

In the buttonhole of a man who was a prisoner in the Harlein court yesterday was a Masonic pin. Magistrate Crane saw the emblem and his spirit of brotherhood was aroused.

"Ask that man if he is really a Mason?" said Crane to a clerk. The clerk communicated the message to the man with the pin. At once that fellow straightened up. Plainly he had hopes. He stuck his right thumb against the lobe of the right ear and wiggled his fingers. Seeing a blank look in Crane's eyes, the prisoner, in great haste, repeated the operation with his left hand and left ear.

"Must be a man from the signal corps," said a policeman. "He thinks he's wig-wagging."

The man went on with frantic flourishings of fingers from his ears.

"Counterfeit," said Crane briefly. "He's no Mason, even if he's got the pin."

A clerk who is a member of the order took the prisoner into a back room. There the fellow admitted that he wasn't a Mason. "I bought that pin in Denver for a souvenir," he said. He was Joseph E. Dennett, and he was charged with selling spurious theater passes. Four thousand of these had been sold or given away by him, it was said. He was held.

He did not make any semaphore signals toward Crane as he was led out.—*The American Tyler.*

SHE WAS FROM BOSTON.

"Education," said Farmer Jones, "is a mighty good thing, but sometimes it may do harm, I onced knowed of a case where edication came purty nigh droundin' a pretty young lady."

"How was that?"

"Well, she fell into a pond an' instead of hollerin' 'Help,' politely remarked: '*I am within measurable distance of extinction.*'"

"An' the fool of a farm hand that heard her lost about five minutes makin' up 'is mind whether to pull her out or go home for a dictionary."

PLEASANTRIES.

"Bridget, what did you say to Miss Smith when she called?"

"I told her you were out this toime for sûre, ma'am."

"Waiter, I find I have just enough money to pay for the dinner, but I have nothing in the way of a tip for yourself."

"Let me add up the bill again, sir."

"Pa, will you give me a pair of skates if I prove to you that a dog has ten tails?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, to begin: One dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, no dog has nine tails, and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails.

He got 'he skates.

Small Boy—"I want to get a bale of hay."

Dealer—"What do you want with hay? Is it for your fater?"

Small Boy—"No, sir. It's for our horse."

Killen—"Do you think we shall ever civilize those bloody Moros?"

Byrne—"Sure—in a couple of hundred year. Look at our success with the Indians."

First Automobilist—"Are you going to take a rest this year?"

Second Automobilist—"Not a complete rest. But I'm going off in the country, where there are fewer people."

Forfarshire is credited by a writer with one of the best of shooting stories. When the beaters came out of the covert one of the company said to the keeper:

"Have you got all your beaters out?"

"Ay," said the man astonished.

"Are you sure; have you counted them?"

"Counted them?" said the keeper; "ay, they're all right."

"Then," said the shooter, with a sigh of relief, "I have shot a roe."

A Blackburn weaver, on his way to the football match between Sunderland and the Rovers, met a friend, and in a cheery voice asked:

"Are you goin' to the match, Bill?"

"No," said Bill in a sad tone, "I can't afford it."

"Now, look here," said Jack, moved by a generous impulse, "I've got a bad tanner, an' if you like to try and pass it, I'll treat you."

"Let's have hold of it," said Bill. "You can back me to pass it. I've bin before."

Off they went together, and on arriving at the ground Bill boldly planked down the bad sixpence, and walked through the turnstiles. Jack followed next and put down a shilling, and to his great disgust received the bad sixpence in change!