

QUEEN SAAV'S READY WIT.

A Story Appropriated From the Annals of Irish Royalty.

The anger of King Colm was terrible. 'Twas a fortnight before he could address himself to his queen or look her in the face and speak to her—and what she was a shame and a disgrace to him, but sure what could be expected anyhow when he was such a notorious fool as ever to marry a beggar of a race of beggars.

"Thirty-three," says he, "if you like 'Twill be a cheap price to get rid of you."

"Thanky, me lord," says she "I'll only ask three. And before I've got them out maybe you'll think it's enough."

"What is the first back burden you choose?" says he.

"A back burden," says she, "of gold, silver, diamonds and jewelry."

In a short time the king had a burden of them piled on her that bent almost broke her back and with it she went out over the drawbridge.

When she came back again says King Colm, "Now then, name your third and last burden, and we're done with you forever, thank God!"

Says Saav, "Get on me back yourself."

King Colm and his good Queen Saav lived ever after the happiest and most contented couple that Ireland ever knew, a parable for all kings and queens and married couples in the nation. Saav lived and died the willful, as her husband lived ever after and died the justest and most generous, most reasonable, sensible, affable and amiable king that Ireland ever knew.

Whistler Let Them Wait. Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to a party.

If Jupiter Were Inhabited. Calculations as to the size required for human beings on the other planets vary widely, according to the basis of reckoning.

A Bright-Blacksmith. The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheels.

Winding Up His Affairs. "Look here, Ben, what did you shoot at me for? I ain't got no quarrel with you."

Like the Moon. "He's a star after dinner speaker, isn't he?"

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortal.

A CUNNING WEASEL.

The Trick by Which He Trapped His Big Rat Antagonist.

Once a sawmill in a western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day.

One by one the rats fell victims to the weasel's superior strength until only one very large, pugnacious rat was left of the once numerous colony.

Shortly thereafter the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy.

The weasel ran in, still followed by the rat, but immediately reappeared round the end of the pile and again dodged into the hole behind the rat.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground tunnel he quickly slipped through and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole, the weasel dodged in behind him.

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Managing the Weather.

It may safely be said that control of the weather by sorcerers was at its height in the sixteenth century.

But if the belief was held more strongly along one coast line than another it was around the Baltic rather than elsewhere.

As late as 1670 a traveler tells us how, being becalmed off Finland, the captain sent ashore to buy a wind from a wizard.

The fee was 10 kroner (say 36 shillings) and a pound of tobacco. The wizard tied a woolen rag with three knots in it to the mast.

Carrying the rag knot produced just the wind they wanted, southwest. That slackening, untidy knot No. 2 revives it for a time, but knot No. 3 brings up a fearful northeaster which nearly sinks them.

"Qui nescit curare, discat navigare," was a much quoted phrase. True enough of one traveler, it would appear, seeing he is reported to have prayed during a storm "O Lord, I am no common beggar. I do not trouble thee every day for I never prayed to thee before, and if I please thee to deliver me this once I will never pray to thee again as long as I live."

What Bjornson was to his own people is best made clear by an incident which occurred at his beloved Alesund not long before he was forced to start on his final journey to Paris in search of another lease of health and life.

A regiment passed the place in the course of a maneuver. Its commander sent word ahead to the poet asking him to review the soldiers as they marched by.

Bjornson stood on the veranda of his house surrounded by his entire family—a man who had never held any public office, mind you. As the troop approached on the highroad below officers and men gave the salute due to a commanding general or a member of the royal house.

From the rapidly moving ranks rose one mighty shout after another—a spontaneous outburst of devotion and gratitude such as it has been granted very few men the fortune to inspire.

At last the cheering ceased and he was permitted to retire. Scarcely had he done so when the three "lay" figures got up from their chairs and walked off the stage.

The origin of the word "bull" as the definition of a confused utterance is doubtful. Some philologists say it comes from the French bouille, "fool" and others that it is derived from the Irish bull, "boanance."

Where Looks Don't Matter. Apropos of a titled foreigner's marriage to a rich and rather plain American girl a New Yorker said:

"The count has no cause to complain. The ethics of such a marriage as his are but the ethics of the matrimonial agency."

"I am interested," he said, "in the young lady who has \$250,000 in her own right. Could you let me see her photograph?"

"No, that is not the custom," the agent replied. "In any case over \$100,000 the photograph is never asked for."

Working Him. "I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice."

"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager, "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

Friendship. Friendship is a rare which when it is flayed by heat or violence or accident may as well be broken at once. It can never be trusted again. The more graceful and ornamental it was the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state.

A ROYAL BOOK BUYER.

The Purchase of Diderot's Library by Catherine II. of Russia.

Empress Catherine II. of Russia was a great reader and a lover of books. One of her services to letters in Russia was the purchase of the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot.

The story of Catherine's purchase of Diderot's library is interesting. It is creditable to her tact and her generosity.

Diderot's library was interesting. It is creditable to her tact and her generosity. Diderot had offered him \$50,000 and named as a condition of the bargain that her purchase should remain with Diderot until his death.

Thus Diderot, without leaving Paris, became Catherine's librarian in his own library. As her librarian he was given a yearly salary of \$5,000.

One year this salary was not paid. Then Catherine wrote to her librarian that she could not have him or her library suffer through the negligence of a treasurer's clerk and that she should send him the sum that she had set aside for the care and increase of her library for fifty years.

At the end of that period she would make new arrangements. A check for \$100,000 accompanied this letter.

Apologizing to his friends, Lee rose at once and went to the gate. Very soon his purse appeared, and he was seen to give the man some money.

His friends, knowing the extent of his charity in any case of suffering, real or apparent, looked on with some impatience for they knew how slender his means were.

"General, who was that?" one of them ventured when he had returned to his place.

"One of our boys in trouble," was the half smiling answer, for the general knew the remonstrance which his friend was longing to make.

"What regiment and company did he belong to?" persisted the friend anxiously, if possible, to unearth the "suspected friend."

"Oh, he was fought on the other side," was General Lee's calm answer.

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Really Antique. An excellent plaster of Paris cast may be seen in one of the Egyptian galleries of the British museum.

Natural. The Stranger—Was the new candidate much put out when they threw the stale eggs at him? Native—He was, sorr. He was awful decomposed.

Will Never Know. Seymour—it is better to be right than president. Ashley—How do you know? You've never been either and never will be.—Chicago News.

When the light begins within himself a man's words something.—Browning.

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