

YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE AND ONE.

One day some sad news came to mamma in a letter from over the sea. It came one morning when the children were at breakfast in the nursery, and mamma was sitting with them, as she nearly always did except when there was company. She opened the letter, and her face grew very white.

"Oh!" She gave a little cry, and covered her eyes with her hand for a minute. Then she said, and her voice was low, and trembled a good deal, "Children, your Uncle George is dead."

The children all felt sorry, and their bright faces grew sober, and they forgot to eat for a moment, but I think perhaps it was somewhat on account of mamma's pale, griefed face; because Uncle George had gone to Germany when he was not much more than a boy, and had lived there ever since, and none of the children had ever seen him. So he seemed quite like a stranger to them, and not at all like Uncle Joe, whom they saw every day of their lives, and loved very dearly.

But they all felt sorry for mamma, and Baby May, who could see that something was wrong, but was not old enough to understand all about it, left her saucer of oatmeal and cream, and climbed up in mamma's lap, and patted her cheeks and kissed them until she coaxed out a little smile, that was like a gleam of sunshine for them all.

Pretty soon mamma read the rest of the letter, and then there was more news for the children.

"Your Cousin Carl is coming to us," said mamma. "You know his mother died when he was only a baby, and now he is all alone, poor little fellow, and so he is coming to live with us."

"Oh goody! goody!" cried all the children.

"Won't that be nice?"

Mamma smiled. "You must be very kind to him," she said.

"Of course we will!" said Georgie. "We'd be mean if we didn't. When will he come, mamma?"

"Before a great while," mamma answered.

But it was not until more than a month had gone by that little Carl Rupert came to his new home, and in the meanwhile the children thought a great deal about him, and wondered what he was like.

"Of course he'll have blue eyes," said Georgie, whose own were black as coals, "and yellow hair. All those Germany fellows do, you know. And I s'pose it's likely he'll be real fat and big and strong, maybe like that Hans Bergman. But if he goes to—"

Georgie doubled up his fist without knowing it, Hans Bergman was always teasing boys smaller than himself, and he was the only "Germany fellow" Georgie had ever seen.

But when he came to see his Cousin Carl—

"Dear me!

"Why, he isn't near so big as I am!" thought Master Georgie. "I could hold him with one hand, kick all he's a mind to. And his hair's as black as mine, and his eyes, too, ain't he weeny though! And he looks like mamma, only coarser half to death, and as if he'd been crying a week, poor little chap!"

That is about what Georgie thought, and his heart went out to the little stranger on the spot. So did Jack's and Meta's and Baby May's for that matter, and it wasn't long before Carl felt quite at home among them all, almost as if he had known them all his life.

"He's real chipper now," said Georgie to Uncle Joe, in confidence, "and I like him tiptop; but he does tell the greatest yarns you ever saw, Uncle Joe."

"How's that?" asked Uncle Joe, beginning to look interested. "What about, Georgie?"

"Oh, everything 'most," Georgie answered. "Bout the way folks do over where he used to live. Over there he says, old St. Nicholas comes round on a white horse long enough before Christmas, and finds out who's been good, and what they want, and all, and then gives it to 'em when Christmas comes. And they all fill their shoes with stuff for the white horse to eat, and put 'em out doors, and sometimes they find their shoes filled full of candy. Don't you b'lieve, Uncle Joe, he says he's seen St. Nicholas time n' again, Carl does, so he knows it's so. Now ain't that a whopper?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Uncle Joe, gravely. "I don't know as 'tis, Georgie, boy. You've seen Santa Claus, haven't you?"

"Ye-es," admitted Georgie. His own mind wasn't quite clear even yet about the queer little dumpling of a man, covered ears to toes with fur, whom he had caught in the very act of filling the stockings last year. He hadn't more than half believed there was any real, true Santa Claus, you see, and had kept awake behind the sitting-room sofa to find out for himself. I think I must tell you all about it sometime; I haven't room here.

"Well, why shouldn't there be a St. Nicholas, then," asked Uncle Joe, "like the one Carl tells about?"

