A SPINSTER'S BANK.

A movement has been started in Boston by Mrs. Glidden Evans, a well-known clubwoman, to establish a pension bank for spinsters, which, she believes, will do away with mercenary marriages, penniless spinsters, worry about husbands and jokes about old maids. She has already presented her plan to the members of the Massachusetts Insurance Commission and has interested many clubwomen in her project. Her first problem was to determine the age of the spinster, and after careful deliberations she decided that it begins at 40 years. Before that age, she says, a woman has good chances of matrimony. A depositor, however, may open an account with the insurance bank as early in life as she pleases, and if she marries before she is 40 she receives a yearly sum to start housekeeping with. If she remains unmarried, she retains her bank account, and at the age of 50 begins to receive a regular annuity. If a woman decides to marry after reaching the age of 40 she gets her money back on demand.

The plan is so unusual that Mrs. Evans expects to encounter difficulty, she thinks, and some opposition in making women understand that the plan is to their advantage. But she has a philanthropic band of Boston women back of her who are ready and willing to exhibit the spinsters' insurance principles to spinsters.

The Insurance Commission declares that it is the most unusual banking proposition ever advanced in America, and that the women interested are energetic enough to make it conform to the Massachusetts insurance laws.


Not What He Expected.

A doctor in a Yorkshire village lately gave up his house, and was succeeded in it by a veterinary surgeon, who had been many weeks in his new home the "vet" was awakened in the early hours of a rather bleak spring morning. Opening the window, he heard a voice call out of the darkness:

"Can you come with me at once, mister? She's very bad."

The surgeon dressed, and found a trap waiting to take him to a farm two or three miles away from the village. On the way he asked a few questions about the case he was to attend.

"I'm afraid there's very little hope for her," said the farmer. "She's been ailing now, you see, for ten years, and she's getting pretty old as well."

Ammoned at being called out at such an hour to see an obviously not very valuable animal, the veterinary surgeon exclaimed: "Why on earth don't you shoot her?"

"What!" exclaimed the farmer.

"Shoot my mother!"

Then the "vet" understood that it was the previous tenant who was wanted.—Tit-Bits.

The Value of Trees.

The residences of western cities do not seem to appreciate the value of trees; we do those of eastern cities. Nothing adds more to a residential city than a show of lovely elms or poplars lining its streets. What more pleasant, during these torrid summer days, than to sit under the shade of a friendly tree, either at home or in the yard of a neighbor? Some householders, of course, appreciate the value of trees, not alone as a means of satisfying one's passions, but as a protection against the heat of summer and the storms of winter, and give proper attention to the matter of growing them. The great mass of our western people, however, pay but little attention to this highly important matter, and hence it is that this reason few of our cities are well provided with trees.—St. Joseph Gazette.

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