AN INNOCENT INTRUDER.

He Engaged Rooms, but Then Found That He Was Not Welcome.

An amusing story is told of the early days of the Margaret Louise home. The home, as is well known, was built by Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard as a woman's hotel, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian association.

The first day the building was open Miss Altman, the directress, was told that a gentleman had called to look at rooms. Taking it for granted that he wished to engage board for some woman relative, she sent an attendant to show him the rooms. He expressed himself as much pleased and engaged a suit. At nightfall the following day Miss Altman was informed by the horrified attendant that "a man had come to occupy the rooms" which he claimed to have engaged the preceding day. In the hall her startled eyes recognized the dignified gentleman of the day before, accompanied by a colored valet with a dress suit case in one hand, a portmanteau in the other, and with an expressman with a big trunk bringing up the rear.

Miss Altman advanced and politely requested an explanation. This caused the gentleman to grow very red in the face, while the valet rolled his eyes in disapproval and the expressman waited. The gentleman declared that he had come to take possession of the rooms he had engaged and had been refused the keys.

"Oh, but you cannot occupy the rooms!" she exclaimed. "This is a woman's hotel." The valet dropped the portmanteau, the expressman smiled, while beads of cold perspiration began to form on the would-be boarder's brow, as he explained, that going by, he had seen the place and, mistaking it for a select hotel, was so much pleased with his inspection that he had persuaded his nephew to come also and that probably the young man would arrive by 8 o'clock. Then, with many apologies, he beat a hasty retreat. That evening Miss Altman received the nephew, who proved to be a dashing young society man, who, when he heard of his uncle's innocent mistake, was greatly amused and laughed heartily. — New York World.

The West and the East.

Some interesting statements made by Owen Wister concerning the east and the west are quoted by Mr. Arthur Stedman in a sketch of the young author. "One thing I have noticed," said Mr. Wister, "regarding the east and the west. It can be expressed briefly, although it will require explanation afterward. In saying that the head of the country seems to be in the east while the heart seems to be in the west, I may perhaps mean that the west seems cruder, although I never phrase it to myself in just that way, but in traveling about there one is struck continually with the kindness of everybody and with their interest in all people who are in trouble. Their knowledge and good feeling also are not confined to their own part of the country and what is going on there, whether it be prosperity or adversity, but their interest extends to the east. That is to say, if you go to Chicago or San Francisco, or wherever the centers of population are, you will find that most people you talk with are familiar with things in New York and the east, and are interested to know what New York and other large eastern cities are doing, while, on the other hand, when you return from western regions to New York and Philadelphia, people in those cities seem very much less concerned with other parts of the country and are more concerned with their own immediate surroundings and life—almost, I should say, the least national, although far more civilized."—New York Tribune.

AUSTRIA'S BARBERS.

They Must Be Apprenticed Three Years and Pass Examination.

The Austrians take no chances with their barbers. They must be good, and the Barbers and Wigmakers' union of Vienna sees to it that they are. Provision is also made in their code for women barbers who desire to carry on the business of their husbands in case of the latters' death or illness.

But in order to do this the wife must have been enrolled in the union as an apprentice for three years. Apprentices, by the rules of the union, must appear in Vienna in the presence of judges of the union and show their skill before they are allowed to open shops of their own.

A properly certified barber must have a knowledge of and pass an examination in shaving, hair cutting, hair curling and wigmaking, and during the period before the issuance of a certificate the poor and others who are frugal serve as subjects for experiment.

At the examination the young men have their razors dulled by four strokes in a pine plank, and they must then sharpen them. A subject is assigned to each, who must be tonsorially perfect, in the opinion of the judges, when the apprentice has released him.

After this a certificate is issued and the apprentice serves two years as a journeyman before he may open a shop as an employer. The average age of apprentices when they begin to learn their trade is 13 years.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Young, Inexperienced and Rattled.

A young typewriter had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before, and was somewhat nervous.

The lawyer settled himself back in his chair and began dictating from mind a brief. He had pegged away about five minutes when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face.

"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer.

"Would you mind saying that all over again?" the girl asked, with eyes full of tears.

"Why?"

"I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"—Syracuse Post.

BRICE'S GREATEST PLAY.

The Story of His Manipulation of the Nickel Plate Road.

