

The perturbed state of Europe portends the breaking out afresh of the popular struggles smothered in 1815 and 1848.

With consumption causing one death in seven in New York, yellow fever has no special cause to boast of its private graveyard.

Secretary Coburn of the Kansas state board of agriculture is doing his best to bring about a big international exposition in Chicago in 1899 of corn products and the various ways of cooking and otherwise using corn.

An old toll gate which separated New York from New England on the Portchester & Greenwich road has just been removed. The gate is believed to be more than 140 years old, and it is said that the only body of men who ever dared to march through the gate in defiance of the keeper was the Continental army with George Washington riding at the head. Tolls were received at this gate until 1848, when the Boston stage coach was abandoned.

Is snoring a crime? Mr. Miller, a newspaper editor of Santa Fe believes it is, and says he will undertake to secure legislation to compel railway and sleeping car companies to keep porters on guard, who shall awaken passengers when they begin to snore. This aggrieved passenger maintains that nervous people have rights which railway companies are bound to respect. And as he was kept awake a whole night by the terrific snoring of a fellow passenger and unable to perform his editorial duties the next day, he feels he has a "real grievance."

The number of licensed saloon-keepers in the United States was reduced 10,340 during the last year. In 1896 the total was 216,358, in 1897 306,018. Of the latter 11,074 are licensed to sell malt liquors only. There is no state or territory without its saloons—even Alaska has 147 and six breweries. Prohibition Maine has 995, Kansas 2269 and Iowa 3789. Indian Territory has only 13, the smallest number, New York, of course, leads off, and the other states follow in the following order: New York, 32,990; Illinois, 17,339; Ohio, 14,849; Pennsylvania, 14,519; California, 12,767. There are comparatively few saloons in the South. Alabama has 820; Arkansas 649; Mississippi, 326; South Carolina, 322; Georgia has 1310, only 256 more than the District of Columbia, 400 less than Montana and 428 less than Rhode Island. Arkansas, Indian Territory, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma and Vermont are without breweries.

The royal British antiquarian and archaeological societies have lodged a petition with Lord Salisbury protesting against the peculiar form of prison labor in Egypt since the Khedive's penitentiaries and jails have been under English management. It seems that the convicts, of whom there are twelve hundred in the Jourah prison alone, are employed in manufacturing bogus antiques, for which there is reported to be a large market, especially in America. The petitioners declare that the forgeries are so clever as to be scarcely distinguishable from the real article. As yet only antiques of relatively small dimensions have been produced, but the prison authorities express the hope of being able in course of time to turn out full-fledged mummies and sarcophagi. The scientific societies in England point out with some degree of justice that while this form of prison labor may have commercial advantages, it practically renders the British government a party to fraud.

"The other day when we were driving downtown behind our family rhinoceros, we came upon an aged man tearing a bridge to pieces and placing it upon a wagon," writes the editor of a Nebraska newspaper. "As the bridge was one that we needed in our business we asked the ancient mariner what he was doing with it, and, in which case, why so, or words to that effect. He replied: 'My eyesight is poor and I have not my spectacles with me; I understand that many advertisements are painted upon this bridge, and I am taking it home in order that I may read them and find out where to get bargains. The long winter evenings are coming, and I want to lay in a supply of bridges and board fences and barn doors, that I may sit by my fireside and read what the merchants have to say.' We told him that the newspapers contained more advertisements than the bridges, and better ones, too; but he said that the print in the newspapers is too fine. We drove away, glad that the bridge and fence advertisers have at least one regular reader."

One might think China was already a mere carcass from the way the eagles are gathering about it or actually upon it.

It looks to the Chicago Record like a small piece of business on the part of grown-up men to try to abolish Santa Claus after they have received all the benefits that go with the institution, now that it has become nothing to them but a bill of expense.

After a running fight the New York board of education has dropped the plan of teaching sewing to boys in the Harlem schools. A letter from an angry parent wiped out the idea of making new men to fill the spot made vacant by new women. The parent wrote: "I don't want my boy puttin' round sewing up holes in his sister's bloomers." That settled it.

