

Eben looked as if the joy of living had departed once for all. 'But supposing I did skip about just the way you do,' he said plaintively, 'then I'd be all mixed up.'

MAKE FRIENDS SLOWLY

One of the social points a girl should bear in mind, no matter what her position may be, is that there is no more objectionable situation gained than that through a girl being too free and easy in her manners and becoming acquainted too quickly. Strangers will take more liberties with one who makes herself conspicuous than with one who has reserve of manner, and while it may be a temptation to know a lot of people and considered popular, it is far better to know fewer and those of the right kind. A girl need not be afraid that because she is quiet and reserved in manner she will be a wall flower. On the contrary, she is far more likely to become a genuine favorite after a time than the girl who is conspicuous and with whom familiarity has bred contempt. 'Make haste slowly' is the best advice in regard to forming acquaintances.

OLD IRISH PROVERBS

The rare jewel is the most prized.
A blind man is no judge of colors.
When the cat is out the mice dance.
Even a fool has luck.
A mouth of ivy, a heart of holly.
The historian's food is truth.
Fierceness is often hidden under beauty.
There is often anger in a laugh.
A good dress often hides a deceiver.
Fame is more lasting than life.
A foolish word is folly.
Lay up in time.
Mild to the meek.
Cat after kind.
Force overcomes justice.
Hope consoles the persecuted.
The satisfied forget the hungry.
Long sleep renders a child inert.
Hurry without haste.
Drunkenness is the brother of robbery.
Hope is the physician of each misery.
It is difficult to tame the proud.
Idleness is the desire of a fool.
Look before you leap.
He who is out, his supper cools.
The memory of an old child is long.
Everything is revealed by time.
A cat can look at a king.
Patience is the cure of an inveterate disease.
Learning is the desire of the wise.
Character is better than wealth.
Without treasure, without friends.
A hungry man is angry.
No man is wise at all times.
Every dear article is woman's desire.
Wisdom exceeds strength.
Wine is sweet; to pay for it bitter.
Sleep is the image of death.
Enough is a feast.
Present good is better than past good.
Death is the physician of the poor.
Every flatterer is not a friend.

ODDS AND ENDS

Milliner: 'There, miss, that hat suits you beautifully, I'm sure. It is exactly like the one Mrs. Perkins has ordered.' Maid (scornfully removing headgear): 'Good gracious! No, thank you. Mrs. Perkins is my missis, and I don't want to be mistook for her.'

FAMILY FUN

This Is Interesting.—Here is a puzzle that puzzles everybody. Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three, multiply by five, add to it the number of living sisters, multiply the result by ten, add the number of deaths of brothers and sisters, and subtract 150 from the result. The right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle will be the number of living sisters, and the left will show the number of brothers. Try it and see.

All Sorts

'One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives,' declared a notorious lady scandal-monger.

'That isn't your fault,' quietly observed one of her auditors.

Teacher: Tommy, what is a fruitless search?

Tommy: 'When you're looking for apples in the pantry an' only find potatoes.'

The little town of Beresoska, in the province of Elizabethgrad, Russia, was to be sold at auction on October 3. The municipality owes £1200 to a merchant of Odessa, who, after fruitless efforts to obtain his money, has decided that the town must come under the hammer.

The output of the 150 distilleries in Scotland last year amounted to 22,796,000 proof gallons of whisky—a decrease of 2,043,000 gallons as compared with the previous year, and of 12,972,000 gallons as compared with 1898-9, the year of the record output.

A policeman was asking for funds to help to bury one of his brother officers who had recently died. 'Would you like to subscribe five shillings towards his burial, sir?' said Robert. The kind old gentleman put his hand in his pocket and handed him a sovereign. 'Thank you, sir,' he said, 'I'll have to give you 15s change.' 'Oh, never mind the change,' said the benevolent old gentleman; 'bury three other policemen!'

Two well-known lawyers who are addicted to golf were taking their accustomed cross-country walk on the links a few days ago, when it came B——'s turn to play. He built a sand tee most carefully, sized up the distance to the next hole, made wind calculations, then raised his driver, made a mighty swing, and—missed. For full ten seconds he stood and looked at the little ball resting securely on its sand pile. His companion contemplated for a moment, and then said: 'That is the most profane silence I have ever heard.'

Next July the University of Leipsic will observe its quincentenary. After Heidelberg, which dates from 1386, it is the most ancient of the German seats of learning. Its revenues are estimated at £125,000 per annum. Leipsic is considered the best of the German universities for practical work. Its library is renowned throughout the Empire, as are also its hospitals. The latest addition to the old foundation are the Institute of Pathology and the School of Agriculture, and the equipment of those are the admiration of all who have visited them.

There are some flowers that shut themselves up at night as if to go to sleep. The tulips do this, so do the pond-lilies. The mountain daisy and the dandelion also go to sleep. Some flowers have a particular time to open, as the 'four-o'clock'; and others hang down their heads at night as if they were nodding. The morning-glory is a pretty flower, but not many people know that there is a new set every day. The spiral buds of to-day open to-morrow morning and close in the afternoon, never to open again. The red flowers of the cypress vine also live but one day.

Little Raymond's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her command in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother proceeded to fulfil her duty, sobs of anguish filled the room.

'But, Raymond,' said the mother, gently, 'I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and mother must keep her word, you know.'

Between muffled sobs, Raymond managed to say, 'You needn't break your word, mamma, but couldn't you change your mind?'

The imperial kitchen of the Sultan of Turkey is more like a fortress than a place to cook his meals, for it has an armor-plated door and is fitted with locks which can only be opened by one man. As each course is prepared, it is placed on a silver dish, which is sealed with red wax by the kelardjhi, the official responsible for his sovereign's food, and then a black velvet cover is placed over the dish to keep it warm. A procession of people follow the meal into the imperial chamber, the seals being broken in the Sultan's presence, and often the kelardjhi is requested to taste some particular dish. The cost of the Sultan's food does not exceed £1000 a year, for it is mostly entrees and boiled eggs, but to feed the numerous members of his household and pay all domestic expenses lessens his annual income of £2,000,000 by £14,000 a week.