Brice's greatest play was building the Nickel Plate. He put in every dollar he could get, and there came a time when he had to sell. He went to Vanderbilt, whose road the Nickel Plate paralleled. Vanderbilt would not buy the Nickel Plate. He said he could afford to wait the first mortgage foreclosure and buy it from the sheriff. "If you don't buy it, Jay Gould will," said Brice. "Oh, no, he won't," said Vanderbilt. Brice then went to Gould. He knew that he did not want the Nickel Plate, but he had a beautiful scheme to propose. He knew Vanderbilt would buy the road before he would allow Gould to get it. Brice thereupon told Gould that if he would sit silent and not contradict, neither affirm nor deny, any newspaper articles to the effect that he was going to buy the Nickel Plate, and after this clamlike silence had continued for a week, if he would then ride slowly over the Nickel Plate in an observation car, Vanderbilt would buy the road, and he would give Gould $500,000.

It struck Gould that the whole thing would be a majestic joke on Vanderbilt. The papers said that Gould was going to buy the Nickel Plate. Gould, when questioned, looked wise. At the end of a week he meandered, snaillike, over the Nickel Plate in the rear end of an observation car and had all the air of a man who was looking at a piece of property. Stories were wired about Gould's trip from every water tank and way station along the line, and, before Gould had reached Chicago, Vanderbilt, in a fit of hysterics, wired Brice that he would take the Nickel Plate. He did so, and Brice was saved.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Divided Jury.

A man was on trial in Lake county recently on a charge of grand larceny. He was accused of stealing a hog. An old rancher, whose interest in the case was due to the fact that he owned a big drove of hogs, listened attentively to the impaneling of the jury and then left the courtroom with an undisguised disgust.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired an attorney.

"That jury's goin to disagree," he declared emphatically.

"What makes you think so?"

"Think? I don't think nothin about it. I know it."

"Well, then, how do you know it?"

"Why, they've got six hog men that raise hogs and four men that I knows has stole hogs on that jury, and nobody ever know'd a hog raiser an a hog thief as would agree on a hog case."—San Francisco Post.

It Was a Good Old Parasol.

A draper's assistant was showing a lady some parasols. The assistant had a good command of language and knew how to expatiate on the good qualities and show the best points of goods. As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter and opened it he struck an attitude of admiration, and holding it up to the best light that could be had said:

"Now, there, isn't it lovely? Look at that silk. Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel it. Pass your hand over it. No nonsense about that parasol, is there?" he said as he handed it over to the lady. "Ain't it a beauty?"

"Yes," said the lady. "That's my old one. I just laid it down here."—Liverpool Mercury.

What He Would Do.

She (bidding him good night as the clock strikes 12)—I hate to have you go, Fred.

He—It won't be for long, darling.

She—Yes, I know, but it is so dark.

He—I'm not afraid of the dark, darling.

She—I know you are not. In fact, you seem to prefer it when you call on me.

He—Well, don't you also?

She—Of course I do; but, Fred, there are so many footpads on the street at night that I'm afraid something might happen to you.

He—Oh, I'm not afraid.

She—Have you a pistol?

He—No, not even a cane.

She—Suppose a bad man should stop you while on your way home, what would you do?

He (bravely)—What would I do? Well, I'll tell you what I would do, darling; I would run.—San Francisco Wave.

Rifle Practice at Night.

A luminous foresight for use in a bad light with guns of various kinds has been patented in England by Mr. Winans. A tiny incandescent lamp, supplied with a current from a simple form of battery concealed in the stock, is mounted within a shield at the muzzle of the gun, and a faint ray of light, calculated to indicate the position of its source, is exposed in the direction of the shooter's eye, and this is sufficient to enable him to obtain the required alignment with the back sight and with the target, be it animate or otherwise. The special application of the sight is for game shooting at night and for service purposes—such, for instance, as the illumination of a machine gun used against torpedo attacks during the night.—Army and Navy Journal.

Equal to the Occasion.

The famous motto "noblesse oblige" had a striking exemplification when the Grand Duchess Sergius was presented at the court of St. Petersburg. As that Russian great lady was receiving the imperial kiss from the czarina the string which confined her priceless pearl necklace broke and the pearls rolled down her dress, rattling on the floor like hail. Without looking to the right or left and without noticing the loss of her matchless pearls, the grand duchess retired courtesying from the room. An ordinary woman would have been rattled.—Exchange.

IN THE SMOKING CAR.

The New Young Woman Seemed to Know Where She Belonged.

