

hardness—"is artificial, but a marvellously good imitation of the genuine article."

"And now, doctor," exclaimed his wife, "Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hamlin Sylvester expect you to come home and dine with them, and after dinner all your doubts shall be solved."

Of course I went, and I found a house and a dinner fit for a merchant prince. Over our cigars, at the close, Mr. Sylvester said:

"The day before I called on you, last March, doctor, I had a pistol in a pocket, with which I fully expected to end my life. In five years I had run through a fortune of half a million, squandered mostly in fashionable entertainments, especially balls, for I had always an extravagant passion for dancing, which, in the end literally proved my ruin. I had not a relative in the world, except a rich, rigid, and eccentric old uncle, who in my distress obstinately refused to aid me, saying to my wife when she appealed to him:

"If he has danced himself to the poor-house, he must dance himself out of it!"

"When I drew from the bank the last twenty pounds, derived from the sale of our household effects, I bought a pistol to use when that was spent, for I had never earned a shilling, and I preferred death to beggary or theft. The same day I received this letter."

So saying, Mr. Sylvester handed me a sheet on which I read:

LONDON, March 10th, 186—.

"Mr. C. H. Sylvester,

"Dear Sir,—You are doubtless aware that your honored uncle Hiram Sylvester, departed this life on the 3rd inst. It is my duty to inform you that his will contains the following provisions, after providing for some minor legacies:

"I do hereby give and bequeath the entire remainder of my property, real and personal, to my nephew, Clinton Hamlin Sylvester, provided he shall claim it at any time within one year from the date of my decease, and further that he shall have but one leg at the time of so claiming it."

"You are doubtless aware of his motives for the somewhat singular condition specified in the last clause. 'The entire remainder,' above mentioned, is worth fully £200,000. Please inform me, as soon as convenient, of your intentions, as, in case you do not claim the property, it is to be divided among a large number of charities."

"Yours very respectfully,

"A. D. SATTERLEY, Executor."

"I had no idea," said Mr. Sylvester, as I handed back the letter, "that my eccentric old uncle imagined I would comply with any such rigorous condition, but of course to me, who was facing suicide itself, the loss of a leg was a comparative trifle. Agnes was horrified at first, but I soon reconciled her to it, and how the job was done no one knows better than yourself. I did not explain all this to you then, because when we fell into poverty we passed as Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, and I could not solve the mystery to your satisfaction without showing this letter and thus revealing our identity, which I was not willing to do till we were established in the world again."

"And I am sure, doctor," cried Mrs. Sylvester; "you do not think us crazy now that you know the real reason why he has had his leg cut off."

STUPID MAN: "I've hired a new typewriter."

WIFE (coldly): "Indeed!"

STUPID MAN (enthusiastically): "Yes, a daisy. One of the kind you can take anywhere with you, and hold on your lap, and—." (Wife bursts into tears.)

STUPID MAN (an hour later): "But, my dear, it's a machine, not a girl."

## Wit and Wisdom.

### ABOUT WOMEN.

Men say of women what pleases them; women do with men what pleases them.—*D. Saur.*

A jest that makes a virtuous woman only smile, often frightens away a prude; but when a real danger forces the former to flee, the latter does not hesitate to advance.—*Latona.*

There will always remain something to be said of woman, as long as there is one on the earth.—*Boufflers.*

When one writes of woman, he must reserve the right to laugh at his idea of the day before.—*Ricard.*

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.—*Father Du Bos.*

Women are constantly the dupes, or the victims, of their extreme sensitiveness.—*Balzac.*

In life, as in promenade, woman must lean on a man above her.—*A. Karr.*

Woman is a perfected devil.—*Victor Hugo.*

Coquettes are the quacks of love.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Beauty without grace is a hook without bait.—*Ninon de Lenelos.*

The future of society is in the hands of mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*D. Beaufort.*

Rejected lovers need never despair! There are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.—*De Finot.*

There are few husbands whom the wife cannot win in the long run by patience and love, unless they are harder than the rocks which the soft water penetrates in time.—*Marguerite de Valois.*

A mother's tenderness and caress are the milk of the heart.—*Mlle. de Guérin.*

Many men kill themselves for love, but many more women die of it.—*Leconte.*

All those observers who have spent their lives in the study of the human hearts, know less about the signs of love than the most brainless yet sensitive woman.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

There are no oaths that make so many perjurers as the vows of love.—*Rochebrun.*

Women deceived by men want to marry them. It is a kind of revenge as good as any other.—*Baumeclair.*

One must tell women only what one wants to be known.—*Caron.*

Between the mouth and the kiss, there is always time for repentance.—*A. Ricard.*

The moral amelioration of man constitutes the chief mission of woman.—*A. Comte.*

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.—*Chateaubriand.*

The last census of France embraced nearly twenty millions of women. Happy Census!—*Aug.*

In love affairs, from innocence to fault, there is but a kiss.—*A. Second.*

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—*Ninon de Lenelos.*

The man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher, or a fool.—*Balzac.*

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.—*Didcot.*

It is not easy to be a widow: one must reassume all the modesty of girlhood, without being allowed to even feign ignorance.—*Mme de Girardin.*

What woman desires is written in heaven.—*La Chaussée.*

There are three things that I have always loved and never understood: Painting, Music, and Woman.—*Fontenelle.*