"Are Englishmen proud of themselves today?" asks a London paper in recording the gallant deeds of the Gordon Highlanders on the heights of Dargia, to which Labouchere answers in Truth: "Assuming that the Gordon Highlanders are Scotsmen, then Scotland may justly be proud of them, for they bravely vindicated the high fame of their regiment. But as the Derbyshire and the Dorsetshire regiments fell back under the enemy's fire, I fail to see why Englishmen should be specially proud of the fighting. Our Dargia success was achieved by the Highlanders."

According to the Philadelphia Record: Several manufacturers of American machinery established branch factories in Germany, England and Scotland a year or two ago, expecting to make their machines at less cost by reason of lower wages and to save freight charges across the ocean. They sent American overseers to conduct these branch establishments on American principles, using American labor-saving tools. They found by experience, much to their surprise, that while wages are lower both for skilled and unskilled labor, the average output per man, even with American tools and under American supervision, is so much less in Europe than in this country that the cost of manufacture is actually greater. The branch establishments have, therefore, been abandoned.

There seems to the New York Independent to be little doubt that California lemons are slowly but surely crowding out foreign lemons, and that in the not very distant future the principal supply of the United States will be furnished by that state. The receipts of Mediterranean lemons this season has been very much less than for the corresponding period of last year, and while the crop of California for 1897 was in the neighborhood of 250,000 boxes, as against 150,000 for the year previous, the indications are that the crop or 1898 will be fully 500,000 boxes. The California growers have facilities for curing and holding lemons for twelve months, if need be, taking advantage at any time of the market to ship their fruit as the eastern agents report a good demand.

The North American Review says: If we take the prison reports of Massachusetts (which are the only ones to my knowledge giving full statistics on this matter), and leave out of account the matter of drunkenness as being likely to obscure the comparison as to intrinsically criminal tendencies, we find a certain progression in the number of criminals per thousand furnished by the foreign born of the various nationalities. Thus Germany gives 3.6 per thousand, Scandinavia 5.1, Scotland 5.8, France 6.2, Ireland 7.1, England 7.2, Russia 7.9, Austria 10.4, Hungary 15.4, Poland 16.10 and Italy 18.2. The native born give 2.7 and the foreign born 5.4, or just twice as many. Now, if we turn to the figures as to the illiteracy of immigrants, which do not vary much from year to year, we shall be startled to find a progression almost exactly parallel to the above progression as to criminality. In 1896 the percentage of illiteracy among Scandinavians was less than 2, among Germans less than 3, English 5, Scotch 6, Irish 7, Greeks 26, Russians 41, Austro-Hungarians 45, Italians 55, Portuguese 48. If we consider the converse of the question, namely, the proportion of prisoners from the various races who are illiterate, the same result is reached. We should expect immigrants relatively ignorant of their language would also be ignorant of other things, e. g., a trade, and such is the case. The progression in this respect is parallel to those already noted—from Scotland sending us 25.7 per cent. of all her immigrants as professional and skilled persons, to Hungary sending 3.7 per cent. of such persons.

**THE FAITHFUL COUPLE.**  
"You are still a youth to me, John, You are still my bonny beau; The same as when we plighted troth Full fifty years ago! The same as when our wedding bells Rang out so glad and gay, And here the good wife breathed a sigh And shook her locks of gray."  
"It seemeth strange to me, John, Who married you for aye, Who holds the ring you gave me as The apple of my eye, To see the youngsters ne'er content To give their hearts and hands, As we did in the good old times, Without the scrip and lands!"  
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in New York Ledger.

## The Wrong Note.

When I left the train at Elmwood and found that no one was there to meet me I was surprised. Twice I walked around the station vainly peering into the gathering darkness in search of the Torrington trap. I was nonplussed, for I saw nothing but a rickety public hack, with a rickety horse and a rickety driver importuning me to become his fare. Loath to believe my eyes, I sought the station agent.

"Wasn't Mr. Torrington's carriage here to meet this train?" I asked. The man shook his head. "It was down for the 3 o'clock," he replied. "Took a gentleman off."

