Harry Petosky, who conducts a cigar, store in Philadelphia is the possessor of an old fashioned type writer upon which he makes out bills and occasionally writes a letter. At the end of every typewritten, page he is in the habit of putting H. P. -I. C. S., the first two being his initials and the last set for Independent Cigar Store.

A few weeks ago, in writing to a delinquent customer to remit his soscount, he forgot to attach the series of letters. The oustomer, noting the defection in the letter, answered at once, saying in part: "What has become of your stenographer since you wrote me last? I notice you did not put H. P.-L. C. S. on your letter."

For the time surprised at the false impression he had been creating, Harry, with ready wit, answered at once:

"Had to fire the poor girl this week, because you're holding a week's salary that I wanted to give her. Please remit

HE WAS ON THE WHITE LIST

Newcomer Learned Why, Having Subscribed, He Never Was Serenaded by the Local Band.

A Frenchman bought a house in the country, and had hardly settled there when the local hand called and asked for his subscription to its funds. He put his name down for contribution, which, as he understood, entitled him to be serenaded on Sundays. Sundays came and went. The band played at various houses, but never at his. Finally, the London Telegraph says. the band called, not to play, but to collect the donor's subscription. He said: "But you have never played to me." The bandmaster looked surprised. "What does monsieur think of us? Does he suppose that if we had played we should ask him for money? Monsieur evidently does not know our band. Monsieur, having promised a generous contribution, is on our white list, that of the supporters whom we spare.

The Trimmer's Trick.

I took the trouble to watch a trimmer fill a basket with ordinary potatoes, writes "Tip" in the New York Press. He took an enormous potato too big to sell to any wise buyer. He put this potato on end with crowns up in the basket and then he built bridge, piling on the fine sized, nice, round baking boys on top. When the customer buys, the potatoes are poured as quickly as a flash into a big bag and it is only when the housewife gets home that she find the giantwized potato nearly filling the bag. and she wisens up when she cuts up the big, fat boy for boiling. As a rule, the big ones have a great big hollow heart and insides as black as a man's hat. Nowadays they are selling tomatoes and other truck on baskets, not in them. They take a nice big wad of paper and fill up the basket to the top and then pile in the produce and put on the price.

Venice

Of the books about Venice there is mo end. For the historian the "Queen of the Adriatic" has always possessed a peculiar charm, and there are any number of histories of the famous city-state. Of opures the great reservoir of information concerning the Venetian republic is the "Archives of "Venice," published at intervals throughout the years and still being regularly added to. In order to become posted on the "monetary system of the Venetian Republic" one would have to wade through many works bearing generally upon Venetian history. There is no single exhaustive work along that particular line, but in nearly all of the histories of the republic may be found something illustrative of her wonderful financial system.

Early Wespons. The earliest weapons of mankindof the cutting, thrusting, backing and stabbing variety-were undoubtedly suggested by the natural weapons of the animals—the tusks of the boar, elephant and walrus, the sword of the swordfish and norwhal, the pointed antiers of the deer and the short horns of the steer. In fact, it is well known? that these weapons, taken directly from the fruits of the chase, were act-"ually employed by men before they made for themselves any other weapon than the club. The sword is simply the builald's long curved horn made into steel and flattened out. just as the dirk is deer's antier made out of the same material, and on to the end of the chapter.

True to the Death.

Not long since the driver of the engine on one of the Belgian lines of railway saw a large dog on the roadway between the metals. He put on the whistle, yet it did not move, but only stood and barked furiously at the approaching engine. Still on, on, on, came the train, and still there stood the dog, more furious than before. The strain passed, and at the next station It was noticed that a part of a dress was clinging to the wheel guard. A messenger was sent back, when a flead child was found, which had evidently fallen seleep, and whom the noble dog tried to protect to the very last, giving his very life sooner than flinch from his trust.

LIFE IN A PERUVIAN VALLEY

Annie S. Peck Describes Home in Heart of the Mountains, Where Bhe Was Emertained.

