

After Dinner Gossip.

The Policeman's Memory.

A good memory in a police officer is an excellent thing when the identification of a prisoner is desired, but it is frequently very awkward for the identified. One day recently a prisoner was brought up at the Magistrate's Court for preliminary examination on a criminal charge. One of the constables in the Court at once recognised the accused as a person who had passed through his hands some considerable time previously. The latter communicated his suspicions to the Prosecutor, who, after asking accused his name, and receiving an answer, enquired if he had any other names. "Oh, no," replied the other. "Think for a moment," said the Prosecutor. The other thought, but he was convinced that he had no other name than the one given in the charge. "Come, now, did you ever go under the name of So-and-So?" To which the prisoner replied, in a tone of considerable surprise. "Oh, yes, I believe I did once go under that name."

Of all the curious incidents connected with the recent Australian hailstorm perhaps the most extraordinary was that recorded of the Ballarat cat. When the sky became overcast and other signs indicated that something unusual was going to happen, the Ballarat cat was enjoying itself in a paddock some distance from the house, dividing her time between lying in wait for birds and washing her face. At the first volley pussymade tracks for the house as fast as her legs could carry her. But she was too slow to get out of danger. After the storm she was dug out from beneath three or four feet of hailstones, frozen rigid. She was put into the oven, and the door left open. In about a quarter of an hour out she jumped, perfectly thawed, and none the worse for her sudden changes of temperature.

The Romance of an Eight-Year-Old.

He was one of a class of children of six or eight years of age, who had been requested to write a story, they to select a subject, and their compositions not to be subject to revision by their teacher, but to be read before the children's parents exactly as written.

"A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady, who kept a candy shop.

"The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady's daughter, because he had not enough money to buy any furniture.

"A wicked man offered to give the young man twenty-five pounds if he would become a drunkard.

"The young man wanted the money very much, so he could marry the rich candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the hotel he turned to the wicked man and said:

"I will not become a drunkard, even for great riches. Get thee behind me, Satan."

"On his way home he found a pocket-book containing a million pounds; then the young lady consented to marry him. They had a beautiful wedding and the next day they had twins.

"Thus, you see that Virtue has its own reward."

Confidence Trick Again.

The latest confidence-trick exposed at Sydney Sessions would make a cat laugh. An elderly farmer who had come to Sydney on holiday made the chance acquaintance of the usual young man, and, of course, it was not long ere they met friends, who were casually introduced. Perhaps Wayback's funds were not sufficient to make him a beneficiary of the "rich Fiji uncle"—or possibly he knew that trick—but one of the friends casually remarked to the farmer's young friend, "What are

you going to do with that?" The friend replied that if he could not sell it he would probably make "it" a present to the Art Gallery. The farmer next day was informed that "it" was a sun-dial which his friend had been exhibiting in the Botanical gardens. It was on exhibit by agreement for a period of which there was still a week to run, and at the end of that time, failing a purchaser, he, as owner, would present it to the Art Gallery. But he casually suggested that it would be a very handy thing for the farmer to possess. A visit was paid to the sun-dial in the Botanical gardens, and the farmer was so satisfied with the article that he agreed to give for it £3—£2 down, and the balance in a week, when he was to take delivery. A week later, the employees of the Gardens were surprised by the appearance of an elderly man, with a dray, who started to remove the sun-dial. The police were called, and the farmer given in charge. He gave the police full particulars, including a description of the young man from the country, and was then released. The police managed to secure the "farmer's friend," who was rewarded with "two years' hard." Is there any limit to human gullibility when the hook is baited with a bargain?—"Bulletin."

In a Billiard Room—A Point of Etiquette.

Just how Royalty should be addressed and spoken of is frequently a puzzle; but it is not often (says "The Week End") that anyone gets so utterly fogged as a certain billiard marker did recently. The Duke of Cornwall was seeking a little relaxation from the fatigue of speech-making, etc., in a game of billiards with one or two officers. Suddenly the marker beckoned the Duke's opponent aside and said in a stage whisper, "Shall I call the Duke 'Spot Yaller,' or 'is Royal ighness?'" The Duke, who overheard the query, burst into a hearty laugh as he cried, "Spot Yaller," to be sure.

Saving a Man's Life by Cutting His Throat.

One of the Dublin hospitals was the scene of a startling occurrence just before the last mail left. A patient had to undergo the simple operation of having some glands removed from his neck. For some reason the man's tongue took such a position under the effect of the chloroform as to entirely obstruct his breathing. Several ineffectual attempts were made to extricate the tongue, and the man was dying of suffocation under the eyes of the helpless and horrified students and nurses, when the eminent Dublin surgeon who attended the case performed with marvellous coolness and presence of mind the operation of tracheotomy on the man's throat, which instantly restored the patient's breathing and life. One of the young witnesses exclaimed in his enthusiasm, "It takes an Irishman to save a man's life by cutting his throat."

Saved by a Dream.

A remarkable instance of a dream turning out a reality, and at the same time assisting in saving the lives of two little girls, is reported from Cretown, on the shores of the Solway. At nightfall Mr W. Dodds, blacksmith, lost his two daughters, and search parties were organised, and occupied the night scouring the whole country round, but without success. The night was cold, and a bitter rain fell, and the worst fears were entertained for the safety of the little wanderers. One of the search party was Mr W. Scott, Casenearry, and when he fell asleep, after returning to bed well into the morning, he dreamt that he saw the lost girls in a hole in Larg Wood, some distance away. Search parties had passed that way, and failed to see the children, but so vivid

was the impression made upon Mr Scott that he got up and proceeded to the place at seven o'clock in the morning. He was rewarded for his trouble, for there he found the children, fast asleep. They were numbed with cold, but little the worse. Brushwood over the hole had hidden the objects of the quest to the searchers who had passed that way.

