

Reminding the Hen.

"It's well I went into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess, I know.
The little brown hen was there, clucking;
'Cut-cut,' she'd say, quick as a wink—
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.
And then she would say it all over—
She did look so mad and so vexed—
For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.
So I said, 'Ca-da-cut! caw-daw-cut!'
As loud and as strong as I could;
And she looked round at me very thankful,
I tell you it made her feel good.
Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut!'
She remembered just how it went then,
But it's well I ran into the garden,
She might never have clucked right again!"
—*St. Nicholas.*

Light Housekeeping.

"But, George, we might try light housekeeping."
A very pretty picture they made, George Smith and Jane Brown, as they sat upon the front step that beautiful moonlit night, waiting for the 4.15 a.m. up comet.

He was only nineteen, and over her fair young bangs but seventeen summers had passed, and yet, these two, so fair, so young, were trying to lift the veil from the impenetrable future and establish themselves in happy union securely there.

He felt that he could not, in the very near future, afford to rent and handsomely furnish a beautiful home, for he was only getting four dollars a week, nor could they ever board at a first-class hotel, and as he broke these sad facts to Jane, great, scalding manly tears rolled down his cheeks and on his roundabout.

"'Twas then that, woman-like, and in gentle, soothing accents, she came to his rescue:

"But, George, we might try light housekeeping," and as she spoke, a glad light born of the happy suggestion, illuminated the trusting eyes into whose calm depths George had been fondly gazing for four hours and twenty minutes. George pondered long and deeply.

Turning at length to the fair being of his heart's choice, he said:

"Jane, it would be sweet indeed, to dwell with you in blissful solitude upon some rock-bound coast; to wander hand in hand upon the seashore all day long, and light the storm-tossed mariner's way at night, but it takes political influence to get a lighthouse, and I, alas! haven't even got a vote. No Jane, I am afraid we can not go to light housekeeping, but I will save my money, go to commercial college and learn book-keeping."

And when Jane had heard the words that were spoken by George she marvelled greatly, and said:

"Henceforth, George, I can but love you with a mother's love. You're too young for me," and she went into the house.

A London Club Story.

Talking about swagger, too much of this commodity has lately brought to grief a certain member of a well-known good third-rate London Club. This gentleman is not only a confirmed "tuft-hunter," but one who, so far from admitting that any member of the "Upper Ten" could by any accident be unknown to him, is always ready to boast of close and intimate friendship with every one who happens to have either rank or position. His falling is notorious; and three humorists determined to give him a lesson. Accordingly in the club billiard-room, one of their number, Mr. C., casually said: "Are you going to Lady L.—'s to-night?" "No," replied the victim; "her ladyship will never forgive me; but the fact is I'm fagged out, and good people are scarce, I think."

"Quite right; I'll make your apologies," said Mr. C.

Aghast at this unlooked-for proposition, but unable now to retreat from the position he had taken up, the only rejoinder of Mr. J. was a feeble "Thanks; I wish you would."

Half an hour later, just as the trio were about to leave the club, unhappy Mr. J. drew Mr. C. aside, and after some beating about the bush, was at last obliged to confess that he did not know Lady L., and begged Mr. C. not to mention his name to her.

"All right," said his triumphant tormentor; "I won't; you may depend upon that, for I don't happen to know her myself!"

Love's Young Dream.

It was just after one o'clock, the other day, when a buxom young couple, bearing a large green-covered bucket, entered a Lewiston, Me., hotel, and the swain said, confidently: "Me and Harriet was married this morning, and are on a little excursion. Marm put us up a little dinner, and we brought a bottle of coffee. Now, we'd like to have a table to eat the dinner on." The landlord led the innocent pair into the dining-room and seated them at a table with other guests; and they took the cover off their green box, and had a glorious time, eating their doughnuts, caraway-seed cookies, squash pie and broad slices of cheese. If their wedding tour had taken them to Niagara, and they were dining at a fashionable hotel, with the prospect of paying \$3 50 per plate, they could not have eaten or laughed so heartily. When they finally started for home, with two hearts that beat as one, the landlord felt almost as well in the radiance of their happiness as if they had paid him seventy-five cents apiece for dinner.

He Saved the Train.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical president of the Social Bums' Club, as a lean, malarial-faced young man slid into Barr's saloon and stealthily fell down in an empty chair that stood in an obscure corner of the room.

"That's who?" asked Corb, as he critically eyed the newcomer.

"Why, the young fellow that saved the passenger train last night. But I'll let him tell his own story."

Here the president called the young, lean man up to the bar, the glasses were filled and emptied, when the hero began his thrilling adventure.

"You see," he began, "I was taking a walk on the railroad track kind o' waiting for the train, when all at once I saw a large beam just ahead of me and layin' clear across the track. It was so large I knew that I could not remove it, and while I was standing there all at once the train came dashing in sight, and in another minute it would encounter the obstruction. Summoning up all the presence of mind I could, I jumped forward just in time, and the train dashed by in perfect safety."

Here followed a painful silence, during which Corb set out the cigars, and after the taper had been passed around Corb broke the silence.

"But how in the dickens did you remove the obstruction when the beam was so large you could not lift it?"

"Well, you see," replied the young, lean man, as he edged near the door to be ready to slide out at any time, "the beam happened to be a moonbeam, and when I sprang to one side I obstructed the beam, and there was none there when the train passed."

Bang! But the young man was just turning down Railroad Street.

Protecting His Character.

Entering the shop of his tailor, the other day, he said:

"Sir, I owe you sixty dollars." "Yes, sir, you do." "And I have owed it for a year." "You have." "And this is the fifth postal card you have sent me regarding the debt." "I think it is the fifth." "Well, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve three-cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postal cards and my feelings at the same time."

It is said that the tailor has credited the thirty-six cents on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.