

### AN OBJECT LESSON.

A pretty dog, with soft, dark eyes  
And long, soft hair, in color black  
And tan and white, which parted lies  
On either side, down neck and back.  
The children say he is a dude,  
Because his hair thus splits, and we  
Smile at the apt similitude,  
Which suits our doggie to a T.

Of course he is a pet with all  
At home, including wife and me,  
He'll run to catch the children's ball,  
And it would make you laugh to see  
The antics he will cut at play.  
He'll give his paw your hand to shake,  
And hide his foxy head away  
Retreat at his paws when'er you take

An earnest look into his eyes,  
Ah! then, how bashfully they fall  
Your gaze; but, more than all, I prize  
His waving, pretty, waggish tail.  
Not for its graceful, pretty curves,  
Its waving hair, in black and white;  
But for his wag, which I observe  
Is his expression for delight.

When, home returning, on the street  
He sees me coming, wag and bark  
My eye and ear unfailing greet,  
His master's welcome always mark.  
I can not do the smallest thing  
To him, give e'en a word, or look,  
Or yet a crust of dry bread fling  
To him, but that his wag is shook.

For that he shows his gratitude,  
And what a lesson does he teach  
To animals of softer mood.  
Who, unlike him, have gift of speech.  
The dog, my friend, will wag his tail  
To speak his thanks for what you do  
Or say, if kind, he'll never fail  
In this. My friend, how is't with you?

When morning comes, with rosy light,  
To kiss your eyelids, as you lie  
Refreshed with slumbers of the night,  
Have you no grateful thanks to say  
To him, whose mercy, while you sleep,  
Watched over you in tender love,  
In health and strength your being kept  
That you may forth to duty move?

And as the day goes happy by,  
Each passing hour with mercy fraught,  
Is there no upward glance of eye,  
Nor in your heart one grateful thought  
Of him, "The giver of all good,"  
Which comes to man, whose loving hand  
Provides alike for all their food  
And by whose power alone they stand?

The social joys which bless thy lot;  
The powers of mind, and soul and heart;  
Are these good gifts, or are they not?  
If yes, whose hand did them impart?  
If to give thanks for these you fail,  
Of your intelligence don't brag;  
But think while of doggie's tail,  
And learn the lesson of its wag.  
—F. R. Southma yd., in Inter Ocean.

### A SLIP OF THE PEN.

#### An Annoying, But Not Altogether Unfortunate Mistake.

It was all Dicky Carshalton's fault. In many respects an amiable youth, he can not be said to be possessed of the finer feelings, and, perhaps, is not aware of the extent of the discomfort he produces in more sensitive people. A frequenter of parties of every description, he is fond of varying the monotony of the social routine by various little practices. Of these, his favorite, not, alas! peculiar to himself, is commonly known as spoiling sport. Whenever Dicky sees a pair of people who appear to take particular delight in one another's society, showing a tendency to seek unto themselves retreats, he is never satisfied until, by some bold stroke or cunning stratagem, he has succeeded in separating them; or, at least, in destroying their enjoyment for the rest of an evening.

The happy possessor of an exhaustless supply of self-confidence and the most brazen impudence—the objects of his attack, moreover, being, from the nature of their position, comparatively defenseless—it is needless to add that, though Dicky has his failures on record, they are greatly outnumbered in numbers by his successes. So there is nothing wonderful in the fact that Dicky was at the bottom of that unfortunate affair with Jack and Ethel.

Matters had long been in a delicate and critical state between those young people. Jack had told himself over and over again that Ethel was a flirt, and that he, for one, had no intention of adding himself to the list of her victims; while Ethel had relieved her feelings by repeatedly assuring herself that Jack was a cross fellow who cared for nothing but his books, and was quite impervious to the charms of womanhood.

But that night at the Warringtons' things really did seem to be taking a turn for the better. Ethel had boldly turned her back on half-a-dozen other admirers, and Jack, looking down into her honest eyes, was rapidly forgetting the doubts and fears which had tormented him during the past months.

There is no knowing what might not have happened had it not been for Dicky, who came up to them at this hopeful stage of affairs, his shoulders in his ears, his hair brushed to a riot, and with the most unmistakable look of mischief in his prominent eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Mariner," he said, taking Ethel's hand in his and squeezing it with emphasis, and then the two poor things, suddenly awakening from their dream, stood there chill and helpless while Dicky fired off his accustomed volley of chaff, and Ethel, with feminine presence of mind, ventured on one or two little popguns on her own account.

