

to marry me, and you see that will make me your papa."

"No; only our step-papa," corrected Miss Hetherington, gravely. "But we'll call you papa; won't we, Daisy?"

"Yes," assented Daisy. "He's very nice, and papa's a nicer name than gaudy."

"But poor mamma'll have to call him Jonas, I suppose?" remarked Rose, reflectively.

"But I don't mind calling him Jonas a bit," laughed "poor mamma," kissing Rose. "I don't think it is such a dreadful name."

"Don't you?" in surprise. "Well, I think it is nicer myself than I did a long while ago," seriously.

At which Jonas Everard laughed excessively.

"A year ago, eh, Rose? Ah, my dear"—to Rose's mother—"I must tell you, sometime, about a year ago! But now see what I have brought you all."

There were two delicate golden chains for the Misses Hetherington, and a diamond hoop for Mrs. Hetherington. And when Jonas Everard had bestowed these with appropriate remarks, he encircled the children and their mother in his arms and declared with a rapture which proved to the inestimable Thomas, waiting at the half-open door to announce dinner, that the bachelor days of his master were forever over.

"And these—Owen Hetherington's legacies to me—are the most priceless possessions in the whole world!" L. A.

HUMORISMS.

Brought as a lamb to the slaughter—Last year's sheep.

Boston has organized a cremation society. We can smell burnt beans already.

The man who died of humor in the stomach must have swallowed a laugh.

Woman take kindly to the telephone; it never disputes their right to the last word.

An Ohio girl with forty-eight toes was born recently. She ought to make a good all-toe singer.

A correspondent asks with a sigh: "Are there any kind of pants that will last a life-time?" Certainly—the occupants.

The small boy who hangs round the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.

A gun that is charged with powder is likely to go off—so is a treasurer who is charged with embezzlement if he can get a chance.

A man named Limburger has turned up at Rochester who claims that he hasn't a scent to his name.

"What is syntax?" asked the teacher. "A saloon license is sin tax," shouted the son of a prohibitionist.

No, dear, mice do not grow into rats, but they sometimes grow into cats by a natural process of absorption.

One of the fashionable cloaks for ladies has dog sleeves. This sort of a cloak must be highly convenient for carrying poodles.

The man who spends most of his time in feeling the public pulse is a chap who lives on tick.

Hens may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower beds are concerned.

"Shall I play 'over the garden wall'?" asked the organ grinder. "No," replied the citizen, "I would rather you would play in the next street."

"A man who can govern a woman can govern a nation" is an old saying that can well be doubted. After a man has succeeded in governing a woman he is too tired to do anything else.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."

The wife of a New York artist has been arrested for blacking the eye of her orphan girl servant. Art, when it enters the kitchen, is very likely to make trouble.

"Men live a great deal faster than women," says a writer. This must be true, because we never saw a woman quite as old as a man born in the same year.

A man in this city claims to have a wife so hot tempered that when she is angry he can light his cigar from the fire that flashes from her eyes.

A West Hill girl calls her lover's letters "sigh for" despatches. Yes, dear; that is just what they are worth, on the face of them.

"Is this seat engaged?" She—"Yes, sir I am keeping it for a gentleman." He (bowing politely)—"Madame, he is here." (Sits down.)

"Ma, what do you suppose makes all photographers so homely?" asked a little 10-year-old girl. "Because they are making faces all the time?"

An Irishman put up the following notice: "Whoever is caught trespassing upon these grounds will be given forty lashes on the back. Half the penalty to the informer."

"I can't pay the bill just now; you will have to wait a little for the money." "All right, sir," cheerfully responded the boy, as he seated himself and unfolded a copy of the morning paper. "Them's the orders of the boss." "What are the orders of the boss?" demanded the gentleman, sternly. "I'm to wait for some money."