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NEW USE FOR OLD PIANOS

Patagonian Removes Sounding Board and Strings and Makes Bed for Self and Wife.

A Labrador tribe, it is said, made the barrels stolen from a wrecked whaler serve as chimney tops; the West Indians utilized Timothy Dexter's warming pans for sugar larders; and the Shans find no worse use for English beer bottles than to stock them up as household gods to keep away evil spirits. But the drolliest instance of converted usage occurred when that adventurous Frenchman, De Tonnant, while in Patagonia gave an old chief a worn-out grand piano which he had bought for \$50 in France.

A few days after making this generous present the Tonnant went one morning to pay an early visit to the Patagonian. He found him sleeping peacefully with his wife inside the piano, from which he had carefully removed sounding board, strings, etc., and which, thus transformed, constituted a not uncomfortable bedstead.—Harper's Weekly.

BUT TWO MEDICINES IN SKYE

Tar for the Sheep and Whisky for the People Was Extent of Pharmacopoeia.

The native pharmacopoeia in Skye need not be of the simplest character. A man from the island, during his first week of night duty as a Glasgow constable, went into a chemist's shop and expressed frank astonishment at the bewildering array of bottles. "These medicines are ferry numerous—yes, ferry numerous, indeed," "Yes, we have to keep a great many," the chemist said blandly. "Now in Skye, where I come from," the constable went on, "the medicines are not what you might call numerous at all." "No," said the chemist. "How many do you have?" "Just two. There is tar for the sheep and whisky for the people."

GAVE FINGER TO SAVE LIFE.

A Cornish (Eng.) miner owes his life to the fact that he had the tenacity the other day to tear off one of his own fingers. He was at work in one of the drifts when a fall of rock occurred. The tubs in the vicinity were set in motion and one of

his fingers was pinned between them, and the man then saw that the steel girders supporting the roof were giving way, and he was in momentary danger of being buried. Not a moment was to be lost. He wrenched his imprisoned hand free with a mighty effort, but in doing so he tore the finger clean off his hand. No sooner had he got free than a heavy fall occurred, the debris covering the exact spot on which he had stood.

FULL INFORMATION.

Bill Musham, when chief of the Chicago fire department, went into a fierce situation at the risk of his life. The battle with the flames and with the falling timbers and bricks had been terrific, and company assignments had been lost.

In a perilous situation he found a pipe-man, dazed but belligerent. He held one end of a hose that was no longer effective, but to which he clung devotedly.

"Where are you from?" shouted Musham, making a funnel of his hands.

"From the county Mayo," shouted the fireman in return.

HOW IT STARTED.

T. A. Snider of Cincinnati, who piled up a fortune by the use of his name on catnip bottles, got all of his money because he realized that Mrs. Snider was a grand and gorgeous cook. She made him some catnip shortly after they were married, and he remarked:

"We ought to get a fortune out of this. Let's sell it."

They did sell it, and built it up into a big business, thereby annexing the fortune.—Popular Magazine.

ALL HE HAS LEFT.

Hiram—Has old man Simpson made his will?

Hank—Gawsh, no! Hain't got nothin' ter leave 'cept the rheumatism.

FINISH IN SIGHT.

"I can see an early finish for the dawg song."

"What's the answer?"

"They've got it on the phonograph records."

READY TO APPLAUD



Finnegan—Begorry, how Cussy does like to hear himself talk!

Flannigan—Faix, that la-ad is dyin' o' insomnia—jist fr'm stayin' awake to listen to himself talkin' in his slape!

LEAVEN OF EDUCATION.

As educated men filter through the community, reforms are secured that 20 years ago seemed millennial. The separation of local from state sources of revenue, the separation of local from national elections, the treatment of a franchise as valuable property, the discriminating between ordinary industry and natural monopoly, the practice of scientific charity and penology, the concentration of responsibility in government—these and a score of other good things which once seemed as far above popular compensation as four-dimensional space, have come to pass, thanks chiefly to the radiations from the classrooms.—From Prof. Edward A. Ross' "The Middle West" in the Century.

THE MAINSTAY.

Magistrate—What do you do, my man, to help support your home?

Lord of Creation—Me? Oh, I lean against it.—Puck.

COORROBORATIVE DETAIL.

"Say, Henpeckus, your wife is a very striking sort of woman."

"Indeed she is. You ought to see her fancy work with the rolling pin."

PROMOTION COMES AT LAST

Years of Hard and Faithful Service Win Tardy Recognition From Big Corporation.

"My boy," said the millionaire who headed the great corporation, "you have worked here faithfully for a good many years. I realize that you have devoted your best efforts to our interests, and that our success is in a measure due to your work and that of your fellow employees. Now I'm going to do something for you."

"O, thank you, sir," tremblingly replied the man who had been working for years on a salary that was barely sufficient to enable him to live in decent comfort. "I don't know how I can find words to fittingly express my gratitude. I can only hope that my work in the future will be such as to convince you that your generosity is fully appreciated."

"There, there, don't worry about that. We are going to open a branch in Nevada, and I've decided to let you be the manager of it. The town to which you are to be sent is a small one, and I understand that it is not as attractive as some towns are, but it may grow. In any case, the dry atmosphere out there will be almost sure to relieve you of any catarrhal troubles you may have. You will receive the same salary you are getting now, but it will probably be easy for you to save money, as there will be nothing out there on which your earnings can be spent. I congratulate you on your promotion."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW DID DUCKS PASS WORD?

Gathered Day by Day From All Parts to Eat Corn Placed on Ice for Them.

Four ducks (Anas aspera) have been spending the winter in the upper cove at Hedyne, the cove being covered with ice from 18 to 24 inches thick. At the north shore of the cove, running east and west, is the main road of the town and by this shore are two open places or spring holes. Here the ducks spend a great deal of time and are seen by many people.

Late one afternoon I carried to the spot about a peck of cracked corn, spreading some of it on the ice

and throwing some of it in the spring holes, says Arthur W. Brookway in Hartford Times. The next morning some crows came and began eating the corn, but the ducks drove them away. Soon after the grain was placed there two more ducks arrived; the next day two more; the third day one more, and at the time of writing fifteen more have arrived, making thirty in all.

The birds are tame, allowing one to make a near approach before they take flight. This proves how tame our wildest birds become if not shot at or molested.

THE REASON



"The doctor gave Holdtide up." "Couldn't he reach the disease?" "Yes; but he couldn't reach his pocketbook."

THE PROUD DUKE.

An English importer at the Union club, in New York, told a story illustrative of the pride of the late duke of Fife.

"A very rich woman in Grosvenor square," he said, "once asked the duke to dinner in terms like these: 'Mrs. Parvenue's social secretary is desired to invite the duke of Fife to dinner on the seventh inst. at eight o'clock.'"

"To this invitation came back the answer:

"The duke of Fife's piper is desired to inform Mrs. Parvenue's social secretary that the duke of Fife declines her invitation."

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