

A ROMANCE IN SIGHT.

Started by the Unmasking of the Pair of Frauds.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written. Shabby romances, some of them are like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant and then brazenly leting about the friends who had invited her to dinner.

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him. "Even that poor little white faced soul has made fr'nds who want her," he said. "nobody wants me, I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant. "New friends?" asked the landlady.

"Yes," lied the young man.

One night the man and the girl met in a twenty-five cent restaurant. They blushed; they feigned; they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It's awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well," said the young man, "ain't we?"—New York Press.

SHE WAS AGGRESSIVE.

Lucky For the Little Man He Was Not Her Husband.

The lady in the offside corner of the tramcar possessed a truculent air and a discolored eye.

"Funny thing any one can't take a pony ride without everybody glarin' at 'em," she remarked, fixing a small gentleman wearing gray whiskers and a somewhat rusty top hat with her normal optic.

The small gentleman suddenly became interested in a soap advertisement.

"If any one can't ave a black eye without Tom, Dick and Harry askin' questions things are comin' to a pretty pass," continued the lady.

She, allied with soap advertisement study, though eminently discreet, was ineffective.

"You I'm a-talkin' to." The lady prodded the small gentleman's knee with her umbrella. "Bin settin' there this last ten minutes, you ave, wonderin' if my 'usban' gives it to me. If it'll ease yer mind, 'e did. Is there anything else?"

"Madam," the small gentleman commenced, "had I been your husband?"

"I should 'a' got off at th' cemetery with a wreath instead o' gold" for the 'orspial with a visitor's ticket," snapped the lady, "and the wreath wouldn't 'a' been expensive either."—London Ideas.

A Weary Celebrity.

When Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was a young woman living in Charlottesville, Va., visiting authors seldom reached the beautiful university town. "Thackeray, Dickens and Miss Martineau passed us by," says Mrs. Pryor in her book entitled "My Day—Reminiscences of a Long Life." But Frederika Bremer condescended to spend a night with her compatriot, Baron Schiele de Vere of the university faculty, on her way to the south.

Schiele de Vere invited a choice company to spend the one evening Miss Bremer granted him. Her works were extremely popular with the university circle, and every one was on tiptoe of pensive anticipation.

While the waiting company eagerly expected her the door opened—not for Miss Bremer, but for her companion, who announced:

"Miss Bremer, she beg excuse. She ver' tired and must sleep. If she come she gape in your noses."

Funerals in England.

At the time of Queen Victoria's funeral a writer in the Undertakers' Journal complained that, while royal burials were still conducted in an impressive manner, a sad lack of ceremonial distinguished the funerals of the nobility. "Item after item has been abandoned, idea after idea has been dropped, each meaning a distinct loss to our business. An undertaker in the west end, referring to the recent death of a noble lord, confided to me: 'Forty years ago I buried a member of that family, and the funeral bill came to £1,250 (\$3,250). Ten years later I buried another, when it came to just over £700 (\$3,500). Fifteen years ago I buried a third, at a cost of £520 (\$1,000), but the bill for this one did not reach £75 (\$375).'"

Origin of a Famous Saying.

Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since, "Sire, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived, as this reply has, for 2,200 years.

Luck.

Tommy—Pop, what is luck?
Tommy's Pop—Luk, my son, is what comes to a man who has the opportunity of buying something for a mere song, but who can't sing.—Philadelphia Record.

A Bird in the Hand.

A woman is a person who would rather have her husband at home o' nights than in the Hall of Fame.—Galveston News.

Thackeray's Satire.

Thackeray created quite erroneous impressions of himself by often indulging in irony in the presence of people who were incapable of understanding it. One curious instance which he gave was this: Thackeray had been dining at the Garrick and was talking in the smoking room after dinner with various club acquaintances. One of them happening to have left his cigar case at home, Thackeray, though disliking the man, who was a notorious tuft hunter, good naturedly offered him one of his cigars. The man accepted the cigar, but, not finding it to his liking, had the bad taste to say to Thackeray, "I say, Thackeray, you won't mind my saying I don't think much of this cigar?" Thackeray, no doubt irritated at the man's ungraciousness and bearing in mind his tuft hunting predilections, quietly responded, "You ought to, my good fellow, for it was given me by a lord." Instead, however, of detecting the irony, the dolt humbly attributed the remark to snobishness on Thackeray's part and to the end of his days went about declaring that "Thackeray had boasted that he had been given a cigar by a lord."

Maternal Instinct.

"Children that yell like that ought either to be gagged or kept at home," remarked the irascible gentleman with the white beard to the bus conductor.

"And faces like the one wot you're scarin' people with," chipped in the mother of the noisy infant, "oughter be made into door knockers or sent ter the chamber o' horrors."

The gentleman with the patriarchal face fungus took a brick red complexion. "I know it's awkward at times"—he commenced.

"It's more'n awkward; it's nothin' short o' 'orrible," snapped the lady, as she once more glanced at the sorry elderly man's set of features.

When the rest of the passengers tittered audibly the old gentleman came to the conclusion that it behooved him to speak to the point.

"I mean the child"—he tried once more.

"And you didn't mean it no good," returned the lady, "else you wouldn't a looked at it."—London Ideas.

The Expense of a Wife.

A wife is a decided addition to the demands upon one's purse. In that sense, however sensible and managing she may be, she is expensive. But everything worth having has its price of one sort or another, and there are some things which cost much without which life is hardly worth living.

Said Thiers: "Most men contemplate making some self denial when they marry. They think they will give up such and such expensive pleasures. Later on, when they discover that they cannot do so, and at the same time they lack the means to indulge, they complain that it is the extravagance of their wives which causes the inconvenience."

Which wise saying is applicable to men in other countries besides that of France.—New York American.

Reiterated.

Edmund Kean was playing in "Richard III," and the part of Catesby had to be taken by a low comedian, who sauntered on to the stage at the wrong moment and uttered the famous words, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," in the wrong place. Edmund clinched his fists in rage, but otherwise took no notice of the remark.

Later the comedian repeated the words in the right place, and when the king expressed surprise at the news Catesby folded his arms, walked boldly down the stage and remarked to the great actor in loud tones: "I told you so before, Mr. Kean, but you wouldn't believe me."

Nonroyal Headgear.

One of the attaches of the American embassy at London tells a story where-in Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, who was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin, was the principal figure. There was brought before him an Irish American charged with suspicious conduct. The officer making the arrest stated, among other things, that the culprit was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your honor know what that means?" was the inquiry put to the court by the accused's lawyer.

"It may be," suggested Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."—Harper's Magazine.

Saving His Feelings.

The Office Boy to persistent lady artist who calls six times a week—"The editor's still engaged. The Lady Artist—Tell him it doesn't matter. I don't want to marry him. The Office Boy—I haven't the art to tell 'im that, miss. He's 'ad several disappointments to-day. Try and look in again next year."—London Sketch.

Optimistic.

"I was pinched for being too optimistic."

"Aw, come off."

"Fact. I thought the stock I was selling would be worth something some day."—Washington Herald.

It Covers the Land.

"We shall never see that great American novel. It can't be written."

"Why not?"

"We have too many dialects."

"Write it in baseball vernacular."—Washington Herald.

In South America.

Foreign Correspondent—And who are those two men under the tree? General Paprika—Oh, that's the second battalion of the royal guards.—Chicago News.



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