

The number of emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland decreased very largely last year.

"Rome in its palmiest days knew nothing of buckwheat cakes or codfish balls," exclaims the Detroit Free Press.

The Hartford Journal man sagely remarks that people who think every one ought to be perfect should remember that even the sun has spots on it.

There are seven colleges in the United States which maintain daily newspapers, namely: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania and the University of California.

The insurance statistics of England show that in case of the deaths of husband and wife, if the wife dies first, the husband survives nine years, while if the husband is the first to die, the widow lives for eleven years longer.

Puck turns philosopher: "Temporary insanity is the excuse for a good many things; but what excuse can be given for temporary insanity? Has any one ever heard of this madness causing the doing of a good action?"

The English Home Secretary has refused to allow Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who is alleged to have poisoned her husband, to be subjected to a hypnotic test in order to discover whether she is guilty or innocent.

George W. Childs, the great philanthropist, once said that the best investment he ever made was sending an overworked employe on a two-months' trip to Europe and paying his expenses. Said he: "He could do twice as much work when he came back, you see."

Southwest Louisiana is one of the best sheep countries in the world, maintains the Courier-Journal. Sheep live all the year on the range, and there are no wild animals that prey upon them. The only expense involved is in driving them up, marking the lambs and shearing.

Secretary Lamont estimates the militia strength of the country at one-eighth the total of population, and thinks that in case of need the United States could take the field with an army larger than that of any civilized nation of the world. 8,233,997 men is his figure for the available military strength of the country.

The New York Tribune, in commenting on the recent aggravated case of crime at Cornell University, asserts that college ruffianism is dying out, and that a better feeling prevails among college students generally now than in former days. "We hope that it is so," remarks the New York Witness, "and that the college faculties will pluck up courage enough to make and to enforce righteous laws without regard to consequence."

Southwestern North Carolina shelters the most important and prosperous band of Indians in the East. They are Cherokees, and the band is an incorporated company. Their whole number is a little over 1500, and they inhabit a beautiful mountain region. Although they retain their aboriginal features and the strong frames of their savage ancestors, they dress in the garments of civilization and follow the pursuits of white men. The principal chief is a distinguished looking man; he has three sweet-looking daughters, two of whom would be noticeably pretty girls in any community. Old fashioned spinning wheels are still used in the cabins of these Indians.

Several wealthy New Yorkers have spent a great deal of money in the improvement of Jekyll Island, off the coast of Georgia, and now it is one of the finest winter retreats in the country. George Bleistein, publisher of the Buffalo Courier, describes it as follows: "Nature did much to make Jekyll a thing of beauty, and man and money have made it a joy forever. We have the grandest beach on the Southern shores, as good as that of Galveston, eleven miles long, from 300 to 600 feet wide, its hard, white sands washed twice per diem by old ocean's waves that sing an eternal lullaby. On the island we have sport fit for kings—the red deer, the wild turkey, the wild boar furnishing excitement for our Nimrods, while the waters abound in drum, sheephead, and bass. Our clubhouse cost \$30,000, and there are eight cottages that cost from \$5000 to \$30,000. We have built forty miles of beautiful shell roadway, and there are bridle paths all over the island. The climate is semi-tropic and in winter more perfect than that of California."

Nine-tenths of the public-house keepers of England are stanch Tories and upholders of the House of Lords.

The Japanese workmen average less than twelve cents a day wages, yet, marvels the New York Times, the contributions last year from converted natives aggregated over \$100,000.

It is an undeniable fact, avers the Hartford (Conn.) Journal, that for the one person willing to give you a helping hand in adversity at little cost, there are ninety-nine ready to give liberally to pull you down.

A lady in Chicago has just received a legacy of \$1,000,000 from an old lover who deserted her many years ago and married another woman. She received the bulk of the man's fortune and his wife was left with a competency.

Protestantism in France is a starveling, says the St. Louis Republic. There are in the entire country but 781 places of worship, with 887 Reformed pastors, and less than 1,000,000 adherents. The Lutheran clergy number but ninety, and the other Protestant denominations but seventy-two.

The Congress of Norwegian Physicians, which recently met at Christiania, instead of hiring a hall held its sessions on a large steamer which moved from place to place, so that they had fresh air and change of scene while they were holding their deliberations. Thus, comments the New York Independent, they were hygienic as well as scientific, and possibly less depleted in purse than if lodged in hotels.

