

A self-possessed young man called at a house in Atlanta, Ga., a few evenings since and asked to see his wife. The lady of the house informed him that his wife was not there; only the members of her own family were in the house. "Well," said the young man, "it's one of them I want to see. I married your eldest daughter last night."

A Scranton woman locked up her house and went out to spend the evening, and when, after much trouble, the husband succeeded in breaking into his demijohn, he was confronted with this note, left on a table: "I have gone out; you will find the door key on one side of the doorstep."