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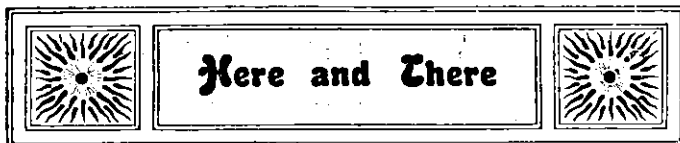
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Hear, Hear!

Orator (excitedly): "The British Lion, whether it be roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

Her First Cake.

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air. The milk and sugar also; and she took the greatest care. To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit of baking powder, which, you know, distinguishes off omelet. Then she stirred it all together, and she baked it for an hour. But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour!

Very Tiny.

The smallest screws are those used in watch factories. They are cut from steel wire by a machine. The jewel screws of a watch are barely visible to the naked eye; the magnifying-glass, however, reveals a screw with 260 threads to the inch. Such a screw is 4/1000ths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double the size of the shank. An ordinary woman's thimble will hold 100,000 of them.

Very High.

A London housemaid and her friend, both of whom were very "High Church," were bragging of the ritualistic character of the services of their respective houses of worship. Mary, the housemaid, thought to silence her opponent in the controversy by proudly announcing: "But we have matins at our church." "That's nothing," rejoined the other, contemptuously. "We have petrolene all up the aisle, and they burn insects at both services!"

Up and Down in a Balloon.

The "Cosmopolitan," which is running a series of articles on newspaper life, devotes a chapter to reporters of to-day. It bristles with good stories. For instance, Frank B. Sibley, of the "Boston Herald," tells how he went to write up a balloon ascension:—

"There were about ten thousand people outside the roped enclosure in the park, and I walked up to the inflated balloon as if I made ascensions every day. I have the misfortune to be six feet three inches tall, without much breadth, and I am noticeable in a crowd. In order to give my employers all possible advertising, I had a pair of binoculars swung over one shoulder and a barometer over the other. About the time we were to start, a rain-storm threatened, and the balloon had not sufficient buoyancy to lift two men. I explained to the aeronaut that I should have to go alone, as there was nothing in it for the newspaper to have him go by himself. He protested against turning the great bag over to a man who, as he said, had never seen the inside of a balloon. My knees began to behave badly just then, and in order to avoid crippling down and having to be lifted into the basket by main strength, I went over and sat down in it.

"There's a valve in the balloon top and this is the rope," the aeronaut explained. "Leave it alone until she bumps, then pull it gently; you will feel the top of the balloon dimple in; then jerk sharply to break out the soap which seals the hinged valve; keep on pulling to hold the valve open. Good-bye."

"That was all I knew about managing a balloon. The thing sailed some thirty-five miles before it bumped. I didn't obey instructions, because my chin struck the edge of the basket. When I regained my senses, I was a good two hundred and fifty feet in the air. I yanked on the rope and it came away slack; afterward I found I had

pulled the valve out of the fabric, but I didn't have much time to speculate about it, for I struck a barbed-wire fence. I hit two more in quick succession, snapped off a pine post on the next rebound, and after that I bumped so many things I lost track. Finally, I was thrown out of the basket. My flask fell out of my pocket, and went sailing away with the balloon, and I never needed a flask so much in my life. I lost my spectacles, too, and although for half an hour I peered around the cactus patch in which I landed, I couldn't find them, even with the aid of the binoculars. It was nearly sundown, and there was not a house in sight. The only comforting thing was the disappearance of the balloon. I hadn't the faintest notion where I was; I hadn't been in Colorado long.

"Presently I climbed a little hill, and half a mile away was a house. I walked there, and the dairy farmer was glad to see me.

"Bei Gott!" he said, "I hoped dere was a man in dot balloon and dot he was alive yet."

"That farmer owned the barbed-wire fences and the rest of the landscape I had destroyed."

The Wreck of the Rigsjarik.

The good ship Rigsjarik went down. While the ocean she foamed an' curled, An' the cap'n an' the crew an' your servant, Was thrown on the wet, wet world.

But we had a prometer on board by chance Who could doat most anything, An' he kep' us about till up came a boat That he had forgotten to bring.

An' we all got up but the cap'n bold, Who was som'er's best in the fog; When the mornin' broke, the cap'n we spoke; A-sittin' astride of his fog!

An' we allled an' sallied till our wittles failed, An' things looked blue to me; Alowse as the time was a palafal blue, An' partickeler so was the sea!

But jest as we were about to starve The wind from the sou'east drops, An' a nor-west (geer) made a choppy sea, An' we lived for a while on chops!

But we sallied an' sallied till the real chop failed, 'Twas the second week of the third, Then between two suns it blow great guns, An' with 'em we killed a bird!

An' after a couple o' weeks or more, As the proposed thing to do, On advice o' the barber, we come to a harbor— An' this is a story true!

Artless.

They met in the orchard. He had never been in the country till then. She was the farmer's daughter—"a child of Nature."

He said: "This tree seems to be loaded with apples?"

It was an apparent fact, but he felt that he must say something. She replied:

"Yes, sir; father says this a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that. Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"Oh, no. Only the apple trees," she replied softly.

The observation seemed so innocent, so artless. Yet he did not stay. He had his doubts.

Fair Bride's Determination.

"No," said the fair young bride—and in her eye was the light of a fixed resolution—"I shall go to my mother."

"But, my dear," the young husband pleaded, "we have been happy together, have we not?"

"I do not deny it," was the response, "but my determination is unchangeable—I shall go to my mother."

"Think how lonely my home will be without you! It will be no home, and the long hours of the night and day will drag themselves by in unutterable loneliness!"

"Nevertheless, I must go to my mother."

"My house will be left unto me desolate, and—"

"I just must go to my mother. I have really got to decide what my new dress shall be, and what do you know about that?"

What could he say? For there are problems that knock any man silly. So he lured his head to the blow which fate had prepared for him, and she went to her mother.

Laundry Work at Sea.

The "World's Work" says that apparently it will soon be a common thing for laundry work to be carried on at sea, since it is claimed that the difficulties of washing linen satisfactorily in salt water have at last been overcome. It is a matter to which numerous inventors have turned their attention from time to time, and as far back as 1771 a patent was taken out, but the result was failure. A salt-water powder has now been invented, by which it is said that linen can be washed and "got up" at sea as well as on land. The invention has aroused much interest, and at a demonstration of its possibilities two representatives of the Admiralty were present.

Careless Quoters.

A number of very familiar misquotations are dealt with by a writer in the "Manchester Guardian." Whereas the tongue is constantly called an "unruly member," the Bible has it, "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." Biblical misquotations are very common. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins" is the usual rendering of "charity shall cover the multitude of sins," though in this instance the misquotation is almost justified, since the revised version reads, "Love covereth a multitude of sins." The Prayer-book,

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