

IT'S SUNSHINE AND MUSIC

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day.
It tips the peak of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The life of life departs.
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—St. Louis Republic.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY

ALLEN rode across the prairie joyously and looked longingly toward the East, where the sun was scarce an hour high. The fresh, bracing air seemed to permeate every pore of it, feeling a wild sort of pleasure in the mere fact of being alive. For once in three years he was happy, and he had been in that beatific state for two whole days. The rest of the cowboys of the outfit did not know what to make of it. Cayuse like said he had been "loosed," for Allen had been nicknamed by the camp Sorrowful Jim, and to see him boyishly exuberant and in a gay humor was an unheard-of thing until the last day or so. Allen had once made the mistake of considering life a very serious matter indeed, and then, after trying for a year to practice law and not getting anyone to practice upon, he had given it up in disgust and migrated to the home of opportunity in hope of getting rich.

During his idle hours Allen had fallen in love, and he took that very seriously also. It went hard with him, for he had nothing on earth except a few bonds an old aunt had left him, and the revenue from them did not amount to \$300 a year. At the rate his practice was not increasing Methuselah would have been a youngster compared with Allen if he waited for the revenue from his profession to enable him to marry. "Jim," she said, "you are acting very foolishly. What does it matter if you haven't any money? I don't want money. I've got enough, or will have when I am 24, when I get control of it. That would keep us very nicely, and



FOR ONCE IN THREE YEARS HE WAS HAPPY.

would hold us up until you could establish a paying practice. Now, don't be silly."

"Nelly," he said solemnly, "I cannot afford to marry now. People would say that I married you for your money, and I don't intend to put myself in a position where such a motive could be imputed to me. It would be unjust to me and you."

"Well, Jim, and there were tears in her voice, 'I don't think you are acting fairly toward me. Here I am an orphan, with nobody on earth to love except you so that life without you will be worse than no life at all, and now you say you cannot marry me until you make what it took my father a lifetime to accumulate. Why, by that time, I'll have wrinkles and maybe false teeth and glasses, and be a horrid, snuffy, fussy old woman.'"

"No, Nelly, I don't want to make \$200,000. If I had \$100,000 it would be all right. And it will not take long. Out West I will make it quickly. Just you stand fast and wait for me."

"Oh, I'll wait, but I think you are hateful and pigheaded just the same. Would you marry me if I hadn't any money at all?"

"Yes, gladly, and we would be happy, too. You would manage somehow. But now my self-respect will not allow me."

So it was that he went to make his fortune and at the same time peace with his unduly-active conscience. To his utter disgust, he found, after a year's prospecting, that gold mines were not at all plentiful, and that every foot of the mountains had been prospected over time and again. A year in Mexico assured him that the business of finding silver mines lying around loose had also played out long ago, and that it took lots of capital to start ranching on a paying basis. Funds were getting low, so he secured a place as one of the herdsmen of the XXX outfit, and on account of his grave demeanor was promptly named by the other cowpunchers Sorrowful Jim. And the name stuck to him.

During all his wanderings he had written to Nelly as regularly as possible, and had begun to regret in a measure his puritanical conscience. At \$40 a month and grub he did not see that a fortune was in immediate prospect. Absence had indeed made his heart grow fonder, and he longed for a sight of Nelly's laughing eyes and dimpled face.

Yet he would not acknowledge himself beaten or that he would give in. Much against his inclination he remained consumed with a desire to see her, yet impelled to remain in stiff-necked pride, acting as avant courier and escort for a lot of wild-eyed, long-nosed steers. All the while cursing himself for a fool. So he and the rest of the outfit did not have much in common together, and he grew more and more unapproachable as it, then, that when he received a letter from her he felt that his voluntary exile was broken. His penance was done, and he was free to return to civilization and Nelly.

"You come on, Jim, dear," the letter said—"that is, of course, if you can, to

LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE UNIQUE AMONG MONUMENTS.



LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN WASHINGTON.

