Phases of Human Nature.

They were waiting for the train at a country station. There was a dreary looking waiting room, 14 by 14, and there was a platform 70 feet long by 8 broad. The scenery consisted of one water tank, five freight cars, two fields, one pile of lumber, three telegraph poles and a small boy. The rain poured outside. The two women sat as far from each other as possible and regarded each other with suspicion and distrust.

One seemed to be saying to herself: "If she is going to the lunatic asylum she should be looked after. Who ever saw any one come out in such colors and mix things like that? Such persons are dangerous." And the other one remarked: "Must I wait here long in the company of that thing? What a looking head! What big feet and hands! Looks as if she was going to work on a farm."

The two men who are strangers to each other and to the women were fair, mild eyed specimens of the human race. They stood and looked at each other, and might have said to themselves: "Looks as if he had overdrawn his account at the bank. Seems to have an innocent look, but that is all put on." And the other might have mused: "So here's the 'Rubber Kid' out on another expedition, but I'll spoil his game. My, but hasn't he got a hardened look!" But they did nothing of the kind. While these women sat several feet apart, huddled up in an exclusive sort of way and their veils drawn, the men walked arm in arm, joked and smoked and talked stories and said they were glad to meet. They poked each other in the ribs, called each other "old boy," borrowed some fine cut and every match they had was shared in lighting cigars.

One of the women got up enough courage to ask the other for the time. The latter might be addressing the cook of an Erie canal scow, she thought, but replied that she had not the time. Then both shrank away under their veils and turned up their noses. When the train came along the men got into the same car and the same seat. The women came out with respective looks of disdain, entered separate coaches, and as the train moved away they were sorry they had noticed or spoken to each other and failed to stand on their individual dignity.—Albany Journal.

Writing for the Newspapers.

I am very frequently asked whether the newspaper is the best starting point for young authors, and in this question lies, in nine cases out of ten, a grave misconception. Many young writers believe that work rejected by the monthly magazine will find a market with the daily newspaper. It seems to be taken for granted that the same degree of care is unnecessary for newspaper work as for magazine writing. "The newspaper dies with the day, the magazine lives for a month," is the general feeling, and hence the impression that ephemeral work will find a ready market with the newspaper.

It has been my pleasure to write for the newspaper press of America for six or seven years, and I give young writers a leaf from my experience when I say to them, do not allow yourselves to believe that minor work will find favor with the modern American newspaper. There is just as much demanded of a writer in the newspaper editorial office as in that of the monthly magazine. A writer commits the greatest mistake of her life when she looks upon the newspaper as a graduating school to the magazine. The same standard of grammar and expression set by the magazine holds good with newspapers.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Little Brother's Bet.

Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared.

"Don't you come to see my sister?" he inquired.

"Yes, Tommy, that's what I come for."

"You like her immensely, don't you?"

"Of course I admire her very much. Don't you think she's nice?"

"Well, I have to, 'cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight till I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it!"

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?"

"Oh, nobody but sister!"

"What did she say?"

"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, won't you?"

The young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not.—New York Ledger.

A Snake Story Brought Him Fortune.

A resident of Martinsville, Ind., named Jerry Givens, has received a letter from a rich uncle in California which indicates that the young man is likely to be adopted and made his heir. A strange family history is recalled by this incident. There was an estrangement between the man now in California and the father of young Jerry, who is long since dead. Henry, the elder brother, drifted to the far west, and discovered the whereabouts of his young heir only through a publication which narrated a remarkable adventure in which the latter was engaged. Some time ago while hunting in the White river bottoms he encountered a great nest of snakes. This circumstance gained wide reputation in the papers and finally caught the eye of the elder Givens.—Exchange.

His Reform Now Possible.

"Samantha, I wish I could break myself of this slavish habit of smoking!" said Mr. Chugwater, despairingly. "I'd give worlds if I could do it!"

"Will you be guided by my advice, Josiah?" asked Mrs. Chugwater.

"What do you know about such things?" he demanded.

"Never mind what," she replied. "Will you promise to do exactly what I prescribe?"

"For how long?"

"For about two weeks."

"Oh, yes," he said, listlessly. "Go ahead with your prescription."

