

she cast from her; but it is no luck to gather the peices. But should the bride lose her slipper, then she will lose all troubles, only in this case the person who picks it up will gain riches. The Manxmen put salt in their pockets, and the Italians blessed charms.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has been fixed, and it is believed much harm will ensue if the bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads or beside a closed gate upon his wedding morn. in making the cake (supposed to be made by near relatives of the bride) if good or bad wishes are indulged in during the process they will surely have their effect.

When the bridesmaids undress the bride, they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her! Nothing will go right. Woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep one of them; for they will not be married before Whitsuntide or till the Easter following at the soonest.

If the bridal party venture off dry land, they must go up stream. The bride must, to be lucky, wear

"Something old and something new,
Something gold and something blue."

If she should see a strange cat or hear a cat sneeze on her wedding day, then she will be very happy; and if on her wedding morning she steps from her bed on to something higher, and again on to something higher still, she will from that moment rise in the world.

In leaving the house and church, she must be very careful to put her right foot forward, and on no account allow anyone to speak to her husband until she has called him by name.

To break the wedding-ring is an omen that the wearer will soon be a widow;

"But as the wedding ring wears,
So will wear away your cares."

A Very Cautious Man.

A singular incident occurred at the German Imperial Deposit Bank in Berlin. A well-known German writer, who for over thirty years has lived abroad, came there for the purpose of depositing the whole of his present fortune (320,000 marks), together with his testamentary disposition of the same. After having duly signed the numerous blanks necessary on that occasion, and received the proper receipt at the hands of the cashier, what must have been the latter's astonishment at seeing the depositor deliberately tear that important paper into shreds! "What in the name of goodness are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Don't you know that it will take full three years before you can legally expect to obtain a duplicate receipt?" "Just because I do, I have torn the original," was the reply. The gentleman in question, be it known, has several times been the happy possessor of quite large fortunes, which he has as often lost by bad speculations, and otherwise. In order to guard this time against similar mishaps, he hastened to put the profits of a lucrative literary enterprise into a place safe beyond peradventure for at least three years.

Tommy's Club.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"Cause he says if any body will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know, unless it is to knock down subscribers that don't pay for their paper. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people."

That boy stands a chance for the Presidency if he lives—*Young Folks' Rural.*

A little boy, whose parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by his Sunday-school teacher, "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay their rent!" was the reply.

Interfering in Neighbors' Quarrels.

A goose, which was travelling across the country for the benefit of her dyspepsia, was resting herself in a bit of thicket, when along came two foxes in search of something not too utter for dinner. Being tired and disappointed it was only natural that they should feel quarrelsome, and as they halted near the thicket one of them observed:

"If you were half as sharp as the books make you out you would not now be hungry enough to gnaw at the bushes."

"And if you were half as big as you think you are you would pass for a lion, minus the roar," sneered the other.

"I don't want any impudence from no fifteen-cent animal of your build!" warned the first.

"Don't give me any chin-music or I'll make a wreck of you!" yelled No. 2.

"You're a thief!"

"Ditto!"

"You're a——!"

At this point the goose could stand it no longer. Walking out from the thicket she put on a benevolent look and observed:

"Gentlemen, let me settle this dispute. In the first place I want to remark——"

But she never remarked. The foxes made a rush and gobbled her up, and as they picked their teeth of the last of the feathers, No. 1 remarked:

"None but a goose would have sought to have settled a dispute between two foxes."

"And while I have great respect for a peacemaker," added the second, "I have invariably observed that they are the eaten party. Neighbors who quarrel cannot only take care of themselves, but in the most cases of the goose who sticks her bill into the fuss. This banquet will now adjourn."

An Art Customer.

"Have you any second-hand ancestors for sale?" asked a gaudily-dressed woman, with a shrill voice, of a well-known art dealer on Woodward avenue.

Ancestors?" echoed the bewildered man, "I don't think I quite understand you."

"Don't catch on hey? You must be as stupid as you look then, but it's hard to believe. I've got a new house, and it's all fixed up and furnished tip-top, and now I want to buy some ancestors to hang in it."

"I'm sorry ma'am," explained the dealer, civilly, "but all my ancestors are hung; here's a holy family by Murillo I will sell you cheap, if it will suit."

"Thank you; I don't want another family by Manillo or any other man—one family in a house is enough. If you've got any aboriginal by Chromo I dunno but I might take it, but there's a heap more style in a gallery of ancestors, and I'll look around." The last seen of her she was punching the eye of "A portrait of a lady," in oils, with her parasol at another art store, and asking the dazed clerk "what that woman was worth."—*Free Press.*

About Cats.

Cats are commonly supposed to be an invention of Cato, who, to spite a hated rival, constantly invented this and many other similar ideas to torment his enemy with. This, however, is merely a fable, as the real purpose for which cats were intended, is veiled in obscurity, all the descendants of the inventor having sworn never to reveal the truth. Nevertheless, some interesting facts and habits have been discovered during researches, which may be of interest.

Cats live to a great age, especially those used on board ship, having even been known to out-live some of the crew. These, by the way, have nine tails, which number has been very often confounded with the number of lives other cats have, and which is certainly untrue, as it is well known that the wear and tear on a cat's imagination, thinking of a way to escape, after being killed the fourth time, usually kills her for good. The surest way to kill a cat is to be careful of her; she will die of pure spite then, as such treatment would be exactly contrary to what a fine, healthy cat ever requires or receives. Cats are faithful creatures, and have strong affections; numerous instances are known where cats conceived such a liking for canary birds that they could not live without them—or at least they didn't.