

'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'don't scold me for being late to tea, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down, and they said that they were going to send for a horse doctor, so, of course, I had to stay. And, after I'd waited and waited, he came, and, oh, mother, what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man!'

### TIT FOR TAT

A story is told of a Norman peasant who shares with a Scot the highest reputation for canniness. The baker of the old Normandy village was a French peasant of the good old-fashioned sort and keen after the sous. He considered it to his advantage to buy his butter from a customer, a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, but after a time he complained that the farmer gave him short weight. His complaints were unheeded. At last he laid them before the district magistrate. The farmer was summoned before him and forced to produce his scales, but he brought no weights. 'I brought none,' he explained. 'I didn't need them.' 'Not need weights?' 'Not for the baker. I weigh his weekly pound of butter with the pound loaf he daily supplies to me.'

### GETTING AT GOSLING

Little Effie was telling her aunt all about the interesting things she had seen on her grandfather's farm. 'And were there any chickens and ducklings?' asked aunt, amused. 'Yes, indeed, hundreds of them,' said Effie, 'and the cutest little—little—oh—you know what I mean?' 'Lambs?' prompted aunt. 'No—no,' said Effie, impatiently; 'little—little—dear me, what's a goose's babies called?'

### THE JOKE MEDICAL

Howard's father is a physician, and one day when the doctor was out Howard and a little playmate were 'playing doctor' in the real doctor's office. Presently Howard threw open a closet door and revealed an articulated skeleton to the terrified gaze of his playmate, but Howard himself was perfectly calm. 'Pooh, Walter,' he said to his playmate, 'what you 'fraid of? It's nothing but an old skellington!' 'Wh-wh-where did it come from?' asked Walter, with chattering teeth. 'Oh, I don't know. Papa has had it a long time; I guess likely it was his first patient.'

### FAMILY FUN

Two Heaps of Cards Having been Placed Upon the Table, to Predict Infallibly which of the Two a Spectator will Choose.—This is performed by means of the following artifice:—One heap (unknown to the spectators) is made to consist of four like cards—say, the four fives. The other heap consists of such number of indifferent cards as will correspond with the pips of those in the first packet—i.e., in this instance, five cards. The performer writes on a slip of paper, 'You will choose the five heap,' and entrusts the document, carefully folded, to a spectator. He then asks a second spectator to select whichever he pleases of the two packets. When he has done so, the paper is opened, and the performer is found to have correctly predicted the result, the oracle being construed, according to circumstances, either to mean that the heap of five cards, or the heap of fives would be chosen.

Two Packets of Cards having been secretly made on the Table, to discover the Numbers of the Undermost Cards.—Request a person to draw two cards, and to place them face downwards on the table; then to place on each of them as many more cards as will make twenty-five. The two turned-down cards to count according to their value (court cards as ten, and other cards according to their number of pips), but the superposed cards only counting as one each, whatever they may chance to be. This having been done, you take the remaining cards, and spreading them face downwards on the table, proceed to turn up the first, the middle one, and the last; and are thereby enabled to tell with the utmost certainty the total numbers of the two cards originally drawn. The secret consists in the fact that the number of cards remaining after the process above described is invariably the same as the total of the two cards first turned down. The turning up of the first, middle, and last (or any other cards) is merely a blind to enable you to count the remaining cards without letting it be noticed that you do so.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,  
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, 1/6 and 2/6

## All Sorts

Magistrate: 'What brought you here?' Prisoner: 'Two policemen.' 'Drunk, I suppose?' 'Yes; both of them.'

Tommy: 'Ma, why should a lazy boy like to learn music?' Mamma: 'I cannot say, my son.' Tommy: 'Because there are lots of rests in it.'

'I shall tell your father when he comes home. You've been fighting again.'

'Please don't tell him, mamma. I'm licked bad enough now, without having another round with papa.'

For seven years a nervous old gentleman living near Woolwich made a circuit of half a mile twice per day rather than pass a powder-magazine. The other day he learned that it had been empty for over eight years.

An old lady, calling on a certain great doctor for medical advice, inquired of him if she should call him professor or doctor. 'Oh, call me anything you like,' was the great man's rejoinder. Some people call me an old idiot.' 'Really!' the lady murmured sweetly. 'But then they will be people who know you intimately.'

Watts: 'You won't mind my leaving my bike here in your office, will you? I know you don't ride one, but—'

Potts: 'No, I don't ride one very well yet, but I began taking lessons yesterday.'

Watts: 'Er—come to think of it, I don't think I'll impose upon your good nature, old man.'

Mrs. Egerton Blunt: 'But why did you leave your last place?' Applicant: 'I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum.' Mrs. E. B. (shocked): 'Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then?' Applicant: 'Yes, mum. When it wasn't me and 'im, it was me and 'er.'

Scene: Train stopping at small roadside station.

Irritable Old Gentleman: 'What on earth do they stop at a station like this for?'

Objectionable Passenger (alighting): 'To allow me to get out.'

Irritable Old Gentleman: 'Ah! I see, it has its advantages, then.'

Animals are said to weep from various causes. Grief at the loss of young ones and mates makes the dog, horse, elephant, rat, bear, deer, monkey, donkey, mule, cattle, camel, and giraffe shed tears. Sobbing has been proved in the parrot, though this may be mimicry. The stag at bay and the caged rat have been seen to weep, while monkeys have wept when pitied or from terror. The elephant has wept at the loss of its liberty, and in some cases also from vexation. The dread of punishment has caused captive chimpanzees and other apes to weep. Joy, pain, fatigue, thirst, ill-usage, sympathy, old age, approaching death, and pettishness have all drawn tears from animals, or at least driven them to a tearful state.

Various ineffectual attempts have been made to rear silkworms in sufficient quantities in England to produce silk equal to that imported from abroad. The success which attended the establishment of mulberry plantations in the South of France induced James the First to hope that a similar advantage might be available in England. The promulgation of the King's opinion awoke some interest on the subject; but in the time of Charles the First the cultivation of the mulberry and the rearing of silkworms appears to have been almost given up. From 1713 to 1825 repeated attempts were made in England to bring this branch of industry to a profitable issue, but unsuccessfully, owing to the climate. There is no doubt that if the proper species of insect be selected, and if mulberry leaves be supplied in sufficient quantities, silk may be produced almost equal to that of Italy.

The earliest newspaper in the world, barring the Chinese claims, was the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans, issued some centuries B.C. The oldest regular newspaper published in England was established by Nathaniel Butler in 1662. The oldest in France was commenced by Theophrastus Renaudot in 1632, during the reign of Louis XIII. It was called the *Gazette de France*. The first Dutch newspaper, the *Haarlem Courant*, is dated January 8, 1656. It was then called *De Weeckelycke Courante van Europa*, and contained two small folio pages of news. The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. There are two complete copies of the first year's edition of this paper in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. The first North American newspaper was the *Boston Newsletter*, commenced April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, 12in by 8in, two columns on a page. R. Green was the printer. It survived until 1776—seventy-two years.