

A Comedy of an Umbrella.

When the lady sat down in the car she put her umbrella in the narrow slit between the window and the back of the seat. Then she looked with what the New York Tribune calls an air of victory and compassion at the stupid passengers who, not holding their umbrellas inconveniently against their knees.

Of course when the car touched the umbrellas toppled and went down the aisle, but its owner did not notice its disappearance until she rose to get out.

"Where is my umbrella?" she cried. "Conductor, somebody has stolen my umbrella. I put it right in there—that slit in the seat."

"Then I guess perhaps you may get it next summer when they repair the car," answered the conductor, smiling.

"But it couldn't have gone down there. I'm so sure I couldn't drop down. Some one has stolen it."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't block the line. The car must get off at this stop."

"I want my umbrella."

"One moment, madam," said the man opposite. He took his own umbrella, which had a cracked handle, and went fishing.

"Don't tear it!" cried the woman. "It's a nice silk one, and I think a good deal of it because my cousin Nettie gave it to me."

After a few probes, the rescuer pulled out a dirty umbrella and handed it to its owner.

"Thank you, sir," she murmured, and made out. The conductor pulled the bell-rung vigorously. The passengers smiled.

—Ex.

Beyond Belief.

When Ahesham Lincoln was a young man his prestigious strength and his skill in wrestling were matters of note throughout central Illinois. Few indeed were the men who could boast of having laid him on his back.

Somewhere along in the thirties there was a case on trial in one of the small courts in that section, in which an effort was made to impeach the testimony of one of the witnesses. The evidence was conflicting. Some would believe the witness on oath and others would not.

At last a middle-aged man with a determined expression of countenance was called to the stand. The usual question was put touching the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity.

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"No, I wouldn't be answers, and before the lawyer on the opposite side could interpose to give his reason:

"I heard him bragging once that he'd thrown Abe Lincoln in a fair air" square battle."

No other witnesses were called. The attempt to impeach was successful.

—(Youth's Companion.

Novel Cure for Profanity.

"Some high school boys adopted a novel method of breaking themselves of swearing," said a gentleman from a country town.

"The habit of swearing had grown so strong among them that it was noticed by the principal. He called them together and after showing them the wickedness and galls of profanity suggested a remedy. He had prepared a tin medal to be worn by the last fellow using a curse word, and this he said, would be hung on the wall till the first oath was uttered, when the owner must wear it until the next morning, and so on. The boys agreed to the plan and the medal was hung up to view of all.

"The next recess came and in five minutes several of the boys were running to get the medal. John Smith had used an oath, and they wanted to pin the medal on him. John did not wear it long, for another boy soon forgot himself, and the medal was transferred. Before the close of the noon recess seven of eight had won it. For several days it changed hands pretty often and went mostly the round of the school. Then an unfortunate fellow found it hard to get rid of.—(Ex.