My home in this wonderful valley. where for weeks on three separate expeditions, I have been hospitably entertained, is for the most part a house of a single story built around two courts or patios. Arriving on foot or horseback, one passes through a wide vestibule into a large patio surrounded by a covered corridor or veranda and the principal rooms of the dwelling. The drawing room is furnished with Brussels carpet, large mirror, marble-topped tables, and expensive upholstered furniture. A piano, too, is here, as in every house where I was entertained. The stranger coming, as he must, on horseback, 90 miles from the seaport of Casma or Samanco up over the Black range and down into the valley, will wonder how the great mirrors, the plane, the heavy French furniture, were brought to this town to which no railroad or carriage road leads. Neither mule nor burro, the erdinary freight carriers here, can transport a piano on his back. From Samanco a cart road leads 30 miles to Moro. For the remaining 60 miles, up over a pass as high as the top of the Matterhorn, 14,700 feet, and down. a steep path to the valley, the piano is borne on the shoulders of men. Luckily for the gentlefolk, labor is cheap -30 cents a day.—Annie S. Peck, in Harper's Bazar.

IT WAS A TRAGEDY, ANYWAY

How Professor Branefog Got Tangled Up In Carrying Out His Wife's Instructions.

The people didn't merely look at Professor Branefog-they stared. He knew he was absent minded at times, and he wondered whether he had rubbed his face with boot polish instead of cold cream after he had shaved, or whether he had forgotten to change his dressing gown for his frock coat.

But a kind policeman put things right.

"Are you aware, sir, that you are carrying a joint of beef in your arms?" he asked.

"Goodness me!" said the professor. "I knew something was wrong. My wife told me to put her Sunday hat on the bed, to place this joint in the oven and to take the baby and the dog out for a walk."

You've not put the baby in the oven, surely?" said the law's guardian. "I put something in it," said Branefog; "but I don's know whether it was

the baby or the dog." With bated breath they hurried to the professor's house. Here, on the bed, lay the baby and the dog: but it was just as bad for Branefog. It was his wife's Sunday hat that was in the

Taking a Big Risk.

It was well known in Mayville that when Cyrus Fanning lent anything from a hammer to a plow, he expected a good return for the favor. - It was a matter for astonishment to Wilson Green, however, when, on inquiring of Mr. Fanning how much it would cost to rent his long ladder for an afternoon, Cyrus replied promptly: "One dollar fifty."

"Now, look here, Cy," remonstrated his neighbor, "you know I've got to borrow it, for mine isn't long enough to reach where I'm obliged to climb to search out that chimney leak for the Widow Sears. Can't you make it less?"

"No, I can't," and Mr. Fanning shook his small head and closed his obstinate mouth. "Why can't you?" demanded Wilson

Green. "Because there's a weak place in it two-thirds the way up," snapped Mr. Fanning. "It'll bear my weight a' right, but you're a good thutty pound heavier. If it gave way under you 'twould cost me a dollar to get i mended. Considering the risk, I call dollar 'n' haif cheap."--Youth's Con panion.

The Receion Play.

The now world-famous "Passion Play" at Oberammergau is said to have had its origin, about 1833, in the deep contrition of mind born of a great pestilence. Certain survivors of the plague resolved that ever afterward, at stated intervals, they would celebrate the "Passion of Christ" as a token of their reverential gratitude. Beginning on a small scale, the play gradually grew in importance until it is now known all over the world, having visitors from pretty nearly every civilized country on earth. While Oberammergau is still, and will probably remain, the center of the institution, Passion plays are beginning to be established in the surrounding regions, notably in Switzerland.

A Sharp Retort.

"My dear," said the thin little Brighton man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Devonshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband."

"Well, what of it? I think she could easily do it if he is as thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with." The thin man laid down his paper

with a sigh that sounded like the squeak of a penny whistle.-London

The Problem. "How queer Agnes looks of late!" "Yes. I can't make out whether it's dress reform or hard luck."--Harper's Bazar.

INFLUENCE OF WEST POINT

Cadet on Home Visit Surprises Young Brother and Teaches Him Good Leson.

