

Next day he applied for the money, but the host affected to know nothing of the business. In this dilemma the farmer consulted Curran. 'Have patience, my friend,' said the counsel; 'speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred, and then come to me.' The dupe doubted the advice; but, moved by the authority or rhetoric of the learned counsel, he at length followed it. 'And now, sir,' said he to Curran, 'I don't see as I am to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?' 'Go and ask him for it when he is alone,' said the counsel. 'Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness, at any rate.' 'Never mind, take my advice,' said Curran; 'do as I bid you, and return to me.' The farmer did so, and came back with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. 'Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I am better off.' 'Well, then,' said the counsel, 'now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.' It need not be added that the wily landlord found that he had been taken off his guard, whilst the farmer returned exultingly to thank his counsel with both hundreds in his pocket.

### THE REASON WHY

One day a wasp and a bee alighted on the same flower to sip honey.

'I'm glad to see you, Friend Bee,' said the Wasp. 'I want you to tell me, if you can, why people like you so much better than they like me. I'm much handsomer than you, even if I do say it myself. You go about all day in your plain working clothes, while I wear a beautiful black and yellow coat. I am fine enough to be seen at a king's table, yet whenever I come near people strike at me, and would kill me if they could.'

'Shall I tell you?' interrupted the Bee. 'I——'  
'I know all about you,' continued the Wasp. 'They are always glad to see you. They build big hives for you to live in near their farms. But whenever they find my home they destroy it and kill my babies. Why, I ask you, why am I treated this way?'

'Do you give men anything to make them like you? Do you give them honey, as I do?'

'No! Why should I do anything for them? To be sure, I catch insects that vex them, but that is because I like insects for food.'

'What else do you do?' asked the Bee.  
'I do just as I please, and if they dare to molest me I sting, I'll teach them to let me alone!'

'Oh, ho!' laughed the Bee. 'No wonder men dislike you and are cross with you. You are cross to them. Men are my friends because I am their friend. If you want people to treat you with kindness, you must be kind to them. It was always so, and will remain so through the ages.'

### AN ACCOMMODATING CLERK

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. The clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

'Oh,' she said, 'let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore "perfectly lovely" in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?'

'No, ma'am,' said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:

'It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charley so much.'

'Don't mention it,' said the clerk. 'If you would like it, I will put a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same rates.'

'Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging.'

### FAMILY FUN

When is a man incapable of performing a barefaced action?—When he wears a heavy beard and moustache.

Why is a thief like a philosopher?—Because he is given to fits of abstraction.

Why is it illegal for a man to possess a short walking-stick?—Because it can never be long to him.

Why is a person who asks questions the strangest of all individuals?—Because he is the querist.

Why are the pages of a book like the days of a man?—Because they are numbered.

Why is an egg like a colt?—Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

What is the longest letter in the alphabet?—An L (ell).

What barrel is best fitted for a soldier's helmet?—The cask (casque).

## All Sorts

\*Why is a dog like a tree?—Because they both produce a bark.

What is that which travels about, goes much up and down, and wears shoes, but never had any shoes?—A football.

'I suppose a man who plays on a trombone calls himself a trombonist?'

'I believe so. Other people call him various names.'

'And,' said the narrator of hunting stories, 'the explorer ran off with all his might and the lion with all his mane.'

'You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in, Mr. Highcollar,' said little Johnnie.

'I haven't an idea in the world, Johnnie.'

'That's it. You guessed it the very first time.'

The following ingenuous sign, displayed one summer by a fruiterer in a southern Californian town, is not without humor: 'Watermelons—25 cents our choice; 35 cents your choice.'

'One writer says that genius is the capacity for taking pains. Genius, however, has never been satisfactorily defined.'

'It's simple enough. Genius is the capacity for existing without regular meals.'

From statistics recently published in France, the annual consumption of tobacco per individual in various countries is placed as follows:—Holland, 7.5lb; United States, 4.66lb; Canada, 3.5lb; Belgium, 3.4lb; Germany, 3.3lb; Austria, 3lb; Norway, 2.9lb; France, 2.5lb; Spain, 1.3lb.

You have a pretty tough-looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?' remarked the friend of a magistrate, who had dropped in at the police court.

'Huh!' rejoined the dispenser of justice, 'you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers.'

Herbivorous animals do not eat all of nature's menu. The horse refuses the water hemlock that the goat eats with avidity, and, on the other hand, the goat refuses some plants that are eaten by the sheep. The tobacco plant is avoided by all save the goat, man, and the tobacco worm. Some botanists think that no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only relatively so, being harmful to only certain animals.

In one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas, twelve gentlemen were told by the judge to retire and 'find a verdict.' They went to the jury-room. The servants and others outside heard the opening and shutting of drawers, the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion. At last the jury came back into the court, when the foreman rose and said: 'We have looked everywhar, in the drawers and behind the do', and can't find no verdict. It warn't in the room.'

The well known adjutant-bird of India belongs to the group of storks. The size of its beak may be imagined from the fact that, if it finds a dead cat in the street, it swallows the animal at a single gulp. It has been known to take a leg of mutton, or a whole fowl from the table, and dispose of it in like manner. On account of its services as a scavenger and snake-killer, the adjutant is protected by law, and has therefore become almost a domesticated bird, stalking about the streets with perfect security.

'Did you see a man and a woman driving past here in a trap about an hour ago?' a detective asked Mrs. Blank. 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Blank. 'Ah!' said the detective, 'now we're getting on the right track. What kind of a horse was it?'

'They were driving so fast, I didn't notice that,' replied Mrs. Blank. 'But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise-blue, last year's style, with stitched lines, a white pique skirt, with deep circular flounce, a satin-straw hat, tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up Pompadour. That's all I had time to see.'

In the dark there is no animal so difficult to see as a lion. Almost every hunter has told a similar story—of the lion's approach at night, of the terror displayed by dogs and cattle as he drew near, and of the utter inability to see him, though he was so close that they could hear his breathing. Sometimes, when he has crept near an encampment, or close to a cattle enclosure, he does not proceed any farther, lest he should venture within the radius illumined by the rays of the fire. So he crouches closely to the ground, and in the semi-darkness he looks so like a large stone or a little hillock that anyone might pass close to it without perceiving its real nature. This gives the opportunity for which the lion has been watching, and in a moment he strikes down the careless straggler, and carries off his prey to the den. Sometimes, when very much excited, he accompanies the charge with a roar, but, as a general fact, he secures his prey in silence.