The successful voyage on an Atlantic steamer with steam generated from petroleum refuse is, to the Washington Star, an interesting event. Coal oil, in some of its forms, has for years been used as fuel for small craft, but this experiment with a large steamer is entirely new. No great economy is apparent in the use of this substitute for coal, however, for in the case noted the steamer consumed twenty tons of the liquid fuel per day, which is two-thirds of the weight required in coal.

Concerning the wealth of the South the Kansas City Times says: "In cotton the South still recognizes its king, and every year adds about \$300,000,000 to the country's wealth from that source. The timber supply covers 207,000,000 acres, and is immediately available, while in iron the fabulous wealth of the mountain States of the South is generally known. Of coal the Southern States produced more in 1890 than the whole country combined in 1870, while the phosphate beds of Florida and South Carolina are worth more than the entire gold output of California up to date. These are but the leading sources of Southern wealth, and improved methods will bring the utilization of many elements which are not now considered productive, but it is sufficient to prove that one who casts his lot with that section will not make a mistake."

The recent speech of John Burns, labor member of the British House of Commons, was the most scathing arraignment of the House of Lords yet pronounced in all this late agitation. Custom, he said, and the habits of a slow-witted people like the English had not brought the Lords into contact during recent years with the rough side of its intentions; but when the slow-witted people did move the Lords would know it. The people had checked the Crown, and the Crown was but a cipher in our political and Parliamentary life. The House of Lords was an unexampled anachronism. In no country in the world were there five-sixths of the upper chamber claiming the right, not to legislate, but to prevent legislation, on the mere fact of hereditary or titular influence. The gilded chamber, or the guilty chamber if they preferred that name, was no longer the stronghold for a high type of statesmanship, but was the meeting-place of the representatives of property, reaction, wealth, landlordism and the company promoter, always seeking an opportunity to conspire against the best interests of the people. The organized workmen of the country would not allow the Lords to mutilate bills sent from the Commons, and they called upon the Government to take up the cry of "No surrender." The House of Lords was the juggernaut acting in the interests of the railway companies, but the Lords would soon learn that the English people to-day were not the brutal, ignorant, apathetic, enslaved drunken helots they were a century ago. The country which had sent King Charles to sleep without his head would stand no veto from Queen Guelph or Lord Salisbury.

THE HIDDEN SONG.
O'er blooming miles of hills and dales,
The wind comes from the south,
The sweetness of a thousand vales
Is borne upon his mouth.
Yet there's one flower best loved of all
His lips have kissed while straying,
"Oh Sweetheart,"
"Sweetheart,"
I hear the zephyrs saying.

With many a twist and tangle turn,
The brook runs through the wood,
By shadowed moss and nodding fern,
O'er sands a gleam with gold.
In one fair dell he lingered long,
And mid his murmuring singing,
"Oh Sweetheart,"
"Sweetheart,"
I hear the brooklet stinging.

Let breeze and brook, the silvery twain,
Love's loyal heralds be;
And may their murmuring refrain
Incline thine heart to me.
By day and night, through joy and pain,
I see thy blue eyes beaming,
"Oh Sweetheart,"
"Sweetheart,"
Of thee my heart is dreaming.

—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.

MRS. BLACK'S PROPOSAL.

BY WALTER POSTER.



H dear!" ejaculated Mr. Coates, furtively mopping his forehead, "whatever can it mean? Whatever can it mean?"
Mr. Coates knitted his brow and gazed first at the ceiling and then at the floor, and finally took out of his pocket and read, slowly and deliberately, and for the fifth time, the following tinted letter:

DEAR MR. COATES—I am deeply sensible of the honor which you have conferred upon me in asking me to be your wife, and hasten to say that to nobody could I so confidently give my hand and heart. I quite agree with you that we are both past the nonsensical age, and shall be happy to conform to your wishes as regards the absence of undue ceremony. If you are really bent on the 28th, I will try to manage it. Yours affectionately,
MYRTLE COATES.