"I don't know," answered Georgie. But he didn't believe there was, all the same. You could tell by the way his lips curled at the corners. They curled in exactly the same way a little while afterward when the children were all cuddled around the cozy nursery fire.

"We're going to do the way Carl says," said Dean.

"Pooh and nonsense!" said Georgie. "We are!" declared Meta, stoutly; "and put out our shoes with oats in 'em, so!"

"And I'm going to ask for the best sled in this town," said Jack.

"You'd be likely to get it," said Georgie, curling his lip more and more.

"Well, I will, now," replied Jack, "jussé Carl says—"

"Carl's foot!" interrupted Georgie. "You're a goosy gump! And Carl's a story-teller. There isn't a boy such a thing. The little German cousin's black eyes filled with tears. 'There was a St. Nicholas where I used to live; that went round the way I told you,' he said. 'But maybe there isn't here.'"

"Anyhow we'll try it," said Meta. "I wouldn't be so hateful, Georgie Holmes!" Those tears touched Georgie's heart. He did not mean to be unkind.

"Well, I won't," said he. "Let's play something, now. Try if you want to."

"So they would and so they did. When the night of the 6th of December came they all, excepting Georgie, filled their shoes

with oats for the white horse and put them out on the steps, and then they came and sat down around the fire to wait. "It's so funny!" gurgled Meta; isn't it mamma?"

"Very funny," smiled mamma. "I hope he'll come," said Carl, soberly. "But I'm afraid he won't; it's so far to here."

Then Georgie's lip began to curl, but before he could speak, there was a clash of bells outside, and a thundering rap on the door, which opened itself, and in walked—St. Nicholas!

He was very, very tall, with long, white hair, and a beard that covered most of his face, and he wore a black gown that trailed on the floor, and carried a big book under one arm. The children clung around mamma, in delighted terror, hardly daring to breathe. Even Carl was a little frightened.

"My dear madam," said St. Nicholas, in a very low, deep voice, "have these children all been good?"

Mamma just glanced at Georgie. St. Nicholas was looking at him, too. Georgie felt his cheeks grow red.

"They have done pretty well," answered mamma. "I think they have all tried to be good."

Then St. Nicholas opened his book and scribbled away at a great rate for a minute, looking first at one child and then at another, but oftener at Georgie. Then he asked two or three more questions of mamma, and shook Carl's little, trembling hand and hoped he was well. And then of a sudden, nobody knew just how it happened, the lamp went out, and when it was lighted again St. Nicholas had gone.

"Well, if that ain't the greatest!" said Georgie, as soon as he could find his tongue. "He did come! He did come!" cried Carl. "Oh, I'm very glad!"

"Now, let's look at our shoes," said Jack. "Would you believe it? The oats were gone, and the shoes were full of nuts and candy."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Meta. "Now, don't you wish you'd put yours out, Georgie Holmes?"

Georgie made a wry face. "Maybe I don't," said he. "Look here, we forgot to tell him what we wanted, after all."

"So we did!" said Carl, "but he'll bring it just as well. Here, Georgie, is a share of mine. He knows, you see."

He must have known, because Christmas brought to them all just what they most wanted. But Georgie hasn't got over being puzzled yet.

"It's the funniest thing," he says. "I don't know hardly what to think, mamma. You know he was awful tall, and Uncle Joe—his awful tall, too. But I'd put out my shoe next Eve of St. Nicholas, true as you live."

Father Christmas.

It is a question if the children who believe in Santa Claus are happier than those who know that loving human hands fill up their Christmas stockings. At all events, among little people whose hearts are in the right place, it is never the value of the gifts brought by the holy time, but the tenderness prompting them which ensures their grateful welcome. Says the celebrated author, George Sand, of her Christmas festival:

I have not forgotten the absolute belief I had in the descent down the chimney of Old Father Christmas, a good old man with a snowy beard, who, during the night, as the clock struck twelve, was to come and place in my little shoe a present, which I should find upon awaking.

Twelve o'clock at night! that mysterious hour unknown to children, and which is represented to them as the impossible limit to which they can keep awake. What incredible efforts did I not make to resist my tendency to sleep before the appearance of the little man!

