

TAKEN AT A DISADVANTAGE.

Professor Realized He Was Distinctly Out of His Element.

Rather than disappoint the class, the professor of moral philosophy, who was suffering from a nervous headache, had read the lecture prepared for the occasion, and was waiting to answer any questions that might be asked by the students.

"I beg your pardon, professor," said one of the young men, "but there is one point that is not quite clear in your mind. Suppose that a hypothesis perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it is a hypothesis in a case of mental discipline, or, we will say, a verbal agreement, as to the abstract principles involved, what would be the correct attitude when two or more propositions, apparently concrete, but really differentiated by vagueness, not wholly illusory, but more or less complicated with the personal equation follow it not so occur to you?"

"I am not sure that I follow you," answered the professor, wiping his perspiring forehead. "Please state the proposition again, a little more simply."

"What I want to know is this: When a process of reasoning assumes the form of a dilemma, not unnecessarily, of course, but none the less ambiguous because of the apparent contradictory nature of the qualities, or, rather, the assumption that the existence of the ethical problems under consideration depends upon the state of condition of mind, thus placing the responsibility for the relative divergence where it properly belongs and leaving the intellect free from prejudice or undue bias? Is not this fairly deducible?"

"I presume so," faltered the professor, whose head was in a whirl. "The fact is, gentlemen, I really cannot not have attempted to—"

"Then," rejoined the young man, "that brings up an old question that I have never yet heard satisfactorily answered. What has the correlation of forces, when directed by its multiform and purely hypothetical idiosyncrasies, to offer as a solution for the restoration of the Jews or the immortality of the human soul, which the Christians have been vainly accused?"

"By promptly dismissing the class the professor saved himself from total disaster."

WOMAN'S CROWN OF GLORY.

What a Fuss They Do Make with It at Any and All Times.

Women have great times with their hair, says the Atchison Globe. If they visit in a dry climate they are sure to say when they come home, "My hair acted lovely; it did not come out of curl at all."

If they go where it is damp they say when they come home, "It was the worst place for hair; my hair was as straight as a string all the time."

Once in three or four weeks they wash their hair and then they tell you how they cannot do a thing with their hair, as it has just been washed. For a week or two before it is washed they say it is a disgrace they do not wash their hair; that it is so sticky they cannot do a thing with it.

The women are always telling each other they look horrid with their hair low, or else they would not be seen with it done high. Their hair is either all coming out or else they cannot imagine what has happened, but it is coming in thick and "lovely."

As they walk down the street the women are forever reaching for their hair and catching up short locks and bairrings, or feeling to see if their hair is coming down. When they get to a mirror, the very first thing the women look at is their hair and what it one way or the other. No matter what any woman has on her mind, her hair takes first place.

Buying or Selling?
A tall old son of a horse dealer, a sharp lad, when once unexpectedly called upon by his father to sell a horse and exhibit its paces, the little fellow whispered the question in order to regulate how he should ride.

"Are you buying or selling?"—Tit-Bits.

The Prevailing Plea.
"I want to get a divorce from my husband."
The lawyer was interested. "What are your grounds?" he asked.
"Insanity."
"Was he crazy at the time of the marriage?"
"Oh, dear, no, I was."

Celestial Biz.
"Wonder if there be any industries turned on in heaven?" inquired the new ignoramus.
"I've never heard as how matches are made there," was the guarded answer of the local sage.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Another Difficulty.
"I suppose that when you discover the north pole you will regard your task as completed."
"No," answered the Arctic explorer. "The hardest part will be to get home. We'll have to find some way of getting home again."

THE IDIOT AT HIS WORK.

Youthful Critic Aims Himself as to Women and Books.

The young man with the disappearing chin and the lofty forehead was laying down the law to a circle of select friends on the all-engrossing subject of "Woman."

"Well," he remarked, as he raised his glass of beer and viewed its amber tints through one eye with the air of a connoisseur, "women are really very tiresome to a man of intellect. I have had some experience with the sex," and he winked knowingly at his companions, "but I never yet met a woman who had any brains or education."

Some one in the corner sniffed audibly, and was promptly frozen into silence with an icy stare. Then the misogynist continued: "A short time ago I attended a party given by a man I know. There were a number of women present, and the conversation was most exasperating to an intelligent mind. I strolled into another room and picked up 'Moses from an Old Manse.' After awhile a girl followed me. I don't know, I'm sure, why they always take to me so. She looked at the book and remarked: 'Oh! Moses in an Old Manse; do you like those religious books?'"

An appreciative snicker went round the audience, and the young man went on with a triumphant flourish at the man who had snatched the book from his hand. "Pooh, what would you expect a book like that, the most dramatic tale that Scott has written, would be thrown away upon a woman?"

And the man who had sniffed went softly out in search of the bar.