When Bob, our gallant West Point cadet, came home for his long furlough, he slept with 12-year-old Dick. In the morning he thoroughly shocked Master Lazybones by stripping the clothes from the bed and putting the room in good order before he came down to breakfast. Dick's eyes were rounder than ever when Bob explained that every cadet was required to keep his room and clothes in immaculate condition. Before the end of Bob's furlough the boys had turned the cozy little room into a bare apartment

which Dick cared for with great pride. The wholesome discipline and results of the West Point training seem to us to offer valuable lessons to American parents and teachers.

Shortly after Bob's visit the question of extra spending money worked itself out in a very satisfactory way. Dick often tessed for things that were beyoud the limits of his moderate allowance. He is now able to add to his income by working around the house and grounds. Each hour of conscientious effort adds six cents to his allowance. Consequently he is eager to wash dishes, sweep, weed, paint, wash windows, and do many other things that he formerly regarded as particularly obnoxious.

His parents and friends have noticed with amusement that the money he has earned is spent with much greater discrimination than that which is given to him.—Harper's Bazar.

EASY, HONORABLE WAY OUT

French Ambassador's Good Story of a French Duke Illustrates His Definition of Diplomacy.

The French ambassador, at one of the superb dinners at the embassy in Washington, said of diplomacy:

"Diplomacy may be defined as a way out-an easy, pleasant, honorable way out. "A young royalist duke, from a story

current about him, is well versed in diplomacy. "This young man visited a millionaire in Cannes during the Ri-

viera season, and his host's daughter was thrown at his head-so much so. in fact, that when he came to leave Cannes his hostess took him aside and declared gravely: 'It's reported all over that won

art to marry Claire. I don't know what to say to people.'

"The duke smiled easily. "'Oh, just tell them,' he said, 'that Claire refused me.

The Useful Killdeer.

The killdeer, if it is eaten at all in this part of the country, cannot stand in high favor. There is no talk of killdeer hunting. They are not to be perceived in the string of birds the successful hunter likes to display. But there are pathetic evidence to be noted on the beaches that those "sportsmen" who shoot at anything living find in the killdeer a target to their liking.

In a bulletin just put out by the agriculture department it appears that this beautiful, if somewhat unmusical bird, renders very efficient service to mankind. It preve upon mosquite larvae. The diving bettle, a great enemy to the fish hatcheries and destructive to fish food, is a tit-bit very much to the taste of the killdeer. He is an industrious hunter of the crayfish which are a nuisance where marshland is dyked. He follows the plow of the farmer and picks up grubs, cut worms, leaf beetles and other pests of agricuture. He ests little or no vegetable food, and probably then, as in the case of the quail, only if he can find no insects.-Toledo

Smuggling in Italy.

Smuggling goods into Italy by aeroplane, which has led to a serious accident near Mont Cenis, will probably be extensively practiced in the future. despite the attendant risks. The Italian laws against amuggling are most severe. A peasant caught with only a pound of contraband tobacco is pretty sure to incur two years' imprisonment, besides paying a heavy fine. The customs officials, too, are authorized to shoot persons crossing the frontier who refuse to halt when challenged, and several lives are thus sacrificed every year. Still, the profits of emuggling are so great that many brave these perils. A knapsack filled with tobacco or salt, safely landed. yields a small fortune to the smuggler, so heavy are the taxes upon these.

Cheeses as Heirlooms. In some parts of Switzerland it is said that cheeses form family beirlooms which are sometimes handed down from one generation to another. At Les Ormonts, in the canton of Vaud, it is customary to make special cheeses for certain family feasts. They are tagged with explanatory labels and eaten several years later. at other feasts, or even at funerals. Recently, at Les Ormonts, in a concealed shelter, there was discovered a cheese dating from 1786. It was as hard as a rock and had to be cut with a saw. It is reported to have tasted good.

Must Be Careful. Mr. Justrich-That there sculptor chap says he's going to make a bust

of me. Mrs. Justrich-Henry, it's dreadful the way you talk. Say "burst" not NOT JUST WHAT HE WIRED

Wife Refused to Wall, but It Was No Wonder That She Was Angry.

