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by surprise. He was so deeply absorbed in the study of remedies that he forgot to make any notes of the other points in connection with stings, but his wife wrote a paragraph in his note-book, for the benefit of science, to the effect that the primary effect of a wasp sting is abrupt, blasphemous, and terrific profanity, followed by an intense desire, fairly amounting to a mania, for ammonia, camphor, and raw brandy.

One day, just after King Solomon had written a column of solid nonpareil wise and moral proverbs, he took his eldest son by the elbow, led him down the back stairs of the palace, through the back yard, past the woodshed, out into the alley, backed him up behind Ahithophel's wood-pile, looked warily around to see that no one was listening, and whispered into the young man's ear, "My son, a little office in a spread-eagle life insurance company is better than a cart-load of preferred stock in the Ophir mines." And then the monarch threw his head on one side, drew in his chin, shut one eye, and gazed at his offspring in silence. Three years afterward, when the Great Hebraic Consolidated Stormy Jordan Life Assurance Company, of which that intelligent young prince was president, went into bankruptcy, the young man was able to let his father, who was a little short at the time, have 275,000 shekels for ninety days, on his simple note of hand.

They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussey, the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried herself had she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went rippling through the coach, "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He bulged in at the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared, "Come on! I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes!" grabbed her basket, and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a band-box, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird-cage, a glass jar of jelly, and an extra shawl. And a crusty-looking old bachelor, in the farther end of the car, croaked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "They're married!"

Mr. and Mrs. Bilderback were walking slowly home from church one Sunday, when they met a young lady of singular beauty and sweetness of countenance, who was quite lame. And Mrs. Bilderback turning to her husband, said, "Did you ever notice what a sweet, uncomplaining look of resignation rests like a halo on the faces of young girls who are so sadly afflicted as the lady who just passed us?" And old Bilderback said that indeed he had, and he begged his wife to observe him very closely, and notice what a sweet, uncomplaining expression of peaceful resignation spread itself over his face, like a halo, or like a lump of butter on a hot buckwheat cake, at such times as his corns tried him unusually bad. And she only remarked casually that when they got home she would hang a halo around his irrev-erent head that would make what little hair was left on it think the millennium was a million years farther away than ever.

One bright May morning, when the building was at its busiest, a careless mason dropped a half brick from the second story of a building out on Jefferson-street, on which he was at work. Leaning over the wall and looking downwards, he discovered a respectable citizen with his silk hat scrunched over his eyes and ears, rising from a recumbent posture. The mason, in tones of some apprehension, asked: "Did that brick hit any one down there?" The citizen with great difficulty extricating himself from the glove-fitting extinguisher, replied, with considerable wrath: "Yes, sir, it did; it hit me." "That's right," exclaimed the mason, in tones of undisguised admiration. "Noble man! I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than had you tell me a lie about it."

"They had a rather odd race out at the old Acme ball grounds yesterday," Trotters remarked to Ponsonby when they met yesterday morning. "Jones rode his little calico pony around the block, and Brown rolled an empty flour barrel the same distance, even start, for \$10." "Jones beat him of course?" said Ponsonby. "Brown was a fool to make such a match." "Don't be too sure," rejoined Trotters, "when they reached the outcome, the barrel head; blowed if it didn't." Ponsonby stared, then slowly smiled, giggled and finally guffawed. "Good enough," he said. "I'll get that off to Mrs. Ponsonby." So when he went home he told her all about it. "Well," said she, "that's just about as much sense as I suppose that precious Brown of yours has. I am glad he lost his money." "Go slow," yelled the delighted Ponsonby, who