A woman, prettily dressed, entered the smoking car of a suburban train bound for New York the other morning. The man who saw her supposed that she intended to pass through. Half way down the aisle, however, she dropped into a seat. The gentleman who occupied the seat behind her leaned forward and touched her on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but this is the smoking car."

"Thank you," she replied. "I thought so."

Then calmly she produced a dainty cigarette case, abstracted a cigarette and a wax match, and in a moment more was smoking with all the calm enjoyment of a man. There was a flutter of amusement through the car—smiles, grins, sotto voce remarks and curious glances in her direction—but she seemed so serenely self possessed that she was soon forgotten for the morning papers. When the conductor came through, he was almost overcome.

"Madam," said he, "this is no place for ladies."

"Indeed!" she replied. "Is not this the smoking car?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I am smoking—that is why I am here."

"Nevertheless, madam, I must request you to go into another car."

"A request with which I must refuse to comply, and which I do not think it would be policy for you to attempt to enforce," she returned calmly, and she settled back in the seat with an air of such offended dignity and positiveness that the conductor, after thinking very hard for a moment, sighed and passed on.

The woman did not wear bloomers and was not mannish in any particular. She seemed as refined as a woman could be.—New York Journal.

WHAT AILED McCUE?

He Tried to Break a Ram of the Habit of Frightening the Ladies.

Jim McCue, rancher, politician, philosopher and horse doctor, walked on the ferryboat with a crutch the other day. He also had one arm in a sling and his head bandaged.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired two or three acquaintances.

"I'll bet any man in the crowd $20 he can butt harder and longer than any ram or billygoat in the state," responded Jim irrelevantly, "but I guess I've broken him of it."

"You look as if you had been broken some yourself," suggested one.

"Well, to tell the truth, I did get jammed around a little. I've been breaking a ram of the butting habit. This ram was raised a pet, and that's what makes him so sassy. He knows who to tackle too. He won't touch a man, because he knows he'd get a fence rail frazzled out over his head, but a woman he will butt clear over into the next pasture.

"The other morning this ram jolted a lady friend of mine clear across the field and through a picket fence, and I thought it was about time to cure him of the habit. I put on an old calico dress, tied on an old sunbonnet, and, concealing a sledge hammer under my apron, sauntered down through the field.

"The minute the ram saw me he dropped all the business he had on hand and came over to have some fun with me. He squared off, shook his head and made a run for me. When I stepped to one side to get a good swing at him with a sledge hammer, the blamed old dress tripped me, and I fell down. I started to get up, but that ram was behind me, and I turned two somersaults before I hit the ground again. I didn't stand any chance at all. He just kept lifting me up until he got me over against the fence, and then he hit into me. He jammed me down against the fence, then backed off and hit me another crack, and then another and another, till he thought he'd broken every rib in my body. Finally he jammed me clear through the bottom rail, and I managed to crawl to the house.

"But I got even this morning. I had the hired men take a green oak log, dress it up in woman's clothes and set it swinging from the limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it wasn't long till the second went the same way. When I left it, he was meeting it half way every time it swung back at him, and I wouldn't wonder if he ain't worn down pretty close to the tail by this time."—San Francisco Post.

A Typical English Inn.

The inn was set close to the river, and although the highroad ran a mile farther inland the Angel inn had the air of having seen more stirring times. The little inn sitting room was parlor and taproom in one; its chairs opened friendly arms, bits of old silver gleamed on the mantelshelf, and low settles, cupboards and tables of antique make were suggestive of the dead and gone figures that had peopled the cozy room. In the smile of the genial host there was the welcome which imagination lends to mine host of the coaching period.—"A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads" in Century.

A Dangerous Remedy.

Bicarbonate of potassa is a remedy in common use in throat troubles. But it is not generally known that it should be used with discretion. A strong 32-year-old man at Braunschweig, instead of merely dissolving a little of the potassa in water for a gargle, poured a large quantity into a glassful of water and then swallowed the dose. He died a few hours later after terrible suffering.—New York World.

The Real Labor.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunnimune, "I learned to cook without any difficulty at all. There was only one trouble about it."

"What was that?"

"Educating my husband's appetite."—Washington Star.

A Vermont Curiosity.