A speaker at a dinner in New York, said of certain customs dodg-

"They do very incriminating things, then they claim that these things are mistakes. Granting them to be mistakes, they are suspicious—as suspicious as the business man's wire.

"The wife of a young business man got a wire from her husband the other evening that said:

"Shall dine with Milly Brown, an old gal of mine. Will be late. Don't wail for me.' "When the business man reached

home at midnight, his wife met him in the hall. "'Wail for you!" she sneered. 'Why, I wouldn't wail for the best man that

ever lived. Let alone you!"" "Why, my dear he stammered. "Then, bursting into tears, she handed him the telegram, and in a jiffy he explained that what he had

really wired was: "'Shall dine with Billy Brown, an old pal of mine. Will be late. Don't wait for me."

WAS BEGINNING TO OXIDIZE

That Was the Diagnosis of Skin Dissease Patient Made by Lithographic Pressman.

A lithographic pressman, who has had a lot of trouble with metal plates in his time, was recently taken ill and went to the Post-graduate hospital on a day that a clinic was being held. By mistake he got into a room where the student doctors were beginning to assemble and was taken for one of them. In a short time the professor who was to lecture to the class came in, accompanied by a patient who was afflicted with some sort of skin disease which made his face appear rough and unsightly. The professor began to "quiz" the students as to the probable cause of the disease and its cure. The lithographer listened with interest. After a while it came his turn to answer questions. Being asked his opinion as to the cause of the eruptions, and not to be caught without an answer in this, to him, new game, he said: "I don't know exactly what ails him, but it looks to me as if the cuss was beginning to oxidize." -National Lithographer.

No Figure of Speech. Of all the things that may befall a church, nothing could be much stranger than the destruction of a little house of worship north of Hudson Bay, as once reported by Bishop Williams of Marquette.

He had attended a synod of the Canadian church at Winnipeg, and there had seen a missionary bishop, who had been six weeks on the way, having come most of the distance in a cance. The missionary bishop reported gravely that the diocese of a brother bishop had "gone to the dogs."

Being asked for an explanation, he said that the Eskimos in the diocese had built a church with whales' ribs for rafters, and covered it with walrus hide. The little church held eighty persons; but in the time that elapsed between two services the building was set upon by a pack of famished dogs. and demolished in a few hours .--Youth's Companion.

The Great Can Afford to Be Simple. It takes a very great personage indeed to carry the principle of being unostentatious into modern entertaining, says the Gentlewoman of London. The almost universal idea nowadays seems to provide gorgeous flowers, the dernier cri in music, and any amount of succulent viands as a bribe to smart young men and women of fashion, if haply they be kind enough to come and dine or dance,

"Yet even in society there are yet one or two houses where a simple buffet supper is thought to be all sufficient, and I knew of one ducal house where plates of biscuits and sand. wiches, with lemonade and olaret cup are considered ample refreshment for the very distinguished guests who are from time to time invited to evening parties in the particular mansion."

Beveral Things and an Architect. "Seeing is believing, ch?" said an oculist. "Well, no saw was ever more absurd than that. You see a horse's head and a flour barrel, and you believe the barrel is longer than the horse's head, don't you? Well, it isn't. The horses's head from the tips of his ears to the end of his nose is longer than the barrel by a considerable distance.

"Architects have to deceive-to lie -to the eye in order to make their buildings look symmetrical. They make walls lean inward that they may appear vertical. They make windows wider at the top. They make columns thicker in the middle than at the summit or the base. And the top lines of a building, in order to appear plumb to the silly eye of man, must be raised up quite a lot in the center."

Untainted. Tempted by an offer of considerably more than the property had cost him, Mr. Kreezus, who counted his wealth in millions, had parted with his sub-

urban villa "You didn't need the money," said his disgusted business partner, who had just heard of the transaction, "vet for a little filthy lucre you sold that beautiful home!"

