

NASTY WEATHER.

On a day like this, when the streets are wet, when the sky is gray and the rain is falling, when you can see a long, long street, when you can see a long, long street, when you can see a long, long street...

THE PURSER'S STORY.

BY LUKE SHARP.

I don't know that I should tell this story. When the purser told it to me I know he had his intention to write it out for a magazine. In fact he had written it, and had offered to publish it, but he had watched that magazine for over three years and I have not yet seen the purser's story in it. I am sorry that I did not write the story when it was told to me, for as I sat in the purser's room that day it seemed to me that I had never heard anything more graphic.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

A Fellow to Be Trusted. "What do you think of Blifkins, Brown?" "Pretty fair sort of fellow in his way, I believe." "Do you know him well?" "Oh, yes! I am very well acquainted with him, indeed." "And you consider him a man to be trusted?" "No doubt of it." "What do you base your opinion upon?" "Personal experience." "How's that?" "Well, I began trusting Blifkins shortly after I became acquainted with him, and I am trusting him still." Detroit Journal.

UPON EMERGING INTO THE LIGHT.

Upon emerging into the light the young man's face was seen to wear a studious expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant. He had had a revelation. Then he smiled with firm, steady, continuous smile, and his eyes peered ahead for the first sign of a yawning cavern in the mountain side. The bride was happy and demure. Whist—shadows—rumble—darkness. The veil is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again, and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek disports a gleam of blush—a modest, experienced blush, discoverable only to the initiated and envious. No perplexity, no anxiety now. The revelation has been tested and found a success. There are many tunnels, but not enough. If the whole were a tunnel the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded. The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute which never troubled the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer meeting night. But our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eagle eye catches the signs of another tunnel. Of course he fears his bride will be sore afraid if left alone in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick are his feet, but faster moves the train. Darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen feet away. But the bride does not falter. Her gropes along, he reaches the seat (or thinks he does) and slides into it. Deep are the shadows, and hums the train. A scream, long and vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and the bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frankly calls and orders to disengage himself from the grasp of an elderly colored woman sitting in the seat just behind the bride. He at length succeeds and retires sulkily to his seat.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The total annual catch of menhaden in the United States is about 7,000,000. This seems to be a great number, but blue fish alone are said to consume about 8,000,000 menhaden every day of the summer months on the coast of New England alone. As a matter of fact, menhaden are so prolific that they are practically inexhaustible.

WHEN THE BABY CAME.

Always in the house there was trouble and contention, Little sparks of feeling flashing into flame, Signs of irritation, So sure to make occasion For strife and tribulation—fill the baby came. All the evil sounds full of cruel hate and rancor, All the angry tumult—nobody to blame! All were hushed so sweetly, Disappearing fleetly, Or quitted completely—when the baby came.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Women, as a rule, are not inventive. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles. Paradoxical but true—When a carpenter goes on a strike he doesn't use his hammer.—New York Journal. After all, the English campaign in the Sudan cannot be called a prophetic undertaking.—St. Paul Herald.

COCAINE.

Cocaine, the new local anesthetic which has suddenly achieved such an excellent reputation, has been known as such for a great many years, but for a long time was found to be too expensive for general use. The great progress now is the cheapening of the product. Its properties are due to a substance nearly identical with cocaine, the active principle in tea and it is, indeed, obtained from one of the tea plants, the mate, or Paraguay. This is known botanically as arachyloxylon coca, cocaine, of course, being derived from the specific mate. This plant has long been known to the Pataguayans, who chew the leaves, as deadening the pangs of hunger.

ON A TOWER.

"Hi! Hi!" yelled a boy in an alley off Clifford street yesterday. A second boy, who stood on the crosswalk, meandered down and asked what was wanted. "Put your eye to this knot-hole and tell me what you see." "I see a man sittin' out in the back yard." "Don't you read the papers?" "Course I do." "Didn't you see in the papers three or four days ago that this fellow got married? Name's John Blank."