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In Lighter Vein.

Why She Cried.

Miss Muriel Million was sitting alone, With a very disconsolate air; Her fluffy blue tea-gown was fastened awry, And frowzy and rumpled her hair. "Oh, what is the matter?" I said, in alarm, "I beg you in me to confide;" But she buried her face in her kerchief of lace, And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Come out for a spin in the new motor-car, The motor-boat waits at the pier; Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park Or a canter on horseback, my dear." 'Twas thus that I coaxed her in lover-like tones As I tenderly knelt at her side; But refusing all comfort she pushed me away. While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe; You know I would love you the same If the millions of papa had vanished in smoke And you hadn't a cent to your name. If you came to the church in a garment of rags I would wed you with rapturous pride." She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this, Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"You know," she exclaimed in a piteous wail, "That love of a hat that I wore— The one with pink roses and chiffon behind And a fluffy pink feather before!— I paid Madame Modiste a fiver for that, And our parlormaid, Flor McBride, Has got one just like it for fifteen-and-six!" And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

Had Good Memory.

"Be you Dr. X?" asked a tall, lean man, walking into the office of a practitioner.

"I am," replied the doctor. "Well, look a-here, old feller," remarked the visitor, "I am glad to find yer at last. D'ye remember how yer set a feller's arm, and didn't charge him for it?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with the prospect of a big fee rising before him.

"I'm that feller, an' I've broke the other arm, so I've come to have it set on the same terms."

Clever Ponto!

"Talking about the intelligence of animals," said young Kanebiter, "why, I have a dog up at the farm that's simply wonderful."

"How so?" said Pitken.

"Why, you see, I was out shooting one day when I found a large, handsome dog lying on the ground moaning with pain. Some ruffian had shot it in the leg. I carried it home, banded the wound, and finally cured the poor beast. Some months after that I was compelled to travel a lonely road after dark, when suddenly Ponto, who accompanied me, growled warningly. The next moment a highwayman stepped out of the bushes and put a pistol to my head."

"Ahl!" cried the listener, "I see. Thereupon the grateful dog seized the robber by the throat."

"Not at all. The man robbed me easily enough—took watch, purse, everything."

"But Ponto?"

"Ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. That's the point—didn't you see? Animal instinct—didn't want to get shot again."

From a Good Family.

He was a gentler specimen of his class than one usually meets, and when he made his appeal for something to eat at the kitchen door he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire. As he sat there she said:

"You don't look as though you had always been a tramp."

"I haven't," he replied, without

offence. "I came from a very good family."

She let him eat on without interruption, but after he had finished she said:

"You say you came from a good family. May I ask the name?"

"It was Blankleigh," he responded, "why," she said, in surprise, "that's the name of the occupier next door to us."

"Yes," he replied. "I noticed it on the door-plate. That's who I came from. He set his dog on me just before I called here."

Just to Remind Her.

Lady—"Conductor, you must be sure and tell me when we get to Brownsville."

Conductor—"All right, lady."

Lady—"Don't forget to tell me when we get to Brownsville."

Conductor—"I'm sorry, but we have passed Brownsville. But we can go back."

Conductor (at door)—"Come on, now, if you want to get off, we are at Brownsville."

Lady—"Oh, I didn't want to get off, my husband just told me to take a pill when we got to Brownsville."

M'Crackle: Is it right to speak of a man as 'of the male persuasion'?

M'Crackle: It is if the subject is unmarried.

M'Crackle: What has that to do with it?

M'Crackle: Why, if he is married his wife persuades him.

Made it Quits.

It was a plain, every-day case of mutual admiration. He admired the girl and she admired him. It was much more than admiration—they were in love with each other. Of course, one was more so than the other, for it cannot be otherwise, seeing that Cupid is born with one leg shorter than the other; but that is not an insuperable obstacle to matrimony. It it were, the marriage license clerk would be compelled to retire from business. So it came to pass that he proposed to her. That seemed natural enough, but when she burst into tears, he was greatly disturbed.

"My darling," he exclaimed, as she came to his arms, "what is the matter?"

"I am so superstitious," she sobbed. "What has that got to do with your loving me, as I love you?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Nothing, dear," she wept.

"And you do love me, don't you?"

"More than all the world; but I cannot marry you; at least, not now."

"Why can't you?" he asked, very tenderly.

"Oh, I can't tell you," and she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

For a long time he coaxed and urged her to impart her fatal secret, and for a long time she resisted all his importunities. At last she yielded.

"You will not put me out of your heart entirely if I tell you, will you?" she pleaded.

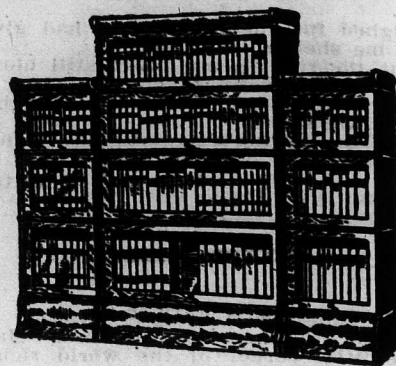
"Certainly not, my darling," was his brave reply, for men under such circumstances are not always in a hurry to take risks, even if they do love.

"It is this, darling," she said, hiding her face on his manly bosom; "you are the thirteenth man who has proposed to me, and I'm afraid to accept you with that unlucky number's baneful influence hanging over us."

With a ringing laugh, in which there was only sunshine and happiness, he kissed her eighteen times and folded her in his strong arms. "That's all right, my own," he almost shouted; "you are the thirteenth girl I have proposed to, and that makes it quits."

And they lived happily ever after.

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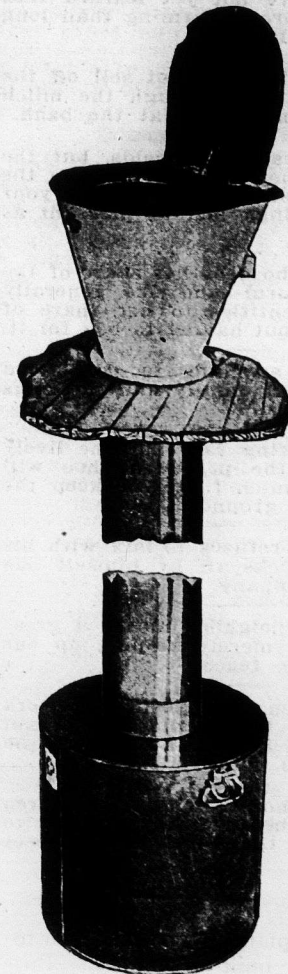
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