Mr. Coates buried his face in his hands and subjected himself to a severe mental cross-examination.
"What did happen last night after that innocent little festival? I certainly remember taking Mrs. Black home, and I'll swear I didn't speak ten words all the way. The weather, I know, was touched upon, and I think I made some slight allusion to the moon. Beyond that, however, I'll take my oath there was nothing more passed—most certainly nothing of the alarming nature insinuated. Egad! though, I don't quite remember the parting at the gate; it is possible—but no! it's impossible! preposterous!"
"Of course," he continued, musingly, "I've nothing to say against the woman as a woman—she's a nice, decent little body, and if I was wanting a wife, why I'd as soon pitch upon her as anybody. But I don't want to marry. I've knocked along in single blessedness these forty years come Michaelmas, and have never felt the need of a wife. Moreover, Martha understands me like a book; and I doubt if there's her equal in all Thornbury for cheesecakes and muffins."

The mention of his handmaid seemed to offer a suggestion to Mr. Coates, and, ringing the bell, he requested Martha to give him the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation.
Martha was a jewel in her own particular line. A first-rate cook and housekeeper, she had made it her especial object in life to minister to Mr. Coates' comfort; and it needed but half an eye to perceive that she had not been altogether unsuccessful. One complaint only did she foster, and that was the smallness of the field allotted her in which to exercise her culinary art. In her own words she wanted a "larger sphere to operate in." She had long desired to see Mr. Coates married; and although she knew her position too well to attempt to instruct her lord and master, she had at various times, and by divers gentle hints, conveyed to Mr. Coates her willingness to be under the superintendence of another.

All these hints, however, had proved unavailing, though, as Mr. Coates called her to his study on this particular evening, several of the aforesaid were presented to his feverish imagination in their true significance.
"Take a seat, Martha, please."
Martha dumped into the nearest chair, rubbing her floury hands the while, and Mr. Coates proceeded in as off-hand a manner as he could command:
"Let's see; what time did I land home last night?"
"Why, sir, I should say about 10 o'clock; maybe a quarter past—not later, certain."

"Ah, to be sure; you see my watch stopped last night, Martha, and I—er—have reasons for wishing to know the exact time."
Mr. Coates nerved himself for another effort.
"By the way, Martha, you didn't notice anything extraordinary in my conduct last night?"
"Extraordinary in your conduct, sir? No, sir, that I didn't, sir, and the chap as means to insinuate—"
"Stay, Martha, I didn't say that any one had been insinuating. I merely wished to know from your lips that my conduct last night was just the same as on every other night. Can you confidently assure me that such was the case, Martha?"
"Certainly, sir, excepting—"

"Excepting what? Speak out, Martha, I shan't be displeased."
"Well, sir, you sung just a little bit—not boisterous, sir, nor rowdy like; but just low and sweet, sir, as if you were afraid of being heard. In fact, sir, it was quite a treat."
"I sung, Martha?" echoed Mr. Coates in genuine amazement, and knowing full well that he had not done such a thing for twenty years. "Are you quite sure of that, Martha?"
"Perfectly, sir."

Mr. Coates thought deeply for a moment, while his countenance betrayed his worse apprehensions.
"Perhaps you can tell me what I sung about, Martha—the words, I mean."
"Why, no, sir; I can't say that I remember the words, but it went something like:
"Happy's the wooing
That's not long adoring."
"Wh-at!" gasped Mr. Coates. Martha slowly repeated the lines. Mr. Coates groaned aloud.
"You—you're quite sure of that, Martha?" he inquired feebly.
"Perfectly, sir."

"That will do, Martha, thank you; you may go back to your duties. And, by the way, Martha, I shall not require my tea till late to-night, as I have important business to attend to."
"But the muffins, sir," protested Martha, "they'll be spoilt to—"
"Hang the muffins!" roared Mr. Coates. "I beg your pardon, Martha," he said, softening, "I mean save the muffins; I really am not myself this evening. I trust you will excuse any seeming rudeness on my part."
"No offense, sir," replied the unperturbed Martha. "But you'll have a cup of tea, sir, before you go?"
"All right, Martha."

