

page. Thereupon an old woman who stood by the door, spoke out in a shrill, piping voice: "You don't seem to get on very well with hyson, suppose you try some other yarb!" What could I do but burst with the all-conquering laugh or die if I suppressed it?"

(485) —Selected.

They Can Repent at Leisure.

Yesterday Miss Mary Shoemaker, a pretty miss with a merry laugh and a pretty figure that is the perfection of grace, came into Mr. Loren F. Bishop's bakery to buy some fresh rolls, and she looked at the young baker in such an irresistible way that he was quite beside himself with admiration. "Miss Shoemaker," said he, "you look so pretty that I have half a mind to go right with you and get married."

"I never refuse a dare," said the pretty girl, with flushing cheeks and eyes that sparkled with a roguish light.

"Well, shall I go and get my coat and go and get a license?"

"If you want to, you may, and I'll go with you, too."

The young man's face sobered down a little, but he went and got his coat.

"Do you still want to go?" he gently inquired.

"Why, I thought it was you that wanted to go," said the maiden, hesitatingly.

"Well, I do, but I thought maybe you would give it up."

"If that's all, we'll go," was the reply. Loren was caught, and he had the good sense to see it. They went to the county clerk and got a license, and before the sun set they were married.

JAMES LISTER.

West Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

(486) —Selected.

Wouldn't Explain.

Jim Webster was brought up before an Austin justice of the peace. It was the some old charge that used to bother him in Galveston. After the evidence was all in, the judge, with a perplexed look, said: "But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard." "Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, judge for me to 'splain how I cotched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried hit forty times, and yer might get yer hide full ob buckshot de berry fast time yer put yer leg ober de fence. De bes' way for you to do, judge, is fur yer to buy yer chickens in de market, and when you wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar you am at home."

Jackson, Mich. L. M. DAKERS.

(487) —Selected.

It Cost Money.

Here's a bit of conversation between Belle, six years, and Frank, five years:

Belle—"Frank, do get off that sofa with your feet. Mamma paid a hundred thousand dollars for that sofa, or a great deal of money, anyway."

Frank—"Oh, yes I get off that sofa 'cause she paid money for it. Get on the floor; sit on the carpet; she paid money for the carpet. Go out on the grass; that cost money to plant it, too. Get on the ground; she paid for that, too, didn't she? Hang yourself in air; that's the only thing round here you can do." All this in one string, as sarcastic as possible.

Mrs. D— adds: "Belle was silenced. Her motive was good. She talked in the application."

Toronto. ALICE J. McMASTER.

(488) —Selected.

A "Fitting" Remark.

A clergyman settled a few years ago in little village in Western Massachusetts was on some occasions most unfortunate in his remarks. On the death of a lady in the village he was asked to officiate at her funeral. This lady had been for years subject to convulsions, but her family never alluded to it, being always most considerate of the feelings of wife and mother. The assembled friends were greatly shocked, therefore, to hear Mr. Jones in the course of his remarks say, "Let us be thankful for our deceased sister that she has gone where she will never have any more fits."

Rocheater, N. Y. D. ROGERS.

(489) —Selected.

Still had a Heart.

It was one of those bitter cold nights that the oldest settler always remembers and insists on bringing up when anything is said about the desire of the mercury to hide itself in the bulb, and the wind whistled an air from Wagner as it tore through the trees. Yet, out in the cold night, before a cottage door, stood a trembling figure. He softly knocked, and in a moment the door was opened and a kind face appeared, while a gentle woman's voice asked: "What is it, my poor man?" "Madam," said the figure, "all I ask is to brush away the snow here in front of the house and eat some of the grass." "No, my poor man," answered the gentle voice, "though I am a woman, I still have a heart. Do not eat that grass. Go round to the back of the cottage and you will find some that is much more nourishing." And the kind form disappeared, the door closed, and the wind whistled another Wagnerian air.

FANNY DARLITT.

Michigan-ave., Chicago, Ill.

(490) —Selected.

A Word of Advice.