This announcement served to increase my perplexity. Here I, having been formally asked to spend Sunday at a house and having formally accepted, was compelled to make my way thither in a public conveyance, while another had been met at the station and carried off in comfort. Over this unusual condition of affairs I puzzled my brain on the drive out to Torrington's. The discomfort of my position was heightened by the increasing darkness, for the rickety horse made no very good speed, and I realized that the dinner hour was rapidly approaching. But at length we rattled through the gates and up the drive to the house.

Maria Torrington greeted me on the veranda, which was so illy lighted that I could hardly see her face; yet it struck me that there was confusion in her tone.

"I'm very glad to see you," she said. "It's a surprise, indeed."

"Surprise?" I said. "You knew I was coming."

"Er-yes," she murmured, hesitatingly. "But it's so late we'd given you up. You must hurry for dinner. Hobson, show Mr. Bottomley his room."

Here a tall figure loomed out of the darkness into the foreground, and before I could follow the servant who had taken my bag my hand was seized and a heavy voice said: "Hello! old man; glad to see you."

"Why, hello, Brooks!" I exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you."

"Glad to see you—glad to see you," I repeated, as I followed Hobson into the hall and up the stairs to my room. Glad to see Dick Brooks! Glad to see the man with whom I had been racing for two years for the fair prize below. When the servants had gone and I was alone I stamped the floor vigorously and tore open my bag with such violence as to send the contents scattering in every direction. This thing was getting unpleasant. I could overlook the lack of hospitality in allowing me to make my own way to the house; I could forget her evident surprise at my coming after I had been formally invited by her mother and had as formally accepted; but I could not forgive her asking Dick Brooks and myself at the same time and driving him home in triumph, as it were. I was angry—so angry that I crumpled three ties in dressing and started down to dinner with tan shoes on, and when I finally entered the drawing room to find the family awaiting me. I remembered that I had forgotten to brush my hair and was conscious that it was all standing out at the back. It seemed that, flustered and disheveled, I was making a very poor showing in comparison with the immaculate Brooks.

"I am very glad to see you," said Mrs. Torrington, cordially. "It's a special pleasure, as we understood you weren't—" Maria glanced sharply at her mother, and the kindly woman stopped, flushed, and added: "As we were afraid you weren't coming. The train must have been late. But come."

I shall never forget the dinner that followed. It seemed as though there was a pall over the little company, or, rather, over all but Brooks. He is a clever fellow, I admit, and, seeming to realize that the rest of us were embarrassed and hampered by some secret which could not be his, he proceeded to make the best of things and to bear the brunt of the conversation. But at length it was over, and Mr. Torrington cornered my clever rival over coffee and cigars, while I slipped away and, though it was late in October and a stiff breeze was blowing from the sea across the bleak meadows, crackling cheerlessly through the dying leaves of the trees, I succeeded in inducing Maria to take a walk on the veranda.

"Now, tell me why there is all this surprise on the part of you and your family," I said, once we were out of hearing of the mother, the small brother, the father and the shining rival.

"I think we had cause to be surprised," she said, coldly.

"Cause!" I cried. "I received a note from your mother on Thursday asking me down for Sunday. I accepted."

"You declined," she said, in a tone that brooked no contradiction, "and so I telegraphed to Dick to come down. See what a position you placed me in."

"I didn't bring you much, John, And you had little more; But we had health in place of wealth, And plenteous joys in store. And through the joy and strife, dear, We each one did our part: And now we've one another still, As we had at the start."

"The times have sadly changed, John, Since you and I were young; The marriage tie is lightly held And many a heart is wrung. And yet you're young to me, John, And still my bonny beau; The same as when we plighted troth Full fifty years ago!"  
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in New York Ledger.

I couldn't let him know he was second fiddle."

We had stopped walking, and she stood facing me in the light of a window. Her glance was one of deep reproach. "We are always glad to have you, as you know, but this time it is just a little embarrassing."