The Rutland division of the Central Vermont railroad crosses the mountains at Mount Holly, Summit station being 1,440 feet above sea level. Near that station, when the railroad was building, the ribs of a large American elephant were dug up. These are considered the greatest curiosities ever found in Vermont and are today, or were very recently, preserved in the state capital building. In the same collection of wonders may be seen the skeleton of an immense prehistoric whale which was found in the town of Charlotte in 1879 while some excavations were being made. The skeleton is that of a whale at least 150 feet in length. The place where it was found is exactly 150 feet above the present level of the sea.—Exchange.

A Frenchman's Dilemma.

"I begin to understand your language better," said a Frenchman the other day, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them so with your prepositions. I have just seen my friend, Mrs. James, and she said she intended to break down housekeeping—no, break up, I mean—her health is so broken into, and since smallpox was broken up in the city she thinks she will leave for a time."

After some difficulty he was set straight and made to understand that he should say broken up as applied to health, broken out as applied to smallpox, after which he continued:

"Mrs. James tells me her son's engagement is broken—broken off. He seems a nice young fellow and is a breaker, I believe."

And it was some time before his hearers realized that this last was not a pun, but only another eccentricity of the verb "to break"—that young Mr. James is a broker, and that his profession is not that of breaking either engagements or hearts.—New York Journal.

Drydocked on an Iceberg.

The strange experience of being drydocked on an iceberg is told of by Captain Chester of a Pacific coast fishing schooner. He says that he made fast to a big berg which was stranded off the coast of Alaska for the purpose of replenishing his stock of ice, and after getting some 30 tons of it on board, the berg suddenly careened over to the side opposite that on which the schooner was made fast, and lifted her high and dry out of water, held fast in a groove. The men took the boats and went to a safe distance to watch the proceedings. The berg gradually settled more and more, lifting the schooner higher and higher, until her anchor cable caught the strain. Then, as the end of the berg went up, the anchor held and pulled the schooner off, bows first and unharmed. The rest of the ice was loaded by boats, and the schooner kept clear of the berg.

Intelligent Children.

A boy was told to construe "orationem fecit," or some such phrase, by "made a harangue." He did as he was told, but stared so that his teacher said: "Why, you know what a harangue is, don't you?" The boy said he thought it was a kind of monkey; on which the teacher stared, too, till "orang outang" came into his head.

I once asked a class why Adam and Eve were not ashamed when they were naked in paradise. I wanted, of course, some form of the theological answer that shame comes from sin, but all I got was: "Please, sir, there wasn't nobody to look at 'em!" in a tone as if the child who answered was thinking, "How can you ask such a silly question?"—Notes and Queries.

The Irish mail boats receive $455,000 a year subsidy. This is only $20,000 less than is paid for all the North American mails from Queenstown to New York.

In the war of the revolution Massachusetts furnished more troops to the army than any other state.

Family Pets and Women.

The family of the late General McClellan were devoted to animals. Indeed Miss McClellan carried her devotion so far that she used to take her white mice (which were named, by the way, after the kings of the ancient Egyptian dynasties) to the Italian opera, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger did her celebrated turtle, Mlle. Michette, which, attired in its rosy colored sash, used to be brought in on a tray by the butler to show to casual callers. When the McClellans' house down town was burned some years ago, the family pets included an elderly and infirm cat, Samuel J. Tilden by name. Mrs. McClellan stood on the sidewalk watching the destruction of her household goods and exclaimed in great anxiety, "Oh, where is Samuel?" A kindly fireman overheard her. "Do not fear, madam, the children will be all saved."

It is pleasant to record that Samuel was rescued uninjured.—New York Journal.

The "Electric Magnet."

Annie May Abbott, the famous "electric magnet," whose feats of strength created a considerable sensation some years ago, is amusing herself now with the strong men of China and Japan. The Japanese wrestlers, whose physical strength is celebrated the world over, were unable to raise Miss Abbott from the floor, while with the tips of her fingers she neutralized their most strenuous efforts to lift light objects, such as a cane from a table. The Japanese papers say this is hypnotism, while the Chinese journals accuse her of being in league with the powers of evil.

D'Aumale's Retort.

One of the friends of the Duc d'Aumale the other day, in talking to the prince of the coming marriage of the second daughter of the Duc de Chartres to the son of Marshal MacMahon, referred to its possible political effects. "Yes," said the former commander of the Seventh corps, "we have been forbidden to give our sons to the army, so we give our daughters."

At and Around St. Malo.