Girls, there are more things in this world worth striving for than a husband. Very often the appellation "old wife" is harder to bear than "old maid." Do not make the great mistake of accepting the first offer just for the sake of being married and getting a home. If you do, you may be sure your sorest trials are to come. You will find to your cost there are worse things than living alone. There are many ways a woman can earn a comfortable living, and what is so hinder you from making a home for yourself, instead of waiting for some "rich man" to come along and condescend to offer you a home where you will ever feel the position of a dependent. It is all very fine to talk about girls learning to be good housekeepers so that they may make good wives for men who will condescend to marry them, but they ought to know much more than that. They ought to know how to make their own living so that if the right one does not come along they will not be forced to marry for a home. See to it, girls. Be independent. Do not think of marrying any man unless you feel that you truly love and respect him, and have not the slightest doubt that your feelings are fully reciprocated, and that you will be perfectly happy with him. If this be the case, accept him, and be happy, for there is no earthly happiness like that of a well-chosen married life, but no misery can be compared to the wretched life of one who marries for any other motive than that of true love.

Port Hope, Ont. HATTIE KNIGHT.

(491) —Selected.

Couldn't Stop Her.

The gates at the passenger depots which shut out all the people not having tickets for the trains were yesterday closed at the Union depot against an elderly woman wearing spectacles and using an umbrella for a cane.

"Can't pass without a ticket," said the man at the gate as she came up.

"I want to see if there's anybody on that train going to Port Huron," she answered.

"Can't pass without a ticket, madam."

"I've got a darter in Port Huron, I have."

"Can't help it, please. My orders are very strict."

"I tell you I want to send word to my darter!" she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles for a better view of the official.

"Yes, but we can't help that, you see. Please show your ticket."

"I want this 'ere railroad to understand that I've got a darter in Port Huron, and she's got a baby four weeks old, and I'm going to send her up word in spite of all the gates in this depot!"

"Please show your ticket, madam."

"I tell you once more—"

"Please show your ticket, madam."

She gave the old umbrella a whirl and brought it down on his head with all the vim of an old-fashioned log-raising, and as he staggered aside she passed him and said: "There's my ticket, sir, and I've got more behind it! Mebbe one man and a gate can stop me from sending word to my darter to grease the baby's nose with mutton tallow if the weather changes cold, but I don't believe it!"

And she walked down to the train, found some one going to Port Huron, and came back carelessly humming the melody of "The Three Blind Mice."

St. Thomas, Ont. MRS. W. G. MORGAN.

(492) —Selected.

Ameliorating Circumstances.

"I suppose you want to kill my dog?" said a man meeting an acquaintance.

"Why?"

"He bit your wife."

"Oh, yes, that's a fact, but, my dear fellow, she was only my second wife. Come down and see us."

Fort St., Detroit, Mich. L. A. PARSONS.

(493) —Selected.

Round Without End.

Those queer people who are always prating about the world's coming to an end are again putting in an appearance. This matter is, however, easily settled by the scientific question: "If the world is round, as everybody says, how on earth can it come to an end?"

Clarkston, Mich. MRS. C. A. JACKSON.

(493) —Selected.

Rab Hamilton's Dream.

Rab was in the habit of occasionally receiving a small gratuity from one of the clergymen of the town of Ayr. From some cause or other this had been neglected for some time by the minister, but had by no means been forgotten by his pensioner. One day the clergyman and Rab having met, "Weel, hoo's a' wi' ye the day, Rab?" inquired his reverence. "Deed, and I'm no very weel, sir."—"Ah, what's the matter?"—"Oh, sir, I had an awful dream last night. I dreamt that I was dead, and that I gaed awa' to the guid place; and when I got there I knocked at a big yett, and after I had stood awhile there was a man, I believed it was the Appelle Peter, looked over the tap o' the yett, and he cried, 'Wha's there?' 'It's Rab Hamilton,' says I. 'Whaur,' says he, 'do ye come from?' Says I, 'Frae the auld toon o' Ayr.' 'Hech, man,' says he, 'I'm glad to see you here, for there's neither man nor woman come frae that place for the last twa or three years.'"