"Miss Mariner," he said at last, with a satisfied glance at Jack's sullen face, "have you been into the conservatory? They've put up a lot of pink lamps, and there's the most scrumptious tete-a-tete chair you can imagine."

Poor Ethel looked up at Jack, who stood by, furious and sulky.

"He is only too glad to get rid of me. He hasn't the ordinary kindness to rescue me from this bore. And I have been so horribly amiable to him," she thought in despair.

"If she likes that popinjay, let her go with him! I'm sorry for her taste, that's all," reflected Jack, and in another minute Ethel found herself

actually seated in the tete-a-tete chair with Dicky, whose large eyes were rolling triumphantly in the light of the rose-colored lamps.

She did not succeed in making her escape till it was time to go home. Jack was nowhere to be seen, and she drove back in the chill gray morning with the heaviest heart she had known for many years.

"Ethel," said her mother at breakfast the next morning, "did you have a pleasant time at the Warringtons?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Ethel, drowsily. She was pale and heavy-eyed; I think she had not slept all night.

"And who were there?" went on Mrs. Mariner, helping herself to buttered eggs with cheery briskness.

Ethel enumerated various people. "And Dicky Carshalton," she concluded, "and Jack Davenant."

The last name slipped out with exaggerated carelessness, and yet it was whirling about in the poor girl's head, and had been doing so for the last five or six hours, like an imprisoned blue-bottle in a glass.

"Jack—Jack—Jack Davenant." Was she never to have another definite thought again?

"By the bye," said Mrs. Mariner, as she rose from table, "will you send a note to Florence Byrne? I want her to lunch here to-morrow at 1:30—the Singletons are coming."

Ethel moved to the writing table, blushing faintly. She remembered that Mrs. Byrne was Jack Davenant's cousin.

"Half-past one, recollect," cried her mother, as she rustled from the room.

Ethel listlessly took up her pen, and pulled a sheet of paper toward her. It was not stamped with the address, but she failed to notice this, and began at once—

"My dear Mrs. Byrne,"

Then she stopped short, and the buzzing in her brain went on worse than ever.

The note got written at last, all but the signature, and then she began to wonder dreamily if she should sign herself "Yours, very sincerely," or "Yours affectionately."

"Ethel, Ethel," cried her mother, putting her head in at the door, "I am going out. Give me the note for Florence; I can take it to the post."

Guilty and ashamed, Ethel seized her pen and wrote hastily, but in a bold hand:

"Yours very sincerely,  
"JACK DAVENANT."

Mrs. Byrne neither came to lunch nor answered the Mariner's invitation. Mrs. Mariner expressed surprise at this want of courtesy, and apologized to the Singletons for having no one to meet them.

"Are you sure, Ethel, you told her the right day? Florence is in town, I know, and it is so unlike her to be rude."

"I think it was all right, mamma," Ethel replied, vaguely, and never gave another thought to the matter.

But on the morning of the next day, as she was practicing her singing in the great holland-shrouded drawing-room, the door was flung open to admit a benign and comely lady, who advanced smilingly towards her.

"Mrs. Byrne!" cried Ethel, in some surprise, getting off the music-stool.

Mrs. Byrne established herself comfortably in a deep arm chair, then beckoned the young girl mysteriously with a well-gloved finger: "Come over here, Ethel."

Ethel drew a low stool to the other's side and sat down, smiling, but mystified.

Mrs. Byrne played a little with the clasp of the silver-mounted hand-bag which she carried, from which, having at last succeeded in opening it, she produced a stamped envelope addressed to herself.

"Do you know that handwriting?" she said, flourishing it before Ethel's astonished eyes.

"It is my own: I wrote to ask you to lunch," poor Ethel answered, simply, while the thought flashed across her mind that Mrs. Byrne had probably gone mad.

"Read it, then," cried the lady, with an air of suppressed amusement which lent color to the notion.

Ethel unfolded it quickly, then sat transfixed like one who receives a sudden and fatal injury. For before her horror-stricken eyes glared these words, in her own hand-writing: "Yours very sincerely, JACK DAVENANT."

