

AN AWFUL LOT OF PRACTICE.

N. Y. Tribune.

Chauncey Depew spoke one evening during the last campaign at a town in the interior of this State which it is not necessary to name. The next morning the chairman of the local committee took him in his carriage for a ride about the place. They had reached the suburbs, and were admiring a bit of scenery, when a man wearing a blue shirt and carrying a long whip on his shoulder approached from where he had been piloting an ox-team along the middle of the street, and said:—

"You're the man that made the rattlin' speech up at the hall last night, I guess?"

Mr. Depew modestly admitted that he had indulged in some talk at the time and place specified.

"Didn't you have what you said writ out?" went on the man.

"No," replied the orator.

"You don't mean to say you made that all right up as you went along?"

"Yes."

"Jess hopped right up there, took a drink o' water out of the pitcher, hit the table a whack, and waded in without no thinkin' or nothin'?"

"Well, I suppose you might put it that way."

"Well, that beats me. You'll excuse me for stoppin' you, but what I wanted to say was that your speech convinced me, though I knowed all the time it was the peskiest lie that was ever told. I made up my mind to vote your ticket, but I'd 'a' been wilitin' to bet a peck o' red apples that no man could stand up and tell such blamed convincin' lies without havin' 'em writ out. You must 'a' had an awful lot of practice."

THE LOWER CLASSES IN HONDURAS.

Capt. James Leitch, of Belize, British Honduras.

The lower classes of people in our country are in better circumstances than those of the corresponding class in this country. I have just made a trip down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to St. Louis, and I find people at nearly all points living in miserable huts along the river banks and in dirty hovels built on flat boats. Such things are not seen in British Honduras. The working classes make a comfortable living without great exertion. The principal product of the country now is the banana. Formerly Honduras was a great sugar producing country, but owing to low prices the crop became unprofitable and the farmers have nearly all turned their attention to the cultivation of bananas. Plantains and coconuts also flourish there. Lemons and oranges are cultivated to a limited extent, and the Indians in the interior of the country raise some corn. The banana crop however, is the chief source of revenue, and it is a very profitable crop. The larger number of inhabitants of British Honduras are Scotch people, who have settled there and are doing well. There are also quite a number of Americans.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING THE STORY.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Costello, will you have the goodness to answer me directly and categorically a few plain questions?"

Witness—"Certainly, sir."

"Now, Mr. Costello, is there a female at present living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Costello?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"She is."

"Now, on your oath, do you maintain her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her?"

"I have not."

(Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may go down."

Opposing Counsel—"Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother?"

"Yes, she is."

THE RASCAL PROMPTLY RESPONDED.—Up in New Hampshire the grocers understand all the little tricks of the trade. A gentleman bought six pounds of sugar, and found it sadly adulterated with sand. The next day a notice was posted reading thus:—"Notice.—I bought six pounds of sugar of a grocer in this village. From it I have taken one pound of sand. If the rascal will send me six pounds of sugar I will not expose him." The next day five six-pound packages of sugar were left at the gentleman's residence, there being just five grocers in the village. —*Boston Record.*

THE traffic returns of the Grand Trunk Railway for the week ending July 27th, 1889, and the corresponding period of 1888, are as follows:—

	1889.	1888.
Passenger Train Earnings...	\$146,387	\$146,138
Freight " " " "	264,128	229,494
Total " " " "	\$ 410,515	\$375,632
Increase 1889.....	\$34,883	

A BRUNSWICK ROMANCE.

Leiston Journal.

Perhaps the most romantic of all the tales of ancient Brunswick is that of Molly Finney and how she got a husband. It was a wild beginning, but a good old-fashioned ending.

In 1756 the eastern Indians were in a most warlike and ferocious mood. They massacred many of Brunswick's settlers, and one night made a raid on the house of Thomas Means, at "Flying Point." They battered in the door and dragged out Means and his family. The settler fought them manfully, but his fate was sealed. Two Indians held his arms while a third shot the brave man through the body with his own rifle. Meantime Mrs. Means ran back into the house with her infant and vainly tried to barricade the door. With fierce yells they burst into the house, and with one ball killed the infant and pierced the mother's breast.

Molly Finney was Mrs. Means's sister, a blooming young damsel, high colored and plump. They seized her in her night clothes and carried her off to Canada, giving her a blanket to help cover her. At Quebec they sold her to a farmer for \$6 in money and a bottle of strong water. For a long time Mollie worked in this farmer's fields, but he suddenly became jealous of a young French Canadian who was seen to pay her some marked attentions, and locked her in her chamber in his house.

About this time there came to an anchorage before Quebec a certain bold Capt. McLellan, of Falmouth, Me. in his fast brigantine. He learned Mollie's story and secretly arranged with her a plan for her escape.

One night he threw a rope to her window and she lowered herself to the ground. Before morning she and her rescuer were sailing rapidly down the St. Lawrence before a stiff breeze, bound for Falmouth. You can guess the sequel—how they fell in love and were married.

NO APOLOGY NECESSARY.

Detroit News.

A Michigan avenue car stopped at Second Street yesterday to permit a young lady and a gentleman to get on.

As the former, who was young as well as pretty, passed forward to accept a seat offered her, she tripped over the outstretched foot of an individual who was sitting at the rear of the car.

In an instant she was almost at full length in the bottom of the car. The exclamations of the passengers and the black looks they directed at the extended stumbling block should have caused its owner to sink through the seat. Quicker almost than she went down, however, she was on her feet again, and gracefully acknowledging the courtesy of the gentleman who surrendered his seat.

