

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that!
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
That man is the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves
their wine
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see you birkle ca'd a lord,
Whae struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are bigger ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the
earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

—Robert Burns.

THE COLOR OF THE ROSE

Agatha rose from her chair with an astonished expression, as the butler announced "Major Melville," and a tall, square-shouldered man, with a deeply bronzed face, entered the drawing room. "When did you arrive from India?" she cried, as their hands met. "The day before yesterday," he answered. "How nice of you to come to see me so soon!" Or, she continued, as a faint smile crossed his face, "perhaps you haven't come to see me! Anyhow, Elinor will be here in a few minutes. Do, pray sit down—it must be quite four years—"

"Nearly five," said Hugh, taking a chair. "That last time we met was on Judith's wedding day, you know." "By the bye," returned Agatha, "we all rather expected Judith's marriage might possibly be followed by—"

"Yes," murmured Hugh, with his eyes on the carpet; "I was hopeful enough to share your anticipations. Is Elinor all—"

"Oh, dear, yes." "The—same as ever?" he persisted. "Of course, like the rest of us, she is so much older," said Agatha with a laugh. "Although you would scarcely think so to look at her. A little more sedate, perhaps and ever so much sweeter. She has lived with us the last eighteen months, since her mother's death—I suppose you knew. Now, why were our expectations disappointed, Hugh?" she asked.

"He sat gazing down at the carpet as if he were hesitating how to answer, but suddenly raised his eyes to Agatha's face. "The fact is," he explained a little awkwardly, "I was younger and more ingenious in those days. I—well, I didn't see my way to begin a fresh chapter without saying something about that which had ended."

"Elinor was not interested?" suggested Agatha. "I fancy it had a kind of interest for her," said Hugh. "Anyhow, it didn't meet with her approval?" "That was scarcely possible," he answered. "But I had counted on her magnanimity!"

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A MYSTERY.
I can't conceive how it was done;
Yet sweet Mae told me just this
minute
That she had hung her stocking up,
And found an automobile in it!
—San Francisco Call.

IN THE DIME MUSEUM.
"Why has the contortionist tied himself up in a knot?"
"So as not to forget that his wife wants him to go shopping with her this afternoon."

A GOB OF THOUGHT.
"A lot of men attended the Boston tea party," observed the sage of Punkville, "who couldn't get an invite today to a third-class Beacon street affair."

THE NEW DISEASE.
"And you can't recollect happenings?"
"Not the simplest things, doctor."
"Hum. You seem to have a pronounced case of what we call life insurance memory."

PRECEPT EASIER THAN PRACTICE.
Bibbs—Who was the man you gave half a crown to at the hotel this morning?
Gibbs—An old literary friend of mine; author of "How to Get Rich."
—Royal Magazine.

IN 1950.
First Business Woman—Whew! Where did you get that skunk-cabbage cigar?
Second Business Woman—My husband gave me a box for a Christmas present. I have to smoke a few of them to keep from paining the poor dear.

NOT AN ARREST, BUT A RESCUE.
"You were arrested for striking your wife."
"No, Judge," answered the unworthy specimen of manhood who was on trial. "I had made a pass at her and she was just reachin' for the stove lid when the officers came and took me in charge. That wasn't an arrest. That was a rescue."
—Washington Star.

WHAT HE WANTED.
"How shall I word this ad?" asked Mrs. Housekeep. "Wanted: a cook who will stay nights?"
"Wanted: a cook who will stay nights," suggested Mr. Housekeep. "and get up mornings."

AN EXPLANATION.
"I beg your pardon, waiter," said the tourist in the railway restaurant. "did you say that I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" "I said neither," answered the Hibernian attendant. "I said yez had twenty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye had. Yer-thrain's gone now."
—Cleveland Leader.

TURNED ABOUT.
Reid—How your friend Shipson has changed! He used to be so communicative, you know.
Greene—Isn't he yet?
"No, why he draws himself right into his shell now when you're trying to question him."
"He's turned turtle, has he?"—Yonkers Statesman.

AT THE CAPITOL.
First Doorkeeper—Senator Doopoo tells me to instruct the boys not to send in any visitors' cards.
Second Doorkeeper—Wonder why?
First Doorkeeper—Maybe he's expecting a call from his rantankerous friend.

THEY SUTTENLY AIR.
"Women are certainly changeable creatures," said the weary-looking man.
"What's the explanation?" asked the friend of the family.
"During our honeymoon," answered the weary party, "my wife declared she could not live a day without me."

BUYING UP THE ENEMY.
Uncle (to nephew playing the game of war with a companion of his own age)—If you take the fortress within a quarter of an hour I'll give you sixpence.
Youngster (a minute later)—Uncle, the fortress is taken; now let me have the sixpence.
Uncle—How did you manage it so quickly?
Nephew—I offered the besieged threepence, and they capitulated—Judy.

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