"What does it mean?" she cried at last, in a hoarse voice, for it seemed that some fiendish magic had been at work.

"That's what I want to know," Mrs. Byrne answered more gently. "I received this note the day before yesterday. There was no address, and the handwriting was certainly not Jack's. Nor is my cousin the least likely to invite me to lunch at his chambers. So I wrote off to him at once, and told him to drop in to dinner if he had any thing to say to me."

Ethel had risen to her feet, and was standing with a little frozen smile on her face, but at this point she broke in hurriedly:

"Did you show him—Mr. Davenant, the letter?"

Mrs. Byrne nodded. She was not a person of delicate perceptions, and had come here bent on a little harmless amusement; but somehow the amusement was not forthcoming.

Ethel clasped her cold hands together in a frenzy of despair. She knew that Jack was familiar with her handwriting; had he not made little

criticisms, severe and tender, on the occasional notes of invitation which she had addressed to him?

"Jack said he knew nothing about the note and hadn't the ghost of an idea what it meant."

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried Ethel's heart in parenthesis, "what must you think of me?"

Mrs. Byrne went on: "Grace Allison came in later, and the mystery was cleared up. She swore to your handwriting, and we concluded you had done it in a fit of absence of mind. Poor old Jack, how she did chaff him!"

Ethel was trying to recover her presence of mind.

"How could I have made such a stupid mistake?" she said, with a short laugh. "I suppose I was pursuing some train of thought. I had met your cousin at a party the night before—you know how it is."

Mrs. Byrne was sorry for the girl's distress.

"It's a mistake any one might have made, though you must own it was rather funny. However, I can assure you this—it won't get any further. Jack is scarcely likely to tell, and Grace has sworn on her honor."

Ethel laughed again, meaninglessly. As far as she was concerned the whole world was welcome to know it now. No deeper disgrace could befall her. "I wonder if he is shrieking with laughter, or merely sick with disgust," the poor girl thought, when her obtuse and amiable visitor had at last departed. "Oh, how I hate him! how I hate him!" which was hard on Jack, considering that his own conduct in the matter had been irreproachable. But Ethel was in no mood for justice. It seemed to her that she had utterly betrayed and disgraced herself; that never again could she venture to show herself in a world where Florence Byrne, Grace Allison, and, above all, Jack Davenant, lived, moved and had their being.

Sick with shame, hot and cold with anguish, poor Ethel sat covering in the great drawing-room like a guilty thing.

Ethel astonished her family at dinner that evening by inquiries as to the state of the female labor market in New Zealand.

Uncle Joe, a philanthropic parson, who happened to be of the party, delighted to find his pretty niece taking an interest in a subject so little frivolous, delivered himself of a short lecture on the subject.

Ethel sighed at hearing that there was so little demand for the work of educated women (save the mark!) in that distant colony, and began to turn her thoughts toward Waterloo Bridge.

"Ethel funks on being an old maid. She knows that positively any girl can lasso a husband in New Zealand," her brother Bob remarked, in a challenging tone.

But Ethel bore it with uninteresting meekness; perhaps, she told herself, she was a husband hunter after all!

After dinner she put on her hat and stole out into the street. She had been indoors all day, and could bear it no longer. The June evening was still as light as day, and simple-minded couples were loitering with frank affection in Regent's Park. She had not gone far before she saw a large, familiar figure bearing down in her direction.

"Oh, how I hate him—I hate him!" she thought again, while her heart beat with maddening rapidity. "If he has a spark of kindness in him he will pretend not to see me."

But Jack, for it was he, made no such pretense. On the contrary, he not only raised his hat, but came up to her with outstretched hand. She put her cold fingers mechanically into his, and scanned his face; there was neither mirth nor disgust in it, and the thought flashed across her, chilling, while it relieved her, that he probably attached little importance to an incident to which she, knowing her own secret, had deemed but one interpretation possible. And then, before she knew what had happened, Jack was walking along by her side, pouring out a torrent of indignant reproaches as to her desertion of him in favor of Dicky Carshalton at the Warringtons' party.

"It is you!" cried Ethel, with spirit, for the unexpected turn of affairs restored her courage; "it is you, Mr. Davenant, who were unkind, to stand by and let old friends be victimized without striking a blow in their behalf! Pray, what did you expect me to do? Was I to have said: 'No, thank you, Mr. Carshalton, I prefer to stay here with Mr. Davenant?'"

