THE ECHO, MONTREAL.

At Last.

Of this maid to be his wife. And she had begun to think he meant To court her all his life.

They went to a restaurant one night. And when opening soda there, Through his awkwardness the cork took

flight,

Nearly hitting the maiden fair.

But she did not shrink as the missile near To her ivory forehead passed; With a rippling laugh, she cried, 'Oh, dear,

Has something popped at last? ' -New Yo k Press.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Whiskey lowers the man and raises the devil.

If you are slandered, never mind it; it will all come off when it is dry.

What is that out there in the water ? It's the bell buoy. Why, it's ringing wet.

Contrary to the proverb, the lawyer who proves himself a necessity usually knows some law.

The man who leaves a woman best pleased with herself is the one she will soonest wish to see.

Watts-How is old Gilfillan? Is he out of danger yet? Dr. Bowless-I don't know. He died this morning.

There goes a spanking team, remarked Willie Brown to Tommy Jones as the two boy's mothers walked down the street together.

Soker-1 wonder who first invented whiskey. I suppose he is forgotten in the dim and distant past. De Tanque-Yes, but his spirit still lives.

Riggs-And they married and he is now living very happily. Oliver-Bit the woman? Riggs-Oh, she's got a divorce and married me.

Pat-Phwat place is that beyant? Attendant-New Jersey. Pat-Begobs ! I came on the wrong ship. I wanted to come to Ameriky.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. It is just as well perhaps. It saves thousands of divorces and cyclones of family troubles generally.

Mrs. Homebody-See here, do you call this good measure? This can isn't half full. Milkman- That's all right, mum, it's condensed milk, you know, mum.

Poverty stricken Suitor-Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel. Amanda-I should think so. Nothing to eat and still less to wear. Not much !

She-Do you drink? He-No. She-Do girl for general housework. you smoke? He-Never. She-Have you any vices ? He-Certainly not. She-Well, run away to your mamma. There's a dear.

The first thing a man does on reaching the rural regions is to loudly rhapsodize over the beauty and purity of untrameled nature. The next is to start back to town, where there is some fun going on.

Scene: A cheap restaurant in Paris. Waiter-Have you any cats in this establishment? Yes, sir ; two fine ones. Bring them here. The waiter does so. Now, leave them here, and order me a nice rabbit

No, Madam ; but during my haloyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and He had wooed, but never had asked consent old habits are hard to break. A Knowing Parrot.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot Hammerle,-New York Sun. would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times before some friends to say uncle, but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird and, half twisting his neck, said : Say uncle, you beggar, and threw him into

the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize fowls. Shortly afterwards, thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth, twisting his neck and screaming, Say uncle, you beggar, say uncle.

Laid it on the Mouse.

A young society man who moves in the younger circles of Louisville, told something out of the usual run the other day to a Commercial reporter, He is a handsome fellow, tall and erect, and a prime favorite among the girls. He said he attempted to kiss a pretty girl and just as he got his arm around her slender waist and was about to kiss her she said if he dared he would scream.

Not wishing to have a scene, which such an action would cause, he withdrew his arm and resumed his seat at the other end of the sofa. In an instant the pretty girl said : O, I thought you were braver than that. She, however, obstinately refused to let him kiss her, and she likewise threatened to scream if he attempted it. He thought he would

profit by his former experience, and paid no attention to the warning. He kissed her; she screamed; her mother ame in and demanded an explanation. The girl came to his rescue, however, and said a mouse was in the room and that she had screamed as it ran across the floor. Furthermore, by saying that the young man

had gallantly tried to catch the mouse, she explained his blushes to the mother's satisfaction.

She Decided to Do Without One. John, I think we had better advertise for a girl, said a newly married lady to her husband the other evening.

I think so, too, my darling, was the reply. Then the sweet young thing brought pencil and paper to write out the ad.

