

sent a package on which he had no claim. At last accounts he still had a Christmas box for which he had no use, while his Lansing sister-in-law held possession of a pair of high-grade trousers which were equally as much of a drug on her hands.

Not the Man.

Youth's Companion,

Rir Thomas Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his appearance was rendered still more striking by his hunting dress, which consisted of a tight green jacket, buckskin breeches and a postilion's cap.

He was liable to sudden whims and once set off suddenly in his hunting dress to pay a visit to his sister, who was married and settled in Paris. He arrived at the house while there was a large company at dinner.

The servant announced M. Robinson, and in walked this remarkable figure, to the amazement of the guests.

One of them, a French abbe, raised his fork three times to his mouth and each time laid it down without tasting the food and with an air of intense bewilderment. Unable at last to restrain his curiosity longer, he burst out:

"Excuse me, monsieur, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, so remarkable in history?"

The laugh with which this naive inquiry was greeted for a time seemed to add to the abbe's perplexity until he was assured of the identity of the strange guest.

Reckless.

Detroit News-Tribune.

With flushed cheek and tearful eye the child listened,

"And was my papa killed?" she asked,

breathless with horror.

Her mother smoothed the golden hair over the throbbing temples of the orphan.

"Yes, my darling," she answered. "He went as a missionary among the cannibals."

"And did?"—

And the little one buried her face in her hands and shuddered.

—"those horrid people murder him to eat him?"

The parent was weeping now. The harrowing recital of her bereavement had opened anew the wounds in her heart.

"No, my child"—

It was with difficulty that she spoke.

—"he undertook to umpire a base ball game between the Epworth league and the Sunday school teachers."

For a time both were too overcome to talk.

Odd Ways of Telling Distance.

Hartford Post.

I never have anyone ask me how far it is to such and such a place without thinking of a little incident which occurred while I was down South in the army under Kilpatrick. We were starting for Front Royal when the colonel sent me to ask a man how far it was to Front Royal. The old man was leaning on a fence when I approached him. When I asked him my question he replied: "Three runs, a jam and a right smart distance, I reckon." He said it in all seriousness. We journeyed on to Front Royal and I found out that the man had given us the right distance, only we did not understand him. The three runs were three streams which we crossed, the jam was a fork in the roads and the "right smart distance, I reckon," was a matter of some miles.