"And, if you had said it, would it have been true?"

She changed her tone suddenly.

"Dicky is such a bore! I think I prefer any one society to his."

He stopped short in the path, seizing both her hands, and looking down at her with stern and passionate eyes.

A close-linked couple strolling by remarked to one another that there had been a row, then refreshed themselves with a half dozen kisses.

"Ethel," said Jack, in an odd voice, "it's no use pretending. You do think of me sometimes. I happen to know it."

She was looking up at him, but at this allusion the sweet face flushed and drooped suddenly.

"Ethel"—Jack's voice sounded stranger and stranger; was he going to laugh or cry? and why on earth did he speak so low?—"Ethel, do you know what signature I should like to see to your letters?"

This was too much.

"No, I don't," she lifted her flushed face; the cruel tears shone and glistened in her eyes.

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

The momentary defiance had died; a very weak whisper came from the pale lips.

"Can't you guess? Then I shall tell you, Ethel? 'Ethel Davenant'—that's what I should like to see at the bottom of all your letters. Shall I ever see it?"

"Jack!"

Further explanation is needless. When next they met Mr. Carshalton, both Jack and Ethel were beyond the reach of his maneuvers.—Temple Bar.

### BASE-BALL SLANG.

#### A Peculiar Phraseology Developed by the Interest Taken in the Game.

As a natural result of the widespread interest in base-ball, a nomenclature of the field has sprung up which is pure Greek to the uninitiated. What would a man ignorant of the game make of such printed expressions as "muffs," "fungoes," "skyscrapers," "steals," "slukes," "balls" and a hundred other kindred expressions? But each one of these has a significance which opens a whole landscape of possibilities to the ball crank. These words are keys to the crucial positions in the game to the man who understands them. In addition to this phase of the subject there are thousands of well-paid critics whose business is to keep records and to make comments on the game and the players. These men rake mythology and history to find metaphors in which to express original ideas. This is a peculiarly onerous duty, from the fact that the game is capable of only a limited number of combinations, and as the same plays must occur indefinitely in every game, the reporter has an onerous time of it. The following specimens of description is given as a sample of what kind of writing is required of the first-class base-ball reporter. The description appertains to a critical play—the fly catch, on which may hang the fate of the game:

"Anson smote the ball square in the nose in a way that startled the seams and away sailed the sphere toward the blue sky. Eyes watched it in its graceful flight, and among them was a pair owned by Gore.

"He took one glance to determine the spot where grass and horsehide would meet unless flesh intervened and a quick run through the grass of seventy-five feet. Then he sat his heels heavily in the sod and raised his hands above his head in the position of a Pagan asking succor of the sun, his calf and thigh muscles stiffened and his teeth chucked together. It was a moment of intense anxiety when five thousand bleachers raised from their seats, with bated breath, with dilated nostrils, and while the sphere, stained with grass juice, was scoting through space like a falling meteor, Pfeffer was standing on the first bag in the attitude of a runner waiting for the word 'Go.' The umpire stood waiting, with judgment in his eyes; the rosbuds in the grand stand, with parted lips, were waiting; the boy in the tree outside the fence was absorbed that he did not notice his heart beating a quick tattoo against his ribs as he glided his eyes on the falling ball. A stillness like that preceding a cyclone on the Caribbean Sea was over all the scene. The ball descended with accelerated speed as it neared the earth. Now it was one hundred feet away, now only fifty, ten, five. Then it was gripped between Gore's palms like a June bug in the jaws of a bat. A shout went up such as saluted the ears of Spartacus when he thrust his blade through the lion's heart in the Roman arena. The suspense was over, men stood on their feet and howled their frenzied delight at the superb feat, and pandemonium reigned for nearly a minute. Gore threw the ball to the pitcher, modestly bowed his thanks for the ovation and the game went on. The incident consumed less than a minute, and yet how much of human achievement, how much of passion had been squeezed into that brief space."—N. Y. Star.

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"Can't you guess? Then I shall tell you, Ethel? 'Ethel Davenant'—that's what I should like to see at the bottom of all your letters. Shall I ever see it?"

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### THE TEST OF MEN.