She was greatly embarrassed, and her escort looked like a thunder cloud and as if he would like to punch the head of the fellow who had caused all the trouble. But he didn't. He contented himself with occasionally stepping vigorously on the still extended and offending foot. There did not seem to be the least sign of consciousness from its owner, while the passengers awaited the denouement. Finally, with a lurch from the car as an excuse, the foot received another ferocious dig that was so pronounced as to almost twist the man out of the seat. Thinking that perhaps he had really injured the man, the escort muttered an excuse that was received in great equanimity, with the gratifying explanation:—

"Oh, don't apologize; it's a wooden one and used to being stepped on."

THE REASON WHY.—The other day the people who attended the weekly market in a certain French town were surprised to see a peasant woman who was offering for sale a horse, which was tariffed at 4s. The same woman was selling a dog for which she demanded £20. They thought she must be mad and told her so. "Be that as it may," she said, "the man who wants to have the horse for 4s. must first take the dog at £20." A purchaser eventually secured the two, and afterwards would have the explanation. It transpired that the deceased husband of the artful peasant woman had charged her in his will to sell his dog and his horse. The price of the dog was to be hers, and that of the horse she was to pay over to his family. This reads like an Ollen-dorffian excerpt, but is not. It took place at Contances, in the North of France, last month.

JACK DEMPSEY QUIETED HIM.—In a crowded car on Genry street a rather undersized man trod on a big man's toe. He immediately apologized, but the big man would accept no excuse and grumbled and growled; and as the smaller man made no attempt to resent it, he gradually roused himself to a furious heat. "Who are you, sirrah?" he demanded, shaking his fist in the other man's face. "Who the devil are you that goes around stamping your big feet on every one within reach? Who are you?" "My name is Jack Dempsey," quietly answered the other, looking up. The big man's jaw fairly dropped and he hastily left the car, mumbling apologetically. The small man was not the noted fighter, but he scared the bully just as much as if he was.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That royal marriages in Europe seem to be receding in importance.

That those who live beyond their means have very short rope to get to the end of.

That the masculine girl rarely wins the permanent affection of desirable men.

That in old times it was not considered an accomplishment for girls to use slang.

That the increase of cottage colonies at the watering places impairs the hotel business.

That Americans who "do" all Europe in six weeks are happily not representative ones.

That people do the most unheard of things in these days simply for brief notoriety.

That at the present time there is no difficulty in getting the "best room" at any city hotel.

That it is not of special credit to a girl in these days to be the "belle" of a seaside hotel.

That great things in the way of speed are expected of the two new White Star steamers.

That men who smoke pipes in the presence of ladies ought never have a second opportunity.

That those who contribute to the Fresh Air Fund will best enjoy their own vacation days.

That it is astonishing how many well-dressed people are exceedingly weak in their grammar.

That even in a magnificent yacht a man cannot sail away from his "honest debts."

That to belong to the "fast set" usually makes one totally unfit for any other set.

That altogether too much press attention is given the female persons who write vile novels.

That the day does not seem to be far off when chimney sweeps will be "interviewed."

That often the young author whose first book is "out" makes his acquaintances very "tired."

That, if it were not for imaginary invalids many doctors would starve to death.

That some of the "400" in Europe are of far less fashionable consequence than when at home.

That too many of the "young gentlemen of leisure" are very far from a Chesterfield at heart.

That the Anglomaniacs to be entirely proper must refer to the Irish subject as "Ome Rule."

That seeing in advance, or no attention, is a crying shame at too many summer hotels.

SEVEN GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.—*Sprat.*

Avoid him who, from mere curiosity, asks three questions running about a thing that cannot interest him.—*Lavater.*

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.—*Sterne.*

Affectations is certain deformity; by forming themselves on fantastic models, the young begin with being ridiculous and often end in being vicious.—*Blair.*

Nothing more impairs authority than a two frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.—*Colton.*

Great talents for conversation should be attended with great politeness. He who eclipses others owes them great civilities, and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it.—*Swift.*

Cato, being scurrilously treated by a low and vicious fellow, quietly said to him:—"A contest between us is very unequal, for thou canst bear ill language with ease and return it with pleasure; and to me it is unusual to hear, and disagreeable to speak it."

THE business of Paris has risen to a point that before the Exhibition would not have been considered possible. According to some accounts it is only limited by the quantity of merchandise for sale. One of the great Parisian jewellers said recently:—"Never have we sold as we have during this Exposition. There seems to be no bounds to the wealth of the foreigners who are now in Paris. The objects that sell most readily are those that cost the dearest. Pearl necklaces at 800,000 francs are snapped up nowadays with eagerness. There are more purchasers than necklaces." A great dressmaker of the Rue de la Paix tells a similar tale. Women say:—"I wish to spend 100,000 or 200,000 francs in your establishment. How many dresses and mantles can I have for that amount?"

GOOD MANNERS.—We know a good mother who used to say: "Always use good manners at home, and then when you go among strangers you need never be alarmed, for it will be perfectly natural to be polite and respectful." That is true, and we have always thought that the best way to do anything right was to get into the habit of doing it right. Hardly anything is of more consequence than good manners and politeness in a boy or girl. They render those who possess them favorites with their relations or friends, and prepossess strangers toward them. Politeness costs nothing. It is worth everything. It has been termed the lubricating oil of society.