

MOTHER'S WORK

'My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off,' said a bright youth. 'Then she gets my father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school. Then she and the baby have their breakfast.'

'How old is the baby?' asked the reporter.

'Oh, she's 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us.'

'I get two dollars a week, and father gets five dollars a day.'

'How much does your mother get?'

With a bewildered look the boy said: 'Mother! Why, she doesn't work for anybody.'

'I thought you said she worked for all of you.'

'Oh, yes, for us she does; but there is no money in it.'

ODDS AND ENDS

'There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people.'

'Great labor agitator, eh?'

'No. Manufacturer of alarm clocks.'

Guide—'Do you see that broken wall? That's the remains of the breakwater destroyed by a storm last winter.'

Lady Tourist—'Well, what could they expect when they built it in such an exposed place? They'll put the new one in a more sheltered position, I dare say.'

An Irishman was seen one hot day laboriously turning a windlass which hoisted a bucket of rock from a shaft. A clergyman who was passing said with concern: 'My friend, why don't you cover your head? This hot sun will affect your brains.'

'Brains, is it?' said the man, as he gave the windlass another turn; 'if I had any brains, d'ye think I'd be pulling up this bucket?'

'Mrs. Jones,' said Mrs. Brown, 'I wish to goodness you would keep your hens out of my garden.' 'Mrs. Brown,' said Mrs. Cones, 'I wish to goodness you would keep your cat out of my garden. If you would feed it properly I'm sure it wouldn't want to go about other people's houses.' A few days later Mrs. Brown met Mrs. Jones, and she said, 'Thank you so much for the hint you gave me about my cat. I'm keeping it in the garden now, and it seems to have laid several eggs in the toolhouse.' After that Mrs. Jones' hens were kept at home.

FAMILY FUN

A certain amount of mystery centres in being able to tell the name of a card chosen by the audience, and therefore any simple method of locating the card is of service to the would-be magician. The most elementary manner of doing this is previously to divide the pack into 'reds' and 'blacks.' The conjurer then spreads the cards before one of the audience, requesting him to select one. The performer notes particularly from which part of the pack the card is taken. If from the reds, he must take care that the card is returned to the black half, and vice versa. This enables the conjurer at a glance to name the card, and to reproduce it in any manner he has arranged.

Another method is as follows:—When the person who has selected a card is looking at it, the performer opens the pack near the centre and glances at the bottom card of the top half. The card is replaced on the top of the bottom half of the pack, and being therefore next to the known card, the chosen card can be easily reproduced when required.

Still another way of locating a card is to open the pack in the centre and to have the chosen card replaced on the top of the bottom half. The tip of the little finger of the left hand is then inserted between the two halves of the pack and above the chosen card, thus forming a 'break.' The cards are next opened at the 'break,' the top half being shuffled over and under, until the chosen card is reached and placed on the top. The bottom half can now be shuffled, and the three top cards are now placed at the bottom as a part of the shuffle. The whole of the cards are shuffled down to the last three, which are placed together on the top of the pack as a conclusion to the shuffle, and the chosen card will be left on the top.

All Sorts

All the navigable rivers of Russia are connected by canals.

A person clad in the garments made from the hair of reindeer will not sink in the water.

It is estimated that 4000 persons make a living in London solely by begging and that the average income of each is £110s a week, making a total of about £300,000 a year.

Cards were first invented in 1390, for the amusement of Charles VI., King of France. As stamping had not then been discovered, the cards had their designs painted upon them by hand, and thus were expensive.

In the manufacture of perfumery, it is estimated that 1860 tons of orange blossoms are used every year, together with 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of jasmine and violets, 75 tons of tuberoses, 30 tons of cassia, and 15 tons of jonquils.

Coal is comparatively a modern product. History shows that it was first used in England during the ninth century. In 1318 the king prohibited its use on the ground that it was injurious to health, but the high price of wood finally compelled the Londoners to use it again.

An old lady took her little grandson to a museum, and when they came to a lion's cage the boy held back.

'Don't be afraid, Malcolm,' the lady said; 'that lion is stuffed.'

'Yes,' said Malcolm, 'but maybe he isn't stuffed so full that he couldn't find room for a little boy like me.'

'Willie,' said a fond mother earnestly, 'you should go to bed early. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," you know. You should go to bed with the sun—the chickens go to bed with the sun.'

'Yes, I know they do, mamma; but the old hen—she always goes with 'em!'

In mediæval and modern Europe the prevailing practice down to the middle of the eighteenth century was to have three meals a day—that partaken of at midday, and not the evening one, being the principal. In those days all classes rose early, 4 a.m. being the usual hour, and one hour later breakfast was eaten. Twelve o'clock was the established dining hour. Supper, a less abundant repetition of dinner, followed in the evening.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malchia. History tells us that more than 2000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech ashes with goats' fat. Some years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city in 79 A.D. The soap found in the shop had not lost its efficacy, although it had been buried 1800 years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soapmaking was carried on in several of the Italian cities.

In the 'Reminiscences' of 'Sir Henry Hawkins there are some amusing stories of the vagaries of jury decisions. One of these stories will bear repetition. 'The evidence was irresistible,' says Sir Henry, 'and the case one of inexcusable brutality. The man had been tried for the murder of his father and mother, and, as I said, the evidence was too clear to leave a doubt as to his guilt. The jury retired to consider their verdict, and they were away so long that the judge sent for them and asked if there was any point upon which he could enlighten them. They answered no, and thought they understood the case perfectly well. After a great deal of further conversation they brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The judge was angry at so outrageous a violation of their plain duty, and did what he ought not to have done—namely, asked the reason they brought in such a verdict when they knew the culprit was guilty and ought to have been hanged. "That's just it, my lord," said the foreman of that distinguished body. "I assure you we had no doubt about the prisoner's guilt, but we thought there had been deaths enough in the family, and so gave him the benefit of the doubt."