

WHAT HE WAS SENT FOR

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness. Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors. About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing-room, turned him over her knee, and did her duty. When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?" "Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."

TOMMY TO THE RESCUE

Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction. Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant. "There was a naughty fly biting him on top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.

A CEEVER LAWYER

An Irish-American lawyer, Jeremiah Mason, possessed to a marked degree the instinct for finding the weak point in an opponent's argument or testimony. He was once cross-examining a witness who had previously testified to having heard Mason's client make a certain statement, and so important was this statement that the adversary's case was based on it alone.

Several questions were asked by Mason, all of which the witness answered with more or less hesitation. Then he was asked to repeat once more the statement he had heard made. Without hesitation he gave it word for word as he had given it in the direct examination. A third time Mason led the witness round to this statement, and again it was repeated verbatim.

Then, without warning, he walked to the witness stand, and, pointing straight at the witness, said in a perfectly unimpassioned voice: "Let's see that paper you have in your waistcoat pocket."

Taken completely by surprise, the witness mechanically took a paper from the pocket indicated, and handed it to the lawyer.

There was profound silence in the courtroom as the lawyer slowly read, in a cold, calm voice, the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement, and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of counsel on the other side. He then gathered up his papers with great deliberation, remarked that there seemed to be no further need for his services, and departed from the court room.

Mason was asked how he knew that the paper was in the witness's pocket.

"Well," explained Mason, "it seemed to me that he gave that part of his testimony more as if he'd learned it than as if he had heard it. Then, too, I noticed that at each repetition of his testimony he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and then let it fall again when he got through."

Needless to say, the adversary's case was settled by default.

FAMILY FUN

The Oval Problem.—Given a sheet of drawing-paper and a pair of ordinary drawing-compasses, it is required, without any other aid, to describe an oval on the paper. Roll the paper into the form of a cylinder, and then proceed as though you desired to describe a circle upon it. When the paper is unrolled you will find that, instead of a circle, you have an oval.

The Obstinate Cork.—For this puzzle a bottle is required, and a cork a size or two too small for the neck, so that if inserted in the ordinary way it would fall into the bottle. The bottle being held horizontally, with the cork resting just within the neck, the experimenter is invited to try whether he can, by blowing, force it into the bottle. If he does not know the secret, he will pretty certainly fail. The first thing to do is to insert the cork in the neck, and then, more vigorous the "blow" the quicker will be its return. This arises from the fact that the act of blowing drives a certain amount of air round the cork into the bottle. This compresses the air already in the bottle, the cork goes in a little way, but the moment the compression ceases the air expands, and in doing so forces the cork out again. To anyone in the secret, the feat is perfectly simple. Take a quill or other small tube, and blow steadily through this against the centre of the cork. The quantity of air in the bottle is now not increased, and the cork goes in without the least resistance.

"It is a very strange," remarked the observer of events and things, "that the little brook murmurs, and yet the river, with a large mouth, never says a word."

"You look like a wreck to-day, Anna. Have you been sitting up all night again reading a novel?"

"Yes, madam. It was such a beautiful story; but they didn't get married till nearly 5 o'clock this morning!"

"I thought I should laugh right out," said Mrs. Cash-ton, "when at the circus recently. Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph. Of course she meant a giraffe; but the fun of it was it wasn't a giraffe. It was a camomile."

A witty Frenchman writes in a Paris newspaper that "a French major is a man who has three medals. The third was given him because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none."

Among the Chinese no relics are more valuable than the boots that have been worn by a magistrate. If he resigns and leaves the city, a crowd accompanies him from his residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice.

Clothier: "Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?"

Customer: "Oh yes, all my boys have worn it."

Clothier: "Well, think of that!"

Customer: "I do. Every time after a rain the next smaller ones has to take it."

The mistress's patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress said: "Mary, your mouth is open." "Yessum," replied Mary; "I opened it."

The new trunk line across Canada, which is not yet completed, will, it is claimed, considerably shorten the distance between Europe and Asia, by way of the North American Continent. The railway terminus chosen on the Pacific side is Prince Rupert, which is so far north of any existing port that it is stated that it will reduce the Pacific Ocean mileage by two days' sail.

"The wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was gaining on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could feel their muzzles against our legs so that—"

"Ah," sighed the lady, greatly relieved. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"

In British Guiana there grows a tree which is one of the myrtle family, and closely related to the Brazil nut tree. It attains a height of from 80ft to 100ft, and has no branches on its straight stem the diameter of which may be as much as 2ft. The tree is called the cannon ball tree, because its fruit is a large brown globe as big as and not unlike a 32lb shot. The shell is often used as a drinking dish, and its contents are eatable.

Smithson was sitting on one of the seats in the park at Wimbledon, when the maid next to him poked him in the ribs, remarking:

"See that young fellow over there?"

"Yes; what about him?" inquired Smithson fretfully.

"That young fellow, mister, is devoting his life to a noble cause. The best part of his time is spent in an endeavor to raise fallen humanity to lift those who are down and set them on their feet again."

"Indeed," replied Smithson, "and who is he?"

"Oh, he's the attendant at the roller-skating rink."

Some kinds of lizards break in two when suddenly startled. In the bush in Australia the traveller often comes across a number of these little silvery reptiles basking on a log or piece of old bark. As soon as they perceive the invader there is a great commotion; they dart hither and thither so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. The effects of the shock are evident from the quantity of wriggling tails lying about which have been cast off in the hurry, while the mutilated owners may be seen scurrying away to safety still wagging the stumps that remain.

It is estimated that to supply the plumage for ladies' hats and other decorations demands the sacrifice yearly of 300,000,000 birds. Paris milliners receive annually about 4,000,000 feathers. Last year a London house supplied 32,000 humming birds and 20,000 sets of a rous species. Nothing need be said as to the loss to agriculture by the indiscriminate destruction of birds, and in some countries certain species have ceased to exist. Among them are included the Labrador duck, the Reunion starling, and the bullfinch of the Azores. For some reason, possibly to preserve the beauty of the feathers, they are frequently plucked from live birds.

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