"I didn't!" exclaimed the equally indignant Mr. Kreezus. "I sold it for clean cash!"-Youth's Companion.

GUILE OF DRONGO CUCKOO

Protected by Its Resemblance to Pugnacious Shrike, It Lays its Eggs Where It Pleases.

A stricing example of protective coloring in birds has just been added to the collection of the Brooklyn Institute Museum in the form of a drongo shrike and a drongo cuckoo.

The shrike is a bird of pugnacious disposition, especially at the nesting season, when it guards its nest with, for a small bird, great ferocity. Douglas Dewar, from whom this account is taken, says that he has watched a pair of these litte birds attack and drive away a monkey which tried to climb into the tree in which their nest was placed. Indeed, so able a fighter is the shrike that some other birds, notably orioles and doves, frequently build their nests in the same tree in order to share the benefit of his prowess.

The drongo cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of such birds as the king crow. These are pugnacious, even ferocious, and without some guile a cuckoo could not accomplish this feat. But the drongo cuckoo is so like the drongo shrike, even having the same odd twist to its tail feathers, that the king crow is deceived by the resentblance and hesitates to give fight to what she takes to be one of the pugnacious shrikes.

VELASQUEZ A CHEAP ARTIST

As Court Painter He Received \$11 a Month When He Was About Twenty-five Years Old.

Don Caspar de Guzman, Conde-Duque d'Olivarez, born in Rome in 1587, became the first minister of Philip IV. in 1621, was dismissed in 1643 after a career of mismanagement and died in exile two years later. A patron of the painter's, it was through him that Velasquez at twenty-four became court painter to the young king at eighteen. In return Velasquez painta number of portraits for his protector. The notable example, which has recently been presented to the Hispanic museum of New York, was painted when Velasquez was about twenty-five years old, shortly after he came to court.

The canvas, measuring 51 by 85 inches, came from Capt. Robert S. Holford of London, in whose possession it had long been held after having passed through the Baillie sale in 1858, when it sold for £598 10s., and the Scarisbrick sale in 1861, when it sold for £262 10s., very moderate sums compared to the surprising figure said to have been paid for it recently. At the time it was painted Velasquez was receiving \$11 a month for his services as court painter.-W. Stanton Howard, in Harper's Maga-

A Manly Minister.

There'll be less sleeping done in future in the First Christian church of Los Angeles, because the rector fust won't stand for it, as is evidenced by what he did some nights ago. It seems that the worthy man went into the pulpit to discourse, when he was annoyed by two men who were sound asleep in one of the front pews. He called attention to the fact, and one of the sleepers was aroused, and did not transgress again but his partner did not wake to the rebuke, and quietly slept on. The parson became indignant, and as he had several hymn books in the pulpit with him, he fired one or two at the sleeper, but without avail, and then he unloaded all the books he had at the intruder, to the astonishment of the congregation, who by this time were tittering at a great rate, but the sleeper didn't seem to mind it much, for he looked up changed his position, and fell asleep again. This is an astonishing case, probably unparalleled in history, but it goes to show that there's a limit to what preachers will stand, even when they are in the pulpit. And they are right. If a man doesn't go to church to worship, he should remain away, and such sacrifegious scamps as sleep, chatter and scandalize should be put, out.-New Orleans Picayune.

Circulating Libraries. It is absolutely impossible to say just when the first circulating library was opened. If there was ever a record of the important event, it is lost. We know that during the middle ages stationers used to lend books on hire, and here, no doubt, we have the germ of the modern of culating library. One Samuel Fancourt started a real circulating library in England about the year 1740, but it appears that the people were not ready for it, since it soon faffed. Similar institutions at Bath and London, some ten years later, seem to have succeeded, and from that time the circulating library began to get a foothold, not only in England, but in other European coun-

Dead Ones.

"Why, three generations of my family have lived and died in this country," he boasted, "before your ancestors were able to raise the amount they needed to come over in the steer-

"Very true. But those three generations of your family are still dead ones, I believe."

Only Once. "How often, my good man," said the stranger at the wayside station, "do the trains stop here?" .