"But I accepted," I maintained, stoutly. "Your note said plainly, 'I regret that another engagement prevents my—'"

"Jove!" I broke into a laugh. "What are you swearing about? I don't see anything particularly amusing."

How stupid I had been from the first.

"Why, Maria," I said, "it was my fault, and until this minute it never occurred to me. I got your mother's note on Thursday. I had an engagement to meet a lawyer late this afternoon to try and settle a case I am concerned in. As I couldn't attend to the business and catch the last train out I determined to try and postpone the matter. So I wrote two notes—one accepting, the other declining the invitation. I took them both down town next day, and as the attorney consented to my postponing the meeting I mailed the acceptance."

"You mean you got them mixed and sent the wrong one," she said. A half smile lighted her face for an instant, to give place to a settled look of displeasure. "And I wired to Dick Brooks."

I laughed quietly. "What are you laughing at?" she asked.

"Brooks must be puzzled over you having us down here together."

She resented this inference as to our mutual relations by turning sharply and, carrying herself with exaggerated erectness, entered the house, with me following crestfallen at her heels.

Brooks was puzzled; so extremely puzzled that he hardly said a word at breakfast, but was quiet and thoughtful, an unusual mood for him. I could see that he had an important piece of engineering on hand and tried to block his schemes, but despite my subtle moves he succeeded in inducing Maria to take him out to the pond and show him the trout. For a time I chafed in the library under Mrs. Torrington's verbose recital of the difficulties of securing funds for a certain deserving hospital, and at length, unable to bear the restraint longer, rather abruptly excused myself to take a stroll about the place. My steps carried me in the direction of the pond, down the drive, over a stretch of lawn, through a grove, till I was halted at the sight of two hats protruding over the top of a bush a few yards away.

"Maria," I heard Brooks say in a more earnest tone than I had deemed him capable of assuming. "I have waited now for a year for an answer. Sometimes my hopes have been raised—raised only to see you shower kindness on that fellow—"

I whistled to the collic that had been bounding along near by, and when Maria Torrington and her companion stepped hurriedly into view I cried "Hello!"

Brooks looked foolish and replied "Hello!" Then he began stirring the dead leaves with his stick. For a moment all of us must have looked foolish, as Maria, her face crimson, stared blankly at a distant tree-top, while I leaned over and fell to patting the shaggy dog.

The silence was broken by the girl. She had completely recovered her composure, and, fixing her eyes on me, said: "Harry, as you have doubtless heard, Dick—Mr. Brooks—has just asked me to marry him."

"Asked for the thousandth time," muttered Brooks. His clean-shaven face was turning red from the tip of his chin to where the hair divided. A man seldom objects to having it known that he is attentive to a woman, but to have her blazon it forth to all the world, and to his worst rival in particular, and in his presence, is not so agreeable if he occupies the position of one rejected.

"And you have also asked me," Maria Torrington went on, with a coolness that would have astounded me had I not known her.

"Yes," I said, stupidly, "asked you frequently."

"I like you both very much," she said, fixing her eyes on Brooks, who was still fumbling his stick among the leaves.

It hardly seemed fair that she should look so kindly on my rival, so I called her eyes back to me by asking, "Can't you choose between us?"

"No," she replied, after a moment of thoughtful silence. "I've tried very hard to, but I can't. A plan of choosing was suggested to me by your unexpected coming."

"We are both to go away and stay away?" growled Brooks.

"One may come back."

"I?" Brooks started eagerly toward her. She raised her hand in warning.

"I don't know which," she said. "There is an old saying about marriage being a lottery. I propose to increase the chances. If you two consent I shall carry out at once the scheme that I have got up after long and careful thinking."

"Are we to toss a penny?" I asked. "No. This afternoon I shall write two notes, one an acceptance, the other a refusal. They will be put in plain envelopes, mixed up, directed and mailed. The one of you who receives the refusal shall—"

"Commit suicide."

Brooks' gloomy countenance gave credence to a suspicion that in event of his receiving the wrong note he would resort to self-destruction. The girl, however, speedily crushed all hopes of such escape from suffering.

