EXCEEDINGLY EMBARRASSING.

Perplexity of a Polite Man Who Lost His Equilibrium in a Street Car.

I took them for a newly married couple. Certainly if she had been married very long she would have known better.

They got on a south bound Clark street car at Goethe street. She was slender and graceful, and had large, fetching dark eyes. He was extremely polite. He helped her on the car very tenderly, and after riding two blocks he jumped up the instant a very fleshy old lady entered the car and offered her his seat, with a low bow—a sure indication that he was just married and doing it for effect.

Then he hung on a strap and bent down and kept up the conversation, which seemed largely made up of irrelevant remarks and highly relevant glances. Presently he discovered that he could stoop lower if he let go the strap.

He had just availed himself of this discovery when the train swooped around the curve at Illinois street. He flung up his arms, made one frantic, ineffectual grab for the strap, swayed gracefully half around, and sprawled out over the fat old lady's lap as the car stopped. His pink and white cheeks turned scarlet. He scrambled half way to his feet and began, "I beg"——

Just as he was in the act of re-establishing his equilibrium and simultaneously uttering the apology, the car gave the sharp jerk and quick, strong pull of starting. He clutched the incorporeal air and went down with the words on his lips—flat, full length on the beastly muddy floor. It was too bad, but everybody laughed.

Yes, she laughed. She put her slim, black gloved hand, with a film of scented handkerchief in it, up to her mouth and her black eyes danced at him.

He got up, scowled very darkly at the gentleman who had said "Whoop-e-e!" as he went down, and washed a patch of mud off his coat sleeve. Then he looked at her laughing eyes. For an instant he tried to look amused; then he straightened his face out severely and went over and looked out of the door.

As he started into the tunnel he looked around. The handkerchief was still at her mouth and her body swayed slightly as from a repressed emotion. A deep, straight line came into his forehead and he stepped a little farther away. Half way through the tunnel he looked around again. The instant she met his eye she dropped the handkerchief to her mouth just in time to suppress a ripple of laughter. He went out on the platform and banged the door behind him.

At Madison street he opened the door and stood stiff as a statue until she walked out. She looked over her shoulder into his face as she passed him, but there was an irrepressible twinkle in her eyes, and he stepped to the ground after her without unbending.—Chicago News.

Hard on Cambridge.

This is a short story that Cambridge people may not find exactly humorous. It is told, however, concerning a bright youngster who lived among them for his nine short summers, and by reason of the cultured atmosphere he breathed and the experimental systems he was brought up on ought either to have been dead or one of their own. But he defied both these fates and in due course received his reward by moving into Boston. Here he at once found congenial companions and no doubt began to contract those unfortunate habits of speech that indirectly led to this tale. One day his papa heard him using language that no nice little boy, especially a university town boy, is supposed to know the meaning of.

"Teddy," said his stern parent, "never say that again; it's swearing, and God will hear you and be very much displeased."

"Well, I'll go down cellar," said the youngster defiantly, "then I guess he can't her me."

"Yes, he can," insisted the devout man.

"Is he in the attic too?"

"Yes."

"Then," announced the youngster, with the triumphant air of one who settles the question, "I'll go to Cambridge, for I'm sure he's not there."—Boston Transcript.

Statistics About the Lakes.

The following figures obtained from reliable sources show the mean level of the lake surfaces above the mean tide at New York and their maximum depths, respectively: Lake Ontario, 246.61 feet, 738 feet deep; Lake Erie, 572.86 feet and 210 feet deep; Lake Michigan, 581.28 feet, 870 feet deep; Lake Huron, 581.28 feet, 750 feet deep; Lake Superior, 601.78 feet, 1,008 feet deep. The deepest water runs very fairly in mid lake throughout the chain.

The area of water surface in square miles according to Crossman's delineation is as follows: Lake Superior, 31,200; Lake Huron, 23,800; Lake Michigan, 22,450; Lake Erie, 9,960; Lake Ontario, 7,240, or a total area of 94,650 square miles.—Maine Record.

Marriage in Portugal and Hungary.

Taking Europe, marriage appears the least popular in Portugal, where, in every 1,000 inhabitants, 310 are married, 628 are single and 62 are widowed. In Hungary marriage would appear to be more popular than in any other country. Out of every 1,000 of the population 407 are married, 532 are single and 61 are widowed.—Philadelphia Times.

PRUDENTIAL CONSIDERATIONS.

They Led to the Postponement of the Longed for Wedding Day.

Miss Mabel McQuinney had said yes.

Softly and in a whisper she had uttered the word, but Victor Spoonamore had heard it.

And Victor was wildly, madly deliriously happy.

The moon went behind a friendly cloud for a moment.

During which moment the bold, ardent youth embraced an opportunity and—but the moon has come out again. Let us proceed with the narration of the plain, unadorned facts.

Up and down the broad south side boulevard they strolled, heedless of the flight of time. Her little hand rested in the hollow of his arm. Being a young man possessed of more than a thimbleful of brains he knew better than to grab her elbow after the fashion prevalent in Bridgeport and Kalamakosh and yank her along the sidewalk like a frugal husband on a small salary endeavoring to steer a reluctant wife past an auction room.

"It only remains now, Mabel," he pleaded, "for you to name the day. Make it early, please."

Miss Mabel proceeded to temporize.

