

AN IGNOBLE WEAPON.



"Thet onery ole b'ar an' no gun! Jest my blamed luck."



"Hol' on! You don't git them groceries 'thout a rassel for 'em."



"How's that strike yer?"



"Now light out, darn yer!"

He has you at a disadvantage, for, while he regards you in a fraternal light, he never lets you forget he is your host. True, he won't think it necessary to take you to the theatre or any place of amusement, but he gives you to understand that you must conform to the household rules, and that late hours disturb his wife. If you are a social reformer, it may interest you to get into the inside track of another man's domestic life, but it is doubtful if any other person enjoys seeing the internal economical arrangements of a strange house, and no amount of friendship can make a man prefer hashed meat to roast turkey, nor is it of special interest to the masculine mind to discover the reason for having cold mutton on Mondays. If you have a strong affection for a man, you may be willing to share his joys, and under a strong pressure his sorrows, but no friendship is equal to the strain of sharing his family squabbles and bickerings. Whosoever side you take you come to the ground, and, if you remain neutral, both parties ever after regard you as a mean, poor-spirited creature; they may forget what they quarreled about, but each of them remembers distinctly that you weren't on their side.

Of course, there may be families who always get on together, and whose every-day meal is equal to a dinner-party, but people of that sort "ask you on a visit," they never, never invite you "to become of their family." They've got too many relations already to take you in on a third or fourth-cousin footing. A week or two at a boarding-house or hotel may be a little lonely, but it's Eldorado in comparison to the crowded feeling of the man who is made "one of ourselves." We can't all boast of desirable family connections, but very few of us want to be made brothers to people no better than ourselves. Perhaps that doesn't sound noble or grand. I'm not trying to make out that, but it's human nature; and when you get an invitation of the sort, don't accept it. Stay at home, where you are accustomed to family inattention, and can fight for your rights when you feel you are neglected beyond bearing.

J. M. LOES.

A GOOD REASON FOR THE PRACTICE.

WROUNDER—"What a funny way Bjones has of pursing his lips all the time."

STOUNDER—"Yes, but he has so much gold filling in his teeth that he can't help it."

A FEEBLE DEFENCE.

RUTH—"You shouldn't be so hard on all dudes, dear."

MAUD—"Why not, pray?"

RUTH—"Because I know quite a number, and the most of the poor fellows use what brains they have to the best advantage."

MAUD—"That is no particular credit to them, considering the small amount of effort that is required."



HE MEANT WELL.

MISS JONES—"I'm glad you like my new photographs, Major Simpson."

MAJOR S.—"Oh, they're capital. But you know the man you ought to go to is Delesparre; he's got a wonderful knack of making quite a plain face look almost beautiful."