

Were They Married?

A YOUNG COUPLE DULY DISSECTED AND TALKED OVER.

They were coming away from the theatre, and they fell to discussing the young couple who sat in front of them. "They are evidently married," said the girl in the Persian waist. "I noticed that they did not exchange a word while the curtain was down."

"Nonsense, they're merely engaged," said the girl in the black gown. "I heard him tell her that he did not consider the leading lady even pretty."

"Perhaps they are merely brother and sister," suggested the young man of the party.

"No, they are not," said the girl in the Persian waist; "he'd have gone out between the acts if he was only her brother, while an engaged man would not want to leave her, and—"

"A newly-married man would not dare to," broke in the girl in the black gown.

"She took off her hat as soon as she came in," remarked the young man. "That looks as if she was married, and in the habit of consulting the feelings of someone else."

"Or that they were not really engaged yet, and she wanted to show him how considerate she could be," said the girl in the black gown.

"Or that she was merely conscious of having pretty hair," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Will you wager a box of chocolates they are not married?"

"I—I'd rather you ladies would settle it between you," said the young man hastily. "You have so much more insight into such matters, you know."

"There they come now," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Let us notice what they do, and perhaps we can decide. If they are merely friends, they will stop for cream, soda and—"

"If they are engaged, she will tell him how hungry she is, and they will stop for supper," said the young man, bitterly.

"While if they are married," went on the girl in the Persian waist, "he—there, what did I tell you?"

The couple paused before a cigar shop and he went in, while she waited at the door.

"You were right," said the girl in the black gown, "they are married."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Knew All About It?

"Before beginning my lecture," remarked the professor, "I will, in order to more fully establish the influence of character upon handwriting, ask some gentleman in the audience to come forward and give me a sample of his penmanship."

A pale young man with short hair arose and stepped to the platform, seized the pen, dashed down a sentence or two and then returned to his seat.

"Excellent," remarked the professor, as he surveyed the young man's work: "This writing shows the advantage of acquiring a fixed style. I don't suppose the man who wrote this could vary in his penmanship if he practised a month of Sundays. It shows an adherence to established principle, an unswerving directness of purpose, a fixed moral code, an aspiration for orderly methods. I should classify it as a combination of conscience and commerce, so to speak. It's the style of writing Oliver Cromwell might have affected. And now, young man, may I ask your business?"

"Hain't had no business lately," replied the young man hoarsely. "I've just finished a term in the pen for forging checks."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A Poem on the Barn.

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began.

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate; but she calmly resumed:

"I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh," interrupted the editor, with extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how I'm relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn, I'll stop and read the poem."—*Public Opinion.*

What Put It Out?

"Accidents?" said the old captain. "No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip about a year ago the ship caught fire down in the hold, and we never discovered it till we got into port and began to discharge."

"That's strange. What put the fire out?"

"Why, it burned down through to the sea, and the water put it out. It could n't burn the water, you know."

And the captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought of asking why the ship did not sink.—*London Speaker.*

A RUNAWAY

Or an upset may damage your buggy or waggon, perhaps only slightly, perhaps so badly that you will want a new one. In either case the best thing to do is to go to S. S. Gainer's, where repairing and repainting are done in the best style, and where the best kind of vehicles can be had at prices to suit the times. Shop on Francis Street East, next door to Knox's blacksmith shop.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Japanese Memory.

The Japanese memory is one of the wonders of the world. For example, it is the custom to number the houses in the street in what might be called their chronological order instead of their sequence; that is, in the order of their erection, so that No. 11 may adjoin No. 999 on one side and No. 70 on the other. No. 1 may be three miles from No. 2, and No. 10 may be midway between them. In the city of Tokio there are 1,330 streets, and by the last census, 318,320 houses, which are divided into 15 ku, or wards. When a street passes through more than one ward the houses are numbered independently, so that there may be five or six numbered 20 and eight or ten numbered 2—perhaps miles apart. Therefore, when a stranger sets out to find No. 217 Motomars machi, which is the name of the street, and Azabu, the name of the ward, he might as well look for a needle in a hay-tack. After hunting for three or four hours and finding seven or eight houses in the street with the same number six or eight miles apart, he will sit down in the nearest tea-house and weep. Then he will hire a jinrikisha man, write the address on a piece of paper, and go whirling up and down streets and alleys, round the corners and thro' short cuts until he is landed at the proper place without the slightest damage. The jinrikisha men are coolies, without education or mental training. Most of them can read and write the names of street and men, and merchants and factories. They know the location and the number of every one of the 318,320 houses in Tokio, and the name of almost every one of the 15,000,000 inhabitants. They are very seldom puzzled to find an address, even though it may be given incorrectly. The same phenomenal memory appears in other classes of the people. This is the result of centuries of training. But the reasoning organs have had no such exercise, although Japanese science is rapidly advancing.

The Ice Age.

For centuries the North was an ice-locked land, and conditions of life had changed. From the pole to the southern ice limit, not one mountain projected its head above the unbroken snow; even Mount Washington was deep down under the surface. Maulatten Island lay buried an least fifteen hundred feet under the ice; a wild, weird stillness rested over this favored spot, interrupted only by the crashing of the ice as pieces broke from the end of the glacier beyond the Narrows, and, as icebergs, floated out to sea.

Ages had now passed since man first appeared in his primeval home. Some progress the race had made, but man was still a rude and untutored savage; his crude weapons were only pieces of roughly chipped stone; but it was man with progressive and endless mind. And as years passed the rude paleolithic ancestor gave place to men with a higher degree of primitive art; flint-tipped arrows and axes of stone now gave man the mastery over every animal; food was no longer a matter of chance, but a matter of skill. Still, at war with the elements, wild beasts and savage neighbors, it was a fearful struggle; the world at the best was then no Garden of Eden. For twenty thousand years or more the ice, with its various advances and retreats, covered the North. Then began its final departure; but it was probably as slow in going as it had been in coming. The land began gradually to sink, the winters became milder, and the summers longer.—*Lippincott's.*

Nevada Timber.

One of the most remarkable products of Nevada is a species of wood known as mountain mahogany, which, when dry, is as hard as boxwood, very fine grained, of a rich red color, and in weight very heavy. It has been used for boxes for shafting, and in some instances for slides and dies in quartz mills. It burns with a blaze as long lasting as wood, and it is then found almost unchanged in form, converted to a charcoal that lasts about twice as long as ordinary wood, giving also an intense heat, greater than coal gives. Another notable species of wood, having extraordinary durability, is said to be the quebracho wood, of Argentina. Posts that have been in the ground 150 years in soil alternately sodden by tropical rains or parched by intense heat, are found to be in sound condition. The wood is also described as free from attacks of insects, does not decay, is not compressible, and weighs nearly eighty pounds per cubic foot.

The smallest bird known to the ornithologist is the West India hummingbird. It weighs but twenty grains.

The flying mouse is a recent discovery in the Cameroon country of Africa. It is a link between the bat and true mouse, has a tail like a mouse and heavy grey fur, while its wings are not so well developed as those of the bat.