

for many years. Shall we raise his salary?"

"Never!" said M. de Maupigny, shooting an evil look at the other. "That would be the same as our paying ourselves the money we have lost."

"Then call it all paid. There are ten thousand four hundred francs in the tin box now."

"Did Alphonse lose but ten thousand four hundred francs?" sneered M. de Maupigny. "He should count himself lucky that I did not send him to prison!"

"The years rolled on, my friends, and at last the year 1907 came around—"

"Why, that is this year!" said the professor.

"Of course," said the artist. "And this week my story had its finish. On Saturday last I had gone to the house of De Maupigny & Horsdoeuvre, for my cousin is a clerk there, and of course I knew all about this romance. While I was there, the salaries were paid, and Alphonse, taking twenty francs, went in to make the last payment."

"M. de Maupigny was at his desk when the poor fellow went in. Oh, but Al-

called upon Alphonse to rise and receive the purse that his friends had made up. Alphonse rose to his feet, clasped his hands to his heart, and was just on the point of saying something full of feeling, when he uttered an ejaculation.

"What is it?" cried Heloise, perceiving that something had happened.

"What is in this pocket?" gasped Alphonse, clutching at the inside pocket of his coat of alpaca.

"All looked at him with wide open eyes as he drew forth a bank-book.

"There, before us all, he opened it, and will you believe it, my friends? There were the twenty thousand eight hundred francs that he had been sent to deposit! Whoever had assaulted him had failed to get the money, and by a curious fatality Alphonse had never once thought to look in that pocket."

The artist drew out his watch.

"Ah, it is almost the hour. Farewell!"

"Where are you going?" cried both the others.

"To the wedding of that fortunate couple, Alphonse and Heloise."



"What is in this Pocket?"

phonse looked fifty-eight instead of thirty-eight! He said:

"Sir, here are the last twenty francs."

"Drop them in the box," said M. de Maupigny sternly.

"There was just room for them to go inside the big tin box, now entirely filled. So my cousin told me."

"Good day, sir," said Alphonse, turning to leave.

"Wait!" said M. de Maupigny in a tone of thunder. "We who were outside could hear plainly every word."

"What is it?" asked Alphonse, feeling as if he would welcome death.

"The interest! Where is the interest on the twenty thousand eight hundred francs?"

"Poor Alphonse fell to the floor."

"But at this M. Horsdoeuvre, who was sitting in the next compartment, roared through the partition:

"De Maupigny, you are a disgrace to France! I will pay the interest myself. Let this poor fellow go!"

"At the words, Alphonse rose up like a feather, and made his way out of the office, to be greeted by all the clerks, who shook hands with him and asked him to join them at dinner at Marguery's. I was also invited, and you may be sure I took good care to be there, for I understood that the fellows were going to make up a purse, that their wives were to come, and that the faithful Heloise was to be there."

"The dinner took place last night. Heloise and Alphonse came together—he in the same coat of alpaca, she in a dress that had been dyed and redyed and patched until it was like a quilt made by one's grandmother. She was still good-looking, although twenty so-her. As for Alphonse, he looked ten rowful years have left their mark on years younger than he had the day before."

"After a fine dinner, the head cashier

What is the difference between a gardener, a billiard player, a gentleman, and a sexton? The first minds his peas, the second minds his cues, the third minds his p's and q's, the fourth minds his keys and pews.—The Catholic Fortnightly Review.

A well-known professor on the medical side of one of the English universities was a short time ago honored by a royal appointment. With a flush of pardonable pride he wrote on a black-board in his laboratory:—

"Professor ——— informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the King."

After the class assembled he had occasion to leave the room for a few minutes, and on his return found that some wag had added the words, "God Save the King!"

"Why are all those people flocking down to Hiram Hardapple's barn?" asked the old farmer on the hay wagon.


"Hi's got a curiosity down thar," chuckled the village constable.

"That so? What kind of a curiosity is it?"

"Why, Hi's old red and white Jersey cow, the other night the old critter had the colic and Hi went down with his lantern to give her a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of gasoline."

"Do tell! Didn't kill her, did it?"

"No, by heck, it had a funny effect. Now, instead of going 'Moo, moo,' like any other sensible cow, she goes 'Honk, honk!' like one of them thar blamed automobiles."



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