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MISTAKES ON THE WIRE.

Ludicrous Errors Made by Telegraph Operators in Transmitting Dispatches.

The funny mistakes of telegraphers are as numerous as those charged up to proofreaders. A gentleman who has been an extensive traveler, and consequently not supposed to overlook any details, saw his wife off on a train for the slope the other day. It was supposed that everything had been arranged. The good-by and its accompaniment had been passed, and the gentleman returned to his home. That night his wife suddenly remembered that she had left a valuable adjunct to her happiness and wrote a message to her husband which he received the following morning at his office. It read:

"Forgot. Think conductor has telegraphed for it."

He read it again, and it read as at first. "Forgot what," he murmured. And he read it again and kept reading it until the words ran together and his temples throbbed. He sent a message to his house asking the servants if Mrs. — had left anything. They made no discoveries, of course. Then he sent a message to the operator at the office from which his wife's message was sent asking him to repeat it. He waited for an answer. He lost his luncheon and his dinner waiting. He remained at his office until late at night, and as he was about to leave in despair he received an answer to his. It read: "Forgot trunk. Conductor has telegraphed for it."

Sure enough, the word "trunk" had been made to read "think." But wasn't it strange that a man who had traveled all over the world should come to his own home to forget to check his wife's trunk? He laughed to himself after it was all over. But it had cost him lots of worry.

Equally funny is this one: A lady in this city had received a letter from her old home in Connecticut which caused her a good deal of trouble. Her answer to it was by wire. When it was delivered in the Connecticut home, it read:

"How's the weather?"

What an exasperating query at such a time! The letter referred to the lady's mother's health. The dispatch should have read, "How's mother?"

A little different is this one: A gentleman of this city sent his wife a message from Washington March 4, 1893, prepaid, and it has not been delivered up to the present writing. The correspondence between the Chicago office and the Washington and New York offices about the transaction has accumulated until the batch looks like the papers in a long continued lawsuit. — Chicago Herald.

Second Wind.

The following is an explanation of the athlete's "second wind," from *Outing*: When we are walking about, we only use our lungs partially, sometimes only one, but when we commence to hurry or run we draw our breath faster, causing both lungs to gradually develop. During the time that this process is going on we get our second wind. Now, should a man not use his lungs in running for a length of time they will get, so to speak, rusty, and it will be with great difficulty that he will get his breath properly. If an athlete is properly trained, he will not feel the least difference from start to finish in a long race. Directly he commences to run both lungs will open to the full.

Experience in long distance running proves the above correct. I have noticed after each cessation of a few weeks that my lungs were not so free; consequently I underwent the process of getting my "second wind," and as I practiced and got in better trim my lungs opened better, and breathing became easier with each run. "Second wind" is the full use of both lungs.

An Absentminded Builder.

"As an amateur carpenter, I don't think I am much of a success," said a gentleman yesterday. "For several months past I have been engaged in building a dollhouse for one of my children. I chose a room in the stable in which to do my work, for, with the gaslight, I was able to spend my spare evenings in hammering and planing. Well, I completed my task the other evening and was proud to behold a dollhouse the like of which I had never seen. It was a perfect miniature house. Yesterday I told the driver to get a man to help him carry my handiwork from the stable to the children's playroom. Imagine my feelings when he came back and informed me that the dollhouse was too large to pass through the door of the room in which I had built it. I had never thought of getting the house out, but my oversight, so disgusted me with my work that I hired a carpenter to break it up so that it could be taken out in pieces." — Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Ethan Allen's Sword.

The sword of Ethan Allen, preserved in the National museum, at Washington, is an old fashioned blade about 27 inches in length and slightly curved. The handle is made of horn or bone and is some 7 inches long. The mounting is of silver, marked with gold, but the latter is partially worn off. A dog's head of silver forms the end of the handle, and from this to the guard runs a silver chain. On one of the silver bands of the venerable leather scabbard is the name "Ethan Allen" engrossed in large letters; on another band, "E. Brasher, Maker, N. York," while on a third band appears the name "Martin Vosburg, 1775." — Philadelphia Ledger.

"There's one thing about me that I don't understand," said Tommy thoughtfully, "and that's why it is that making marks on wall paper is such lots of fun and making 'em in copy-books in school is such hard work."

The use of Australia as a convict ground was objected to by the population as soon as the country was occupied by actual colonists, and the transportation system was given up in 1867.