#### Acquisition of Fame Dependent Largely on Circumstances.

The nature of every man is mysterious, so immeasurable and unfathomable, that what seems to others the narrowest mental organization may contain within itself unexpected resources. This is the hidden cause of the invariable appearance of great men in times of national trial and disturbance. At such times, quiet, unpretending individuals come to the front by the forces of nature that formerly lay concealed within them, and they win fame, perhaps immortal fame, like Cromwell, Grant, Lincoln, for qualities that would scarcely have attracted notice in common life and in ordinary times. The fact of such appearance of great men ought to warn us all against the presumption of setting bounds to the future of any one, except in matters where technical excellence is a necessity. If a man can not play the fiddle at thirty years of age we may safely predict that he will never become an accomplished violinist, but when there is no technical obstacle the limits can not be fixed.

Scott fell into novel-writing accidentally, and a very trivial circumstance (a search for fishing-tackle that made him stumble upon the unfinished manuscript of "Waverley") caused him to resume it after a first abandonment. George Eliot spent her time in translating German philosophical books, not at all suspecting the existence of her own gifts as a novelist, until Lewes urged her to make experiments. A possible external cause in either of these cases would have left the gift dormant forever. If Byron had not appeared Scott would have remained the first poet, so that he would not have turned to prose; for Shelley and Keats counted for hardly anything in those days, and Wordsworth was unpopular. If Miss Evans had married a rich ordinary man the intellectual side of her nature would have overshadowed the artistic, and she would never have been any thing more than a student and expounder of philosophy. Unthinking people express an astonishment at examples of this kind, which is in itself unreasonable. They think it very surprising that any one should succeed in a pursuit for which he has not been trained, but that never happens.—P. G. Hamerton, in Scribner's Magazine.

### POINTS FOR SMOKERS.

#### How to Carry the Fragrant Havanas Without Breaking Them.

Here is a point for smokers: It is given by a man who not only smokes cigars very frequently, but sells them. He says if you will carry your cigars in your waistcoat pocket with the mouth end down there will be less likelihood of the tobacco becoming broken or the wrapper being unrolled than if you carry them with the match end at the bottom. Here is a second point: If you are a billiard player, don't put them in the pocket on the right side, for the constant moving of the arm in the manipulation of the cue will wear upon that side, and, if it does not result in crushing the tobacco, will so loosen the wrapper that the smoking of the cigar will be an annoyance rather than a pleasure.

And here is a third point: If there is a slight feeling of nausea, take a drink of water to clear the throat, and if you would be sure absolutely of preventing any serious sickness, throw your cigar away and stop smoking altogether for an hour or so. Another point which a gentleman who heard these three advanced suggestions is that if by any cause it becomes necessary to let a cigar go out, it will be a good scheme not to take a final puff, but to make a blow and expel the smoke from the burning end. This clears the roll of tobacco from the smoke, and even if the fire dies out, it will be found upon relighting that the cigar is of good flavor. In fact, an expert has said that if a really good cigar will be improved by letting it go out, following this plan and then lighting it again.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### A Hint That Was Understood.

The story is told of Rev. Canon Melville, who has just resigned the rectory of Great Witley, Worcestershire, which was presented to him by the late Earl of Dudley in 1857; that at the time the living became vacant Mr. Melville was attached to the household of the deceased nobleman in the capacity of chaplain, and having to preach at Witley before his noble patron, he boldly declared his desire to become rector of the parish in a sermon founded on the text: "Lord, remember David." (David is the Canon's Christian name.) He repeated that text again and again with much unction. There was no mistaking his desire expressed in it, and Lord Dudley gave him the living.—N. Y. Independent.

—The most egotistical of the United States, "Me"; most religious, "Mass."; most Asiatic, "Ind."; father of States, "Pa."; most maidenly, "Miss."; best in time of food, "Ark."; most useful in haying time, "Mo."; decimal State, "Tenn."; State of exclamation, "La."; most astonishing State, "O."; most unhealthy State, "Ill."; State to cure the sick, "Md."; State for students, "Conn."; State where there is no such word as fail, "Kan."; not a State for the untidy, "Wash."; Youth's Companion.

—One advantage of a small cottage, that it is easily heated. This is very true, a small cottage in the middle of July is warm enough for anybody who is not wholly unreasonable.

—Men who never tip are always more violent in denouncing the evil.