The bronze statue of John A. Logan, which was recently unveiled in Washington with impressive ceremonies, is a handsome addition to the monuments of the capital city and one of the most unique. It is the conception of Franklin Simmons, a distinguished sculptor, and is one of the finest memorials of the equestrian style that have ever been unveiled in this country. It is the only monument wholly of bronze to be found in America. Both pedestal and statue were made in Italy and, while on exhibition in Rome, was viewed with curiosity by thousands. Its beauty so impressed King Humbert that he knighted Mr. Simmons for his work.

The pedestal is about twenty-five feet in height. On one side is a group representing Gen. Logan in consultation with the officers of his command. These are portraits of the leading generals of the Army of the Tennessee, namely: Dodge, Hazen, Slocum, Leggett, Mower and Blair, and of Capt. Strong. On the opposite side of the pedestal Gen. Logan is represented as taking the oath of office as Senator of the United States before Vice-President Arthur. Grouped around are Senators Cullom, Evans, Conkling, Morton, Miller, Voorhees and Thurman, of whom there are now living only Gen. Dodge and Senator Cullom. On the front of this beautiful pedestal is an ideal figure, about life-size, representing the "Defense of the Union," and on the other end a figure of the same size representing "Preservation of the Union." These allegorical figures are beautifully and appropriately draped and are stately and imposing. Surmounting the pedestal is the equestrian figure, which measures 14½ feet in height. Gen. Logan is represented as riding along the line of battle, his sword unsheathed, and the horse moving forward at a gentle trot, slightly held in check. The general's appearance exhibits great force and energy, and the whole impression given by the statue is one of dignity, beauty and power.

take an almost dowdier bride. I have now only enough left to bring me in \$300 a year—exactly what you had. I do not own another thing on earth. I had concluded that the money without you was not worth having, and as long as you are so stubborn about it I saw that I must give in, so I have done so gladly. I have got to be 24, as you know, and have absolute control over my property. So, in order to get you, I have given away my fortune."

"You have cost me nearly \$100,000, so I'm of the opinion that you had better come on and deliver yourself up as a victim. I don't propose to tell you another thing about it, as you have no right to know now. After—after—oh, well, some time I will tell you what I did with the rest of the money, but just now it is no affair of yours. You will simply have to take my word for it. Come on, Jim. I am anxious to see you."

So it was that Jim was so happy. He had only two days more to wait; then he would get his month's wages. He had \$400 saved up, and he reflected that he and Nelly would manage to get along on that for a while. His pride was riding rampant, also, and his conscience was very self-satisfied, indeed, for he had held out against the allurements of beauty, wealth, position, ease—everything! It was victory well worth rejoicing for.

The ceremony was over, the few intimate friends had taken their departure, and Jim and Nelly looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way.

"I think we ought to take a trip, Jim. I'm so dead tired of this place. I don't know what to do. Let's go to Europe. I've always wanted to go there."

"Nelly, are you crazy? I can't afford a trip to Europe, and you know it. And you haven't any money, either, so how are we to go?"

"I think it very unkind of a person of your wealth to be taunting me with my poverty. For a man as rich as you, I think you are undoubtedly a miser." Her eyes twinkled merrily.

"I want to go to Europe, and now I've got you to go with me you ought to be glad of the opportunity."

"Nelly, dear, if I could afford it you know I would be delighted to take you."

"Well, you can afford it."

"I tell you I cannot."

"I know better—you can. Why, just look at these," and she handed him a bundle of books and papers. He picked up the first one and read the inside page: "First National Bank, in account with James M. Allen. Deposited May 1, \$35,000; May 9, \$12,000; May 12, \$12,000."

"What does this mean, Nelly?" he asked wonderingly as he looked at another book and read: "Received May 9, bonds, mortgage stocks and securities duly transferred and assigned to James M. Allen, and aggregating \$130,000, and more particularly described as follows: 'The Trust and Safe Deposit Company.'" Nelly was hugely enjoying the situation. She seated herself on the arm of the chair and said:

"You dear old stupid, foolish, stubborn thing, I told you the truth, for I gave everything I owned to you before I wrote that letter. I told the truth, for I reserved just enough to bring me \$300 a year."

"Well, I'll be—" She kissed him and stopped the word.

"Are you going to Europe?" she asked.

