"Do you suppose I would support me in the style to which I have been accustomed all my life—"

"Why, Great Scott, Lamar!" interposed the astonished lover, "I am worth ten dollars, if I'm worth one!"

"In the style," resumed the girl slowly and with dignity, "to which I have been accustomed all my life. I look forward to the time when I should wish to be supported by a devoted and indulgent husband!"

He replied humbly that the thought he could find in his mind at present married [illegible] lost the advantage she had gained in this preliminary set to.—Chicago Tribune.

A certain clerk in a Detroit establishment, who has money of his own, but holds a position for the sake of the things to be learned, was asked by the boss the other day how he was getting along. "Pretty hard and he went to the manager about it. "I cannot do your business justice," he said, "with my present salary." "What about that?" inquired the manager. "I want fewer working hours." The manager had his own views on the subject. "Well," he said, "I don't see how I can shorten your hours unless we make more than twenty-four hours a day. Can you do that?" "I will try," replied the clerk, and he did try. He ended the week at 11 o'clock Friday night.

"I want somebody to shovel the coal to unload this coal," said the man, looking man at the Dutchman about it.

"You needn't ask me about that," retorted the Dutchman. "I don't have anything to do with unloading coal. I'm the coal inspector, and I'll call the woman of the house to see if the coal is good."

"I'm the coal inspector, I tell you, of three different companies, and my lady friend don't care to associate with anybody who isn't in the business. I'll call the woman of the house to see if the coal is good."

"I—I—I'll shovel it off," stammered the man, replied, leading the way to the coal-house.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Darley—You are so late. You should have been here two hours ago. I got so—

Mrs. Jones—I—I—I