

**WRONG ADDRESSES.**

Psychological Problem That Makes Trouble For the Stores.

"It was nothing but carelessness," said the indignant shopper.

"Quite so," murmured the polite floorwalker.

"Although it was a little thing, it put me to the greatest inconvenience," the lady went on.

"Exactly," assented the floorwalker.

"I had a dressmaker sewing at my house, and in consequence of the stupidity of the people in this store, she had no sewing silk and her time was lost," continued the lady.

"Undoubtedly," returned the floorwalker.

"It ought to be possible with a little care to get a simple address right," the lady asserted.

"Just so," answered the floorwalker.

"And this address where my goods were sent is not a bit like my address," said the lady.

"Not a bit," agreed the floorwalker.

"Well, then, how do such things happen if not through carelessness?" demanded the lady.

"That is a metaphysical or rather psychological problem," replied the floorwalker with great seriousness.

"I call it stupidity," retorted the lady with emphasis.

"Quite so," continued the floorwalker. "But the facts are these: Every salesman and every saleswoman is cautioned particularly and constantly to be on guard against making a mistake in an address, and such errors are always punished severely."

"It doesn't seem to do much good," interjected the lady scornfully.

"No," admitted the floorwalker. "Then after the address has been written with care, our rules require that it shall be read over to the customer to make sure that it is correct."

"The rules may be all right, but my address was wrong, and I didn't receive my purchases," retorted the lady.

"Exactly," continued the floorwalker. "Well, after the addresses have been taken and verified in this manner, about one in one hundred or one in fifty turns out to be wrong."

"Well?" said the lady interrogatively.

"Why," replied the floorwalker gravely, "the inference is that it is the customer who makes the mistake."

"Do you mean that I don't know my own address?" asked the lady, looking scornful.

"Not at all," protested the floorwalker. "In your case the mistake is doubtless ours. But in the other cases the problem is psychological."

"Hum," said the lady.

"Quite so," assented the floorwalker. "Entirely psychological. People know their own addresses, but give wrong ones. Why do they do it? I don't know. That is one of the mysterious workings of the human mind. All I know is that they do it. The proof is that people themselves make mistakes in writing their own addresses in letters sending in mail orders."

"Perhaps they are thinking of something else when they give their addresses," suggested the lady doubtfully.

"Perhaps," returned the floorwalker. "All business houses that have to handle many addresses have the same trouble. People are constantly making mistakes in their addresses."

"Well," said the lady, making a graceful retreat, "let us say no more about it. And you will send my things to the right address!"

"Certainly," said the floorwalker.—New York Sun.

An Eagle as an Alarm Clock.

Mr. W. G. Beard, in St. Nicholas, tells of a tame eagle he had as a pet in Arizona. Mr. Beard says:

The half breed in whose charge he had been left told us that he was far better than an alarm clock, for no one could sleep through the cries with which he greeted the rising sun and his notion of breakfast time, and while an alarm would ring for only half a minute, Moses was wound up to go all day, or until he got something to eat. But his guardian treated him kindly, and Moses grew and thrived, soon putting on a handsome suit of brown and gray feathers, which he was very proud of and spent most of his spare time in preening, and he was beginning to think seriously of trying his wings when an accident put off his flying for a long time. Having known, thus far, nothing but kindness from man, he was absolutely without fear, and, as it turned out, rather too much so.

Counseling.

"Miss Tenspot called me an idiot, domher know," complained Mr. Gilley to Miss Gaskell.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that," replied the young lady. "She is so very frank."—Scottish Nights.

**ALL SAINTS' EVE.**

On, when the ghosts go by,  
Over the empty trees,  
Here in my house I sit and cry,  
My head upon my knees.

Inangerable, white.  
Like mist they fill the square,  
The bolt is drawn, the latch made tight,  
The shutter barred there.

There walks one small and glad,  
New to the churchyard cold—  
My little lad, my little lad,  
A single year with God.

