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**The Tea Leaf.**  
A good deal of tea is consumed by the working classes in the days when Arthur Young complained of the addiction to this luxury had never seen either India or China. In one of John Ashton's works on England he cites a case in which a boy charged with gambling stated that the money found in his possession had been made by picking tea leaves. This led to the discovery that many persons made a living by picking nice leaves and white-thorn leaves in the fields near Cambridge and selling them to a local cow-keeper for a penny a pound. One man said he picked from fifty to sixty pounds a day and always found a market for them. The leaves were subsequently sold to a wholesale merchant, who obtained as much as 8 shillings a pound for them under the guise of tea. The merchant was prosecuted and fined, not for adulteration, but for defrauding the revenue. And the "tea leaf" is still the slang name for the petty thief.—London Standard.

**Whims of Parrots.**  
"It is odd," said the bird store keeper, "but it is true, now people come into a bird store and expect to open up a conversation with a parrot offhand. They fall and then make up their mind that the parrot is worthless. This will apply to a majority of seekers after a talking parrot. They do not give the bird credit for the sense it actually possesses. There are parrots valued at anywhere from \$50 to \$500 that will not be coaxed into conversation with a stranger nor while he is present, although they are the very best of talkers. Parrots often refuse to perform when there are purchasers looking on, but once the store is clear of them they will chatter away through their whole vocabulary as if their very lives depended on their being heard. This obstinacy often spoils good sales. Most parrots will talk to a girl or woman much quicker and freer than to a boy or a man."—Browning's Monthly.

**Ostriches and Their Eggs.**  
A singular thing about ostriches is the way they bring up their babies. To begin with, there are a good many eggs in the nest (dug out of the hot sand), but the eggs were laid by different mothers. Ostriches do not lay eggs every day, and being far apart, they would not hatch together. When the nest is prepared, therefore, all the ladies in the neighborhood are invited to contribute an egg apiece, the hostess returning the favor in due time. Ostrich eggs are delicious. One weighs three pounds, or is equal to a dozen of a hen's. They are very convenient, too, for the hunters in the desert. They not only furnish a delightful meal, but a dish to cook in. The shell is hard and thick, and the egg is set on the fire, a hole is broken in the top, it is stirred with a stick, and when it is done the saucepan serves as a dish as well.—New York Tribune.

**The Name of Rio de Janeiro.**  
Rio de Janeiro owes her name to the accident of a date and the mistake of her discovery. When Alphonso de Souza, the Portuguese navigator, found himself in the spacious bay he imagined he had found the mouth of a noble river, and because the day happened to be the 1st of January, 1531, he named the supposed river after the first month of the year. The name was not applied to the city that grew up on the slopes of the hills till many years afterward, but San Sebastian, the original name, is now almost forgotten. Rio as a city purchases the beauty of her site at the cost of health, for the giant ridges that form the beautiful background to the town shut out the breezes that might blow tropical noisances harmlessly to sea.—London Spectator.

**Astrology and War.**  
It has been stated on what is said to be good authority that a representative of the Prussian government asked of a French astrologer the proper time to pick a quarrel with France. After carefully comparing horoscopes of high officials he answered that any hour in the afternoon as near as possible midway between the 9th and 14th of July, 1870. On the 11th of July, William snubbed Benedetti, the French emissary, and on the 12th friendly relations ceased.

**Economy in the Home.**  
"What the land needs is an era of economy in the home."  
"Yes."  
"A. Don't you agree with me?"  
"Certainly, but—"  
"Would you mind going home and my house and telling my wife about it?"—Houston Post.

**Very Awkward.**  
"Your Albert is going bald, ain't he, Mrs. Smithers?"  
"Yes, Mrs. Peters, 'e certainly is getting 'igh 'eaded, and it makes it very awkward for the pore dear. When 'e washes 'e 'as to keep 'is 'at on 'is 'ead to tell where 'is face finishes!"—London Mail.

**Utter Waste.**  
"We all sigh for something unattainable."  
"That's right. My wife has never been able to find any good use for the burned matches."—Washington Herald.