"You shall not!" she cried. "If you do I shall never speak to either of you again."

There was a long silence, and then Maria looked from one to the other of us and said, earnestly: "You'll agree to my plan, won't you?"

"There is nothing else that we can do," said I.

"Nothing," repeated Brooks.

In fact the scheme rather appealed to me, for of late things had not been going so smoothly as I could have desired. It had seemed at times as though Brooks was drawing away from me in the race. Now a chance had been offered. Once for all the question would be settled. Then, my luck was usually good. The plan was not so agreeable to my rival. Doubtless he felt that he had the advantage of me and in entering into such a game was gambling to obtain what was already almost his own. He had no other course but to assent, though, and he did it with rather bad grace.

"It seems hard," he said to Maria, "but you will it, and I obey."

"It is agreed, then," said she. Brooks and I bowed. The three of us walked back to the house.

I was up early next morning at my rooms in town. I had calculated everything to a nicety. The postman would reach the house at 8.10 o'clock. The train for Elmwood left at 9 o'clock. Provided the contents of the note that I expected were satisfactory, I would just have time to breakfast and reach the ferry. Should the note prove to be the wrong one, I certainly would not need any breakfast and much less to catch a train. I had been awake at dawn; excitement had driven sleep from my eyes, and the dragging hours gave me more than ample opportunity to figure out my chances. I revolved over and over again in my mind the history of my acquaintance with Maria Torrington. I reviewed my own life and picked out incidents in it in which luck had played a part, and I found such a balance in my favor that I was almost convinced that it was useless for me to worry over the outcome of the game of chance I was playing. Having brought myself to a state of comparative confidence, I began to pack a couple of bags full of clothes, for I had made up my mind to make a long stay at the Torrington house while I was about it. As I stuffed my golf things into a portmanteau I pictured Maria and myself plodding over the links together. As I folded up my riding clothes I thought of the gallops we were to have, and I broke into song, and as I sang I forgot all about the note that was then on its way to me and worked away as cheerily as though it were but the matter of an hour till I was speeding to her. But a loud knock at the door called me back to realities, and when the hallboy held toward me a square envelope addressed in a small, angular hand, I realized that, perhaps, after all my joy had been premature. Decidedly premature! The note was brief, so brief that in an instant I comprehended its contents, sank into a chair and, tossing the paper from me, repeated the fateful words: "Miss Torrington regrets that, owing to another engagement, she cannot accept Mr. Blank's kind invitation to become his wife."

Why had I ever consented to risk all on a mere throw of dice? Why had I tried to win by a gamble what other men worked, waited and suffered for years to obtain? It would not have been so bad had Harkinson, who had been out of the game a year, won her. But that snob Brooks! He would never have an opportunity to gloat over me. I would go abroad. I would exile myself rather than witness one minute of his triumph. I would take the very next steamer—no! After all it would but add to the satisfaction of my rival to have me eating my heart out in some foreign city. Far better to stay right here in New York; to work and become famous, to bring home to the girl a full sense of what she had lost by her foolish lottery. But why should I waste my life in dull office drudgery? Why should I, with a solid income inherited from industrious forefathers, throw away the good things of this life for an empty bauble, for the sake of a petty revenge on a silly woman. Silly woman? A bold woman who had repaid my homage by gaming with me. Would a true-hearted girl, a girl worth having, have played with a man's love as she had done? She was a flirt—an infernal flirt. How lucky was I in getting the wrong note—how fortunate! I sprang from my chair and danced around the room, singing a snatch of a song. A bag, half packed for the journey, caught my eye, and in a frenzy of joy I kicked it and sent the contents flying over the floor.

A knock at the door interrupted the celebration of my good fortune. It was the hallboy with a telegram. I opened the despatch and read: "Dreadful mistake. Letters got mixed. Sent you wrong note. Come. MARIA."—New York Sun.

Bicycles are used for smuggling on the frontier of France and Belgium.