"The trains stop here," said the sour station porter, "only once. After that they start."--- Stray Stories.

"YES. I'M A GREAT AUTHOR"

Reade, Balzac and Sue Puffed Their Own Works as Being Fine Literature.

Authors in "the good old days" were not above writing their own puffs, a writer in the Bohemian says, Charles Reade wrote a long article on himself for Once a Week, in which he said:

"It is impossible to speak too highly of 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' It is one of the most scholaritke and learned as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful works of fiction in any language. Read him. Resign yourself to the magic spell of his genius. The effect of 'Foul Play' is perfectly marvelous. It leaves the stories of every other sensational writer far behind."

Nor was Balzac in France above praising his own works. "If you have not been born a story teller," he wrote in a review, "you will never obtain the popularity of M. de Balzac. And what a story teller! What nerve and wit! How the world is dissected by this man! What passion and coolness!"

But the height of literary advertisement in the first half of the last century was reached in the case of Eugene Sue's famous novel, "The Wandering Jew." Every little while the daily installment in the newspaper in which it was appearing would be missing, and in its place would be an announcement that M. Sue was suffering from a slight indisposition and readers would be obliged to wait 48 hours for new developments of the narrative. "And all the while Sue himself was industriously abetting the publishers by posing overdressed and with spurs in his boots at the Cafe de Paris in an attitude of deepest abstraction, as if wondering what the next installment would be about."

EDUCATED PORK WAS GOOD

And the Circus Property Man Seard for Reuben, the Pet Pig. In Vain.

Reuben, a much advertised educated pig belonging to the John Robinson circus, which was showing in this city recently, is no more, says a Cincinnati dispatch to the New York Tribune. His fate was kept secret for a week, for more or less obvious reasons. Hal Newport, the clown of the circus, who appeared nightly in the sawdust arena with the pig, said:

"That pig could do anything but talk, and could nearly do that, as he spelled his name with letter blocks. All was confusion the night we broke camp at Terrace Park. We had pork choos for supper and they were ticularly delicious. We were all eating our heads off, when the property man rushed in and cried that Reuben

had vanished. "'He got mixed up with those pigs that were sent from the stock yards.'

'Was one of those pigs a white one, with black polkn dots? I asked the cook.'

"'It was,' he replied. "'Then we have eaten Reuben,' I

cried. "The property man is no longer attached to the circus."

Mow Oyster Islands Are Formed.

Oyster islands, similar to those formed of coral, are found in several parts of the world. The islands in Newport river and Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, says a writer in the Century Path Magazine, have been discovered to have as base a reef to which the spawn were attached and above this layer upon layer of oysters, vegetable growth, and debris brought by the action of the waves and winds. all of which finally grows high enough to rise above the surface of the water. This growth is exactly analogous to that of the coral islands of the Pa-

The islands near the mouth of the River Tagus in Portugal are said to have been built up in this way also. Here, where there is such a quantity of oysters that 100 million a year would scarcely be missed if they were removed, the expanse of water just beyond the river's mouth is dotted. with oyster islands. As in the case of the coral reefs, which on the seaward side may be covered with living, growing coral, live oysters thrive in the same waters where the accumulation of dead generations has served to form the islands.

He Snored Into Safety. Wilkesbarre, Pa., is in the field with

this story: Michael Benner of Plains owes his life to the fact that he can snore loud enough to be heard some distance away. Early one morning Policeman Schneider of North Wilkesbarre heard snores coming from the direction of the Lehigh Valley railroad tracks, and fearing that some one might be asleep on the tracks. and knowing that an express train was about due, he investigated. Guided by the snoring he came upon Benner asleep, just in time to pull him from the track before the train thundered by. Benner can thank his enore for saving his life, and Wilkesbarre can congratulate herself that she has a policeman who knows a snore when he hears it.

That Was All.

"I don't know whether I ought to recognize him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."

"You promised to marry him, didn't

"Yes, but that was all."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS and the control of th

31'Mer & bdersdal' 1.88,18