

STRAY HUMOR.

A pretty coquette walking by the sea shore is like injudicious advertising—very dear. But she also bears a strong resemblance to judicious advertising—because she catches every eye.

FAIR WARNING—"Yes, madam, I remember very well you buying a stamp."

Madam—"Well, I put it on a very important letter, and it has never been received. I want you to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again."

Mrs. Hayfork—Anything for me?

Rural postmaster—I don't see nothin'.

Mrs. Hayfork—I was expectin' a letter er postal from Aunt Sally Spriggs, tellin' what day she was comin'.

Rural postmaster (calling his wife)—Did you see a postal from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally, tellin' what day she was comin'?

His wife—Yes; she's comin' Thursday.

Miss Alice—"I hear, Mr. Sinclair, that you intend to make the grand tour."

Sinclair—"Yes, Miss Alice."

Miss Alice—"And you promise to write me from every country you visit?"

Sinclair—"Promise? ah, you cannot know how I shall value the privilege. When I am far from friends will it not be a veritable heaven to think of you and address you? But will you really care to receive so many letters?"

Miss Alice—"The more the better; I am making a collection of foreign stamps."

She was in appearance a modest, refined looking lady, but when she confronted the stamp clerk at station J with the request for a P. D. Q. stamp that serious minded functionary was too astonished to reply.

"Will you let me have a P. D. Q. stamp," repeated the woman, who seemed to think the clerk was deaf, and therefore raised her voice so that it was heard all over the office. An inspiration seized him, and he tendered a special-delivery stamp.

That was what she wanted.

That effervescent sublimation of eccentricity, George Francis Train, has sent a characteristic note to *The Globe* office. The address on the envelope is an epistle itself, and is as follows:

"POSTMAN—Take this epistle with every haste to a two-legged specimen of the genus homo, commonly known as Col. Charles H. Taylor, who has an office in *The Globe* building, Father of His Country street, with the compliments of the season, and tell him I'll see him again in 65 days, and beat Nellie Bly."

G. F. T.

Yet, after all that screed, the New York post office was obliged to supply the address, "Boston, Mass."

One of the old clerks at the general delivery window tells the following story: Years ago a man called one day at the window and asked if there was a letter for Mike McGinnis.

The clerk handed him one from the old country

with 24 cents due on it. Mr. McGinnis asked the clerk to read it for him, as he could not read himself. The polite clerk complied. When he had finished reading it Mr. McGinnis asked if that was all.

The clerk said, "Yes," "Then it's not worth 24 cents, and I'll not take it," said Mr. McGinnis, and turning on his heel, he walked away.

Some time after the same Mr. McGinnis called and asked for a letter. The clerk recognized him, gave him the same letter he had read before, but took precaution to collect his 24 cents.

When a petition for a new post office in the mountains of Virginia was received some weeks ago, it was found that the name submitted was undesirable. The petitioners were so notified, and requested to submit a list of names in order of preference.

The new list contained no names acceptable, and the assistant postmaster-general directed an official to select a name himself.

The clerk immediately walked to the map, and, locating the office, discovered that there was a mountain hard by named "Purgatory," and the new post office was named "Purgatory."

When the establishing papers were forwarded to the petitioners and they were requested to submit a name for postmaster, they returned the name of George Godbether. So the new post office of Purgatory is presided over by George Godbether.

The young postmaster of an Eastern village was hard at work in his office, when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a blushing maiden of sixteen, with a money order which she desired cashed, says the *Detroit Free Press*. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order,—

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you \$3 and a dozen of kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money, and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner.

On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother,—

"Mother, this post office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."

We have received a copy of the Standard Stamp Co's price list, consisting of 64 pages and cover, and fully illustrated. The publishers inform us that 35,000 copies have been printed, and together with postage, the total cost will be \$1,500, the largest amount ever spent on a stamp price list. A copy can be obtained free from them at 925 La Salle Street, St. Louis, Mo.

(Advt.)