

Knew It Was a Canal.
 Some of these youngsters who are studying physiology have as hard a time as their parents figuring out the terms used in that profoundly interesting subject. One little girl, according to her mentor, was asked the other day to name the three openings into the throat. For the benefit of the gentle reader who may not have studied his physiology recently it may be stated that the openings are the epiglottis, the esophagus and the alimentary canal.
 The little girl had tried awfully hard to remember those names because she had a hunch that the teacher would ask her to give them. She started bravely.
 "The epiglottis," she began and hesitated.
 "Right you are," encouraged the teacher. "What then?"
 "The—um—ab—sarcophagus?" she inquired a little dubiously.
 "You mean esophagus, my dear," suggested the teacher. "And the third?"
 "The Erie canal!" announced the little girl confidently and triumphantly.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Bucket Shop.
 "Bucket shops"—a name now used to denote small "outside" stockbrokers or financiers not in membership with the Stock Exchange—were so called because when they first started in Chicago the only commodity dealt in by small speculators to any extent was wheat. The legitimate dealers would not handle an order for less than 5,000 bushels, and then a lot of places sprung up where men of limited capital could speculate with very small sums, and these men were spoken of contemptuously as buying and selling wheat by the bucketful; hence shops where a small business was conducted in grain on a margin came to be known as bucket shops. The term was finally extended to cover all brokerage offices where small lots of either grain or stock were bought and sold, and it was applied particularly to those places where both seller and buyer did not more than "gamble" on the rise and fall of stocks.

Bows on Men's Hats.
 Why is it that a man's hat has a band, and why is it that band has a bow invariably on the left side?
 The answer is that there was a time when a piece of cloth adjusted to the head and tied with a band of other material served for a headpiece. The reason the bow was always placed on the left side had its origin in the fact that in wielding a sword—an accomplishment possessed by nearly every one of consequence at one period of the world's history—the bow or rosette if placed on the right side would have been in the way. Its present day utility is that it keeps most men from wearing their hats blind side before, and, although with most hats that would not matter, with most heads it does.—Chicago Record-Herald.

On the Moon.
 The question "Could a man live on the moon?" has been put to an eminent astronomer, who replied: "I am afraid not. A man transplanted to the moon would find himself the lone inhabitant of a perfectly lifeless orb in which eternal silence reigns. He would have to manage without air, water or fire. He would not need to put windows in his house, for there is no wind, no rain, no dust, upon the moon. It has been truly and practically observed that the moon is apparently abandoned to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides and reflects the sunbeams in moonlight."

The Dean's Retort.
 One Sunday morning at Cauntun church Dean Hole noticed a tipsy man in the congregation. He bore his presence until it was no longer possible and then came to a halt with the question, "Are you fit to remain in God's house?"
 The man got up unsteadily and was helped to the door.
 "James," said Hole after the service was over, "what did you do with him?"
 The useful parishioner replied, "I put him on a tombstone, sir."
 The indignant vicar's retort was, "Couldn't you have put him under it?"—London Mail.

Names in Politics.
 "I want to make a name for myself in politics," said the ambitious youth.
 "Well," answered Senator Strgum, "it's liable to be a long and difficult enterprise. You'll probably have to put in a considerable share of your time allowing your enemies to call you any names they happen to think of."—Washington Star.

His Claim to Fame.
 "Who was this fellow Pepys, and what is his claim to fame?"
 "His claim to fame is well founded, my friend. He's the man who kept a diary for more than a year!"—Kansas City Journal.

Cause For Surprise.
 Belle—Mr. Higgins started to kiss me last night.
 Beulah—And weren't you surprised?
 "I should say I was. He didn't do it."—Yonkers Statesman.

His Preparation.
 "Listen to this charming bit of obituary sentiment," said a cynical bachelor. "He had been married forty years and was prepared to die."—Ladies' Home Journal.

We accomplish more by prudence than by force.—Tacitus.

Effaced.
 Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party. Both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation he said to the latter: "Just tell me who is that tall officer near the fireplace on the other side. I forget his name."
 "That's my brother, your excellency" was the answer.
 A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after the general went to another group of people and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly the others saw him turning away, with the same smile on his face.
 Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied:
 "He asked me who that officer was over there."
 "And what did you say?"
 "I said that he was my brother?"
 The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

Wanted It to Take.
 Mrs. B. believed in infant baptism, but for some reason that rite was not performed for Tommy till he was some four or five years old. While the ceremony was in progress the mother was very much gratified with Tommy's behavior. He seemed duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and remained with bowed head for some time after the sprinkling had been done.
 "The angel!" exclaimed the mother.
 "The little dear!" said a good sister as she went up to give him a "God bless you" and a pat on the head. But just as her hand was descending with that benediction a very wrathful and unangelic countenance was turned upon her, a pugilistic little fist delivered a paralyzing blow on her hip, and the indignant Tommy exclaimed "You get away from here!"
 Of course he was led out in disgrace and questioned by his horrified mother.
 "Why, don't you know she would've rubbed all the baptizing water off his forehead if he had time to soak in," explained Tommy, who from his point of view was fully justified.—Los Angeles Times.

Buffoonery in "Hamlet."
 The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the memoirs of B. R. Sullivan. Wright, who was the first gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm by having incensed his person with a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave in the fair Ophelia Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But a fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat Paul Bedford, the second gravedigger, incensed himself in the stiff vests, which increased the salvo of laughter, for as Wright went getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

An Awkward Selection.
 The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how while on circuit with Justice Rook they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms: "Speak, O ye Judges of the earth, if just your sentence be, or must not innocence appeal to heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed, your gripping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed."
 By this time most of the adults had woken up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children to continue the second verse.—London Tatler.

