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COMPANY AT BREAKFAST.

A Surprise Party That Started a
Bride in India.

"I was married in India," says a writer in the Contra Costa Gazette, "and rented a little house fourteen miles or so from any other habitation of white men. The morning my wife and I arrived the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house and up the tree that grew in the ravine behind it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys.

"They came up singly and in couples and in families and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda and sat there like an audience waiting for an entertainment to begin. And when the breakfast was all laid and the monkeys were all seated I went in to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting," I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing gown."

"Never mind," I said. "The people about here are not fashionably dressed. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

"And so my wife came out. Imagine her astonishment. In the middle of the veranda stood our breakfast table, and all the rest of the space, as well as the fallings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching. My wife laughed heartily—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver and sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" she asked.

"Try them," I said.

"So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company. Three hundred monkeys jumped into the air like one, and for an instant there was a riot that defies description. The next moment every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

"My wife threw them another biscuit, and the riot broke out again. Then she threw them another and another and another. But at last we had given away all that we had to give and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose and, advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession and dispersed for the day's occupations."

A Study in Punctuation.
A celebrated eastern educator comma who has spent much time in studying literature comma tells us that the modern writer uses too many punctuation marks comma which should be either

gets them in the wrong place and that they are a nuisance comma anyhow period.

Another shark on literature comma however comma says that it is impossible for any person to write without using punctuation marks period Being of a genteel turn comma we do not feel like coming right out and calling the latter gentleman a quotation marks liar comma quotation marks but we have demonstrated comma to the satisfaction of ourself comma at least comma that writing can be done without the use of any punctuation mark whatsoever period How do you like it interrogation point—Brooklyn Eagle.

Swinburne Used Profanity Often.

Swinburne would have suffered badly if the thirty shilling-swearing tax had been enforced against him. He lived at the British hotel in Cockspur street and never went anywhere except in hansoms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerated with a shilling. When he drove two miles beyond the radius there was the devil's own row. But in the matter of imprecation the poet was more than a match for a caddy, who after five minutes of it would drive off as though he had been rated by Beelzebub himself. —London Chronicle.

It Does Indeed.

Little Willie, who was puzzled over the name of a famous arctic explorer, asked his father, "How do you pronounce the first name of K-u-d Rasmussen—with a short u or a long one?"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference," replied the father, who didn't know.

"Well, I don't know!" said the boy.

"I think it makes a good deal of difference whether a man is nud or nude in the arctic regions!"

Her Perfect Work.

The pretty trained nurse bent over her patient, a young man who was beginning to get better.

"Shall I turn your head, sir?" she asked in her low, kind voice.

"No, thank you, Miss Angel," returned the convalescent. "You have turned it already." —Youth's Companion.

A Forced Confession.

"Fshaw! Here's the rain coming down again and somebody's stolen my umbrella."

"Somebody's stolen what?"

"Well, the umbrella I've been carrying for the last week or so." —Catholic Standard and Times.

Our Emotions.

All things have a resurrection except the emotions. They are born, they die, they never return. A joy or a despair once gone is a phantom forever.

A Tense Matter.

Mulle—Was that your intended with

whom I saw you yesterday? Grace—Yes, my present "future," so to speak. —Satire.

Birdskin Garments.

Bakimo women wear the most curious kind of underclothing, its peculiarity being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins before being sewed together are chewed well by the women in order to make them soft. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which form their garments is quite enough to account for the massive, well developed jaws of Bakimo women.

Warned in Time.

A soft answer sometimes charms. A story is told of a landlord on the north shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said, "Mr. Smith—that was not the landlord's name—"Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten." The landlord shook him by the hand. "Thank you, sir; thank you. I haven't had my breakfast yet, and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged." —Boston Herald.

Complimentary.

Uncle Tom—Have you named your dog yet, Harry? Harry—Sure thing, I named him after you. Uncle Tom—That's not very complimentary, is it? Harry—Oh, well, he hasn't got sense enough to know the difference. —Chicago News.

Wouldn't Let Him Die.

Bella—He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt. Della—Well? Bella—He has no life insurance, and I pitied his poor old mother. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Certainty is the father of right and mother of justice.—Pope.

Inducement.

"Did dat man offer any inducement to git you to buy dat mule?"

"Yaas indeed," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "He give me his membership in a 'society' dat provides a han'some funeral for anybody dat belongs to it." —Washington Star.

Worse Punishment.

Mrs. A.—Do you ever scold your husband? Mrs. B.—Not now. I've found something more effective—I ask him for money. —Boston Transcript.

Refrain.

"Yes! I think the next lecture I shall give will be on Kant." "Oh, professor, what are Kant's?" —London Sketch.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Dante.