### TREED BY AN ELEPHANT.

#### Desperate Flight of a Hunter in Search of Adventure.

Elephants in a wild state are remarkably exclusive, so much so that if an individual becomes in any way hopelessly separated from his own herd he is not permitted to join any other. Being compelled to live thus by himself he develops a peculiarly vicious disposition, and is commonly known and dreaded in India as a "rogue elephant."

In the "Natural History of Ceylon" there is a story which illustrates both the blood-thirsty temper and the extraordinary intelligence of such animals:

We had expected to come up with the brute where it had been seen half an hour before, but no sooner had one of our men, who was walking foremost, seen the animal at a little distance than he exclaimed: "There! there!" and immediately took to his heels, and we all followed his example.

The elephant did not see us until we had run fifteen or twenty paces from the spot where we turned. Then he gave chase, screaming frightfully as he came on.

The Englishman managed to climb a tree, and the rest of my companions did the same. As for myself, I could not, although I made one or two great efforts. But there was no time to be lost. The elephant was running at me with his trunk bent down in a curve toward the ground.

At this critical moment Mr. Lindsay held out his foot to me, with the help of which I then the branches of the tree, which were three or four feet above my head, I managed hastily to scramble up to a limb.

The elephant came directly to the tree, and attempted to force it down. First he coiled his trunk around the stem and pulled with all his might, but with no effect. Then he applied his head to the tree and pushed for several minutes, but with no better result. He then trampled with his feet all the projecting roots, moving as he did so several times around the tree.

Lastly, failing in all this, and seeing a pile of timber, which I had lately cut, a short distance from us, he removed it all, thirty-six pieces, one at a time, to the foot of the tree and piled it up in a regular business-like manner. Then placing his hind feet on this pile he raised the fore part of his body and reached out his trunk, but still he could not touch us, as we were too far above him.

At this point the Englishman fired, and the ball took effect somewhere on the elephant's head, but did not kill him. The wound made him only the more furious.

The next shot, however, leveled him to the ground. I brought the skull of the animal to Colombo, and it is still to be seen at the house of Mr. Armitage.

### ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

#### It is Unquestionably Due to the Imitation of Natural Sounds.

No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of language, and on few perhaps less satisfaction can be obtained. The Jews positively insist that the Hebrew tongue is the primitive language, and that spoken by Adam and Eve. The Arabs, however, dispute the point of antiquity with the Hebrews. Of all the languages except the Hebrew, the Syriac has had the greatest number of advocates, especially among the Eastern authors. Many maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost, and that the Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic are only dialects of the original tongue. Goropius published a work in 1580 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. Andrew Kemp maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and Eve spoke French, while the Persians believe three languages to have been spoken in Paradise—Arabic, the most persuasive, by the serpent; Persian, the most poetic, by Adam and Eve; and the Turkish, the most threatening by the Angel Gabriel. Erro claims Basque as the language spoken by Adam, and others would make the Polynesian the primitive language of mankind. Leaving, however, these startling theories, we may sum up the words of Darwin: "With respect to the origin of articulate languages, after having read on the one side the highly interesting works of Wedgwood, Farrar and Prof. Schleicher, the lectures of the celebrated Prof. Max Muller on the other side, I can not doubt that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification, aided by signs and gestures, of natural sounds, voices of other animals and man's own cries."—Phrenological Journal.

"Have you any offspring?" inquired the severe, long-haired passenger, through his nose, of a stranger by his side. "Oh, yes," was the polite reply, "a son." "Ah, indeed. Does he use tobacco?" "Never touches it in any form." "I'm glad to hear that. Tobacco is monstrously sinful. Does he indulge in spirituous liquors?" "Never tasted a drop in his life." "Excellent. Stay out at nights?" "No, sir; never thinks of going out after supper." "I'm very pleased to know this, sir. Your son is a remarkable young man." "Oh, he's not a young man. He's a two-months-old baby."—Falstaff.

—Lady (to intelligent salesman in a bookstore)—I wish to purchase a dictionary, if you please. Intelligent Salesman—Yes'm. We have Webster's and Worcester's, ma'am. Which will you take? Lady (desirous of obtaining the most complete and authoritative)—What is the difference between them, may I ask? Intelligent Salesman—Fifty cents.