"Yes. I think I would enjoy the trip myself, but don't you think you paid too much for me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not so long as you are nice as you are now. Come on. Let's get ready and catch the steamer leaving to-morrow evening."

OHIO MAN'S ROMANCE.

Gains a Wife Through Pretty Dining Room Girl's Mishap.

A few weeks ago Miss Ethlyn Fisher was a dining room girl in a hotel in Williamsport, Pa., but she is now Mrs. Earl W. Henning, wife of a wealthy manufacturer of Massillon, Ohio. Their acquaintance dated from a mishap in the dining room, when Miss Fisher



MRS. EARL W. HENNING.

upset a glass of milk over Mr. Henning while he was at the hotel.

Although confused over the accident the pretty waitress apologized so gracefully that the heart of the stranger was touched, and he decided then and there to lay siege to the young woman's heart. That he succeeded is evidenced by the wedding which has since been solemnized. Mrs. Henning is 22 years old and is very pretty. She is an orphan.

Good Story on Senator Jones.

They are telling this story in Washington about Senator Jones of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who is a member of the Humane Society, and wears a badge that entitles him to investigate the condition of any animal that appears to be ill treated. One day he came down from the Capitol, he inspected a team that was standing by the curb.

"Here, you!" shouted the driver, "what are you doing there feeling about that horse's neck?"

"I'm an officer of the Humane Society," replied Senator Jones, mildly, "and I want to see if this collar fits this horse."

"Well," snarled the driver, "if that collar don't fit that horse any better than your collar fits you, you just run along and get a cop and have me arrested."

The man who talks about the weather in a very low, confidential voice never had a secret in his life important enough to keep from his wife.

EXPENSES IN MEXICO.

WHAT LIVING COSTS IN OUR NEIGHBOR COUNTRY.

Various Household Articles Looked Upon by Americans as Necessities Cost About Three Times as Much as They Do at Home.

Living expenses in the City of Mexico, or in fact any of the larger cities of Mexico, cannot be said to be cheap, with regard to the standard of living to which most Americans who come here are accustomed, and which they look upon as a necessity wherever they may be located, says a writer in Modern Mexico. Mexico is a silver country, but that very fact makes many things that the foreigner demands as necessities so much higher. Mexican money is on a silver basis, but living expenses for the average American in Mexico, at least, are on a gold basis. In fact, for the family that keeps house here, expenses as a rule, will average about three Mexican dollars to one American dollar for the same relative standard of living. This ratio may be too high in comparison with the larger cities of the Atlantic coast, but it certainly is not for smaller places, or Western cities. House rent in the capital is an important item. It is practically impossible to secure a house with any degree of privacy or modern conveniences for less than \$75 per month. Servants are paid less than in the United States, housemaids receiving from \$6 to \$9 a month, but on the other hand, many households that managed comfortably with one maid for general housework in the North here find it necessary to employ two or three. Boarding is cheaper, particularly for those without families. Single rooms rent for from \$20 to \$40 per month. Day board can be secured at city restaurants and private boarding houses for from \$30 to \$40 per month. It is in the matter of clothing and general household supplies that the American family in Mexico finds the greatest expense. Fine French goods, gloves and broadcloth cost about the same number of silver dollars here that they do in gold in the United States, but the things that are classed as daily necessities by the average American cost much more. In the plain lines of dry goods it is but natural, considering the double value of the gold dollars in the countries from which most of them are imported, the duties and freights added, that nothing is to be found for less than three times as many silver dollars as they cost in gold dollars in the countries where they are manufactured. Gentlemen's ready made clothing is practically unknown among the better classes. A business suit of good English woolen cloth costs from \$40 to \$50. Few American families are content to live upon the products of this country entirely. A few fresh vegetables and fruits are nearly always cheap. Potatoes are never lower than 3½ cents a pound and eggs are cheap at 25 cents a dozen. No imported groceries are less than four times as much in silver as they are in the United States in gold. Fifteen cent quality of American canned fruit costs \$1.50 a can here. The cheapest canned vegetables cost from 60 to 80 cents a can. The package cereals, that retail at 8-13 cents in the States, cost 40 to 50 cents here. Imported American and the best native butter is from 80 to 90 cents a pound. Milk costs from 13 to 16 cents a liter, a trifle more than a quart. In meats, beef costs 30 cents a pound, pork 35 cents, mutton 30 cents, bacon and lard 40 cents a pound. Mexican flour is 7 cents a pound and native sugar 11 cents. These figures are all given in Mexican money, as nearly all who come to Mexico receive salaries in the currency of the country. This paper has frequently spoken of the class of opportunities offered here to young men who are well equipped in some special line, but the man with a family who has employment certainly cannot expect to better himself by removing here for less than three times as much in silver as he can earn at home in gold. Aside also from the greater cost of many things must be considered the lack of English school advantages. These are limited in the capital and in most points in the interior they are entirely lacking. Wherever found, they are, of course, reckoned as an additional expense, as there are, naturally, no public schools here conducted in the English language.