I felt anxious yet afraid to see him; but I could never keep awake long enough, and the following morning my first anxiety was to go and examine my shoe in the fireplace.

What emotion did I not feel at sight of the white paper parcel! For Father Christmas was exceedingly clean in his ways, and never failed to wrap his offering carefully.

I used to jump out of bed, and run barefooted to seize my treasure. It was never a very magnificent affair, for we were not wealthy. It used to be a little cake, an orange, or simply a nice rosy apple; but nevertheless it seemed so precious to me that I scarcely dared eat it.

Scientific.

Silk thread, says Sanitary News, is soaked in acetate of lead to increase its weight, and persons who pass it through the mouth in threading needles and then bite it off with the teeth have suffered from lead poisoning.

In France if a patient who is under chloroform shows any signs of heart failure, those in attendance hold him head downward till he is restored. This method is said never to fail; and so convinced are some surgeons of its efficacy that they have operating tables made in such a fashion that one end can be elevated at a moment's notice, and the patient be practically made to stand on his head for an instant or two.

The testimony of Prof. Orton, the state geologist of Ohio, given in a natural gas case at Toledo, is not calculated to pull natural gas very far out of the slump in which it is. Natural gas, he said, is now a fixed quantity, its manufacture having ceased long ago. Hence the more that is taken out of the earth the less that remains to be taken out. With care and economy the northwestern Ohio field, with the present draft upon it, will last for from five to eight years, but not for ten, he thinks. Three years he gives as the average life of a gas well.

An Unexpected Calamity.

Fond Husband—"My dear, you knew I promised you a diamond necklace this year."

Helpful Wife—"I know you did, but let it go—the water pipes burst last night."

The Cause of Her Grief.

She wept and she wept and she wept. As she sat with her head in a wimple. "Why this grief?" I exclaimed as I swept to her aid; and her answer was simple;

"They said I could make either side in my cheek a most beautiful dimple. If I cut out a piece, and I tried, and it isn't a dim— it's a plm—ple!"

A GREAT SURGICAL FEAT.

A Delicate and Difficult Operation Successfully Performed.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 10.—The surgeons at the city hospital have performed an operation which is said to be one of the most remarkable in the annals of surgery. The patient is a German, John F. Bersenbruch, and he is 14 years of age. His disease is due to the ova of a peculiar kind of worm which inhabits the dog and other animals.

The ova finds its way into the stomach of man in drinking water, thence it is carried to the liver by the blood vessels. The egg is about 160th of an inch in diameter, and the parts which develop it are found in the water on the ground, and stick to the surface of vegetables, and thus it is possible in eating vegetables uncooked to take these ova into the body. The animal from these ova, however, is not developed in man. The eggs come in the stomach of man increase at an enormous rate. From the stomach they are absorbed by the blood vessels leading to the liver. Here the ova form cysts, or little bags, around themselves, like the caterpillar in its cocoon.

When this cyst is taken into the stomach of the dog it develops into the full-grown hydatid, which is one quarter of an inch in length, with a head one-sixteenth of an inch furnished with numerous little hooks and suckers. Bersenbruch was a laborer at the Jesuit college at Woodstock, and had complained of a dull but severe pain in his right side since last spring. He had wasted away and lost nearly forty pounds of flesh. Pro. Bevan, who diagnosed the case, made an incision in the wall of the right side of the abdomen, just below the ribs, and about a gallon and a half of pus was taken from the man's liver. The method of removing the hydatid cysts is by means of draining the liver, which operation is very modern surgical art. The pain of the patient before the operation was intense, the tumor in his right side having distended his liver nearly fifteen inches. The great pain seemed to leave him shortly after the operation, and he now appears to be recovering from his terrible disease.

Isabella, the Vagabond Queen.

