

BROKEN STOWAGE.

Two of a Kind.—Patrick O'Mara, a private in the Ninth Regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate in using a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well" said the colonel, "what do you want a two-weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered: "Me woife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few mites and said: "Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised the devil whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No; I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in me loife."

Livin' Wid Her Grandmother.—In a Southern family lives an old man named Jeff, who has been with them and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. He is certainly pretty old himself, so his mistress was rather surprised when he asked to have a few days off to go, as he put it, "up to de ole State of New Haven," to see his aunt.

"Why, Jeff," said the lady, "your aunt must be pretty old, isn't she?"

"Yes'm," he replied, "yes'm; my aunt must be pretty ole now—she's about one hundred and five years old now."

"A hundred and five years!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, what on earth is she doing up there in New Haven?"

"Deed, I don't know what she's doin', ma'am," rejoined Jeff, in all seriousness, "she's up dere livin' wid her grandmother!"

Couldn't be Exchanged.—Six-year-old Tommie was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocery to buy a pound of lump sugar. He played alleys on his way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for. So he took home a pound of the granulated article. His eldest sister sent him back to the store to exchange the sugar.

"Tommie," said he, "I understand there is a new member of your family."

"Yes, sir," replied the kid, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that, hey?" inquired the grocery man.

"Don't like it at all," said Tommie; "rather had a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him, Tommie?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we have used him four days now."

Familiarity.—Living in Hawaii is not without its disadvantages. The natives have little idea of respectful deference, and insist on calling their employers by their Christian names. One lady who, upon her arrival, was at once addressed as Jennie by the men-servants, expostulated with her sister for allowing them to become thus familiar. She was assured that every effort had been made to induce them to say Mr. and Mrs., but this they steadily refused to do.

"No! No!" they said, "too many Smith's, too much Jones—you John and Lizzie."

One Englishwoman was determined that her servants should never address her in the familiar fashion that other white people had allowed to become common. She, therefore, instructed her husband never to mention her name in their hearing.

One day this lady had some visitors, and to their great delectation the cook put his head inside the door and asked, sweetly:

"My love, what vegetables do you want to day?"

After that the Englishwoman was content to be called simply Mary.