During the recent trial of certain members of the Belton Park Club in England, who were charged with illegally employing a number of youngsters as caddies who should have been at school, it was stated that the caddies were given luncheon and tea. "Why did you give them tea?" the judge asked. The witness replied that it was usual to give caddies tea. "Ah," said the judge, thoughtfully, "I presume that makes them tea-caddies."

The late Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, once made a visit to Father Stanton's church in High Holborn, a most ritualistic organization. The service was not quite to his liking, but Father Stanton talked so fast that he did not have a chance to say anything until he got into his carriage to go away. Then he remarked: "I like your service, Stanton, but I don't like your incense."

A Russian military paper tells of a lieutenant who overheard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties. "The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior." Some what astonished at this singular definition of military duty, the officer ventured to ask the sergeant for his authority. Whereupon the sergeant produced an ancient volume, containing the following: "The military service requires little prayer to God and strict attention to the orders of a superior."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAULTS.

She Was Very Vain and Inordinately Fond of Fine Dress.

Yet Elizabeth was never really successful with her wardrobe as a woman might have been. Her dresses were never beautiful, only ludicrously and most inappropriately magnificent; laden with jewels, weighted down with cloth of gold, stiff with silver embroidery, and so heavy that even her big, powerful frame must (without supporting vanity) have felt the fatigue of carrying them about. Elizabeth was certainly vain, but she cannot claim femininity merely on that account, for vanity is by no means an exclusively feminine characteristic; there are perhaps more vain women than vain men, and their costumes afford greater opportunities for vanity than the strangely hideous clothing which custom has arranged for men; but no thoughtful (feminine) observer can doubt that a vain man is vainer than a vain woman!

Elizabeth's hands were her especial pride, and, judging from her portraits, they were certainly beautiful; they were laden with jewels, and it was her habit in public to pull her rings off with absent artlessness, and push them on again, moving those white hands about in the most obvious way. Once, during the war, when her cold sagacity never took second place, she interrupted the discussion to ask whether the Duc d'Anjou, who was at one time one of her suitors, had been told what a pretty foot she had, and how white and well rounded was her arm? This, in the woman who financed the Armada with hard-headed economy, who dared the superstitious terrors of her own conscience in her high-handed and im-

pudent treatment of the bishops, whose interest in methods of torture for state prisoners was most mechanical and intelligent, entirely unhampered by any squeamish feminine hesitation as to blood or pain—is most curious. In connection with this last characteristic of cruelty, vanity is not at all unprecedented. Indeed, if one observe closely, one will notice that excessively vain persons have almost always a strange inclination toward cruelty. The accounts of what Queen Elizabeth permitted and indeed commanded in this respect will hardly bear reading by us sensitive folk to-day.—Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar.

GOOD Short Stories

When that very limited monarch, Louis-Philippe, was asked to pardon Barbes, he replied: "He has my pardon; now I will see if I can get him that of my ministers."

L. O. Howard, the distinguished entomologist, felt somewhat flattered at receiving one day a letter from a gentleman asking him to send a copy of his report. Mr. Howard replied promptly, and asked to which particular report his correspondent referred. The answer came: "Am not particular which one you send. I want it for a scrap-book."