Wanted-A young girl to do general housework, she wrote. That is not enough, interposed John. Put

in something about being neat. I do not want a girl that is not neat. All right, darling. Wanted-A neat, good

Better say at the end : No red headed

girls need apply. Why, dearest

Oh, I do not want any red headed girl about the house. Very well. Wanted-A reat, good girl

for general housework. No red headed girls need apply. Might add : Black-eyed, plump girl pre-

ferred. The husband looked reflectively at of the train dispatcher who requested an inthe ceiling. John.

The pencil and paper dropped to the floor. What is it, my love? I don't believe I want a girl. They are more bother than they are worth. No. I saloons. That's where you're entirely mis have decided not to advertise for a girl, John.

any of the famous New York mansions. Mr. Vanderbilt has a retinue of about thirty servants, with his chef, Frederick

WHAT THE MARKS INDICATED.

I never saw such funny writing as George's is said the beautiful young girl, as she held an envelope up for the inspection of her married friend.

It is rather illegible was the reply. O, I don't mean that was the quick re-

sponse. He puts such funny marks in it. you know he's only written me three or four letters since we've been engaged because he's been in the city all the time, but when he does write one it looks so funny. It's all filled with marks like this-¶-and then he. makes character ands like this-&-and puts a ring around them. And at the end of all his sentences he puts a cross like this -x. Then when he makes a figure he puts a ring around it, and always draws two lines under his signature. And sometimes he draws a line down through capital letters, and once he crossed a word out and then drew a ring around it and marked it stet. It's awfully funny. I can't make anything out of it.

My dear, said the married woman, as quietly as her excitement would allow, have you no suspicions?

Suspicions ! exclaimed the beautiful young girl, in alarm. No, no! Of what? Has he never confessed ? persisted the married woman, with Spartan firmness.

George confess ! cried the fair maiden. Martha, you alarm me. Are they counterfeiter's marks?

Worse, was the solemn answer. Ethel. your husband will be out nights. He will come in at all hours. Most of his work will be done under cover of darkness. He will miss his dinners and be constantly changing his hours. He cannot be depended on to be at home at any certain time or to leave at any certain time. Ethel, the man you are engaged to is a newspaper man.

No, no ; it cannot be ! cried the dark-eyed beauty. I will not believe it.

Ethel! She was very impressive. Did he ever draw a straight line through all the pages of a letter?

Yes, and it was one of the best he ever wrote.

Alas, Ethel, it is too true. He is a newspaper man, and he has absent-mindedly put in the marks for the printer. Poor girl! try as he might, he couldn't conceal his identity.

Then the young girl cried, Horrible ! and burst into tears and refused to be comforted.-Chicago Tribune.

He Reminds Us.

The man who stops his paper because something has appeared in its columns of which he does not approve, and does it with an air of regret that it is necessary to drive the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us crease of salary and threatened to quit if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story :



Frenchman-Your society is so different from zat of France. You haf no political taken. Why, everyone of the aldermen keeps one.

Ethel-Jack and I hit on a far better scheme than counting the stars last night. Clara-What was it? Ethel-We watched the clouds and whenever one hid the moon he gave me a kiss and I kept it till another cloud came up.

At Saratoga-Paresis-Doyou know what I've been thinking? Sillinate - What? Paresis-I've been thinking if the horses were one half as fast as some of the society girls the world's record would be smashed inside of a week.

Planter-So that melon I gave you last night made you sick, eh, uncle? No, sah. Dat fruit nebber riffle de ole man's feelins ter dat egstent. Ter be sho' dar was a sorter double twist kink in de gesterum, but dat warn't nuffin but de man's conshinse pining for anudder watermillion.

Just the Other Way. Adonis-There's one thing that I couldn't stand, and that's a wife who would be eternally putting her hair up in curl papers. Matronly Friend-Have no fear, Mr. Adonis. Girls don't go to any such trouble after they are married.

A Great Deal of Walting. Any person waiting on you, sir ? asked a floor walker of a man in a crowded store. No, replied the customer ; I'm doing the waiting on somebody to come and get me what I want.

What Ailed His Finger.

For those who have eyes to see the present always bears the impress of the past.

Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating? asked a lady of a tramp. Was it ever Klein is lord of ex-Secretary Whitney's men or countrywomen as of the middle class.broken?

A Contest in Cooks.

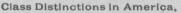
A source of constant and generous rivalry here, quite as ardent in its way, and in one sense, at least, quite as interesting and enjoyable as the competition for the possession of the finest art treasures, is the

emulation among the millionaires for the honor of having the best cook. It is difficult to decide who has the best cook in town, for the reason that each culinary master has some special quality of excellence not possessed by the others. This is a blessing, for it insures a delightful degree of variety, and makes the task of reciprocal hospitality a diversion fraught with pleasure and surprise.

One cook is a specialist on snakes, another without a peer at an omelet, or a pate, or a pudding, and so on. Of the half dozen leaders, the one that is most highly esteemed by his employer is Mr. Theodore Havemeyer's chef. Mr. Havemeyer thinks this chef is the best cook in the metropolis, and he certainly is an artist, but other connoisseurs of good eating yield the palm of excellence to the chef of Mrs. William Astor.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney has a chef of acknowledged fame and capacity. The cooks employed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Elbridge T. Gerry and George Peabody Wetmore rank among the best six of Gotham's private chefs. What they don't know about cookery it would be a waste of time to try to learn. Mr. Havemeyer's cook is Emil kitchen.

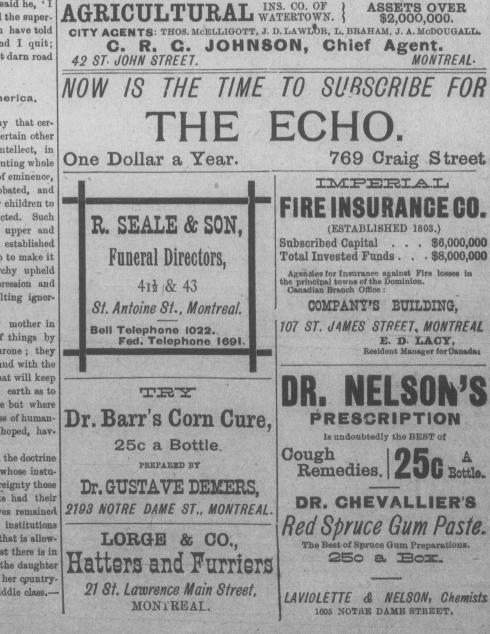
'When I was a young man,' said he. '] once did as you are doing-I told the superintendent of the road what you have told me. He refused my demand and I quit; and, would you believe it? That darn road is running yet ! '-Lima News.



No one will ever pretend to deny that certain individuals are superior to certain other individuals in acquirement, in intellect, in goodness ; but when it comes to planting whole classes on platforms and stages of eminence the idea is constantly to be reprobated, and no American mother can allow her children to make, such distinctions uncorrected. Such classification of our citizens into upper and middle and lower tiers, once well established in the popular mind, would help to make it easy for the next step-a monarchy upheld among these classes by the oppression and taxation and restriction and resulting ignorance of the people.

The children of the ordinary mother in America may in such an order of things by possibility be found near the throne ; they may, by more probability, be found with the peasantry, or with the armies that will keep the peasantry crushed so close to earth as to be no more than clods-anywhere but where they can share or help the progress of humanity upward ; as today, it is to be hoped, having a chance to do so, they do.

And in a country founded upon the doctrine of equality in rights, a country whose instutions have raised to personal sovereignty those who would be seris and peasants had their grandfathers of one or two removes remained Perierre, and he has pastry cooks to aid him in the old lands, a country whose institutions in preparing feasts, and two pastry cooks have lifted woman to an altitude that is allowhelp William K. Vanderbilt's chief, Louis ing her to display and use the best there is in Collas, to get up the daily menu. Mrs. her, it ill becomes any woman or the daughter Astor's cook is Edward Dalleine, and Joseph of any woman to speak of any of her country-Harper's Bazar,



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