And Mr. Coates departed to his dressing room, where he made a hasty toilet, descended for his "soother," and two minutes after was on his way to Mrs. Black's.
Could Mr. Coates have but stepped back to his hearth and home, he would have been considerably surprised, and probably more shocked to witness the antics of his handmaid Martha, who, catching up the sleeping Tang, danced round him on his hind legs round the kitchen with a—"What d'you say to a new mistress, Tang? Eh? What? Can't you speak?" And although Tang could only bark, he seemed to understand there was something in the wind.

Cold, damp, and in anything but an amiable frame of mind, Mr. Coates at last found himself at the gate of Mrs. Black's cottage. Once within the gate, however, and walking up the path he found his anger suddenly transformed into a kind of trembling, nervous dread. Several times he was on the point of turning tail, arguing that the morning would do as well; but his sense of duty prevailed; and rehearsing for the last time the speech which he had prepared on his journey, he walked boldly up to the door and knocked timidly, hoping against hope that the object of his search might be "not at home."

His worst fears were realized.
"Come in," called a soft musical voice from within.
The next moment Mr. Coates found himself standing awkwardly in the little kitchen and parlor combined, vaguely conscious of a double row of shining pans, a bright crackling fire, and last, but not least, a trim, smiling little figure meeting him half-way and imperceptibly drawing him to the aforesaid fire.
"Good evening, Mr. Coates," said Mrs. Black, in accents of genuine pleasure, "this is indeed a pleasant surprise. To what must I ascribe the honor of this timely visit? But really, how thoughtless of me! Come to the fire, Mr. Coates, and allow me to help you off with that cumbersome overcoat."

Now was Mr. Coates' chance. Now was the time to deliver his carefully prepared speech. Instead of which, the utmost he could do was to gaze about him in a dazed kind of manner as he stammered: "The note, Mrs. Black; I—I—called about the note."
"Ah, to be sure," said Mrs. Black; "you got my note, then? But really, Mr. Coates, what a tremendous hurry you are in. Of course—"
"I assure you, ma'am," broke in Mr. Coates, eagerly, having found his tongue; "there is no hurry at all. I—I—was only joking when I said there was—if indeed I ever did say there was. I can easily wait six months, or a year—or—or—even—"
"Ten years," Mr. Coates had almost said in his eagerness. But he checked himself, reflecting that such a heartless indifference was hardly compatible with an affianced lover's passion.

Mrs. Black smiled sweetly.
"I am afraid you say that entirely out of consideration for myself," she murmured. "But really, I won't be selfish; and besides, I can manage very well. Miss Milnes tried me on this afternoon, and she has promised the dress faithfully by the 25th."
Mr. Coates fairly gasped at the audacious manner in which his objection was overruled.
"However," continued Mrs. Black, suavely, "business will wait, I think, Mr. Coates, and I'm sure you've had no tea. You'll sit down and have a cup of tea, of course?"
Have tea with this little woman! In a lone house and in a lone part! Mr. Coates shuddered at the thought. And besides, would it not be a sort of tacit compliance? He would have protested, but his tongue again failed him. Vacantly he allowed himself to be quartered in the old armchair; while Mrs. Black, with a bewitching smile, in which a shade of triumph might have been detected, seated herself opposite and commenced to pour out the tea.

And here another surprise awaited the already bewildered Mr. Coates. To his right he found a plate literally stacked with muffins; while at his left rose majestically a similar plate of—and his eyes sparkled—cheesecakes! How in the world did Mrs. Black know of his fondness for the particular dainties?
He looked at Mrs. Black for an explanation. That astute lady, anticipating his query, murmured something about "studying the wishes of those whom we love," and for the first time commenced to blush furiously. Mr. Coates wasted no further time, but fell to at once.
"As good as Martha's, every bit," he murmured, as the first cheesecake disappeared. A second and a third followed suit. "Really, Mrs. Black," he exclaimed, suddenly finding his tongue, "your cheesecakes excel Martha's, I do declare."
Mrs. Black smiled modestly. She thought it quite superfluous to inform him that they were Martha's; that, in fact, they had preceded his illustrious advent by a few minutes.
"All's fair in love and war," she argued; and gazed upon his features with a scrutiny almost bordering on rudeness."