It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, a proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a ruler whom they could not respect; her good-hearted, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them. Her total lack of reticence appealed to them; they could follow so easily all the workings of her mind, whether, with childish petulance, she was reproaching her ministers with betraying her, or confessing with remorse she had wronged them. If her sins were open so was her repentance. Year by year, when Holy Week came round, this woman, who for the other 51 weeks had been outraging every law, human and divine, knelt in church for the hour together, and, with loud sobs and groans, proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make atonement in the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow, sorrowed too, and when Easter Day arrived, were so convinced as she was that a new era in her life was at hand. The Maundy Thursday assemply never failed to win for her hearty adherents. She washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest zeal; spoke to them such kindly, loving words; served them with food as if she thought it a privilege to do so, and, at the close of the feast, cleared the table with a dexterity that showed her heart was in her work. Her splendid robes—she always wore full court dress upon these occasions—seemed to enhance the touching humility of her attitude, and, although the free-thinking part of the community scoffed at what they called the popish mummery of the whole affair, that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it. One year, while she was serving at table, a diamond fell from her head—down on to the plate of one of the beggars. A dozen hands were stretched out to restore the jewel, but the Queen motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply: "It has fallen to him by lot."

Her generosity was unbounded; it is not her nature to say "no" to a beggar; while the one point upon which she made a firm stand against her Ministers was insisting upon her right to exercise mercy, and the hardest struggle she ever had with them was a proposal of a pardon granted at the request of Rastori. A queen has many chances of doing little gracious acts, and Isabella never failed to seize each one as it came in her way; not, however, for the sake of winning popularity, but simply to follow the bent of her own nature, which, as she showed the other day, is still unchanged, for she of all Paris was the first to remember that Prado's victim needed help and comfort.—[Gentlemen's Magazine.

House Work in Buenos Ayres.

Servants are unmanageable in Buenos Ayres. General houseworkers are unknown. For the smallest family one needs a cook, a housemaid, and, instead of a maid-of-all-work, a boy of any age from ten years, and I have seen even younger on duty in native households. Besides these no washing can be done at home. There was, I am told, at one time even a law against the drying of clothes in one's own patio or on the roof. At any rate a laundress is an almost impossible person to get, and clothes are given out to the laundresses, who support themselves by the pursuit of that profession alone. They wash in the river, which is very wide, and very shallow on its southern shores, and rising only when gales are blowing from the sea, leaves on its retreating great pools of water in the hollows of the beach. These pools are the wash tubs for the whole city, and flat stones are used as boards, the clothes being rubbed between two such; so it is not to be wondered at that all kinds of wash goods want frequent replacing. The same women who wash do not iron. They are themselves employed by the person engaged by one's self, who usually is the ironer and who receives the pay for the whole. I found this arrangement very unsatisfactory, for there was no one person who seemed to be responsible for the return of the things and for the manner in which they were done.—[Good Housekeeping.

A Question of Habit.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."

"Indeed, an' O am, sor. It's a family trait, O do be thinkin'!"

"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"My father, is it? Fajr, an' he rises that early that he'd go to bed a little later, he'd make himself gettin' up in the mornin'."

SPIRITUOUS STATISTICS.

Production of Wine in Various Countries—Our Consumption of Distilled Spirits.

The chief of the government bureau of statistics, in his recent report to the secretary of the treasury on the production, consumption, etc., of spirituous and malt liquors and wines, extended his investigations through a series of twenty years, in order to compare the relation borne by the liquor industries in the United States to those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Canada. The following are some of the leading characteristics exhibited, so far as relates to the countries mentioned: First, the rapid increase of the consumption of malt liquors in the United States; second, in the consumption of beer per capita Great Britain stands first, Germany second, the United States third, and Canada fourth; third, France is the largest consumer of wine per capita; fourth, Denmark appears to be the largest consumer of spirituous liquors per capita. From a report by the United States consul at Marseilles, dated Feb. 27, 1889, the production of wine in the principal wine-growing countries of the world, vintage of 1888, is given in gallons as follows: Australia, 1,902,024; Austria, 92,459,500; Algeria, 72,072,788; Cape Colony, 4,490,890; France, 795,204,534; Greece, 46,493,920; Hungary, 184,919,000; Italy, 798,242,459; Portugal, 132,085,000; Roumania, 18,418,900; Russia, 92,459,500; Serbia, 52,334,000; Spain, 607,591,000; Switzerland, 29,058,700; Turkey and Cyprus, 68,684,200; United States, 32,000,000. It may interest prohibitionists to know in detail that during the year ending June 30, 1888, there were consumed in the United States distilled spirits as follows, the figures representing proof gallons: Domestic, from fruit, 888,107; Other—Bourbon whisky, 12,190,013; rye whisky, 5,148,244; alcohol, 10,487,938; rum, 1,114,544; gin, 805,288; high wines, 1,041,888; pure neutral, etc., 28,289,687; miscellaneous, 14,174,979. Total domestic, 74,201,386. Imported—Alcohol, 153,143; brandy, 437,519; cordials, etc., 143,780. Other—From grain, 648,107; from other materials, 236,408. Total imported, 1,643,966. Total spirits, 75,845,352.

