

How much pain the evils have cost us which have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry count 100.

AN OLD DEBT

The little Steiger Inn, near Dresden, has celebrated its centennial, and this among other memories is quoted by the *Staats-Zeitung* as belonging to it:—

In 1849, on a morning in May, the hostess of the inn heard distant firing, and saw armed insurgents running along the road, as if in flight. This was the last remnant contributed by Dresden to the May revolution, and the Prussians were hard upon their track.

Suddenly the hostess found herself confronted by a little man with smoke-begrimed face and hands, who nodded and rushed into the inn.

'Give me a basin of water,' he panted, 'and some bread and meat! Quick! An instant's delay may mean death!'

The hostess obeyed him.

'You don't seem to know me,' said he.

'Oh, I have seen you often, but—'

'Well, I hope I have credit enough for my breakfast, for I haven't a pfennig about me. And I want a guide to show me the way through the forest to Freiberg.'

So the hostess sent her son to guide him through the woods.

Fourteen years after a well-dressed little gentleman presented himself one day at the door of the inn and addressed the hostess with a smile:

'Good day, Frau Wirthin. I have come to pay my debts. I have not forgotten what you did for me that 9th of May.'

He then paid for the breakfast eaten so long before.

'Now,' said he, 'that is off my conscience. Perhaps you would like to know whom you have trusted so long. Allow me to introduce myself as Richard Wagner, then a rebel, now amnestied by the King.'

The great German composer had paid his debt as dramatically as one of his operatic heroes, with a 'Behold, I have grown famous!'

THE OTHER VERSION

Miss Jane Barlow sent a poem as a first contribution to the *Cornhill Magazine* when James Payn was its editor. Think of the lady receiving a brief line, scrawled in James's fearful chirography, which she interpreted as follows:—

'I have no use for silly verses.'

Of course, Miss Barlow indulged in copious tears. There never was such an ill-mannered snub. Then she commenced to study the scrawl. Now came a gleam of light, for she dimly made out what it really was: 'I hope to use your pretty verses.'

ODDS AND ENDS

'Tommy,' said the hostess, 'you seem to be in deep thought.' 'Yes'm,' replied Tommy; 'ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forgot what it was.'

'You have an enormous appetite,' said a thin man, enviously. 'What do you take for it?'

'In all my experience,' replied his plump friend, 'I have found nothing more suitable than food!'

FAMILY FUN

What ship is disliked by all?—Hardship.

What is the noisiest pet in the world?—Trumpet.

Take the first and last letter from a lady's name and she becomes painful.—Answer: Rachel—ache.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a master hitting a boy?—Because it hurts the pupil.

What instrument of war does the earth resemble?—A revolver.

What is the difference between a lady and postage stamp?—One is a female and the other a mail fee.

Why is your dinner like the letter S?—It comes before T.

What foreign race could be represented by ten very warm and very small children?—Hotten-tots.

When is your cash account like a wire bent into a circle?—When both ends meet.

Where should blind people go?—To some island (eyeland).

What aunts are most unpleasant to have in the house?—Discordance.

All Sorts

There isn't much meat on the bone of contention.

A successful man isn't necessarily a contented man.

It costs more to get out of trouble than it does to keep out.

The dread of ridicule is apt to strangle originality at its birth.

There are times when fiction is almost as strange as the truth.

The Jesuit Fathers in Brazil have perfected an invention of their own for the destruction of ants, which are especially destructive to crops in that country.

Teacher: 'Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.'

Little Bessie: 'Dick!'

Teacher: 'Dick? What sort of a bird is that?'

Little Bessie: 'Our canary—the cat extincted him!'

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signalling at sea never exceeded four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that with eighteen various colored flags and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 28,742 signals can be given.

Mrs. Young (proudly): 'The landlord was here to-day; I gave him the quarter's rent and showed him the baby.' Young (who was kept awake last night): 'It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the quarter's rent.'

Practical Yankee: 'Well, yes, sir. I give up to you. Shakespeare was a genius; but he didn't kinder seem to put it to a practical use. Never benefited civilisation with a washing-machine, nor a patent turnip-peeler, nor anything of that sort. Still, he was a smart man.'

Chinamen have a way of tricking hens so that they assist in the hatching of fish. Fish eggs are carefully placed in an eggshell, which is then sealed and placed under an unsuspecting hen. In a few days the spawn is warmed into life, and the contents of the shell are then cast into a shallow pool, where the sunshine completes the work.

In a recent Swiss action the court, in estimating the sum payable to the family of a person killed by the negligence of the driver of a motor car, included the claims of the deceased's fiancée. The driver had exceeded 60 kilometres, equal to about 37½ miles an hour. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, 2000 francs fine, 373 francs costs, and 16,850 francs damages.

In the year 1675 King Charles II. of England founded the royal observatory at Greenwich in order that astronomical observations might be made for the assistance of sailors. The history of the observatory has been the history of chronology and of this practical side of astronomy. Its work and its standards have become distinctly international. The meridian of Greenwich now determines the longitude of the world.

For the seventeenth time the stout visitor had groped patiently under the couch, on which he was sitting, for a rubber ball belonging to his hostess's little son. Each time it was returned to him the delighted youngster squealed with delight.

'How little,' said the mother, 'it takes to amuse a child!'

'Well, I don't know about that,' returned the visitor, who was crimson from exertion. 'It seems to me that it takes a great deal.'

It is supposed by travellers that the tipping system is universal. A North Island man who visited England last summer appears to think that country is the champion tipstaker, and he relates some of his experiences. 'Well, I had tipped every man, from the swell gent who seemed to own the House of Commons down to the hiring who gummed the wrong labels on my luggage. I went into the waiting-room on the landing-stage at Liverpool to wash my hands of everything English, and what do you think stared me in the face when I had finished? A placard saying, "Please tip the basin!"'

Tennis was first played in the early part of the sixteenth century in England and France. Matches for considerable wagers were frequently held, and rather than give up the game many men played for parts of their wearing apparel after their money was gone. In England towards the last of that century, covered tennis-courts were erected, and nearly all the nobility played, including the women. Henry VII. was a devoted follower of tennis, and Henry VIII. was also fascinated by the sport. The first royal tennis match was played between this monarch with the Emperor Maximilian for a partner, against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis de Brandenbrow. Charles II. was the first person to adopt a tennis costume.