

* Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse after keeping track of it a half mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

"There's my hand!" he exclaimed in a moment of courage and candor, "and my heart is in it." She glanced at the empty palm extended toward her and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed; you have no heart."

Our little Caddie, four years old, was accused by her mother of having lost her memory, and the child looked bewildered for a moment, and then light seemed to dawn upon her, for she exclaimed; "I dess I know what memory is. It's the ting I fordet wiv."

When an old backwoodsman was asked to take his first ride on a Mississippi steamer he was asked whether he would take deck or cabin passage. "Well," said he, in a resigned sort of a way. "I've lived all my life in a cabin, and I guess cabin passage will be good enough for a rough chap like me." —Quiz.

Professor to classical student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?" Student. "The question, sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, been satisfactorily answered. I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife, and got his support from her father."

A contemporary has been asked: "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way, but if he is a member of a brass band and is given to practising on his cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian."

Country Newspapers contain many naive bits, but the following from a New Hampshire paper of the current week rather puts simplicity to the blush: "— came home with a new wife on Friday evening. A very sensible proceeding on his part, and all other lone men would do well to go and do likewise, for life is uncertain, and no man can tell how soon he will need a wife to support him."

A letter mailed in 1853 was recently found behind a shelf in a country post office, and forwarded to its destination. It was addressed to a young lady, and contained a marriage proposal. When the lady read it she looked pleased, and exclaimed, "Law me! I didn't expect to hear from John so soon. But what a wonderful thing is the fast-mail service!"

Post Office: Mrs Malloy—"Shure, Mrs. McGinnis an' it's rather poorly yer looking this morning."

Mrs. McGinnis—"Indade, thin, Mrs. Malloy, an' it's good raison I'm havin' to look poorly. Here's the postman just been to the door to tell me there's a dead letter waitin' fur me at the post office; an' I can't fur the life c' me think who it is that's dead."

DEFINITION OF A COLD.—Supposing you begin by sneezing so hard you nearly break your neck and bite your tongue terribly. Then your nose gets stuffed up and you need about fourteen handkerchiefs a day and the end of your nose is more tender than a boil. Your eyes ache and are watery, and you begin to cough so that folks across the way can't sleep and you feel lame all over as though you had been under a fire engine, and you are ugly and kick the dog and chase the cat with a boot-jack; tell your wife she can't cook and make the household a Gehenna for ten days. Then you have a cold.

HOW THEY ARE TAKEN IN.—A woman was buying tea at a place in Washington where, on certain days, diamonds, rings and purses of money are given away as prizes in a certain number of packages sold. The other day a lady stepped forward and invested her dollar. "I'll give you \$5 for your package before opening," said the clerk. She declined. It was opened. There were only fifteen cents in it. She bought another package; the same offer was made and declined. There were only fifteen cents in that one. She bought a third package. "I'll give you \$35." She hesitated, then consented. It was opened and found to contain \$500 in gold pieces. This attracted attention, and the buying of one dollar packages became very brisk. A gentleman followed the lady to her hotel and asked her name. Mrs. — said the clerk. It was the wife of the proprietor of the tea store.

The other day a colored lady of standing, Mrs. Simpson purchased a Gainsborough and visited Mrs. Fennel. It was evident that Mrs. Simpson possessed a few airs which she wished to display over Mrs. Fennel. "My husband," said Mrs. Simpson, "wanted me ter get a finer hat den dis, but reflecting dat de \$20 bills in the bottom of de drawer was gotten saunter scarce like, I concluded to content myself wid a \$5 hat." "Well, yer was savin'" remarked Mrs. Fennel, and then stepping to the door, exclaimed, "Tidy, take dat \$1,000 bill away from dat chile. He tore up two yesterday. Dar ain't no sense in allowin' chillun ter stroy money in dat way." Mrs. Simpson retired, realizing that her hat was a failure.

A Better Bite.

An ingenious tramp, thinking to wring tears and genuine assistance from the stoniest hearts with a new scheme, gave it an experimental trial. He has decided not to patent the invention. He told a lady of his unfortunate condition, and asked if he might eat some of the grass in the yard. The lady, not less amused than surprised, said:

"Certainly."

He went out, and getting down on all fours commenced on the grass after the neglected and never-popular fashion of Nebuchadnezzar, and apparently not enjoying the diet any more than that ancient sinner of olden time. Presently the tramp's anxious eye caught sight of the servant girl beckoning to him from the back yard. He thought a rich reward for his humility was in store, and instantly responded.

"Did you motion to me?" said he.

"Yes."

"What did you want?" He now wore a look of most hopeful expectancy.

"You may go in the back yard if you want to. The grass is taller there."

A Little Difficulty.

On a Paris boulevard a crowd gathered round a lady and a coacher who were engaged in a lively discussion over the question of the fare. Suddenly, a gentleman of rigid countenance and official bearing cleaved his passage through the mass, and said, sternly:

"Here! here! What's all this row about? What's the matter?"

"The matter is that this woman owes me for driving her about for two hours, and won't pay me for more than an hour and a-half."

"Ah! Well, madame, what have you to say to this? Let us hear your side of the question."

"I took this man's carriage just an hour and a half ago and I'm willing to pay him for that, but not a centime more."

"Hum! Well, driver, you are sure that there's no mistake—that it is two hours?"

"Quite sure, monsieur."

Good for his Business.

The proprietors of a prominent shoe store in this city have noticed of late a sad-looking and scedy man, who stops before their windows every day and gazes in at the stock of fashionable foot coverings for a half hour at a time. As he looks his expression of settled mild melancholy changes, by slow degrees, to one of resignation, then to calm and peaceful satisfaction, after that to joyful hope, and finally to wild exhilaration. Then he goes away, chuckling and rubbing his hands with every appearance of delight. The members of the firm have been much puzzled by this person, and yesterday the senior partner went out and spoke to him. "What do you mean," said the shoe man, "by coming here every day and staring in at our windows?" "Don't be hard on a fellow, boss," said the strange man, deprecatingly; "I'm only anticipating a little. I've tried all sorts of ways to get work and can't catch on to none at all. But I sees them tooth-pick shoes in the winder, and I looks at them 'ere walkin' sandwiches as carries around the corndoctor's advertisements, and I says to myself, says I; 'Hold on, old feller, 'twon't be a great while before every young chap 'll be a limpin' around with bunions and things, and the toe-sharps 'll have to get a lot more men to tote their placards, and then I'll get a job.' Oh, the good time's a comin' an' 'tain't fur off, neither!"—and with a hollow laugh he went on his way. —Boston Journal.