I sit and hide my head  
Until they all are passed.  
Under the empty trees—the dead  
Thou go soft and fast.

To go my chamber dim,  
Back to my bed, I plod.  
Oh, would I were a ghost with him  
And faring back to God!

—Lizzie W. Rees in New York Tribune.

Why Grant Never Swore.

Général Horace Porter, in his

"Campaigning With Grant," in The

Century, says: While sitting with

him at the campfire late one night,

after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him: "General, it

seems singular that you have gone

through all the rough and tumble

of army service and frontier life

and have never been provoked into

sweating. I have never heard you

utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow or other, I

never learned to swear," he replied.

"When a boy, I seemed to have an

aversion to it, and when I became

a man I saw the folly of it. I have

always noticed, too, that swearing

helps to rouse a man's anger, and

when a man flies into a passion his

adversary who keeps cool always

gets the better of him. In fact, I

could never see the use of swearing.

I think it is the case with many people

who swear excessively that it is

worse, because they merely added

weight to the sledges and thus

wasted our strength unnecessarily.

If a man cannot get along with pemmican and biscuit, with tea to drink,

the arctic regions are no place for him. He mustn't expect the luxuries

of a hotel dinner.

Pemmican is beef mixed with a

considerable quantity of suet. It is

the staple arctic food, and is not at

all disagreeable to the taste. It is

much compressed. One pound of it

is equal to four pounds of ordinary

meat; so that the carrying of it re-

duces the sledge weights very much.

One pound of it is the daily ration

for a man. Of the hard ship biscuit

one pound is also a day's allowance,

and of tea about a quart. These rations

are consumed almost always in

two meals, which are all we have

time to stop for on sledge journeys.

The tea is in compressed quar-

ter pound cakes, which are further

marked off somewhat like a cake of

chocolate, into little divisions of a

quarter ounce each. One of these

makes a pint of tea, and it is stronger

than one generally drinks at home.

The condensed milk is the

ordinary article which you see ev-

erywhere. It freezes, of course, of-

ten perfectly solid, but that does

not impair it. Tea is the only drink

for sledge journeys. Coffee is not

satisfactory, nor is chocolate or

cocoa, which produces thirst. Lime

juice I have no faith in at all, and I

shall never try it again. It has al-

ways been thought necessary to

counteract a tendency to scurvy

from the consumption of so much

salt and fatty food. But I never had

any indications of scurvy in any of

my party.

Dried vegetables have been car-

ried by some explorers, and while

they are well enough to have at the

headquarters, where, as I said, there

may be any variety one chooses,

they are entirely superfluous while

sledding. A man can get along per-

fectly well without vegetables. In

fact, I never eat them, even at

home, and there isn't much nour-

ishment in them for arctic work.

There is only one thing besides

those I have mentioned which I

consider good, and that is com-

pressed peaseoup. It has a great deal

of nutriment in it, and is especially

palatable. But it can be dispensed

if reduction of weight becomes

a highly important point, for the

pemmican and biscuit are trust-

worthy standbys."—New York Tele-

gram.

The Japanese Solomons.

Business in the Japanese parlia-

ment seems of rather a frivolous

character. A whole sitting was de-

voted to considering whether a mem-

ber had not violated parliamentary

etiquette by attending the opening

ceremony.

McCarthy offers a warning to the

member of parliament who is blessed

—or cursed—with a thirst for ask-

ing questions. One of this type,

long since dead, used to repeat with

great good humor a story which told

against himself. During the

course of a recess he was delivering

an address to his constituents, and

in order to impress them with a due

sense of his public services he em-

phasized the fact that in the last

session he had put to ministers more

than 300 questions. He paused to

study the effect of his statement,

and a voice from the farthest part

of the gallery called out, "Why,

what a ignorant bloke you must be!"

Never Loses His Head.

Some years ago, when William J.

Stillman of New York city was re-

porting a disturbance in Greece for

the London Times, a report was sent

out that he had been beheaded. One

of his friends, hearing the report

telegraphed to the correspondent