

now? I begin to feel queer myself."

A young and pretty lady pranced up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I beg your pardon," she began; but that was as far as she got, when he interrupted and said to her, in a kindly tone of voice:

"Yes, yes; I know all about it, my dear young lady—run right along now."

She appeared offended, and switched haughtily away from him.

The Little Fat Man turned into the doorway of the building in which his office is located, and as he mounted the stairs he muttered to himself:

"It's no use; I'll have to go and see a doctor. I've either got 'em myself, or else everybody else in the town is crazy."

He walked into the office, but had no sooner stepped into the door than his business partner burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Say, old man, did you come all the way to town in that fore-and-aft rig? Ha, ha, ha! ha-a-a! That's where my wife puts 'em sometimes. Look in the glass, old man!"

Then the horrible truth came home to the Little Fat Man. He snatched his hat from his head and saw the letters sticking up wing and wing in the hatband just where his wife had placed them.—*Selected.*

THE QUESTION THAT HAD MANY ANSWERS

Omar Ibn Al-Fresco had a daughter who was the most beautiful maiden in all the land. She was as the rose that blooms beside the wall; she was as the ruby that graces the setting marvelously wrought; she was as the dawn that studs the lawn with pearls. Now, there were many suitors for the maiden, and one day her father caused it to be published that he would give her to the man who should deliver the best answer to this question:

"If you were in my place and my daughter were your daughter, what kind of a husband would you choose for her?"

The answers were to be spoken in person to Omar on a certain day, and at the time appointed a large number of anxious young men presented themselves.

One said:

"I should desire that her husband might be brave, honest and kind to her."

Another answer was:

"I would have her become the wife of a man of great wealth."

A third said:

"If I were your daughter's father, I would not permit her to become the wife of any man who was not of noble birth."

Others declared that they would demand greatness and glory and mildness and patience and strength and beauty if they were choosing a husband for the girl, while the old man sat smiling and nodding as they approached, gave their answers to the question he had propounded, and then stood around waiting for his decision.

At last, when all of the suitors present had been heard, Omar Ibn Al-Fresco turned to a servant, saying:

"Summon my daughter."

The servant returned presently, and, falling upon his face before the old man, said:

"Thy daughter has fled with one who went to tell her his love while these were answering thy great question, my master!"

Omar Ibn Al-Fresco looked around upon the agonized young men who confronted him, and, permitting a smile to break over his face at last, cried out:

"There be many fools and only one who is wise. She has him. It is well."—*Selected.*

A STORY OF WILLIAM BLACK

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a good story about William Black. At a banquet of the Royal Academy at which he was present two rich gentlemen, with "self-made" written large over them, inquired with an air of patronage what line of business he was in. On his meekly replying that he wrote novels,