DREAM TRYST.

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern heaven.
Throbbing with unheard melody,
Shook Lyra all its star chord seven
When dusk shrank, cold and light trod shy,
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray
And souls went palely up the sky
And mine to Lucide.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air
That Time's hour wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for one, I joyed for her,
Who with the past meet girl about,
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

— Francis Thompson.

ENGLISH BIRDS OF SONG.

The List Includes Some Twenty-five, With the Nightingale First.

In round numbers the chief song birds of England amount to about 25, among which the nightingale reigns chief and supreme. It is almost impossible to frame any accurate table of the comparative beauty and merit of these varied and happy songsters, but the attempt has been made by an earnest student of nature, who devoted many years to this one express subject, and some of his notes are of curious interest.

At the head of the whole list stands the sweet bird of night for mellowness of tone, compass and execution and an inborn plaintiveness of melody which is almost wholly his own. Pre-eminent, too, among the beauties of its strain is its infinite variety, as many as 16 different beginnings and closes having been noted in the song of a single bird. Beginning, like many a famous master of eloquence, in a sound of infinite and tender softness, he gradually breaks into deeper and fuller expression, reserving all his strength as if for some sudden touches of passion and delight, and then dying away into a fine and delicate thread of such exquisite and keen sweetness as to pierce the very heart. In the calm stillness of a summer evening this dainty note may be heard through half a mile of silent, listening woodland. Next to the nightingale come the three happy singers—the skylark, woodlark and titlark—each having a special excellence of his own, the two latter singing both while on the wing and when at rest, their song being full of sweetness, variety and swift changes, and the first surpassing even the nightingale in the rapid snatches of sprightly joy with which he rises up toward the blue ether—

And, ever rising, wins his liquid way. Then follow the whole throng of finches, headed by the linnet, who stands fifth on the entire list and carries off (in these days of competitive examination) 74 marks out of a possible 100 for compass, execution, sprightliness, plaintiveness and mellow tone. Far lower down on the list come the better known and more popular methodists, the blackbird, the thrush and the white throat, the reed-warblers and the robin—who, by the way, during the silent autumnal days deserves a whole column to himself. To these, however, must be added the blackcap, who, for beauty, power and flute-like brilliancy of song, excels all other of these happy minstrel but the nightingale himself. — Quiver.

No Use For Ghosts.

A young gentleman who lately left his father's house, having exhausted his credit, telegraphed the other day to his parents: "Your son Walter was killed this morning by a falling chimney. What shall we do with the remains?" In reply a check was sent for £20, with the request, "Bury them." The young gentleman pocketed the money and had an elaborate spree. By and by he sent his father the following note:

I have just learned that an infamous scoundrel named Barker sent you a fictitious account of my death and swindled you out of £20. He also borrowed a £10 note from me and left the country. I write to inform you that I am still alive and long to see the parental roof again. I am in somewhat reduced circumstances, the accumulations of the last five years having been lost—a disastrous stock speculation—and if you would only spare me £20 I would ever be thankful for your favor. Give my love to all.

A few days later the cunning youth received the following dignified letter from his outraged parent:

MY DEAR SON—I have buried you once, and that is the end of it. I decline to have any transactions with a ghost. Yours in the flesh, FATHER.

— Spare Moments.

How a Snail Breathes.

The breathing operation in a snail is one of the queerest processes imaginable and is carried on without the least semblance of lungs. The orifice through which he takes his supply of "the breath of life" is of course called the mouth, notwithstanding that it is situated in the side of his great suckerlike foot. The process of breathing is not carried on with anything like regularity, as it is in most creatures, the mouth simply opening occasionally to let in a supply of fresh air, which is expelled by the same opening as soon as the oxygen has been exhausted. The snail's peculiar mouth is provided with a tongue set with hundreds of fine teeth. — St. Louis Republic.

A Historical Widow.

Cleopatra was a widow, having poisoned her husband. She was the cause of not a little discord in the families of both Caesar and Antony. The former took her to Rome with him, but the people sympathized so strongly with the dictator's wife that he was obliged to send the Egyptian queen back to her own country. Antony gladly ruined himself for her sake. Cleopatra was a blond, with a complexion like ivory, yellow hair and blue eyes. — Philadelphia Times.

Artful Boy.

A boy swallowed a revolver cartridge one day last week, and his mother doesn't dare to "wallop" him for fear he'll go off. — London Tit Bits.

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