Problem of the Panama Canal.
The troubles which beset the Panama officials in their efforts to obtain and retain workmen and clerks, has been told in various ways. "You can't have no idea how hard it is to get canal employes to stick to the isthmus," said an official of the isthmian canal commission. "It keeps us busy finding men to take the places of those who go to Panama and leave after a few weeks of work."

I shall say that four months is the average length of time put in by most of our clerks. Of course, some of the men stay longer. They get higher pay and seem content to remain. But the great bulk of our employes are fellows with roving dispositions and a love for adventure. They think they will see some fun on the isthmus, and a few weeks of the hard work and dreary life are enough for them."

New Use for 'Phone.
A telephone girl tells the Philadelphia Record of a new use of the telephone. Three women occupy a house near where the girl lives. They had been away in the country for some time when one day the operator was surprised to hear one of them call up a pay station, asking for her own home number. The girl says: "I rang the 'phone several times, but as the house was closed, there was no answer. Then my curiosity got the better of me and I disclosed my identity and asked why she was calling her own number, when she knew the house was closed. 'That's just the point,' came the response over the wire, 'rather tartly; we wish to scare any burglars away if there are any in the house.'"

A Novel Way of Fishing.
A correspondent writes: "As I was walking along the promenade at Eastbourne recently I saw a gentleman, with a big black retriever dog, tied to a leash. I stopped and watched him; so did some more people. After awhile he let the dog go. He swam out to sea a little way and brought back what I thought was a walking stick. But as the dog got closer to shore I saw there was some string attached to it, which turned out to be a fishing line, and, to the surprise of the people around him, it had on the end of it a small salmon bass, which weighed about four and one-half pounds. Surely this is a novel way of fishing!"—Weekly Telegraph.

Feet of the Tonquinese.
So peculiar is the formation of the feet that night and day the Tonquinese can run with perfect security over most dangerously rough and smooth places. From a narrow heel the feet broaden remarkably toward the toes, of which the great one is so separated from the others as to form with them a wide angle. And from the toes grow nails that can be fixed in the ground like hooks. This peculiarity in the feet of the natives of Tonquin has obtained for them among the Chinese the name Cao-Chi—the people with the crooked toes.—Rosary Magazine.

Bullet That Does Not Kill.
A bullet that hits the mark but does not kill has just been invented by Dr. Derriers of Paris. The details of its construction are not mentioned, but it is said to be hollow and can be used several times. In a test for duel practice pistols were used with steel guards resembling a sword hilt, because, although the bullet would not penetrate the clothing, it will wound naked flesh. Both men wore goggles. Out of 272 shots 202 struck some part of the bodies of the duellists.

Very Suggestive.
"That burst of admiration for Miss Smart when young Flatboy showed her the picture of his country estate was quite an apostrophe to its beauty."
"Yes, and don't you forget that the apostrophe is the sign of the possessive case."

Germany's Fuel Production.
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The Patriot's Rebuke.
"See your own country first," said J. S. McWade, the noted secret service agent. "Don't go to England till you have first seen America." They who boast about foreign parts when they don't know the beauties and wonders of their own land ought to be kicked.

The Kaffir's Heaven.
Here is a good Kaffir story, which has the merit of being true. A Christian Zulu Kaffir, with all the fullness and picturesqueness of his language so well allows, a vision of heaven which he had had in a dream, and he described in detail what heaven was like. And saw you any Kaffirs there?" inquired his listener. The teller of the story pondered awhile, and then "No," said he, "for I did not look into the kitchen."

Indistinctness.
"The hotel manager has discharged the new porter."
"What was the trouble?"
"Why, there was a fire in the hotel early this morning and the porter was told to wake up the guests."
"Yes."
"He was a brakeman on a passenger train for ten years and had to call all the stations. So when he yelled 'fire' nobody understood what he was saying."

Mark Twain on Etiquette.
"Mark Twain" at a dinner in New York talked on etiquette. "I once read a book of etiquette," he said, "and I still remember many of the rules. The most important rules were these:
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"How to accept a dinner invitation—Eat a light breakfast and no lunch.
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Home of the Coconut.
The milk in the water coconut is a food as well as a beverage. The cart driven through the streets of Jamaica by the quaint old darky urging along his rebellious steed in the form of a native donkey is an interesting sight. One is amazed at the dexterous manner in which the vender takes the unripe coconut in his hand and deftly cuts a hole in the top, from which you drink the milk. Then you return the nut to the man, and with his machete he cracks it into three pieces and cuts a spoon-shaped silver from one side, from which you eat the white, jelly-like substance scraped from the inside. These are the unripe coconuts. When ripe the jelly hardens into the hard white substance to which we are accustomed.

