

same day, and now I've got to go to the Penitentiary for three years."

"What has that to do with picking up pins?" asked No. 2.

"Well, you see the pin I picked up was a diamond pin worth \$150. I believed in the proverb about having good luck, so I picked up the pin in a show-case, but they telephoned for the police and here I am," and he winked at the jailer.

The other prisoner thought for a moment, and then he said:

"When I come to think of it, proverbs are what have brought me to this fix."

"How so?" asked the man who had picked up the pin for good luck.

"Well, I had heard about horseshoes bringing good luck, so I picked up horseshoes. Horseshoes were my weakness."

"Them horseshoes you went off with were fastened on to another fellow's horse, weren't they?" queried No. 1.

"Jess so. When I get out I'm not going to tamper with any more proverbs," remarked No. 2.

"Me, neither," responded No. 1.

"Fall in, boys," said the jailer, and they went back to their cosy retreats on the inside of the jail.

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.

Mose Schaumburg, an Austin merchant, having tried in vain to collect a bill of long standing from a customer, became very much exasperated and was about to resort to summary measures, when a gentleman who was near by offered to act as mediator between them. Mose