second bottle, the breakfast party politely adjourned.

### THE MAKING OF TIME TABLES.

One of the Most Difficult Branches of the Railroad Business.

A railroad time-table governing the running of trains on any road of considerable length is one of the most important things in the management. The preparation of such a table is a very ingenious as well as critical bit of work. The means employed are of the simplest sort—common pins and spools of colored threads, in connection with a large drawing paper mounted on an easel. This paper is called a time chart.

The chart is ruled either for two, five or ten minutes' time by horizontal lines or perpendicular cross lines. The "time" is marked above the horizontal lines, and the distances or stations and terminals down the first perpendicular line. For illustration, 12 midnight is the mark on the first horizontal line and each hour is marked until the twenty fourth or the following midnight hour is reached on the last horizontal line.

Between the hourlines the space is divided into minutes and graduated as fine as desired. On a two-minute chart the space between the hours is divided into ten minutes' time, and the ten minutes' time into two minutes' time. The hour lines are made heavy and the lesser time lines are of a lighter shade to distinguish them.

One terminal of the road is marked on the first line beside the first time mark 12 midnight. The other stations follow down the perpendicular line until the other terminal is reached. Then all is ready to prepare for the running arrangement, providing the pins and thread are ready.

A blue thread means a passenger train, a red thread a freight train, and if the trains of other roads use part of the track they are designated by a different colored thread.

It is calculated that the running time shall be, say twenty five miles an hour, and for the purpose of illustration, the tracing of one passenger train will answer the purpose of explaining them.

A passenger train leaves the first station say at 8 A.M. A pin is placed on the horizontal line at 8 A.M. time mark and the end of the blue thread fastened thereto.

If the train runs without stopping for fifty miles the blue thread is stretched over opposite the station at which the stop is made, and directly under the 10 A.M. time mark another pin is stuck and the blue wrapper about it to keep it taut.

If this is a stop say of ten minutes the blue thread is stretched to the 10:10 A. M. mark in a direct line with the same station and another pin stuck and blue thread wrapped.

The train starts and its entire course is thus timed and distributed along the road.

If the railroad has many passengers and freight trains running daily the time chart, when it is completed, looks like a great spider's web stretched with pins. But little work remains to transfer the time and stations to the time table and the schedule is ready for the printer.

### FALL FOLLIES.

"Yes," said Mr. Newpaw, "I'm head of the firm down town, but when I'm at home nights I'm floor walker most of the time."

The play entitled "The Postage Stamp" hadn't been out two weeks when some one tried to "lick" the author, as might have been expected.

"Are you acquainted with Jimson over there?" "No." "He's laid out more than you could count in an hour." A desperado, eh? "No; an undertaker."

She—"Harry, you would make a poor soldier." He—"A poor soldier! Why, Maud?" She—"Because you don't seem to know how to use your arms." (Tableau.)

Go shoot the hat, the old straw hat, It's served its purpose, now; Convert it into kindling stuff, Or feed it to the cow.

Mrs. H.—"Nora, did Mrs. Richey leave any message when you told her I was not at home?" Nora—"N, ma'am, she didn't, but she looked very much pleased."

Child (pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific combat between a lion and crocodile).—"What are those things doing, pa?" Father—"Talking politics, my dear."

When lovely woman shifts her bustle, Before she sits upon a chair, She always has an awful tussle, But you never hear her swear.

Attorney—"Your testimony before the coroner was very different from what it is now?" Witness—"You needn't expect me to tell the same old story over again, so you can yell 'Cheestnuts!'"

A lady leaving a street car leaves behind her a parcel bearing a suspicious resemblance to a bustle. Baseball Umpire (banding it to her and speaking absent-mindedly)—"Madam, take your base."

Teacher (rhetoric class)—"Miss Purpleblood, you may express the thought 'Necessity is the mother of invention' in different words." Miss Purpleblood—"Invention is the daughter of necessity."

Old Dollikins had a dog named Watch. As the animal became old he became so deaf that he could not hear when called. So Dollikins held out his watch and it worked like a charm. The poodle came every time.

Old Lady (to village postmistress)—"Hev ye got anythin' fer me, Miss Ballard?" Postmistress—"Here's a postal from your daughter Mandy. Hev she do improve in spellin' since she 's hoins' to that boardin'-school?"

Sarah Bernhardt still keeps that coffin by her, but says: "I have come to the conclusion that I will not be buried in it. I will be cremated." As Sarah has so little flesh on her bones it is reasonable to expect that she will burn hard?

Wife—"If I were to be kidnapped, John, and spirited away from you, what would you do?" Husband—"No danger of that, my dear." Wife—"Well, just imagine it, you know." Husband—"My dear, don't you know that there is a limit even to the imagination?"

A five-year-old boy of Auburn, Me., was to spend the afternoon at the house of a young woman who, he heard his mother say, had been married four years. He was advised to take some playthings for fear he would not be contented, and his answer was: "Well, if her husband could stand it to live with her for four years, I guess I can stand it one afternoon."