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**BITTER-SWEET.**  
The maid I loved, and still shall love, What song of mine her praise may render? All song could say, she stands above. Beyond all words, being dear and tender, Bright as the stars, yet not so high: Fair as the moon, but far less fickle; Sweet as the lovely moments that lie Between the seed-time and the sickle. Oh, were my vows like breezes shy With fragrant sighs to breathe upon her,— Oh, were my hopes like flowers to lie About her path to do her honor,— Oh, were my voice a silver lyre To sound her praise and sing her glory,— My happiness and heart's desire Had not been now an ended story.  
—Fall Mail Gazette.

## HUMOROUS.

D'Auber (sneeringly)—What on earth, may I ask, is that picture of yours intended for? Hyatt (complacently)—For sale, dear boy!

Skinner—What makes Colonel Puffington so successful as a conversationalist? Babel—He's so taciturn—gives the others lots of chance to talk.

"Do you speak German?" "Well, yes; but not to natives of the Fatherland, as they evidently did not learn the same language as I did at college."

"Was the bonnet expensively trimmed?" "Very. It had a \$450 price tag of the Maison de Snooks, and I fancy that alone never cost less than \$20."

Mrs. Gableton—I am told that Mrs. Hennyneck has lost all hold on her husband. Old Aunt Broadhead—Yes; I've noticed that he has shaved off his chin whiskers.

Kittie—I heard today that you married your husband to reform him. Sarah—I did. Kittie—Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits. Sarah—He had one—he was a bachelor.

Bill Pluggem—Failed in my attempt to hold up that bank cashier. Sam Swattem—What was the cause of the failure? Bill Pluggem—Over production. I produced one gun and he produced two.

"And are you really going to sing in the chorus?" "No—not exactly. When the manager heard my voice he said he'd let me go into the ballet." "Humph! If you had danced for him he might have let you sing."

The Mistress—Be very careful, Marie, when you give little Algernon a bath. He shrinks from it so. The New Nurse—Do he, me; that's bad. Wid two or three more shrinkin's there'll be nothin' left of him.

Robert—I see in the papers that there are germs in bills. Richard—What? Is that so? I must give directions at home, when Dunwell comes again with that little bill, to tell him that I do not consider it safe to receive it.

"I see," he said, looking up from his paper, "that a couple are to be married in a wild beasts' cage. What folly!" "I don't know," she retorted. "When one has to live with an o'd bear she might as well get used o' it from the start." And the curtain dropped.

Benevolent Old Gentlemen (pointing a moral to village school children)—Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me? Bright Child (innocently)—Please, sir, perhaps you like to hear yourself talk, sir.

"I know," said the somewhat irresponsible friend, "that you don't believe in signs in the ordinary sense. But don't you sometimes find yourself in circumstances which cause presentiments of evil?" "Yes; every time some people ask me for a loan I feel as if I were going to lose money."

"She has a wonderfully forgiving nature," said the young woman. "I offended her unintentionally, and when I spoke to her about it she said she was perfectly willing to overlook the past." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is a specialty of hers—overlooking the past. She says that she is only 28 years of age."

## Certainly Complimentary.

"John," said Mrs. Harkins, "I heard a nice compliment for you today."

Mr. Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his moustache, looked pleased, and said:

"Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I receive compliments nearly every day."

Mrs. Harkins went on sipping her tea, and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally, he said:

"Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess in a week."

"Mrs. Deering?" he ventured.

"No."

"Not Bessie Fallington?" he rather eagerly suggested.

"No."

"Oh, well, of course, if there's any secret about it, I don't care to hear what it is or who said it."

"There isn't any secret about it," Mrs. Harkins sweetly replied. "Mr. Hannaford told me that every time he and I met he became more thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste."

John Harkins then shoved his hands down in his pockets and walked outside to think it over.

## A Question of Emphasis.

Sloper (as Miss Eastlake, his intended, finishes a solo)—What a voice!

Duncan (who has been rejected by Miss Eastlake)—Yes, what a voice!—Harlem Life.

James Connors and his wife, an East St. Louis couple, have been married three times, the triple ceremonies having been performed on account of religious differences and family objections.