"What will your family say when they hear of this?" she asked.

"The family will be delighted. I fancy nobody will be greatly astonished, but if your people can stand it mine can. It's our own affair, anyhow. It wouldn't make any difference what the family thinks."

"It's an old family, isn't it?"

"We can trace our ancestry back hundreds of years," said the young man proudly. "There was a Spoonnemower in Shakespeare's time. A Spoonlemure was an officer at the court of King George III. The Spoonamores came to this country in 1817, and many of them have filled positions of honor and trust in Virginia and New England for the last seventy-five years. It was a Spoonamore that officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the Boston state house. There were Spoonamores in the diplomatic service in President Madison's time. There were plenty of them in both armies during the war of the rebellion. One was a brigadier general. A New Jersey Spoonamore designed the house you and I will live in, Mabel—a large, stately building on Prairie avenue, with seventeen rooms and all the modern conveniences."

"You have reason to be proud of your people, Victor. Don't you hold family reunions sometimes?"

"Once in awhile."

"There must be a great many of you."

"Hundreds, Mabel—hundreds."

"Are there any other representatives of the family in Chicago besides you?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"None that I know of," he answered.

"That settles it, Victor," exclaimed the young woman sadly, but with iron firmness. "We shall not be married until the World's fair is over!"—Chicago Tribune.

Famine in Abyssinia.

Famine is this year not confined to Russia. There is dearth bordering on famine in a few districts of Germany and Italy. In the East Indies and some parts of North Africa famine is severe and widespread. And now a report is received from an Italian, Dr. Leo Traversi, upon a terrible desolation wrought by famine in Shoa, the territory of King Menelek II in Abyssinia. Prices are very high, a chicken, for instance, being as high in price as a calf is in normal times. The military expeditions in which King Menelek is engaged all the time have for months past all ended in disaster because the men died in crowds from starvation. One host, says Dr. Traversi, left in its line of march "a procession of skeletons." At one spot near the Italian settlement the doctor, without changing his position, counted fourteen skeletons. The population of the kingdom has this year been reduced by an incredible number.—Exchange.

Breaking Up a Witness.

Probably it is not too much to say that many a cause apparently hopeless from the first has taken an unexpected turn by an accidental happy hit or the prompt adoption of some smart ruse on the part of counsel.

A celebrated barrister with whom cross examination was a fine art once confidentially told an adverse witness in the box that he knew he possessed the key of the legal situation—that he held a most important secret.

"And, mind you," added he with measured emphasis, "I am going to get it out of you."

And he did, for the witness was demoralized in anticipation by the lawyer's emphatic and cocksure warning.—London Tit-Bits.

The Horse Went to Market.

David R. Young, of Charleston township, Chester county, Pa., has a horse who has on every Thursday for some years taken the marketing to Phœnixville. The other day Mr. Young purchased a new horse, and left the old one in the field hitched to the plow. Mr. Young had occasion to go to the house, and upon his return to the field he found that the horse was gone. Mr. Young managed to trace the course of the horse by the marks made by the plow, and found him on the state road wending his way to Phœnixville.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

An oyster is the best bait for a rat trap.

Strawberries are in bloom at Blakely, Georgia.

The average size of an American farm is 610 acres.

Borax and sugar will disperse ants and other insects.

The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none.

The entire coast line of the globe is about 136,000 miles.

It is not always the man who looks like a fool who is one.

It doesn't break the heart of love to have the clothesline break.

Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows.

The second electric railway in Sweden has recently been completed.

Fish, flies and caterpillars may be frozen solid and still retain life.

Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal cold in the head.

The perfect love letter is written with a fine disregard for future possibilities.

We cannot be wise in everything, but we can at least be punctual to our engagements.

Now and then persons file claims against the United States for service in the Confederate army.

A North Carolina man has a clay pipe which he has smoked every day for the last twenty-five years.

Count the cooks; you will then no longer wonder at the innumerable number of human maladies.

Love never keeps her seat and says nothing when the conductor happens to miss her in the street car.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

The Siemens Electric Light company, of Berlin, will spend $285,000 on its exhibition at the World's Fair.

The soil and climate of the newly opened lands of Oklahoma are said to be most favorable for tobacco culture.

The owl is unable to move the eyeball, which is immovably fixed in the socket by a strong elastic cartilaginous case.

Bismuth melts at a point so far below that of boiling water that it can be used for taking casts of the most destructible objects.

To tell a woman you love her without doing so, and then to love her without telling her is the Alpha and Omega of flirtation.

Since Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic it has been developed into a wonderful country for sheep raising.

Baron Hirsch's agents have presented an application to the government of British Honduras for lands upon which to locate a colony of 5,000 Russian refugees.

Six Years' Parliaments.

The present parliament was summoned on Aug. 5, 1886, and therefore is nearly six years old. There are instances on record during the present century of parliaments which have a longer record, but not many. Earl Grey was prime minister for six years and two months about seventy years ago, and Lord Palmerston for six years and a week about a quarter of a century since. The probabilities are that this parliament will not have a six years' life.—London Letter.

A Cruiser's Load of Lead.

Rather more than ten tons of red lead have been injected between the wood sheathing and the hull of the English cruiser Rainbow. This has not been done on account of any defect in workmanship, but as a precautionary measure.—New York Times.

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