Dr. Milan Soule writes that hypnotic suggestion has enabled him to afford complete or partial relief in several instances. An accomplished and well-known medical man gravely assured him "that he had frequently cured his wife of senility after the acute stage had passed by compelling her attention while he slowly read aloud the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew."

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A Shadow on Her Life.

Somebody once asked a tranquil old resident of Nantucket if her life had always run as smoothly as she could wish; if no great sorrows or disappointments had ever come to mar its serenity.

The old lady sat looking out of the window for a moment, and then turned to her questioner with a little smile on her sweet face.

"I suppose you'll think it's foolish, maybe," she said, "but I did have one great disappointment, and I've never forgotten it. There was a man that came to the island once with a hand organ and a monkey. He got as far as the corner of our street, and I thought he was coming right this way, but he didn't."

"I was housed with a cold and couldn't go out to see him and his monkey, so I only caught him a glimpse of them. They played half an hour in the next street."

"Disappointments like that stay by folks all their lives," she added, after a sympathetic ejaculation from her visitor. "It was more than thirty years ago, but I've never ceased regretting I didn't see that monkey. I've been wonderfully blessed in every other way, dear; but that organ-grinder never came to the island again, never!"

Unneighborly.

Hoax—You're a fine fellow!
Jax—What's the matter?
"You've given your wife a twenty-five-dollar bonnet."
"Well, you don't have to pay for it."
"No, but I have to pay for another one just like it for my wife."—Philadelphia Record.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I've got a great scheme," said he. "I shall get rich at it."

"Again?" asked his friend, who knew the usual results of his schemes.

"O, this will pay. I'm going to take a large consignment of mice to Kansas and sell them to saloonkeepers at \$5 a dozen."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The Reasons.
Funnyboy—This weather ought to be boiled!
Growler—Boiled! Why boiled?
Funnyboy—Because it's so raw!—Ally Sloper.

Turned Down.
Reporter—Young Scribbler has gone on a terrible bat; his best girl rejected him.
Editor—Unaccompanied by stamps, I suppose.

Off Again, On Again.
"Very well," said she, in a huff, "all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters."

"All right," said he, "I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, there's no killing hurry. Suppose you—er—bring them with you when you call to-morrow evening."—Philadelphia Press.

He'd Settle Old Scores.
Tommy—Oh! Once! Stop that!
Mamma—Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed? I wouldn't cry that way if it was my hair that was being combed.

Tommy (cheerily)—I'll bet you would if I was doing the combing.—Philadelphia Press.

Sure Cure.
Yabsley—I wish I could break my wife of the habit of presenting me with cigars every opportunity she gets.
Jollyboy—Do as I do. Smoke them in the house.—Brooklyn Life.

Easily Adjusted.
"Pardon me," said the busy man to the insurance agent who had forced his way into his office, "but I'm not prepared to talk to you to-day."

"Don't let that worry you," replied the insurance agent. "I'll do the talking."—Philadelphia Press.

Easily Expained.
Eaton—These hot cakes are not as large as those I got here a few days ago.

Waiter—No? Well, you see, these are fannel cakes, and fannel will shrink.—Philadelphia Record.

Point of View.
Indignant Ike—Dat cur 'o' yours bit me, lady. Wot ker goin' to do 'bout it?
Housewife—Oh, I shan't do anything for him, but just let him die. We were going to poison him anyway!

Why Did He?
Alex. Smart—Say, didn't Henpeck know his wife before he married her?
Numskull—Why, certainly he did!
Alex. Smart—Then why did he marry her?—Ohio State Journal.

More to Follow.
"I've turned highwayman," chuckled the sofa.
"What?" exclaimed the chair.
"Yes, I held a couple up last night."—Philadelphia Record.

The Autocrat.
"Of course I am master in my own house," said Mr. Meekton a little indignantly.
"How do you manage it?"
"I tell Henrietta to do just what she pleases. And she goes ahead and does it."—Washington Star.

A Treasure.
Mrs. Polkadot—She is a fine nurse, isn't she?
Mrs. Pahduch—Ideal! Why, I can go for days without even seeing the children.—Brooklyn Life.

