



A Changed Man.

They were standing before a perfume shop in Bond street as I passed them...

entirely disclaim all responsibility in the matter. I have simply given effect to Miss Beaumont's wishes...



I clasped her in my arms and we wept together.

for my money, and so, Fritz, I have asked Mr. Dicey to draw up a deed which—

"I turned half mechanically to Honor. She was still calm and pale, but her eyes were brimful of tears.

An Inch from Death. A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press relates a peculiar experience...

We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow one evening, enjoying our after-dinner cheer.

Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening, for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties.

"What little fool and what man?" I asked, as I raised my hat by way of apology for the intrusion.

SHARKS EATING A DEAD WHALE

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe.

The course of the blood-vessels in dead animals or birds is now examined by the X-rays. In order to make the arteries, etc., give a photograph...

Statistics are presented in a recent number of Nature which tend to support the conclusions of Doctor Bruckner that there is a regular cycle...

Owing to the effects of shore-lines, and other influences which are more or less obscure, it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited...

The old-time Pomp and Caesar, who flourished before the civil war, knew many of the secrets of the families they served.

"I never fought nuffin' 'bout his gwine co'tin' any ob de Carr' or de Pomeroy young ladies," says the old man.

"And when he'd go a-calling in de evening, and I'd say, 'Mas' Tom, don't you like to change de boots you wore all day, and put on dese nice shined ones?'

"But finally, one day, I got to hear 'bout a Miss Lothrop from de Norf dat was visitin' de Carr's; and one night young mas'r he dress up all fine, and den he look down at his boots, w'at she done a glass, and he say, 'Pomp, is dat de bes' shine you can gib my boots?'

"And I look at him sober and say, 'Mas' Tom, dat ain't de end you wants to shine, you done told me over'n over again."

The oldest church in Europe. The oldest church in Europe is that of St. Pudenziana, at Rome.

An odd way of getting into business was adopted by a Cincinnati agent. His shrewdness drew the line pretty closely between inadvertency and petty larceny.

Present Rulers of Europe. Of the present rulers of European empires and kingdoms only one-third ascended the throne by direct hereditary rights.

Arctic and Antarctic Icebergs. The icebergs of the two hemispheres are entirely different in shape. The Arctic bergs are irregular in form, with lofty pinnacles and glittering domes.

Every one occasionally yields to the temptation to give more than he can afford, in order to be known as a Lovely Character.

The tongue is about the only muzzle-loading weapon that hasn't been discarded.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

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arrations and run from one thing to another without making headway, becoming more and more agitated, imagining that everything was going wrong...

That form of the cat or conion fit that is due to the actions of others springs usually from dwelling upon the shortcomings, real or fancied, of somebody upon whom we may have occasion to rely...

A TRUE STORY.

Those who hold the theory that the poor cannot afford to indulge in feelings, and that to have enough to eat is for them to have all their longings satisfied, should read the story of two waiters, one of whom lately died in a Chicago hospital.

There was one fear that pressed upon the hearts of these men—they dreaded a pauper burial. Lest either should come to such disgrace they covenanted to protect each other from it...

Two years ago the strength of one of these men failed. He could do no work, and from that time the stronger of the two supported both, and kept up the payments of both policies.

The end came at last. The double task fell from the shoulders of the survivor. He had yet to keep his promise to his friend, however. He collected the money for the policy, purchased a decent casket, and honored the dead man with a respectable funeral.

There's a youngster on Joy street who hears things, remembers them and utilizes them in his own way at home.

The other night there was company for dinner and Jimmie started every one when he thus tried to relieve a self-sufficiency: "Papa, you smell like a Chinese laundryman?"

"What do you mean, you impudent boy," blurted the father, both embarrassed and angry.

Several weeks ago there was a meeting of charitably inclined ladies at the house and Jimmie entered in the midst of their deliberations. After listening long enough to get the trend of the discussion he took a hand.

The good women went into a perfect spasm of indignation, some of them going so far as to declare that the monster should be lynched. But the mother was suspicious of the demure look on Jimmie's face.

A lawyer whose office was on one of the upper floors of a tall building was about to enter the elevator one morning, but stepped back in order to let a lady who seemed to be in a hurry precede him.

"Politeness," muttered the lawyer, "is not always its own reward."

A little girl rebuked her brother for laughing at a man with a crooked nose who passed the house. "You mustn't do that," she said. "God made him that way."

Foot-ball makes demons of some men and angels of others.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—Sayings and Delights that are odd, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

The Eskimo girl shivered. "What, sit on the ground?" she exclaimed, evincing much confusion.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never let myself down to one man."

Clarence—Algy claims to be directly related to Lord Littlehead.

A man who once met Ralph Waldo Emerson at the house of a friend tells of the characteristic way in which the Concord philosopher blunted the edge of a compliment.

Hardfax—Hello, Honeydew! Haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?

Wife—A few of us enthusiastic bicyclists in this part of the city have organized a little social club for the winter.

Guest—That's a very fine picture, Mr. Packinham.

Mrs. Wiggins—John, what on earth are you saving up all those old broken bottles for? Why don't you have the girl dump them into the garbage can?

"By George! there is an office holder who must really be an honest man."

"No, indeed. I have been married twenty years, and my wife is as much of an enigma to me as ever."

The Helress—The man I marry must be very handsome, afraid of nothing, and clever. Money's no object to me.

"Miss Hiland—er—I know what I want to say, but—er—I don't know how to express myself," began Mr. Homewood.

Little Frankie—You bet. I wouldn't get half as many things for Christmas if I didn't.

Henry Peck—It's curious that in selecting war jewelry men favored cartridges and women swords.

A Christmas tree is a good deal like a wife. "How's that?" "It's the trimmings that cost."

Off the Name Piece. "What did Dr. Dingus say about these insanity tests with the thumb?" "He said they were only another form of insanity."

An Economical Verbalist. She—What do you mean by giving me an imitation Russia leather pocketbook? He—Imitation is the sincerest flattery, is it not?

Confirmed. "Do you have any faith in this idea that maladies can be transmitted by kissing?" asked one of Detroit's young society men of another.

Saved Her Conscience. "What do you think of your new neighbors?" asked the hostess of the "sweet" old lady who was calling.

Algy—Well, old boy, I've just touched Reggy for another tenner.

Trade Rivalry. Base outrage, presumably perpetrated by a rival tradesman.—Ally Sloper.

A Great Discovery. Mrs. Read—Isn't it strange? Mr. Read—What, my dear?

The Difference. "After all, what's the difference between fame and notoriety?"

Exactly. "I think," said the civilized statesman, "that we had better arrange for a joint administration of your unhappy country."

More Trouble. Mrs. Peck—There goes a man that you might well envy.

A Possibility. She (with a sigh)—I see that Miss Astor is to marry a duke.

His Cousinhood. Merry Andrew—Can you tell me the difference between a man and a monkey?

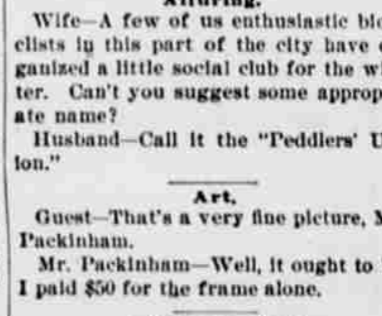
Emperor Rebukes a Woman. A curious relic of bygone days may be seen on a horse in Berlin.

A Future Diplomat. Little Harry—Do you believe in Santa Claus?

A writer says sleep is conducive to beauty. Perhaps it is, but we have seen some rather homely policemen, nevertheless.



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