When the Dead Helped Trade.
A Capt. Taylor, his wife and daughter of old Brig House, England, were buried side by side, standing up in their graves.
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A few years later an act was passed by parliament ordering that all bodies be wrapped in woollen instead of flax, in order to build up or foster the woollen industry, which was then in its infancy. The parish vicar was required to report that the burial took place in woollen according to the act.—The Sunday Magazine.

MAY BE A NEW KLONDIKE.

Labrador Subject of Controversy Between Canada and Newfoundland.

Labrador has till recently been regarded as a sort of "never-never land," owing to the inhospitality of the climate and the rugged nature of the country, but the 320,000 square miles of the peninsula are now attracting attention by reason of its forests and reputed mineral wealth, and Canada is accordingly disputing the boundary line claimed by Newfoundland. The coast belongs to the latter country, but the interior—beyond a line not yet definitely located—belongs to Canada. In 1809 the eastern littoral was given to Newfoundland and the unknown hinterland to Canada, or rather to the Hudson Bay company. As laid down in the documents the boundary is a mistaken one, since it conflicts with an express grant of the coast to Newfoundland. Negotiations are now in progress for an amicable adjustment. A refusal of Newfoundlanders to pay royalty to Quebec for timber cut at Hamilton Inlet has brought differences to a climax. Accurate surveys are being made with a view to a decision, the last word being with the privy council or arbiters chosen by the London government.

At some points Newfoundland's claims extend 200 miles inland, but Canada will not concede a strip along the whole coast of this width. The latter wants an outlet on the Atlantic, without having to pass through a coastwise strip owned by her neighbor. Forests and minerals—gold particularly—are thought to abound in the disputed area. It will not surprise the Canadian to learn that he has a second Klondike in Labrador.

Profitable Customer.
She had been called out to the corner drug store to answer the telephone, a boy from the store having been sent for the purpose of notifying her. When she returned—it was a block away—her visiting friend remarked on the convenience of the system and its economy.

"I should think so," responded the girl of affairs. "I never could get along without it. Most of my friends are in office or have their own telephones, so they can call me up easily and it never costs me a cent."

"Don't you have to pay the drug store people for sending for you?"
"Certainly not. I trade there. It's lots more convenient than the post office, and if I ever have to call up anybody myself I always go there and pay them. A store ought to accommodate its patrons."

"Beastly" Joke.
Lord Beaconsfield often met with bitter political hostility in his private capacity. One day, walking about his country place in the easy coat and general careless attire he liked among his farmers, he encountered two women, strong partisans of Gladstone. Supposing him to be the keeper or gardener or something of that sort, they inquired if he would show them over the place, which he at once undertook to do. While they were walking about they overwhelmed him with questions of the master of the manor, and one of them finally said: "Do you think you could manage to get us a sight of the old 'beast' himself?"
"Madam," said Lord Beaconsfield, "the old 'beast' has the honor to wait upon you now."

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"I met a young chap from Boston the other day. He had been abroad for a month, and you'd have thought from his clothes and walk that he was an Englishman. He talked about England as if it was heaven, and finally he said:
"In London, you know, I appeared at court."
"I frowned and said:
"Drunk and disorderly!"

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TITLES OF NO USE IN BUSINESS.

Foreigners in America Soon Learn to Assume Plebeian Names.

"Apropos of the society woman who recently eloped with a European nobleman concealed by fate as a riding master," said a German baron, whose New York name is plain Mr. Smith, "you have no idea what a drawback a title is in business in this country, and what trouble the owner has to go to conceal it. They talk about Americans worshipping titles. It is certainly not the case in the business world. For altogether justifiable reasons, perhaps, your Yankee newspapers and fiction writers are accustomed to describe the European nobleman, whatever his fatherland, as spineless, dissipated, and generally no good. This creates a prejudice which the titled foreigner immediately becomes acquainted with when he comes here for the purpose of making a living."

"I had been but three days in New York when I learned to discard the honored name I was born to. During those three days, although an expert engineer with a special field, I could obtain work nowhere. On the fourth day I became Mr. Carl Smith and got a job. It's all nonsense to say that the representative American worships titles. He doesn't. Plain Carl Smith has better chances any day than the foreigner with three hinges to his name."—N. Y. Press.

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Derivation of "Spelling."
There is some doubt as to the derivation of the word "spelling." It is believed to be from the Anglo-Saxon word "spel," meaning discourse or story, and the verb "spellan," to declare, relate, tell, as in "spell," a charm, and "gospel." However, there may have been some confusion with "spell," a slip of wood, since such a slip was used in old-time schools to point to the letters of a word, one after another, in spelling them out.

Natural Inference.
"Last night when I accepted George," said Miss Roxley, who was unapologetic as she was homely, "he kissed me on the forehead."
"You don't say?" replied Miss Knox.
"Yes; now I wonder why he didn't salute my lips. Oh, horrors! probably he had been drinking!"
"Very likely. You say he proposed last night?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Accident.
Bystander—Come, cheer up, old man. You may not be so badly hurt after all.
Victim—How can I tell how badly hurt I am until after I have seen my lawyer?—Translated for Tales from La Rire.

