

In Lighter Vein.

IT COULDN'T GO ALONE.

"Auntie, dear, Mr. Maler, the artist, has asked me for my photo; he wants to make use of it for his next picture. Ought I to send it to him?" asked Alice.

"Yes, you can do so, but be sure to inclose it with a photo of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself," exclaimed her aunt.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., tells the following amusing story:

He was once questioning a little girl, newly arrived from school, on the various effects of heat and cold.

"Heat expands things and cold contracts them," replied the child after a little thought.

"Very good," said Mr. Crooks; "now give me an example."

"In hot weather the days are long, and in cold weather they are short," was the unexpected reply.

DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Millicent: "How long did your trip to Rome take you?"

Madeline: "Oh, a week altogether—"

Millicent: "And you saw everything?"

Madeline: "Oh, yes. You see, there were three of us. Mother went to the picture galleries, I examined the monuments, and father studied local color in the cafes."

NOT WHAT SHE BARGAINED FOR.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the famous American composer and bandmaster, once had an invitation to dinner from a gushing society lady who was quite unknown to him. As he dislikes "lionizing of any sort, he wrote back politely declining.

But the lady was not to be put off so easily, and wrote to him again to say that she had invited all her guests on purpose "To meet Mr. Sousa," and ended her letter with the words:

I still hope for the pleasure of your company.

To her surprise this was the answer she received from the "March King":

I have given your kind message to my company, but I regret that only fifty of them are able to accept your invitation, as the rest have appointments elsewhere.

A VALUABLE GIFT.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon, is the owner of a small coin that came into his possession under curious circumstances. Some years ago he performed an operation on a poor Norwegian in an English hospital, and cured him of an ailment that had prevented him from going to work.

Not long afterwards Sir Frederick was surprised to receive a visit from the man to his private house. The latter was profuse in his thanks, and desired the surgeon to accept a small coin in return for his services. Naturally Sir Frederick at first refused the gift, but the Norwegian would not be put off.

"It is now three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my wife gave me this coin, and told me never to part with it unless I were starving. It is not worth anything to you, but its value to me I cannot express. When I was in hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me, I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin because I wanted you to have it in return for saving my life."

"What magnificent piece of jewellery could equal the value of that coin?" asks Sir Frederick, whenever he tells the story of his humble alien patient.

WORSE THAN INJURIES.

Wire (to country editor): "Aren't you feeling well tonight, John?"
Country Editor: "Not very, my dear. An indignant subscriber came into the

office this afternoon and mopped up the floor with me."

Wife (anxiously): "Heavens, John, I hope he didn't stop his subscription, too!"

A POOR CROP.

It was on a lonely road in the Tennessee mountains. A weary rider was slowly making his way up the steep mountain side, pausing now and then to rise in his stirrups and look about in search of some sign of civilization. Suddenly a turn of the road brought him face to face with a lank, saw-toothed mountaineer, seated upon the top rail of the snake fence which bounded a poor little farm which had found lodgment on the mountainside.

The rider paused. "Can you tell me how far it is to Big Stone Gap?" he inquired.

The mountaineer's lips moved in answer, but no sound reached the rider's ears. He moved over nearer to the fence and repeated the question. This time he could barely distinguish a whispered word or two in the farmer's answer.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, dismounting and walking over to the fence where the old man sat. "Can't you talk?"

The old man looked pityingly at his questioner for a moment, and then, climbing down from his seat on the rail, he walked up to the traveler and, putting his grizzled face close to his ear, whispered hoarsely:

"Yis, I kin talk, but the fact is, stranger, land is so poor in these parts that I kain't even raise my voice."—Tit-Bits.

DEFINITIONS OF A BABY.

A magazine has awarded a prize for the best definition of a baby. Here are some of the attempts:

"A tiny feather from the wing of love, dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood."

"The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household."

"The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler."

"The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy."

"A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none."

"A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections."

"That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter."

OBEYED ORDERS.

Squire Roberts had had a friend to visit him one business and was very much annoyed when his wife came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away; let us alone," impatiently said the squire.

Business detained his friend till dinner-time, and the squire urged him to remain. To the surprise of both, they saw nothing but a large bowl of salad which the good wife began quietly to serve up.

"My dear," said the squire, where are the meats?"

"You didn't order any," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what you would have, and you said 'Lettuce alone!' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the squire, after looking lurid for a moment, joined him.

"Wife, I give it up. Here is the money you wanted for that carpet which I denied you. Now let us have some peace and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the money, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast was brought in.

KNEW HIS PLACE.

The village carpenter had given so generously of his services and sound advice toward rebuilding the little memorial chapel that when it was

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