

WHY THEY GET IT WRONG.

A Specimen Interview Which Explains How Information Is Not Given.

It was the evening of the graduating exercises in a philanthropic institution. Said the reporter to the lady in charge rustling around in the dignity of a new black silk:

"How many graduates have you?"
 "Oh, dear me, are you a reporter? I just dread to see one coming in. They never get anything right. I never knew one to. I think they do it on purpose. It is too mean for anything. I hate!"

"But will you tell me the number of graduates?"
 "Oh, ever so many, and they are just the brightest girls. Oh, it is such a wonderful thing that this institution can educate them as it does. It is perfectly splendid. I don't suppose it's any use to tell you about it, for you won't get it right any way."

"What do they graduate in?"
 "Why, everything most. That's the idea of the institution, to make them so self-reliant and ready for emergencies and"

"Who are the patrons of the institution?"

"Oh, nice people. Everybody ought to be interested in it. They would be, too, if the papers took it up in the right way, but they won't. They never get anything right, the reporters—oh, I can't tell you how they twist things."

"How many instructors do you employ?"

"Oh, we have the loveliest teachers. I'll go and ask Miss B—— to come and tell you about them. She knows them personally—all the little family history, you know. But of course we don't want you to publish that. Papers are just filled with every one's private affairs now. It is just horrid, but I suppose the reporters don't care what they say if they just get their pay. Excuse me, I'll go and speak to Miss Smith," and she rustled away. The reporter waited while they counseled together, and approaching, heard: "Oh, I think she's lovely in that dress. You know I advised her to put those revers on—so much more becoming than a plain waist. Oh, there's that dreadful reporter. I'm tired to death telling him about these things. You tell him about the teachers, won't you, dear, and put those violets up a little nearer your chin."

"B Why, I don't know anything about it, and I'm too busy; I'm on the flower committee."

"Well, we might as well let it go. I've told him all about it, but he'll get it all wrong, anyway. It is perfectly awful the way those reporters misconstrue things and never get anything right."—New York Sun.

Lost in Detroit. Found in Boston.

There should be a moral with a sharp point to the following episode, and, un-Aesop like, it will not be appended, but left to the reader to affix. A Fall River gentleman was last spring in Detroit. He went on Sunday evening to attend a fashionable church, taking with him his religious views and a handsome silk umbrella. The latter he left in the inside vestibule in an umbrella stand with numerous others, while the former he kept with him. The service being long, he went out a few seconds in advance of the benediction, and, on looking for his umbrella, found it not. So, being an honest man, he took the next best one and went to his hotel. Last Friday while in Boston he stepped into the Parker house. There with others on a large settle hat rack stood his umbrella.

He knew it, for besides the peculiar handle there on the gold plate were his name and address. He claimed his property, explaining to the clerk at the desk. So the two watched for the man who should walk in and take the umbrella. Soon he came, lighted a cigar, buttoned his top coat, took the umbrella, and was stopped. "Whose umbrella is that, you want to know," he said when asked. "Last spring I was in church one evening in Detroit, and some sneak stole my umbrella out of the vestibule, where I left it, and I took the next best one. Next morning I found a fellow's name on it, but that didn't make it leak, so I kept it." There was an explanation, and while the Fall River man got his umbrella back, the other one got a new one at the expense of the man from the city of spindles.—Providence Journal.

An Alabama Ghost.

A ghost has caused a divorce suit and broken up a once happy family in Blount county, Alabama. About five years ago James Martin married a Miss Noel, one of the belles of the county. The young couple went to live at the old Martin home and all went well until about a year ago. Mrs. Martin, naturally very timid, heard a ghost rambling through the old house one night and was badly frightened. She told her husband about it, but he could hear nothing, he said. From that time it became a nightly visitor at the Martin home. Mrs. Martin wanted to leave the old house at once, but her husband objected, declaring the strange noises heard were made by rats. Several times Mrs. Martin, so she says, saw a white robed figure wandering through the old house, and soon her nerves and health began to give way under the strain. She was finally prostrated by her fear of her ghost, and went to the home of her parents to recover her health and strength. Fear of the ghost overcame love of husband, and Mrs. Martin refused to live with him again. Martin tried in vain to induce his wife to return to the haunted house to live, but she refused, and he filed a suit for divorce on the ground of abandonment.—Chicago Times.

A Gallant Seaman.

This report in the south of France, an yard and his leg crushed during the fight with a man-of-war. He had to undergo a long and painful operation, and bore it all with a word and smoking his pipe. The surgeon was about to call him back and said: "You see it's your fault."—

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