Have Their Uses.
Customer—"Those are the finest looking neckties I ever saw. Why do they keep 'em?" Haberdasher—"To sell." Customer—"Who on earth buys 'em?" Haberdasher—"Women, to give their husbands."

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OVERTAX THE BRAIN

MOST PEOPLE DO ENTIRELY TOO MUCH THINKING.

Exhaust the Cells of Their "Best Friend" by Unnecessary Thought Effort—Not Difficult to Check This Bad Habit.

"The brain is man's most faithful friend, and would be man's best companion if he understood it better," said a prominent specialist.
"I use the word brain to comprehend what we term the mind and the process of thinking, and not as a physical object or a medium which directs our actions or thoughts which we, or the animate spirit, directs us, just as theorists please to take it—we will look upon it as a thing with which we may hold communion and proceed upon that hypothesis."
On the stage the prize idiot in the cast, usually a young oobleman or a dude, always raises a laugh when with a vacant stare and set features he speaks his lines about the effort of thinking and the wearying effect such a mental process produces upon his physical being. He really speaks a greater truth than either he or the audience takes in, for thinking is an effort, be the thought itself ever so frothy and ephemeral, and could we lessen the process of thought at will, as an engineer applies the air brakes to his train, much of the trouble and disease in life would vanish like the meadow vapor before the rays of the rising sun.

"It is this impossible process entirely to still what is called the thinking process which is one of the most interesting studies of the specialist, for it is, plainly speaking, the inability of the individual to eliminate certain thoughts, or a certain thought, from the brain cells, or to still it into inactivity, which fills the insane asylums, produces nervous wrecks in other individuals and causes trouble, confusion and chaos all around in every-day life."
Persons to whom this fact appeals should endeavor to take their own brain into communion with their own nerves, to set it up as another person, with whom they may hold converse, and the objective and subjective mind admits of this through conscious action, and in some happy and fortunate individuals through unconscious action.

"A little practice will make this possible to the student, though his progress will be by degrees and not in one jump. He should first understand that thinking is largely a matter of habit; that the brain is one of the most willing organs in his body at his command, and, honest and faithful as it is to him, will respond to his calls upon it. He should, therefore, give it as much needed rest as possible by the process of sleep, and during waking hours by not calling upon it for thought except when necessary. The average person will put a tremendous amount of unnecessary thought effort upon the simplest every-day matter of life.

"Again, he will allow his objective mind to cling to one or several thoughts with persistent tenacity. In this event he wears out particular cells of his best friend, and where this habit is maintained he often becomes a nuisance to his friends and family by developing into what is termed a 'brank,' and at times he exhausts these same cells in this manner, and lands in the asylum."
Most people use their brains, too much, either in their idle waste or in concentrated work, and when their best friend begins to show a mild resentment by showing signs of fatigue they ply it with stimulants which science or the distillery have placed at their disposal. Even under these mean circumstances the brain, disgusted though it is with such a habit of treatment, goes on doing the best it can for its owner until temporarily insensibility, insanity or death ensues.

"It will be found that cooperation with the brain in the process of stilling thought is not as difficult as would be supposed, for the brain will remain quiescent if you will only permit it, and become strengthened thereby, just as it will respond to the limit of exhaustion when called upon. This theory is very easily evolved into successful practice, and I commend it to men of active minds, especially professional men, for it will be found to lessen nervous tension, soothe the temper, promote the appetite and produce good nature in otherwise nervous, melancholy people."

Had Distinguished Career.
Sir Walter Buller, the distinguished New Zealand scientist, whose death is just recorded, had an unusually versatile career. He began by editing a paper in the Maori language, at 24 he was a resident magistrate, at 27 a judge of the native lands court and shortly afterward he was out fighting the rebel Maoris. He was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry in carrying news by night through 40 miles of the enemy's country. At 33 he went to London as secretary of the New Zealand agency and entered as a student at the Inner temple. He was one of the few instances of a man becoming a judge before he became a barrister.

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City Chap—See here, your infernal bull chased me half a mile. If he had caught me he would have killed me! Farmer Hornbeak—Jesse! The poor ole cuss hez got rheumatiz so lately that he ain't good for nothing hardly!

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LOOKS ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

One Old Maid Not Willing to Admit Lot a Bad One.

First—However dreary the outlook, as you wait for Prince Charming to show up, it is infinitely pleasanter than some find it who sit up waiting for their husbands to come home.

Second—As you read the divorce cases, and the stories of deserted wives and mothers, throw envy to the winds and be glad that you missed those mercies, anyway, as well as whatever led to these culminations.

Third—A happy old maid is easily