It was now Mrs. Black's turn to appear embarrassed, to hide which she excused herself to clear away the tea-things. From the little window Mr. Coates' eyes wandered round the little parlor, and he was obliged to admit that for a parlor he had seldom come across a neater or cosier room. Everything was in perfect harmony, even to the diminutive canary in a pink cage, hanging against the spotless curtains.
He directed his eyes once more on Mrs. Black. Singularly enough, now he came to think of it, he discovered many little peculiarities of charm, and divers sterling qualities, all of which he had failed to notice previously.
"Really," he soliloquized, as he watched her deftly manipulating the cups and saucers, "she's a charming little woman. I—well, I might do a great deal worse. And now I think of it, I've felt lately that single blessedness, as they call it, is not all blessedness. And besides, Martha can't live forever, and I shouldn't like to have to hunt for a successor."
Having bumbled about as long as convenient, Mrs. Black returned to the charge by asking Mr. Coates if he would like to see—the dress—or at least, a picture of it. Mr. Coates now prepared for anything almost, readily acquiesced. Skipping upstairs she returned with a ladies' journal.
"Of course," she explained, as she rapidly turned over the leaves, "it's not the usual thing to consult the—the—bridgework" (with a blush) "but, really, we've grown so confidential that I feel I must confide in you. There!" she exclaimed, as she found the page, "that's the dress—white, of course, and there'll be a wreath of orange blossom passing round here, and another bunch at the throat. I hope you like it, Mr. Coates!"
Mr. Coates expressed his admiration of the dress and his approbation of her choice, though he could not for his life detect the difference between it and any one of Martha's kitchen dresses. He was now so infatuated that he would probably have proceeded to express admiration of the little woman herself had not the clock at that moment begun to strike twelve.
"Dear me!" he exclaimed; "I really must be off, Mrs. Black; I'd no idea how late it was. How the time has flown, to be sure! You see," he continued, beamingly, "Martha will be waiting up for me, and I must consider her feelings in my—my new-found happiness."
"If you must go," murmured Mrs. Black, holding out her hand, and calling up a most becoming blush.
Mr. Coates took her hand in his.
"I must thank you before I go, Mrs. Black," he said earnestly, "for the very pleasant evening I have spent in your company. I—I—trust we shall spend many more together."
And still Mr. Coates retained her hand.
"Good night, Mrs. Black," he said, softly.
"Good night, Mr. Coates," she murmured.
Still Mr. Coates seem dissatisfied. He glanced through the already half-opened door—all was dark and quiet without. Mrs. Black was visibly embarrassed. He gave another glance around the parlor. There, also, perfect quiet reigned; it was impossible that any one could be peeping—even the canary was looking the other way. Mr. Coates hesitated no longer, but, yielding to his sudden impulse, he clasped the little widow round the waist, kissed her frantically—alas! for his confusion—on the nose! and, setting her free again, scampered down the garden path with all the ardor of a schoolboy.
"I've had tea, Martha," shouted Mr. Coates a few minutes later as he bounced into the kitchen, having run the whole way. "Shan't want the cheesecakes; eat 'em yourself, or give 'em to the first tramp."
Not until they were married and were speeding along to Switzerland for the honeymoon did Mr. Coates muster up courage to ask for information regarding the manner of his proposal. At that precise moment, however, a charming bit of landscape claimed Mrs. Coates' rapturous and undivided attention, and Mr. Coates was far too happy and contented to press the question.
Lastly, Martha, aider and abettor in the nefarious scheme, also shares the universal contentment. For she has at last acquired a considerably larger, and moreover, steadily increasing "sphere" in which to "hoperate."
—Spare Moments.

A member of the English nobility lately advertised the breaking of the engagement between his daughter and a major in the English army.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.
Lookin' on the bright side—
That's the way to go;
Bet you it's the right side—
Summertime or snow!
Nuthin' much in grievin'—
Keeps you in the groove;
It's a man's believe!
Makes the mountains move!
Clouds is got a light side—
All the bells'll chime;
Lookin' on the bright side
Gits there every time!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Peacemakers and fools carry cracked heads.
A lie never stops to put on its hat.—Ram's Horn.
It is not what one knows, but how one tells it, that determines one's ability.
You can always tickle a girl with a feather, if it happens to be an ostrich feather.—Puck.
There is not faith enough in this world to go around and never was.—Galveston News.
The woman who is vain of her beauty is as wise as the man who is vain of his brains.—Puck.
The man who is "always on the go," generally doesn't know how to stop when he gets there.—Puck.
When a girl goes visiting she returns home as soon as she has worn all her dresses.—Acheson Globe.
Many a man who would like to reform the world has a front gate that won't stay shut.—Ram's Horn.
Borrow—"Have you any spare funds?" Lendless (curtly)—"My funds are all spare."—Chicago Record.
"Nothing succeeds like distress," remarked the beggar, as he counted his coin at the end of the day.—Fun.
Little grains of wisdom,
Little bits of sense,
Have a way of making
Cupid less intense.
—Detroit Free Press.