Mrs. Chugwater left the room and returned in a moment with a box of 100 cigars.

"Josiah," she said, tenderly, "I bought these of a peddler for fifty cents, and I've been saving them for you. You will smoke fourteen of them every day till they are all gone."—Chicago Tribune.

What the Law Allowed Him.

A friend sends us the following story which may be a little gray with the frost of time, though we do not recall seeing it in print. We insert it, anyhow, with the thought that "there's nothing new under the sun:"

A young gentleman and a young lady were attending a wedding—their own wedding, by the way. After the ceremony was over the groom, in a business like manner, asked the minister for a statement of account. The parson told him the law allowed him $3. The happy groom said, in a generous tone of voice, handing him a fifty cent piece: "This, with what the law allows you, will make it three dollars and a half."—West Shore.

The Czar's Joke.

The Czarina—O, my dearovitch, does it not make your heartovsky beat with pridesky to think what a beautifulovitch country our own Russia is!

The Czar—No, sweetesky, I do not lovesky Russia. Would you know what I thinksky of it?

"Yes, my petsky. What do you think of it?"

"It is—a-bomb-inable!"—Lawrence American.

A Prudent Boy.

Mr. Jones—Tommy, when your aunt comes you must kiss her and be very polite.

Tommy—No, pa, you just bet I ain't going to kiss her.

Mr. Jones—Why not?

Tommy (aged 12)—Great Scott! Don't you ever read the papers? Half the divorce suits and shooting scrapes come from men kissing other men's wives.—Texas Siftings.

A Woman's Way.

Tailor—Well, Jones, how did your wife like the new clothes?

Jones—She acted just as she did when I first began to court her.

Tailor—How was that? Laid her cheek on the lappels?

Jones—No; violently opposed my suit.—Burlington Free Press.

Farmer Woodson's Mistake.

Farmer Woodson (who is near sighted)—Ugh! There goes one of them sneakin' water-snakes. I reckon I'll fix the varmint.

Canal Boat Captain—Hey, you slim connected son of a gun, what do you mean by cuttin' my towline?—Munsey's Weekly.

Of Course Not.

Bilkins—There, old fellow, cheer up! Never mind if she has jilted you. Look around for another. Remember there are plenty of good fish in the sea yet.

Tompkins (dolefully)—Yes; but, confound it, I didn't want to marry a fish, you know.—Lawrence American.

Too Suggestive.

"Molly," said the young and popular left fielder of the Neversweats, "you're a good girl and I like you. But I wish you wouldn't carry that."

"That what, Billy?" asked his fiancee.

"Muff! It's too suggestive."—Lawrence American.

Of No Use to Him.

Count Ofovitchski (handing brakeman his copy of the St. Petersburg Mail and Express)—Perhapski you like to lookovitch at that, my friendof.

Brakeman (glancing at it)—Thanks, colonel, I don't read music.—Puck.

Not Much to Know.

"Do you really think Gus knows his own mind?"

"Of course he does. Why?"

"Oh, it's all the same if he does. I always said he didn't know much."—Lowell Citizen.

Proof Positive.

Hotel Guest—Now you are sure this bed is quite clean?

Bell Boy—Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em, they ain't dry yet.—Ohio State Journal.

Earning His Fee.

Cora—Oh, doctor, mamma scolded me for holding pins in my mouth. Is it really dangerous?

Sawbones—No, my dear. It's only dangerous if you swallow them.—Epoch.

Hidden Power.

Friend—Your daughter does not look strong.

Father—You should hear her play the piano.—Chicago Times.

The Recording Angel never strikes a balance on his books by what is said of a man on his gravestone.

When a man has lost his opportunity he does not know where to look for it again.

Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place.

"What killed your goat; circus posters?" "Oh, no; he fattened on circus posters. It was a package of cigarette papers killed Marmaduke."

Gallatin has a man so mean that he stole an overcoat belonging to a preacher. In the next world he will wear no overcoat.

Formerly tobacco chewers in Oregon purchased their tobacco by the plug without considering its weight, but emigrants from the East, where Star tobacco is universally used, refused to take these short-weight plugs and demanded Star Plug, which is not only the best tobacco, but each plug is a full sixteen-ounce pound, and now most chewers in Oregon use Star.