It is autumn, and already the Newfoundland fishing boats are coming back one by one. There is a saying here that it is "the wind of St. Francis that brings home the Terreneuvas," and surely on the 4th of October, the fete of St. Francis d'Assisi, there is a fairly strong wind blowing from the west. In many of the villages round St. Malo and Iceland, where one can no longer catch sight of the sea, there will be those who turn their faces westward to greet the wind that has filled the returning sails. In many of the cottages the good wife will look to her elder and tell herself that it must be ready against the gars come home. Perhaps the gars is indeed a boy, as the word signifies; perhaps also he is a gray haired man, but to the good wife who waits for him at home he is always the gars. And she brings out the great armchair from the corner, where it has stood unused all the long summer, and sets it by the fire. It is empty still, but she fills it for the present with hope.

Outside the sun shines broadly golden and the trees wave in the wind. One hears the fall of falling apples, and the ground beneath is variously yellow or green or red with them. In the yard there is a scented shining heap of fruit, and the cider mill is at work. Everywhere there is the rich, strong smell of apples in the air. It is autumn, and the Terreneuvas are coming home.—Macmillan's Magazine.

True Western Hospitality.

People in the eastern cities know not the meaning of the word "hospitality" as it is written in the dictionary of the western ranchman.

"Why," said Senator Warren of Wyoming, discussing some of the characteristics of western people with a representative of the Washington Post the other day, "I would regard it as a personal insult if I went to a house on any ranch and found the door locked. The first impulse of the average western man on such an occasion would be to break the door down."

"But how about locking up when the inmates go away?"

Senator Warren laughed. "It would make no difference at all," he said. "We all go on the general supposition that a man traveling through the country is hungry. If he has any food in his haversack and finds nobody at home, he goes in the house, takes possession of the kitchen and cooks his meal. If he has nothing, he helps himself to what he can find. He does it as a matter of course, and the family would feel that he was worse than a dude if he declined to share with them even the smallest bit of food that they happened to have in store."—Chicago Tribune.

Some Canadian Indians.

Some of these Canadian Indians are not only civilized, but they are rapidly reaching the point where the line dividing them from other citizens becomes indistinct and gradually vanishes. The outward and visible signs of this are numerous and emphatic. They live in comfortable houses with flower gardens and graveled walks. They have adopted the clothing, the dis[illegible] and many of the customs of the whites. They make for themselves roads, and they build bridges. They have their own agricultural societies, with their annual shows. They trade with acumen equal to any of their neighbors, and wherever they affect the occupations of the pale face they prove themselves equal, while losing none of their skill at the occupations peculiarly their own. They are thus expert as lumbermen, sawyers and carpenters, fruitpickers, guides, pilots, flax pickers, coopers, basket makers, teamsters, meat canning, blacksmiths, miners, lime burners, etc. They have even entered the learned professions.—National Review.

All In the Teaching.

Uncle Steve Melton is famous in Jacksonville for his liberal dispensation of charity and cuss words. He does not use cuss words in a profane way, but simply as a matter of economy. He finds in his fishhouse that he can get more work out of his colored assistants when he uses forcible expletives.

Some months ago a [illegible] spoke to him and said: "A friend of mine, a wealthy Cuban gentleman, is coming to this country to start a [illegible] factory. He does not speak a word of English, and his desire is to room in some family where English is spoken in order that he may learn the language."

"Let him come up to my house," said Uncle Steve blandly, and the arrangement was made.

After having been there about a month the foreign gentleman was introduced to a lady. He bowed low, put his hat hand over his heart, and said: "Ah, senora, I'm——d if I am glad to meet you!"—Florida Times-Union.

The Writ Was Served.

An impecunious gamekeeper, tired of being harassed by his impatient creditors, gave instructions to his wife to deny him to all such unwelcome visitors.

A process server, however, who had made several unsuccessful attempts to effect personal service of a writ, became at last suspicious.

Arming himself with a loaded gun, he took up a position near a wood contiguous to the keeper's house and discharged the weapon in the air.

Bang went the gun, out rushed the unsuspecting keeper in search of poachers, and—and the writ was served.—Pearson's Weekly.

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength required for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—Samuel Warren.

"To cave in" comes from the English coal mining regions. After a mine had been worked out and abandoned the last item in its history was the caving in of the ground above.

Artists' Colors In 1840.