A Good Boy.

It was a bright morning in early spring. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing in the tree tops. In a small old house facing an alley in the large city of New York, lived a poor widow and three children. John, who was the eldest of the boys, sold papers, while James and Ned stayed at home with their mother.

John was not always successful in selling his papers, and this made him very sad. At last, the time came when his poor family had no more food to eat, and they came near starving. One morning when John was walking along the street selling papers, he saw something drop from a lady's pocket who was walking ahead of him. John ran and picked it up. It was a purse with a large sum of money in it.

Now John was a good boy and knew it would not be right to keep the purse although they were poor and in need at home so he ran up to the lady and asked her if the purse belonged to her.

"Yes," she said, "I just lost it. Thank you, my boy. Come with me, and I will find you some work to do that will be better than selling papers. You were kind to find my purse and not have kept it, as most boys would have done."

Jenny walked along with the lady until they reached a large building. They went in. John told the lady his sad story, and she said she would give him work so that he might support himself and those at home. The lady then took him to a room in the large building. Here a man was sitting. The lady told John he was her father. He looked to be a very pleasant and good man, and so he was.

The lady then told her father the story, and he said, with a smile on his face, "I will give you work here, my boy, if you will come to me early in the morning, and I will pay you a good sum of money each month."

That night John ran home, very happy, and told his mother the good news. How surprised she was, and how glad that Johnny had work!

The next morning John went to work bright and early and did his many errands for the gentleman. Johnny earned enough in this way, so they were a much more happy family. It was all through Johnny's hands.

Burdette's Advice.

Excellent advice does "Beb" Burdette, the genial humorist, give in one of his last magazine articles. Speaking of the lowering pettiness of spite he says: "Every time you are tempted to say an ungracious word, or write an unkind line, or say a mean, ungracious thing about anybody, just stop; look ahead twenty-five years, and think how it may come back to you then. Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometimes, when a man has pitched into me and 'out me up rough,' and I want to pulverize him I write a letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Then, I don't mail the letter, and I don't print the editorial. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say, 'I don't know about this.' There's a good deal of bludgeon and bow-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh and say, 'Pshaw! I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along making twenty-four hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good-natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the world, tired, vexed, harassed old world loves you." Good advice, from a humorist or anyone else.

Woman and Tobacco.

Woman. "How many of those cigars for a dollar?" Dealer. "Twelve, ma'am. Shall I do them up?" Woman. "No, I guess they're not the kind Charley smokes. I can get twenty-five for the same money on the next corner; and Charley tells me he is very economical in his smoking."

"WORK DONE" BY MOUNTAINEERS.

Calculation of the Force Expenditure of a Man Who Climbs a Hill.

The physical energy or force expended by the human body under various conditions is known to be astonishingly large, no one has ever taken the trouble to put before us that force in figures. Dr. J. B. Heister has now made a most interesting calculation on the "work done" by a man ascending in ascending heights, which will serve as an illustration. Supposing a man whose weight is 168 pounds, and whose point of starting, he has to ascend, is 7,000 feet high from the level of the sea, the amount of physical force found by multiplying his weight by the height to be ascended in the case assumed a weight of 168 pounds + a height of 7,000 feet = 1,176,000 pounds or, in other words, 1,176,000 pounds to be lifted 1 foot.

