

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S STORY.

A commercial traveller wanted to know if the train was late, and ventured to ask the operator in the ticket office.

"Dawnaw," replied the gentleman of the keys, meaning, probably, "I don't know."

"But I am told it is an hour and a-half late," persisted the grip-distender smilingly, "You surely could tell me if that is true."



"Dawnawnath-awnboutut," replied the knight of the sounding board, turning the back of his head to the ques-

tioner.

"But it is highly desirable that I should know," smiled the gatherer of orders still more pleasantly. "I can make three business calls in that hour and a-half, and still have fifteen minutes margin. Don't you think you had better find out for me? It will take you only a minute or two, you know."

"Finownoth," replied the lightning manipulator, probably meaning, "Find out nothing." And he began reading the advertisement columns of a daily paper, paying no more attention to his interlocutor.

"This is a commercial as well as a railroad telegraph office?" inquired our traveller in the blandest tones yet used during the conversation.

"Yah," replied the operator, meaning "Yes."

"A telegraph blank, please?"

The unfinished document was half thrown at him. He leisurely wrote a message and handed it to the other, with the money to pay for it.

The operator commenced reading it, hitting the words, one by one, with his pencil to count them. Before he was half through he ceased hitting and looked startledly at the writer.

"Good sakes, man, I can't send this!" he exclaimed, giving, this time, each word its full sounds. "I'd lose my position!"

"And you'll lose it if you don't, I fear," replied his amiable tormentor, sympathizingly. "You've no right to hold it back a minute."

The operator nervously read it over again. It ran :

"Superintendent Railroad : Will you kindly tell me how many minutes late is train No. ———? It is very important that I should know, and your operator here refuses to inform me."

"Look here, now," exclaimed the operator, ignoring his newspaper and everything else except the traveller, "I really wish you wouldnt insist on sending this. I think I must be somewhat in the wrong, and I—I—beg your pardon. I can find out for you in two minutes."

"Yes, I thought perhaps you could," replied the other, returning the money to his pocket, and exploiting the sweetest smile of the day, in which he was joined by several bystanders, while the operator fairly exuded information.—*Evening Post.*

A CURIOSITY WITH A MORAL.

The following letter was received at the Head Office a few days ago. It is a curiosity in its diction and spelling, but teaches a moral. Read it :

"sir i see thru some of your paipers that you air a grait suport to widoes well i wone there was a glum over this scity they tim Mr ——— dide he was sick for 5 years i got my sun hom from Chicag to help me to car of him gust 7 dayes be for Mr ——— dide my boye was crashed and his back brake i had 2 men dier at won tim the boy live 15 monthes now i want to now wat helpe or good your compeny will give if taik out a polesey for a thousand my frendes wil helpe me paye 3 years dues rit down if you give me a paid up polesey if i got nuf ont of it to clear my home a morgage of 4 hundre i wold then taik a nother on for life i 55 years and they soundest woman in this scity i seen your aigenet he told me to stait the mater to heaid quartes if you helpe and do eny thing your agentes as they scitey all nowes they shock i got they hole scitey is cind to me pleas anser soon pleas excus this riten from a frend

tel me son an i taik out they polesey with your aigent "

The moral is—if the father or boy was assured the dear old mother would not be troubled so much to-day about that mort-