

**The Prevarication
Of Miss Priscilla**

HE put an arm around her waist. "Shall it be soon?" he asked in a low voice.

"No! Positively not for years and years," she replied, shaking her pretty head.

"Oh, thunder!" he ejaculated.

"Now, Arthur!" she said reprovingly. "I am so rough," he apologized.

There was silence for a little while. Then Arthur returned to the attack. What right had she to be so decided about it? he thought.

"Priscilla," he said, "one year would be a long time."

"Well, in some ways," she admitted. "Then why?" he went on, "such an awful delay?" He paused for a reply.

There was a short silence, while Miss Priscilla thought how best she could put it. At last she began.

"Arthur Morley," she looked timidly at him. "We should not be rash," she urged pleadingly.

"No," was his monosyllabic comment.

"Wouldn't a year be rash?" she persisted.

He stood up in front of her and cried to her from the fullness of his heart. Love gave him eloquence.

"Let us be rash," he said.

"Make it two years," she said.

"Horrible!" he muttered, with clinched teeth. Out aloud, "Priscilla, my Priscilla," dwelling lovingly upon the name.

He held out his arms to her and no longer could she resist him.

"Let it be pretty soon," she cooed.

"Next month, darling?" he asked, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Yes, Arthur," she lisped. — Harper's Weekly.

Her Boy.

John B. Wise, lawyer, politician and author, who left Virginia some years ago to live in New York, took with him the old negro "mammy" who nursed him as a child. The latter persisted in regarding him as a young scamp who needed a tight check-rein.

On one occasion he asked some friends to a chafing-dish supper in his rooms, but warned them to keep quiet. They slipped into the house, but had not been there long before some one knocked over a chair. In about a minute came the cry from a room far up stairs.

"What ye' doin' there, Mars' John? Wherefor' ye' makin' such a noise at this time o' night? Ye' ought ter been in bed long ago, son. Tak' shame ter yo'self, tak' shame ter yo'self!"

"There!" whispered Wise. "I told you fellows to be quiet! Now you've wakened her, and I'll catch thunder in the morning!" — Woman's Home Companion.

A BALL OF FIRE.

**Franks of a Thunderbolt in a House
in Paris.**

Camille Flammarion in his book "Thunder and Lightning" describes some of the phenomena of electric storms. Of the actions of a ball of fire in Paris he says: "It was in the Rue St. Jacques, near the Val de Grace. A fire ball burst into the room from the chimney, knocking over the paper guard in front of the fireplace. It appeared it suggested a young cat leaping up in a ball, as it were, and moving along without using its paws. It approached the tailor's legs as if to play with them. The tailor moved then away to avoid the contact, of which he naturally was in terror.

"After some seconds the globe of fire rose vertically to the height of the man's face as he sat, and he to save himself leaped quickly back and fell over. The fire ball continued to rise and made its way toward a hole which had been made at the top of the chimney for the insertion of a stovepipe in the winter, but which, as the tailor put it afterward, the fire ball couldn't see, because it was closed up with paper.

"The ball stripped off the paper neatly, entered the chimney quite quietly and, having risen to the summit, produced a tremendous explosion, which sent the chimney pot flying and scattered it in bits all over the neighboring courtyard and surrounding roofs."

**Nothing is impossible to industry,
Periander of Corinth.**

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.—Seneca.

Between Friends.

Gladys—Jack declares he loves me for all he is worth.

Phyllis—Yes, and for all your father is worth, too. I imagine.—Chicago News.

Inconsiderate Woman.

"John, have you got everything?" tenderly inquired the billionaire's wife as he started off on a journey.

The billionaire burst into tears.

"There you go," he exclaimed, "always saying things to give me pain! You know very well that, in spite of all my efforts, I haven't yet succeeded in getting everything!" — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Good Old Remedy.

"How did you cure your boy of swearing?"

"By the laying on of hands, principally." — Chicago Record-Herald.

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