A Soft Answer.
 Jewel—Arrah, Jimmy, why did I marry ye? Just tell me that, for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that I became your wife.
 "Swate jewel," replied Jimmy, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day when you're a widow weeping over the cold sod that covers me. Then I'll see how you'll get along without me, honey."—London Tit-Bits.

Needed Repairs.
 "Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the meandering tinker as he entered the office.
 "It would seem so," replied the employer. "She has just gone across the street to consult a dentist."

More Modern.
 "Tommy, you have written this sentence, 'The pen is mightier as the sword,' and it is incorrect. How should it be changed?"
 "Pen ought to be changed to typewriter, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

He'd Had Experience.
 Her (reading)—And so they were married, and that was the last of their trouble. Him (softly)—Last, but not least.—Cleveland Leader.

Not That Kind.
 Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you?
 Tessie—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy!—Mobile Register.

Going Into a Safe Business.
 It was Cassidy's first time at the newspaper carrier. From side to side of the avenue he hurried, dropping the moist sheets in vestibules and running them in the space between the door and sill. Finally he came to a house that was separated from the sidewalk by an iron studded yard. Cassidy opened the iron gate and walked up the stove path. He knelt in the vestibule and started running the paper under the door. An upper window was raised, and a woman's voice called:
 "That you, Harry? You are awful late. I hear the milk carts rattling."
 Cassidy thought it best to remain quiet. The voice continued:
 "You needn't think I'm coming down at such an hour! The idea of you, a married man, coming home at such a time! Lost your key, as usual? Well, catch this one."
 A heavy piece of brass shot two stories. There was a heavy fall, and the vestibule resembled a press room.
 Some one found Cassidy smoking his pipe in the "accident ward."
 "Going back to the carrier route?" they asked.
 "Never once more," responded Cassidy. "I'm goin' back to wur-ruk in th' quarry. Thor's no fallin' knees thor, only dynamited rocks."—Chicago News.

As Expanded.
 A diminutive specimen of juvenile femininity except Miss Muffet had placed herself in a sitting posture upon an article of household furniture ordinarily termed an ottoman or hassock, ministering to the gratification of her gustatory organs by ingurgitating the coagulated portion of bovine lacteal fluid mingled with the watery serum of the same which remains after the coagulated portion has been segregated and withdrawn.
 Happening to glance downward, she observed that a specimen of the genus araneida, class arachnida, remarkable for its ability to produce filaments of extraordinary tenacity from its own interior, had taken position upon the ottoman or hassock in immediate proximity to her.
 Which totally unexpected incident aroused her apprehension to such an extent that she immediately, not to say precipitately, arose from her sitting posture and departed from the locality, leaving the intruder in undisputed possession of the apartment.—Chicago Tribune.

An Easy Job.
 In antebellum days Colonel Moore of Kentucky owned a large number of slaves. One day one of the field hands, named Jupe, was guilty of some negligence and was sent to the woods at once to cut down and split up a black gum tree, precipitately an impossible task. Jupe cut down the tree and laid it red hot to split the tough wood. It in vain. In the meantime a thunderstorm came up, and Jupe sought refuge under a brush heap. Directly the lightning struck a large poplar near by, splitting it into kindling wood. After the storm had passed Jupe crawled out from his place of security and after taking a careful look at the remains of the poplar tree, which were scattered all over the woods, said: "Mr. Lightning, I wish you had just tried yo' han' on dis black gum." Any blame foul can split a poplar.—Cleveland Leader.

How Welshwomen Carry Their Babies.
 The quaint old Welsh way in which Swansea women carry their babies attracts every one's notice when visiting that town for the first time. A big shawl over the right shoulder is drawn down to the left hip, where the two ends of the shawl are met and held together, forming a sort of pouch or pocket, in which the baby snugly cozily and safely. Its weight is so supported by the hip and distributed by the shawl over the whole upper part of the body that there is no strain at all nor any tiring of the arms. This probably accounts for the upright carriage of the Welsh mother. Moreover, the method is comfortable for the child and so safe that in Swansea small boys swathed in their mothers' shawls are seen carrying the family's latest baby.—London Chronicle.

Dear Swift's Complaint.
 It is no new thing, this complaint which one hears of the high cost of living. Writing to Stella from London in the year 1710, Dean Swift remarks: "I lodge in Bury street, St. James, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, the dining room and bedchamber at 8 shillings a week; plaguy dear, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern and very seldom in a coach, yet, after all, it will be expensive."
 Knew of One.
 Traveler (delayed in Druryhurst by washout)—Are there any objects of curiosity in this village?
 Uncle Welby Gosh—Well, I reckon I've got as much curiosity as any other fellow'll find. Where are you goin', mister, an' what do you foller fur a livin'?"—Chicago Tribune.

C. c. the Time.
 A man was so cross eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abstracted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The judge told him it would be three years.

A Nuisance.
 Father—What do you mean, my son, by saying that your teacher is a nuisance?
 Theobald—Well, that's what you call me when I ask questions, an' teacher does nothin' else.

Lofty Expectations.
 "Is your husband all you thought he was?"
 "Just about. But he doesn't come close to being all he thought he was."

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