

HOW DID SHE KNOW

Some time ago a little group of people were discussing the curiosity of servants when Representative Browne of Wis. was reminded of an incident that took place in a certain home he knew about. A short time before, he said, the mistress of this home, Mrs. Smith, called her colored maid to her room and inquired if the postman had left any mail. Belinda answered that there had been nothing but a postal card.

"A postal card!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith in surprise. "Who could have sent it?"

"Doan' know ma'am," answered Belinda innocently. "I didn't read it."

"Well, it's just this!" declared Mrs. Smith with emphasis, "anybody who sends me a message on a postal card is either very stupid or very thoughtless."

"Scuse, me, ma'am," said Belinda, a hurt expression spreading over her black countenance. "But do yo' fink dat's de right way to talk about yo' own mother?"

TOOL-CHEST COURTSHIP

"It is 'plane' that I Love you," he began.

"Is that on the 'level'?" she asked.

"Haven't I always been on the 'square' with you?"

"But you have many 'vises,'" she remonstrated.

"Not a 'bit' of it," he asserted.

"What made you 'brace' up? she queried coquetishly.

"The fact that I 'saw' you," he replied, with a bow.

"I ought to 'hammer' you for that," she answered saucily.