This is work performed merely by the muscles of the legs; but, besides this, the contractions of the muscles of the heart have to be taken into account. Its function is blood collecting in the heart, on the one hand, into the arteries, and, on the other, into the lungs. This is effected at an average velocity of 15 feet per second, which represents in the case of an adult a work of 120,000 foot-pounds for each contraction of the heart. The pulsations of an adult average the average 72 per minute, but in ascending heights, owing to the additional exertion, their number is increased to an extraordinary extent.

Assuming for the sake of simplicity a calculation, only 100 beats of the pulse per minute, this would give 460 foot-pounds per pulse, 24,000 foot-pounds per hour, and 120,000 foot-pounds for the five hours required to be required in ascending a height of 7,000 feet. The work performed by the muscles in breathing, by the expansion and contraction of the chest, may also be estimated at 4 foot-pounds. Assuming, further, that the number of breathings per minute on the average only twenty-five, although as a matter of fact, it will be found to be higher in a mountain ascent lasting five hours, we have to add further work of 4,000 foot-pounds.

The total work performed during five hours by a mountaineer consequently amounts to 1,326,000 foot-pounds. In this estimate not included the physical force spent in overcoming the friction on the ground, the conditions to be made in keeping the body cool at dizzy heights and in dragging heavy loads and footloans, nor the loss of muscle power in cutting steps in the ice, not to reckon the work performed in carrying an ice axe, the physical force expended in crossing frozen loose snow. Dr. Buchheister arrives at the conclusion that the work done in an ascent of 7,000 feet, lasting five hours, cannot be placed at less than 1,380,000 foot-pounds.

The Last English Military Duel.

Duelling received its death blow in England by a fatal encounter which took place on the 1st of July, 1843. Two officers, Col. Fawcett and Lieut. Munro, who were brothers-in-law, had a quarrel. Col. Fawcett was elderly, had been in India, was of health, and exceedingly irritable temper. It came out afterward that he had given his relation the greatest provocation. Still, Lieut. Munro hung back from the sole resource of a gentleman, especially a military man. He showed great reluctance to challenge Col. Fawcett, and it was only after the impression—mistaken otherwise—was given to the latter that his regiment expected him to take the old course, and that if he did not do so he must be disgraced throughout his service that he called out his brother-in-law. The challenge was accepted; the meeting place; Col. Fawcett was shot dead, and the horrible anomaly presented itself of two sisters—the one rendered a widow by the hand of her brother-in-law—and a family of children clad in mourning for their father whom their father had slain. Apart from the bloodshed, Lieut. Munro was ruined, the miserable step on which he had thrust. Public feeling was roused to protest against the barbarous practice, by which a man immeasurably his superior against him happened to have a dislike. Prince Albert interested himself deeply in the question, especially as it concerned the army. Various expedients were suggested; eventually an amendment was inserted into the Articles of War which founded on the more reasonable, humane, and Christian conclusion to offer an apology, or even to make reparation when wrong had been committed, more becoming the character of an officer and gentleman than to furnish the alternative of standing up to kill or to be killed by a hasty word or a rash act.

A Woman's Absent Mindedness.

"One of the worst cases of absent-mindedness I ever heard of that was of one of our lady passengers?"

"What were the circumstances, Captain?"

"She was a Paderborn woman, about fifty-five years old, and she had a horsehoe in her which she had found on the way to the boat."

"Well?"

"She brought it along, she said, because finding a horsehoe while on a journey was the surest sign of good luck. But when you suppose she did next morning?"

"Give it up."

"Searched under her pillow, put false teeth, packed them in her valise, and put the horsehoe in her mouth. And, when you, she never discovered her mistake, until she went to the breakfast table, and there she called her jaw with the toe of her shoe, while trying to get away with a steak."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sufficient Credentials.

Careful Parent—"Before I can give my consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character."

Suitor—"Certainly, sir, certainly. I am a member of the First National Bank of New York, and my name is on the list of directors."

Careful Parent (after a glance)—"Her, my son, and be happy."

Stumped.

First Little Boy—"My pop's a Methodist, what's yours?"

Second Little Boy—"Mine is a Methodist, too."

Theosophist? What's that?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you ask your pop?"

"I did, but, from the way he talked, I guess he doesn't know, either."