

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

The old superstition as to lucky and unlucky days has largely passed away. Foreign mails start and arrive on Fridays without any regard for beliefs which were at one time accepted as beyond argument by most sailors. Some thought otherwise, as will appear later. Generally speaking, all Saints' days and Church holidays were regarded as unlucky, and certain days in each month were rather distrusted. In an old almanac of 1615 we find that July 19, 20, 24, and 31 were noted as "no good anchorage." Sunday was always looked upon as lucky, presumably in reliance on the maxim "The better the day the better the deed," and the fact of our Lord's Resurrection having taken place on that day. Monday had no particular reputation for good or evil; Tuesday was the same, except among Spaniards, who said "Don't marry or go to sea or leave your wife" on that day. Wednesday was the day of Odin, the Norse god before mentioned, and lucky; Thursday was named after Thor, the Norse god of war, and was auspicious. Friday was the day dedicated to Freya, Norse goddess of love, and having reference to women was not liked on this ground. The true reason for avoiding Friday was of course the fact of the Crucifixion having taken place on that day, and sentiments of special veneration for the day became converted into a feeling of fear for the results which would follow its violation. The Spaniards, on the other hand, had a considerable veneration for Friday and believed that some occult influence enabled Columbus to successfully clear out of port and discover new land on that day. Saturday was generally considered auspicious. The origin of the phrase "a cap-full of wind" can be traced to a Norse King, Eric VI., who died in 907 A.D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow where he wished by the simple method of turning his cap to that point of the compass. His powers were much appreciated and trusted, and resulted in his being known as "windy-cap." There is no evidence as to whether he could regulate the force of the wind as well as the direction; presumably he could or his faithful believers would not have been so many. A "bag-full of wind" is another common expression, and indicates something like a gale. This has been traced down to the classical legend of Æolus and his captive winds confined in bags.—*Nautical Magazine.*

BROKEN STOWAGE.

Flustered Old Lady—"Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to the bridge?" Polite pedestrian—"Makes no difference to me, madam."—(Brooklyn Life.)

Miss Beacon—"Wasn't it Admiral Porter who said, 'Take no quarter from the enemy'?" Mr. Lake—"Naw; it couldn't have been; or, if it was he's the only porter that ever said such a thing."—(Truth.)

"I asked little Jim the difference between 'inertia' and 'momentum.'" "Did he know anything about it?" "Yes; he said 'inertia' is something that won't start, and 'momentum' is something that won't stop."—(Detroit Free Press.)

Daughter—"There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when he became engaged." Mother—"What is that astonishing thing?" Daughter—"The rapidity with which he took it up again after we were married."—(Tit-Bits.)

"O my friends! there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience, who is always mislaying her glasses.—(Tit-Bits.)

A sign which was productive of much discussion was read by the patrons of a small laundry establishment in a Massachusetts town. It was printed in large letters, on a piece of brown paper, and pinned to the door of the shop. It ran thus: "Closed on account of sickness till next Monday, or possibly Wednesday. I am not expected to live. Shall be unable to deliver goods for at least a week, in any case."—(Youths Companion.)

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek, and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye. "Got hit with a stone," replied the patient. "Who threw it?" "My—my wife," was the reluctant answer. "Hum; it's the first time I knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon. "She was throwing at the neighbor's hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."—(Detroit Free Press.)