The battleship does well enough at long range, but when she comes on a reef, then comes the tug.—Boston Transcript.
A good many boys have turned out badly, because they had fathers who made them work with a dull hoe.—Ram's Horn.
"There's a lesson to be learned from the pin, my son. It is given a head that it may not go too far."—Boston Transcript.
The man who discovered that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, must have been making a night of it.—Philadelphia Life.
Teacher—"In the sentence, 'Time is money,' can you parse money?" Scholar—"Yes'm, if it is good money."—Detroit Free Press.
Polite Gentleman (in street car)—"Take my seat, madame." Lady—"Never mind, thank you. I get out here, too."—New York Weekly.
That woman the weaker vessel is
Full many a doubt he hath,
Who feels the weighty contents of
The vials of her wrath.
—Puck.

In Iceland whistling is regarded as a violation of the divine law. In most countries, however, it is regarded only as a confounded nuisance.—Boston Transcript.
Critics—"I'd be ashamed to write such stuff as you write." Authors—"Of course, you would. Everybody would say it was plagiarized."—Chicago Record.
Minnie—"Don't you think our modern styles are just horrid? I do." Mamie—"Is that the reason you are still wearing your last year's bonnet?"—Indianapolis Journal.
The era of excessive and cruel punishment has not yet wholly passed away. A Socialist agitator was sentenced to hard labor in Germany the other day.—Courier-Journal.
Westerly—"I tell you there's electricity in the air out West. You can't get the Chicago atmosphere in New York." Hudson—"Yes, you can. Walk just behind a garbage cart."—Kato Field's Washington.

Mrs. Van Athelt—"I suppose you take a lively interest in the politics of yea: country, Lord Saxtonme?" Lord Saxtonme (with pride)—"Oh, dear, no. I'm a member of the House of Lords, y' know."—Chicago Record.
Clara—"Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?" Dora—"We are going to distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know."—New York Weekly.
Master (examining pupils in geography)—"What is the name of this town?" Pupil—"Birmingham." Master—"What is it noted for?" Pupil—"Firearms." Master—"What are firearms?" Pupil—"Poker, shovel and tongs."—Tit-Bits.

Restful Rags—"What's become of Pete?" Weary William (shaking his head)—"Don't ask me, Rags. He's gone to the bad." Restful Rags—"In jail, eh?" Weary William—"Worse than that! He's workin' reg'lar in a factory."—Kato Field's Washington.
First Young Lady—"Do you always buy two kinds of paper?" Second Young Lady—"Always. You see, when I write to Charlie I use red paper; that means love. When I answer Jim's letters I use blue paper, which means 'faithful unto death.'"—Brooklyn Life.
Auntie—"Does your new doll close its eyes?" Little Ethel—"Yes'm, but she is the most wafelful child I ever saw. She doesn't shut her eyes when I lay her down, as she ought to. The only way to make her go to sleep is to stand her on her head and shake her."—Good News.

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Restful Rags—"What's become of Pete?" Weary William (shaking his head)—"Don't ask me, Rags. He's gone to the bad." Restful Rags—"In jail, eh?" Weary William—"Worse than that! He's workin' reg'lar in a factory."—Kato Field's Washington.
First Young Lady—"Do you always buy two kinds of paper?" Second Young Lady—"Always. You see, when I write to Charlie I use red paper; that means love. When I answer Jim's letters I use blue paper, which means 'faithful unto death.'"—Brooklyn Life.
Auntie—"Does your new doll close its eyes?" Little Ethel—"Yes'm, but she is the most wafelful child I ever saw. She doesn't shut her eyes when I lay her down, as she ought to. The only way to make her go to sleep is to stand her on her head and shake her."—Good News.