**The Way of the World.**  
"Isn't it awful? According to the papers, there just seems to be one revolution after another."  
"Yes. That's the way the world goes round."—Judge.

It is the peculiarity of a fool to be quick in seeing the faults of others while he is blind to his own.

**A LOST MANUSCRIPT**  
By JOHN Y. LARNED  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I became a theatrical manager when I was still very young. I was not at all systematic and was consequently always in trouble. I finally received a lesson that made me change my habits. One day I left the theater and had entered a cab just about to start away when a girl's face appeared at the window.  
"Beg pardon for stopping you," she said. "Are you Mr. C.?"  
"I am."  
"Would you be so kind as to read a play for me?"  
I had more plays than I could put on the boards for two years, but the girl had such a winning smile that I consented. I took a roll of manuscript from her, told her to call at my office in a week and I would give her an answer.

In a week she called.  
"Have you read my play?" she asked, with that same winning smile I had seen before.  
"No; I have been very busy. I'm sorry. Could you give me another week?"  
"Certainly. I'm in no great hurry."  
"Well, come on this day week."  
I went to my rooms and ransacked every corner for that manuscript. It was nowhere to be found. I must have left it in the cab. But I had picked the cab up on the street and couldn't possibly know it from other cabs. I should have admitted the loss and taken the consequences. But I was young and prided myself on my ability to get out of such scrapes. I would first win the girl's good will, then confess and compromise the matter as best I could.

When she called again I put her off by offering her two excellent seats for the evening's performance. She said they would be of no use to her since she had no escort. She smiled at me so sweetly when she said this that I told her I would escort her myself. I did not only do so, but said several things to her about the opening of her play, a few passages of which I professed to have read. I regretted doing so, however, because she asked me a lot of questions about it which I couldn't answer. I got all mixed over it and was obliged to tell her that I thought I had got hold of the wrong manuscript. When I left her I told her that three days should elapse before I had read the play, and when I tried to put her off and not some other author's play.

I put the poor girl off for three months. She was very nice to me about it all this time, but the further I proceeded with my deception the further I sank in the mire. The worst part of the matter was that when a week passed without my seeing her I found myself like a toper without his glass of grog.

One day the girl came into my office and told me that she had given the scenario of her play (its skeleton) to a rival manager, and he had assured her that if the dialogue was filled in effectively he would put it on the boards at once. When I tried to put her off some more a beautiful bright tear stood in her eye.

When a man is tilting between indifference and love for a woman he may be easily unbalanced on the side of love by one of those little gibes which, at any rate, I lost my balance. I confessed to have lost her manuscript, but told her not to mind a little thing like that since I loved her and had quite enough for both of us. If she would marry me it would be all right. I kissed away the tear, and her smile was like the sun peeping from the other side of an April cloud.

From that moment I heard no more of the missing manuscript. After a few months' engagement we were married and after a brief wedding trip settled down to the humdrum of life. One evening when I went home my wife told me that she had received "first night" tickets to a play that was to be put on the boards and asked me to go with her to see the performance. I tried to say something, but I was needed at my law office, so she went alone.

Our seats were a privileged place on the lower balcony. The play opened so well that I exclaimed, "By Jove, why don't I get hold of this?" As the performance proceeded it was evident that the play was being made. I found my words in my mind, at having missed getting on what promised to be a money-making play. At the climax of the third act the audience came down in a thunder of applause. Calls were made for the author, but the author did not appear. The manager came before the curtain and announced that he would appear at the end of the play. This satisfied them, and the performance went on.

When the curtain went down on the last act not one of the audience rose to go. The manager came to our box and offering his hand to my wife, assisted her on to the stage and paced her before the footlights, where she stood bowing till the applause subsided, when she made a very graceful little speech.

"What the dickens is the meaning of all this?" I asked when she returned.  
"Oh, this 'the play you lost.' You left the manuscript in the cab, didn't you? Well, it's been found."

**FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**

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