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occurred to him that she must be heavy about the feet and dreadfully rough on shoe leather. Still it was a delicate question, and he didn't like to hint to her that she would be an expensive girl to keep shod. The next thing that puzzled him was the strange discrepancies in the sizes—apparently Mary had feet that opened and shut like a telescope and could fit any size from three to eight. He stood that also, but it worried him a good deal. But when at last the usual small boy brought round a pair of men's No. 10s, he struck and fled to his sweetheart's kitchen in search of an explanation. And then, Mary Jane repudiated all the boots, and he discovered that he had been trepanned into repairing the footwear of the entire family without remuneration—and, as already mentioned, he wants to know whether he can have that family arrested on a charge of having boots repaired under false pretenses.

MEAN TO THE LAST.

An eminent lawyer was visited one day by a client who was credited with being the meanest man in the City of London.

"I want you to prepare my will, Mr. B. Here are full instructions, and you are to include a legacy of £1,000 to yourself," said the client.

The lawyer was astonished at this unexpected generosity, and the will (a very long and intricate one) was prepared, and duly executed by the client, who thereupon asked the lawyer the amount of his charges.

"Oh, I could not think of making any charge after the very handsome way in which you have remembered me in your will," replied the lawyer.

Some months after, the client died, and the lawyer was jubilant at his stroke of luck, but on the will being produced it was discovered that the client had, immediately after its preparation, recopied it himself, leaving out the legacy of £1,000 to the lawyer.

ODD BITS OF LIFE.

He was fresh from the dewy vales of Wayback, and, having come up to town for a ripsnorting time, the idea struck him that his cousin by marriage would be just the man to assist him in having it. He was received with open arms. During the conversation which ensued, the eyes of the rural gentle-

man landed upon the telephone which hung in one corner of his relative's office. A telephone was something new to him. He had heard of them in a general way, but he had never seen one in operation, so expressed a desire "t' see th' thing wuk." "Through this little instrument," remarked the city cousin after committing the customary verbal assault and battery upon central, "I am able to talk directly with my wife, who is at present in my house in Harlem and hear her replies distinctly." "Ah, hello! hello! is that you, dear? All right. I just wanted to tell you that Cousin George is here. Now, cousin," continued the cousin, handing him the receiver, "if you'll listen carefully you'll hear exactly what she answers." He listened. Then he backed away from the instrument with a pained expression. "Well," queried the broker with a friendly smile, "what did she say?" "She said 'I hope you won't bring th' old fool home to dinner.'" It will never be known exactly how the city cousin managed to explain things.

A DOUBLE CHILD.

There is living on a farm within five miles of this city, says a Forsythe (Mo.) despatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer, one of the strangest freaks that has ever been heard of. The freak is the son or daughter, or both, of James Howard, a farmer. There is a perfect double child of both sexes, but connected in such a way that no possible surgical operation can separate them.

The children are now seven years old. They are perfectly formed, with the exception that they have about eight inches of spinal column in common. They are back to back, and about ten inches above the end of the spinal columns the bones merge into one column, with a single spinal cord. The bodies separate again and the lower parts are entirely distinct.

Howard has been approached several times by museum men who have heard of the freak, but he steadily refuses all offers to exhibit the children. The children play and act as other children of their age do and seem in no wise affected by their singular situation. They have much difficulty in locomotion, but they have hit on a plan of their own whereby they get about.

They have an understanding and

when one wants to get forward the other is told and walks backward. They have done this so much that they can walk either way very readily. They have no thoughts in common and are apparently thoroughly distinct, with the exception of the slight connection of their spines.

HE WAS SUPERSTITIOUS.

He came into the office with his hat in his hand, and the man at the desk, knowing what he was after, steeled his heart against him.

"Good morning," he said, as if apologizing to the morning. "Can I negotiate a small loan here?"

"You cannot," said the man at the desk.

"You seem to be very positive about it."

"I don't seem, I am. Good morning."

"Thanks. I said that when I came in," all this very politely.

"You're sure I can't negotiate a loan?"

"Sure of it."

"Not for any amount?"

"No, not one cent."

"Thanks. You are not a superstitious man are you?" he said, changing the subject so suddenly that the man at the desk was startled.

"Not at all," he replied.

"Don't have any faith in signs?"

"Not the slightest."

"Wouldn't believe one if you saw it?"

"Of course not."

"That's what I thought" and he started out.

"Here," said the man at the desk, "what do you mean by asking me such questions?"

"Can't tell you for less than a quarter," said the tramp grinning.

"Here's your quarter. Now tell me."

"Thanks. Come out the door," and the man followed the tramp to the door. "Look at your window," and the man read there in fine gilt letters: "Loans negotiated for any amount," and when he turned to pay his respects to his visitor that suave and simple gentleman had disappeared somewhere in the crowd on the street.

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