Remarkable Surgical Case.

The medical world in Vienna is at present stirred by a remarkable case—that of a young man, who, after six months' painful illness, which puzzled all the doctors consulted, including specialists from Germany, died a few days ago, from the consequence of having swallowed a living bluebottle fly, which laid its eggs in his intestines. The eggs developed into maggots, which, as the post-mortem examination showed, riddled a part of the large intestine, either by causing an ulcer there, or by eating their way through. The original fly is said to have been found in the stomach.

The Coronation Coinage.

The dies for the Coronation coinage having (says the "Pall Mall Gazette") being approved by the King, are now in preparation by the authorities of the Mint. The exact date of issue cannot at present be stated, but all the new currency will be issued before that great ceremony takes place. One side of the coins will bear a miniature of His Majesty, devoid of elaboration, with inscription; the details of the reverse are still under consideration for approval by the King. When the dies are made and the first coins struck they will be submitted for His Majesty's final approval. If no alteration of the designs is then commanded the coinage will be struck and issued for circulation. Hundreds of tons of gold and silver will be required for the new currency. Some idea of the amount may be conveyed by assuming the adult population of the United Kingdom to be 15,000,000; it would require 200 tons of gold to coin a sovereign for each; similarly, adding half-a-crown, a florin, shilling, and sixpenny piece together, and taking the common weight, it would require 600 tons of silver ingots to provide each person with one of these coins. It is probable that the three-penny piece will be retained, but whether any new coin will be issued to commemorate the Commonwealth cannot now be stated.

After the Honeymoon.

She was just married, and when she asked her husband for a cheque for £10, what could he do but draw her one? But as just then he was deeply in love, he filled up the cheque thus: "Pay Sweet Little Cherub £10"; and next, in an absent-minded way, forgetting altogether what he was doing, he struck out "Or Bearer," and put in "Or Order."

She didn't notice what he had done, and if she had she wouldn't have known the meaning. So she popped into the bank, and walking up to the man at the desk, handed to him the cheque. He looked at it, grinned, and then began to show it to the other fellows. But the signature was right, and the cheque was a good one.

"Madam," he said, "this cheque is payable to order."

"Yes," she replied, "I ordered it."

"Oh, that's not the point," he explained. "Being payable to order, we can only pay it to the person in whose favour it is drawn."

"Well, that's me!" she smilingly replied.

"Indeed," he said, "Are you the Sweet Little Cherub?"

"Of course; we're only married three months!"

"Then," he added, "please write 'Sweet Little Cherub,' and sign your name under it."

She did it, and got the money.

Publicans and Drunkards.

The Licensing Act, with a praiseworthy desire to encourage temperance, declares that if a drunken person is permitted by a licensed victualler to be upon his premises, a fine shall ensue. Mr Justice A'Beckett

was asked the other day to say how far this penalty reached. Suppose the licensee had no knowledge of the presence of the intoxicated party, is he liable? The Court says "Yes." For if that were not so the licensee might easily evade responsibility by leaving the house in charge of servants. So it is held that if one drunken person is on the licensed premises to the knowledge of any employee of the hotelkeeper, that is enough to establish a liability. The licensee must see to it that the law is kept by his servants. But beyond this the Court does not go. If the licensee and the employees, whose duty it is to attend to such matters (as the barman), alike deny any knowledge of the presence of the drunkard, and the Court believes them, then the mere circumstance of the drunkard being found on the premises is not sufficient to convict the licensee.

What Did Tommy Mean?

One of the returned Australian soldiers says that he never could satisfy himself as to whether the typical English Tommy Atkins is just simple, or much too simple. He was writing a letter home for one of them, a letter which recited in what might have been Othello's imaginative style "the battles, sieges, fortunes he had passed through," the whole commandos of Boers he and his mates had slaughtered. "That'll do," he the letter was finished; "just put at said, as the letter was finished; 'just put at the bottom, 'Excuse bad ritin' an' spellin'."

Holst With His Own Charly.

"Good-hearted, he changed," said a breezy racing man as they were discussing the faults and virtues of another sport. "It's just another name for a mug. Why, I was going home one night, and I met a pore old woman, fair staggerin' to the station with a big bundle. I says to her, 'Ere, granny, let's lug that down for you, or you'll miss the last train.' An' I bragged about it to the Missus when I got home, but I didn't brag next morning when I found I'd been helping a 'snow-dropper' off with the contents of my own clothes line."



A SPRING MEDICINE.

It is well to remember that at this season of all others the human system needs to be toned up and put in thorough condition to withstand the change of the season.

BILE BEANS for BILIOUSNESS are the very best medicine that can be taken for this purpose, as they cleanse and regulate the Liver, an organ to which may be traced nearly all the minor ailments so many people suffer from. If the Liver is not in thorough working order, the blood is impure, the circulation sluggish, the digestion impaired, the sleep disturbed, and the complexion sallow. The consequence is that there is a lack of energy, and the sufferer becomes a victim of "that tired feeling." To be out of sorts in the Spring is most trying, as many people know. If you are feeling "run down" and without energy for work, take BILE BEANS for BILIOUSNESS, and they will put you in a condition that will withstand the changeable Spring weather.