Can't Last Forever.
Hopley—What seems to trouble your baby?
Popley (wearily)—I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night.—Philadelphia Press.

A Profession for Him.
Fond Mother (of delicate dude)—I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise?
Old Gent (reflectively)—He might do nicely as a typewriter girl.—New York Weekly.

Any act is meritorious that is not a misfit.

All Plain to Him Now.
"Here," said the foreman of the press-room, leading his visitors into another apartment, "are the great presses. The matter is stereotyped in the form of curved plates, these are placed on the cylinders, and as they revolve they leave their impression on the paper that unwinds from that huge roll at the back of the press."

"I see now," remarked one of the visitors, a person of much sagacity, "what is meant when we read of an item going the rounds of the press."

Strange.
"Strange thing happened to the Widow Jones. An old bachelor friend said she looked younger than she did twenty years before."
"It was doubtless a well-meant compliment."
"But it came as such a surprise to her that her hair turned black that same night."—Philadelphia Times.

At a Brooklyn Muskele.
"It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he?"
He (absently)—Yes, usually.—Brooklyn Life.

A Cautious Parrot.
Fair Visitor—What a lovely parrot! (To parrot) Polly want a cracker?
Polly (cautiously)—Did you make it yourself?—What to Eat.

A Drawback to Success.
"Daughter, that young Perkins who comes here seems a very patient admirer."
"Oh, yes, pa; he's awfully patient—but he isn't a bit persevering."

An Unknown Species.
"The homely girl is unknown in journalism," said the talkative critic. "I have never found her getting married, dying, being murdered, run over, injured in any way, entertaining or being entertained or anything else. It is always her dne-looking, pretty or handsome sisters that figure in all of these things."

His Impression.
His Friend—Your son is home from college, is he? It must give a young man a lot of mental trainin'.
The Farmer—Well, he don't seem to be overtrained.—Puck.

Ostentation.
Nell—Mrs. Newrich wants to impress everybody with her wealth.
Belle—Yes, she never puts less than a 5 cent stamp on her letters.—Philadelphia Record.

At the St. Louis Exposition.

First Visitor—What's that fer?
Second Visitor—Guess it's to pass Missouri River water through before drinking.

Taking a Mean Advantage.
"It's got so," the man in the brown jeans suit was saying, "that you can't trust anybody these days. I saw an advertisement of a man in the East that said for 10 cents he'd send a book of forty-five pages of mighty spicy reading."

"Well," they asked him, "what did you get when you sent the 10 cents?"
"A catalogue of a spice mill, by gosh!"

Poor Fellow!
Mrs. Houskeep—Now, you've had your dinner, will you saw some wood for me?
Wragson Tatters—Say, lady, I'm afraid!
Mrs. Houskeep—Afraid of work, I suppose?
Wragson Tatters—It isn't that, lady; but I'm a kleptomaniac, an' I'm afraid I'd steal the saw!—Philadelphia Press.

Accident.
Wiggles—There was a man hurt in a French duel once.
Waggles—Really?
Wiggles—Yes; one of the seconds fell out of the tree into which he had climbed for safety.—Somerville Journal.

Cold.
He—I have been longing for this moment, Miss Flossie, when I can lay my burning heart at your feet.
Flossie—Oh, it's very kind of you. My feet are so cold!—Ally Sloper.

Why She Discarded Him.
"Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now."
"Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"—Philadelphia Times.

Not the Same Wool.
Lady—Come back here! You promised to saw some wood if I gave you your dinner.
Tramp—Madam, I had reference to another lady's wood farther up the road. Good day.

Charles Dickens and His Cat.
Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and had a special fondness for cats. One of his favorites, known for her devotion to Dickens as "the master's cat," used to follow him about like a dog, and sit beside him while he wrote. One night Dickens was reading at a small table by the light of a candle, with pussy, as usual, at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, going on reading. In a short time the light again became dim, and, turning suddenly, Dickens found pussy deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and looking at him appealingly as she did so. Not till then did her master guess what was wrong. The little creature felt neglected and wanted to be petted, and extinguishing the candle was the best device she could think of for bringing it about.

When a man gets angry his reason takes a short vacation.

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