Mrs. J. D. CAMPBELL.

20 Canada St., Hamilton.

(494) —Selected.

He Didn't Dispute His Utterance.

An old country gentleman returning home rather late discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a-courting. "Come a what?" said the irate gentleman. "A-courting, sir. I'm courting Mary." "It's a lie! What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man." "No, sir?" was the yokel's reply. "I didn't think yer 'ad, judging by the missis."

Hamilton, Ont. MATILDA EVANS.

(495) —Selected.

The Art of Love-Making.

"All women profess to hate men who are jealous," writes a noted belle of this city, "but in this they belie themselves extravagantly. No woman ever loved a man violently whom she was unable to infect with a sting of the green-eyed monster. It is true that some women are fond of complacent, easy-going and impassionate men, but as a rule such fellows can never inspire the genuine emotion. It is your hot-headed, passionate and impulsive men who can drive a woman to distraction. All women are more or less sentimental, and so are all good men, for that matter. Sentiment has nothing to do with complacency. A man must be more or less hot-headed, he must be more or less jealous, and more or less passionate, to inspire a woman with the love that burns. The man who wouldn't kiss a woman when she tells him with her eyes that her lips are yearning is an idiot. I don't mean by this that kissing is at all necessary, or even proper, but it certainly is a part and parcel of the art of love making. I believe in the rough old verse that dear little Jotta used to sing about kissing:

"Nobody is above it;
The old maids love it;
And widows have a finger in the pie;
Some people are so naughty
That they say it's very naughty,
But you let your lips do it on the sly."

J. C. MURPHY.
Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

(496) —Selected.

A Dry "Flittin'."

In Edinburgh one very wet morning an individual who was a strict teetotaler was removing from one house to another. The carter who was engaged for the occasion was a very drouthy customer, who always looked for a dram on "flittin'" occasions, but in this case he was disappointed. After all the furniture was placed on the cart, the rain fortunately cleared off, but still there was no dram forthcoming. When all was ready for starting, the teetotaler made the remark, "I think it will keep dry until we get to our destination." "Dry!" replied the carter. "It's far ower-dry. I'm thinkin' it's the driest flittin' that over I was at!"

Guelph. EMMA TARRANT.

(497) —Selected.

Promises.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of intention, the result of reflection, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred, neglected is an untruth told, attended to is a debt settled.

Munster, Ont. MARY E. MOIRTON.

(498) —Selected.

Put Yourself in His Place.

The Hon. W. J. Hendricks, of Frankfort, Ky., tells the following:—He was sitting in his office at Fremingsburg one day when his colored office-boy came shuffling in with his hat on and singing, "Dar's one mo' ribber to cross." He was impressed with the lad's want of politeness, and said to him, "Look'ee here, air, that's no way to cuttin' my office. You need a lesson in behavior. Now you take a seat in my chair, and act just as if you were proprietor—just as I do, and I will go out and come in just as you should do." Whereupon he laid down his cigar and went out the door. In a moment he returned and there sat Jim with his feet pitched up on the table, a copy of the Revised Statutes open in his lap, and the half-smoked cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked down over one eye. The pathetic teacher entered quietly, with his hat in his hand, but had not fairly gotten in the room before Jim looked up and said, "Jack, you rascal, pick up dat spittoon, clean it quick, and den come in heah, ash, and black my boots; do you heah?" Jim was kicked out, but was very shortly afterwards reinstated.

Mrs. MADEIRNE HOOPER.

Macon Hill, Pa.

(499) —Selected.

A Sure Cure.

"Don't you know it's very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly-looking lady in a railway-carriage to young Jobu Bull, who persisted in puffing a cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort. "Oh, I smoke for my health!" answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost choked the old lady. "But you never heard of a cure from smoking," continued the lady when she had regained consciousness. "Oh, yes, I have!" declared the boy, as he formed his mouth into a young Vesuvius. "That's the way they cure pigs." "Smoke on then," quickly replied the old lady; "there's some hope for you yet!"

Toronto. JENNY THOMSON.