In 1840 and for many years afterward members of the Royal academy were allowed an attendant on varnishing days to clean their palette or wash their brushes, etc., and my father, Charles Robert Leslie, nearly always took me with him in that capacity, both to the old Somerset House rooms and afterward to the new ones in Trafalgar square, when I was old enough to enjoy watching Turner, Stanfield and other artists at work. In those good old times artists' oil colors were all tied up into neat little balls of pig's bladder by old Brown of 163 High Holborn. Metal tubes were, I think, first used about 1840, but my father and some other artists continued to use the old fashioned bladders until 1848, under the idea that the metal might act injuriously upon certain pigments.

Some artists, however, then kept many colors in the form of powder in wide mouthed bottles, grinding only as much as they required each day in oil.

John Constable was particularly fond of keeping his colors in this way, and had a large store of them in his painting room, especially of the various ochers and many shades of ultramarine and lovely grays known as ultramarine ash. Constable, I suspect, picked up the rudiments of painting from his early friend, John Dunthorn, a house painter at East Bergholt, afterward his assistant in London, and consequently knew as much, if not more, of the practical technic of his art as most men of his day.—Temple Bar.

A Clever Comparison.

The Chicago Chronicle says that the president of the Waupaca and Nishna Railroad company recently called on Chauncey M. Depew. "What can I do for you?" Mr. Depew asked, letting the smile he uses on such occasions have full swing at the visitor. "I dropped in to see you, Mr. Depew—to ask for an exchange of courtesies. I am the president of the Waupaca and Nishna Railroad company. I would like to have a pass over your road and will extend the same courtesy to yourself over my road."

Depew looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he said, "Where is your road?" "Why, it's out in Wisconsin." "Is it rated in Poor's Mannal?" "Oh, yes, indeed! We paid a nice dividend last year." "Strange I never heard of your road. How long is it?" "We are operating 67 miles this year." "What? Sixty-seven miles? And you call that an exchange of courtesies, and the Vanderbilt system has its thousands of miles?"

Depew assumed his most cavalier air as he launched that question at the head of the president of the Waupaca and Nishna, and then he waited for a reply. "Well, Mr. Depew," said the western railroad president as he rose to go, "your road may be a little longer than mine, but it ain't any wider."

A Heartless Arraignment.

"Talk of irrationality of women," said the woman who was managing the amateur theatricals, "the men beat them on their own ground sometimes. The Harvard boys gave a performance here [illegible] very long ago, when they charged $2 for seats. [illegible] were not reserved, but went on the plan of 'first come first served.' They then evolved the brilliant idea of selling admission tickets for $1, not reflecting that, as there were no coupons to show, there was nothing to prevent a $1 person from occupying a $2 seat. If we had done it, what a howl there would have been of 'just like a woman's idea of business!' And at one of our rehearsals we had a lot of college boys who were to represent a crowd. They came in their ordinary suits. 'This is a winter scene,' said the coach, 'and I want you to look as though it were cold weather. You must wear heavy overcoats at the performance.' One youth looked troubled. 'I haven't a heavy overcoat,' he said. 'I don't know what I'll do, but,' brightening, 'I'll put on an extra heavy undershirt.'"—New York Journal.

He Made a Sale.

Yankee hustle has perhaps rarely been better exemplified than in the case of a sewing machine agent who exploited the vicinity of Dover, Me. He tackled a house in which lived an old bachelor who hadn't a sewing machine. The agent was persistent and the bachelor obdurate until finally the latter said he positively wouldn't buy a machine unless a woman to run it was also provided. Then the agent hunted around and in six weeks had found an elderly but excellent maiden lady, who had been waiting for some good man to speak out to her, and actually succeeded in getting her married to the bachelor. Then he made a sale of a machine, though it might seem that he ought to have given one to the bride as a present. This story is vouched for by the Maine papers.—Exchange.

The Dangers of New York.

We are thankful every day that we live in the country. We have long wanted to visit New York, but we are afraid to. A man from Iowa, a harness maker of good reputation, went to New York lately to see the sights. In buying a piece of plug chewing tobacco he carelessly showed a $5 bill. A strange woman who saw the money immediately fell on his neck and said:

"Oh, William, William! Why did you desert me?"

The harness maker from Iowa had never seen the woman before, but she had him arrested, saying she was married to him in 1869. He was finally compelled to give her the $5 bill to get rid of her.—Atchison Globe.

Wanted a Cinch.

Old Bullion—What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl yet.

Suitor—Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush.—London Answers.

During the 900 years that the Peking Gazette has been in existence 1,800 of its editors have had their heads taken off for having exceeded instructions.